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Hitler's relentless program: After the Jews, total
annihilation of the Catholic Church in Germany

Nazi Scapegoat Number 2

Condensed from *The Forum*

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A Record of Espionage and Double Dealing," etc.

JUWS in Nazi prisons, priests in concentration camps, Catholic leaders shot, Cardinals' estates wrecked — Americans read the news and, shocked at the barbarism of the Reich, are puzzled and despondent. The Jews were outnumbered in Germany by 200 to 1. But Catholics count 30,000,000 in a country of 75,000,000. How can any government antagonize its people by attempting to destroy the church to which 40 percent of them belong? What lies behind this seemingly mad course of the Nazi dictatorship?

The answer is that relentless forces are unleashed which cannot be halted. As Hilaire Belloc, the

eminent Catholic writer, admitted, the conflict between Catholicism and Nazism is "beyond all reconciliation." One or the other must destroy its opponent.

The *Völkischer Beobachter*, principal Nazi party organ, in its Vienna edition of October 15, 1938, says flatly, "We are armed to continue the battle against Catholicism until the point of total annihilation."

German Catholics are facing the same fate as the Jews. They are **Nazi Scapegoat No. 2.**

The process of extirpation has gone further than the outside world realizes. Persecution began as soon as Hitler was in the saddle to which he had been hoisted not

without Catholic help. By 1935, it had progressed to public trials, à la Moscow, of thousands of nuns and priests, fined from 1000 to 150,000 marks on charges of violating the weird currency laws. Brothers of various orders were mockingly accused of sexual offenses. Catholic editors were disciplined for daring to urge a modicum of justice. Young Nazis publicly sang ribald songs about the Church. Posters blared:

Recognize them, the Roman Catholic
vampires!

German Youth, stay away from such-
like,

Unite against the international bandits.

The whole apparatus of a powerful state was set in motion to break the morale of the Catholics.

The Catholic Youth organizations were liquidated in 1936. Ludwig Wolker and 100 other leaders were seized — on the charge of having had relations with Communists! Many were never heard from again. In the words of Bishop Galen of Münster: "Today there are in Germany fresh graves where rest the ashes of those whom the Catholic people regard as martyrs . . . although nothing is permitted to be revealed as to how they met their end."

A "cold pogrom" has gone on ever since. Thousands of nuns have been ousted from schools, hospitals, kindergartens; good party members have taken their places. Diocesan seminaries have been closed, the

Theological Faculty at Innsbruck abolished. Catholic moneys have been confiscated. All Catholic colleges have been refused recognition and the right to receive new students.

From day to day, the Catholics expect the worst. "This very uncertainty as to your future," the Bavarian Minister of Education told a delegation of Sisters, "is your punishment and it pleases me to keep you in the dark."

The next steps will be economic. Loot from the Jews has helped keep the regime running. That source is rapidly becoming exhausted. The Nazis have already drawn up lists of all the convents and monasteries (there are over 10,000 in Germany; thousands more in Austria). Some \$20,000,000,000 may be a safe estimate of the wealth of the Church in Germany. The Nazis are keeping this enormous resource in reserve; when they have destroyed Catholic morale, Church property will be confiscated with thoroughness and brutality.

Why is the conflict between Nazism and Catholicism irreconcilable? There are five reasons:

First, Nazism is itself a crusading religion; it can brook no others.

Second, the Nazis hate Christianity "because it is Jewish," and Catholicism because it is international.

Third, Catholicism claims the loyalties of millions, especially the

young; and Hitler, aware that victory depends upon the control of youth, has said, "If the older generation cannot get accustomed to us, we will take away the children and rear them in our spirit."

Fourth, Nazism must have a succession of scapegoats; young Nazi politicians must have some outlet, and the Jews are almost gone.

Finally, there is that \$20,000,000,000.

Listen to some of the propaganda with which the Nazis are relentlessly undermining the hold of Christianity on the German people:

Alfred Rosenberg, dictator of German culture and ideology, sneers at the customary interpretations of Christ as made by "Jewish fanatics like Matthew, by materialistic rabbis like Paul, by mongrel half-breeds like Augustine." General Ludendorff ridicules Christianity as an "Asiatic superstition," and a "supra-national enemy of the State." The official pagan magazine *Nord und Nordost* mocks the Sermon on the Mount as the "first Bolshevik manifesto, in a language now buried under the dust of centuries."

Writes Dr. Rudolf Dahms, a Nazi scholar, "We reject the Christ and the dogmas (the Jewish Christ) because he no longer corresponds to our Nordic faith."

In *Why No More Christianity?*, an official publication of the Nazi Party (*Deutsche Aktion*, Heft 2), Hans Weidler asks, "Can there be anything lofty about a religion

whose god came into this world only for suffering and who died on the cross the ignominious death of a criminal?"

"The greatest evil which Christianity has perpetrated," he writes, "is surely its dogma of human equality. Shall we Germans be put on the same level as Negroes, Fiji Islanders, Eskimos, or Jews?"

Professor Hermann Berger, of the University of Munich, in his widely read book, *Materialism of Christianity: The True Face of the Catholic Church*, asks how an Oriental-Jewish religion can possibly have a moral content.

Dr. Matthes Ziegler, writing in the *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte*, attacks the Catholic Church for believing in a Jewish god who is a "vengeful tyrant." No decent Nordic man can believe in such a Catholic-Jewish deity. Friedrich Karl Otto, author of *Germanism as Religion*, rejects Christianity as unfitting for a great nation such as the Germans because it "sprang from the Jewish proletariat."

Michael Ahle, in his book, *The Catholic Church as Danger to the State*, says that reading about the crimes of Rome "makes one's hair stand on end." "Colossal are the deeds of blood which the papacy has on its conscience."

Ernst Bergmann, professor of theology at the University of Leipzig, in his book, *The German National Church*, thus sums up a common Nazi attack:

The history of Christianity is a history of lies and swindles, murder and crime, oppression, violence . . . burning of cities and torturing of inhabitants, inquisitions, persecution of heretics, witch burning, plundering of the poor and the weak, jails, enslavement of the mind, execution of the innocent — all this in the name of Christ.

To use a colloquialism: Look who's talking!

In their passionate revolt against Christianity the Nazis have been driven to seek new gods in what they imagine to be their tribal past. Such an emotional revivalism as the Nazi upsurge had perforce to take on a religious form.

The greatest of the new sects is the German Faith Movement, whose founder and president is Wilhelm Hauer, a former pastor and now professor of "theology" at the University of Tübingen. The sect has 1,000,000 members, including such important Nazis as Darré, Minister of Agriculture; Streicher, the boss of Franconia, and Wagner, the No. 1 man of Bavaria. It enjoys semi-official status. Writes Founder Hauer:

We must protest against the claim of the Christian religion to be the religion of the German nation. For its essence is quite foreign and repugnant to us. Before us lies the goal of a Teutonic, a German morality which will rank higher than that of Christianity.

Over and above the purely pagan cults, there is the cult of the State

and the worship of the Führer. To millions of Germans, it is self-evident that Hitler is a divine figure. The Führer encourages this faith by every technique known to his Minister of Propaganda. As the Archbishop of Baltimore said, "He not only rejects God, but would make himself God."

Official portraits show the awe-inspiring figure of the Führer in dreamy postures, his head bathed in a mystic light. One caption in the *Schwarze Korps* reads:

To Thee, O, My Leader, belongs everything we possess,
Our goods and our lives,
Our hearts and our souls.

Adolf Wagner, lord of Bavaria, exclaimed at a mass meeting in Munich, "Adolf Hitler's books and speeches are our Sermon on the Mount." And the *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* states that the "symbol of our faith is the hooked cross. It is our religion. . . ."

Thus every tenet of Nazism violates the soul of Catholicism. Yet at first the Catholic Church was eager to compromise, thinking the madness would pass. The Vatican was enlisted in a crusade against Communism, and hoped to use the Nazis against the Bolsheviks. Meanwhile, the Nazis needed Catholic sympathies in winning the Saar and Austria. So, in 1933, the Church and the Reich signed a Concordat which solemnly guaranteed the German Catholics their privileges, liberties and prerogatives.

But Hitler considered the Concordat merely a temporary instrument. Soon the powerful Catholic parties and the Catholic workers' unions were paralyzed. Within eight months, Pope Pius found it necessary to refer to the "tragic and memorable hour" through which Germany was passing.

"We say tragic and memorable because the threat of great evil is becoming constantly stronger and more frightening . . . hysteria of thought, idea and action which is neither Christian nor human seems to prevail."

Finally the Pope admitted that the Concordat was a "tree of peace" that bore no fruit and confessed his "burning anxiety" as to the future of the Church in Germany. To which Hitler's answer was: "We will tolerate no criticism," and "the State must control all attitude-shaping influences absolutely, completely and irrevocably." That left no room for the Church. It was now a war of extermination.

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler wrote, "It is of the genius of a great leader to represent even widely differing enemies as belonging to only one category, because to realize several enemies at a time may, in feeble and uncertain minds, easily engender doubts. . . ." So Goebbels issued orders to the press in 1938 to refer henceforth to Catholics and Communists as linked. This was a variation of an older theme: Jews are Communists and Com-

munists are Jews." It carried out Goebbels' cynical statement: "Propaganda knows neither right nor wrong, neither truth nor falsehood, but only what it wants."

Soon all Germany reverberated to the new slogan of "Roman Internationalism, the ally of Communism." Goebbels' own *Angriff* constantly sneers at the "abnormal alliance between the clergy and Marxism." The *Völkischer Beobachter* speaks of the "criminal attitude" of the Catholic Church and its Muscovite ally.

Almost six years of anti-Catholic propaganda have done their work. Catholic families have been split by the incessant storm of criticism and ridicule; Catholic children have broken from the faith, unable to stand the barrage of mockery and hostility. In 1936, priests in the Rhineland admitted privately that one half of their flock was lost. The percentage is higher today.

If the Nazis remain in power for another decade, Catholicism may be obliterated in Germany and with it all Christianity, for the Protestant churches, by virtue of their government-controlled organization and traditional obedience to the State, fell easy victims long ago. The younger generation is being brought up in paganism. Only a miraculous change in the regime, or a war which Germany loses, can save Christianity in Germany, and thereby Germany for European civilization.

❏ Denver's amazing Opportunity School, which teaches anybody anything — and turns public school truants into eager students

"For All Who Wish to Learn"

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Marc A. Rose

THE BOY was all hands and feet and a sullen scowl as his discouraged father shoved him through the crowded school corridor to the desk of Paul Ellert, the principal. That's Ellert's "office," the open hallway, near the front door.

"I can't do nothing with him," said the father, anger tightening his voice. "He runs away; he bums . . ."

Ellert interrupted. "Leave him here. I can't talk to him with you around, in the mood you're in."

The man hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, walked away.

"Now, what's the matter?" Ellert demanded.

"He says I've got to come to school here. I don't want to."

"In that case, don't worry; you won't have to come. As a matter of fact, I won't let you."

The boy looked a little affronted.

"Why can't I? Ain't I good enough?"

"You can't come because you don't want to," Ellert explained. "Nobody can. That's a rule here. So you've got nothing to worry about. But, look — you'd better stay long enough so your father will think we've had a good talk. I've got to

make a trip around the school; par of my job. Come along."

So stubborn young Gus Placel trailed through the print shop, through a room where a dozen telegraph instruments clacked in amateurish rhythms, through the fragrant bakery shop, through rooms where score of typewriters raised an unholy din. He listened a few minutes to a girl making a speech before an audience of 60 people of all ages. He glanced at a sewing room, a beauty shop. He watched linotypers, bricklayers, carpenters. He stood for a long time before a lathe in the machine shop. Ellert waited; said nothing.

"Well, that's all," said Ellert back at his desk. "See anything you liked?"

Gus came out of his shell.

"Say, Mister . . . them machines. Gee, they're swell! I'd like to run one of them. Could . . . how does a fellow get to do that?"

"Sure you'd like to?"

"Honest I would" . . . but then a shadow crossed his face. "What else would I have to do? What would I have to take?"

"Nothing," said Ellert. "Nothing, at all."

"But in school, you always have to take somethin' you don't like. Arithmetic, or writing, or history, or things like that."

"Not here," said Ellert.

And so Gus started to learn to be machinist in the Denver Opportunity School. It wasn't long before he had to write out a slip requesting certain materials, and explaining why he needed them.

"Can't read it," said the instructor. "Doesn't seem to make sense."

That happened a number of times. Gus was stymied; he couldn't get any further, it appeared, until he could do the "paper work" that is essential in any shop. So he entered class in English. He was stymied again when he couldn't figure out three fourths of seven eighths of an inch, to mark where a hole had to be drilled. So Gus took up arithmetic. Did well at it, too; for the first time, he saw some sense in it.

There's an end to this story. Gus is now a machinist, and a good one.

Ten thousand men and women, boys and girls, study in Denver's Opportunity School each year. The youngest on record so far was 13; the oldest, a Frenchman, a retired barber, got his high school diploma at 82.

It is one of the most amazing schools in the world. It has no rules, no grades, no admission requirements, no diplomas, no graduations except in the regularly accredited high school which is just one small apartment. It comes nearest of

any school in existence to the ideal of giving "any kind of service for any individual when he comes and asks for it." So said a group of distinguished educators who investigated it carefully.

There's an inscription on the front of the shabby old building. It isn't a fancy Latin motto. It reads simply, "For All Who Wish to Learn."

It means just what it says. There's a class for girls who are about to be married; I wasn't allowed to visit that. But I did look in on the class in gold mining. There's a class in beginners' English. We glanced through the door at a group of graybeards, and grandmothers, and dark Mexican girls, and one bright, eager young man, a refugee from Vienna. In an algebra class, a little old lady explained that she had had to be practical all her life, and now she wanted to learn something useless.

Experience has taught the Opportunity School to be wary of volunteering vocational guidance. Its advice almost always is, "Do what you really want to do." That is why nobody tried to dissuade the fat old Negro washwoman who wanted to study in the millinery class. It was just as well, for now she is making an excellent living at it. She has a flair for designing bonnets that enrapture middle-aged women of her race. Then there was the deaf-mute girl who wanted to learn beauty-shop technique. How would she ever get a job, the teachers wondered. But she did. "Got any more like

her?" the proprietor demanded the other day. "I wish none of 'em could talk!"

About 1500 students a year get jobs through the school. What about the other 8500? Why, they already had jobs, most of them. Now they have better jobs. A young scholar working for his Ph.D. followed up 178 employed men and women to discover what they got out of the school. Ten showed no change in wages. Almost half of the rest had more than doubled their income because they had learned new skills. The others got raises of 10 to 100 percent.

This is all free, you understand; *Opportunity School* is part of the Denver public school system. And Denver is immensely proud of it.

It is hard to say which of the school's many functions is the most valuable, but I incline to the belief that the most important is its training of employed people for the next step ahead — or sometimes, merely to keep their jobs. A class of railroad men, for example, is studying a new airbrake that is just being introduced. Garage men are learning new techniques of welding. Scores of shopgirls are studying for advancement; often at the suggestion of their employers. There are two rooms full of employed secretaries who come for drill in speed dictation.

Nearly everybody in the class in public speaking has a job. The only trouble is that this class is too pop-

ular and overcrowded. Here it is not unusual for the clerk to meet his boss. The clerk wants to conquer his timidity, acquire poise and confidence that will make him a better salesman. The boss is there because he wants to learn how to make a good pep talk to his own staff. Besides that, he has a few pet ideas he would like to put across in the Merchants' Association, if he could only learn to make his point when he's on his feet.

Surprising things come out of that class. There was the newly widowed mother of three children who faced the problem of earning a living. She thought that maybe, she could conquer her shyness, she could get a job in a store. When it was her turn to speak, she talked about the only thing she understood — how to cook a good dinner. It sounds fantastic, but a sales manager heard her that night, and now the widow lectures and demonstrates before large crowds for his company — which makes gas stoves.

Second in importance is the help the school gives to thousands who did not fit into a standard school. Middle-aged folk from the mountains, where educational opportunities were few in their youth; boys like Gus; maladjusted youngsters who are stubborn and unruly at desks, but given something to do with their hands, develop swiftly and eagerly. Others who, through not uncommon psychological quirks, just cannot endure the ordinary

school's regimentation, but thrive in the "no rules" atmosphere of Opportunity School — with no attendance records, no examinations, no grades, no required subjects, no specified length of courses. They study the one thing they want to learn, and if they are led on, like Gus, to study books as well, it is done so subtly that they never know it was deliberate.

Sooner or later, Paul Ellert talks with every student — 10,000 a year. Most of them come to him and tell their stories. The rest, he picks out. One reason he has no office is that there's no room for one. Every inch of space is in use, day and night. Numerous classes meet in the halls, behind folding screens. But secondly, Ellert likes to be accessible. It's the spirit of the place — the same spirit which leads Denver business men to teach classes for \$4.25 a night. And it traces back to Emily Griffiths, an eighth grade teacher in Denver.

She was a kind of social missionary. When children were absent from her classes, she looked them up in their homes. Nine times out of ten, she asserts, the trouble at home was unemployment, and usually that was traceable to one of three things: the advance of the machine, lack of training, or broken English. She had a vision of a school

that would train people to new skills. And finally, she was allowed to start it in the old schoolhouse in downtown Denver. It was a tremendous success; and the spirit she created has carried on since her retirement.

The Opportunity School teaches more than skill with hands. It is a character school. It builds self-respect and self-confidence. It teaches attitudes — regard for the rights of fellow workers; courtesy; neatness; the necessity of coöperation.

Employers know that. A card from the Opportunity School is as good a recommendation as a job-seeker can get — and yet, all it says is, "Gus Placek has been attending our classes in the machine shop for — months." That's all it says — but you can't have one until the instructor thinks you are ready to get and hold a job.

The school has a creed: "Unlimited faith in the capacity of every normal human being, if given a fighting chance, to become a self-sustaining, self-respecting, happy member of society."

That's a little elaborate for some of the students in Opportunity School. But they understand the cards that are stuck all over the place. The cards say:

YOU CAN DO IT



It is better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same. — Sir Philip Gibbs

Manuel Quezon

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

John Gunther

Well-known journalist; author of "Inside Europe"

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ELASTIC, electric, Manuel Quezon is a sort of Beau Brummel among dictators. An extraordinarily engaging little man, his prankishness, the rakish tilt of his hat, the elegance of his establishment, his love of pleasure as well as power, combine to indicate a lighthearted playboy among statesmen. He loves good food and good clothes; he is a truly great poker player, and one of the world's best ballroom dancers.

But Mr. Quezon, the first President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, is a great deal more than a playboy. He is also one of the world's hardest-boiled practical politicians, and he loves his country and his career. The history of the Philippines in the 20th century and the biography of Manuel Quezon are indissolubly one.

Don Manuel Luis Quezon Antonio y Molina was born 60 years ago in a small town on the island of Luzon. His father was a Filipino schoolmaster; his mother, who also taught school, was partly Spanish. Young Quezon was a bright lad, but lazy. As a schoolboy his nickname was *gulerato* — bluffer. The family had to pinch to send him to college

and law school, where his studies were interrupted by the revolution against Spain in 1898.

The Filipinos — about 14,000,000 of them — are an easygoing people, but they rose against Spanish oppression under the patriot Aguinaldo and were fighting a successful revolution when the Spanish-American War broke out. America attacked Spain in Philippine waters, promising to help the revolutionaries. Then America, victorious, took the islands over; Aguinaldo continued his revolt against the United States until he was captured in 1901.

Young Manuel Quezon joined Aguinaldo and fought the Americans. He was furious at the United States when the rebellion collapsed and for years refused to learn English. He established a successful law practice in one of the provinces, then gave up his job, at which he was earning \$500 a month, to accept a position as local prosecuting attorney at \$75. He got a national reputation almost immediately by daring to prosecute a prominent American lawyer for fraud; it was almost unheard of in 1904 for a young Filipino to attack a foreigner. In 1908,

when he was 30, he became floor leader of the Filipino Assembly and the leader of the islands.

For the next 25 years Quezon campaigned stubbornly and warily for independence, eight years as Resident Commissioner in Washington, and after that as President of the Philippine Senate. Two things helped him cardinally: the anti-imperialist sentiment in the United States, which favored liberation; and the American and Cuban sugar lobby, which wanted the islands freed so that a tariff could be levied on competing Philippine sugar. But Quezon knew that complete independence — too soon — might wreck the islands economically; he had continually to plot a sinuous middle course. He dodged back and forth to Washington, lobbying effectively. Finally, in 1934, came the Tydings-McDuffie Act, which tentatively, at least, won the fight. The Philippines became an autonomous commonwealth, with complete independence promised in 1946, and Quezon was elected its first president.

At 60, Quezon still lives hard, working a long and restless day. Usually he is up at dawn, and he likes to entertain at breakfast. He is almost startlingly informal; often he receives visitors in a polo shirt open at the neck, but woe to anyone who abuses this informality by insulting the dignity of his position. Swift and stinging rebuke came to the American who, at a party,

slapped him on the shoulder with a gay "Hi, Manuel!"

Two or three times a week he makes a surprise inspection of a police station, prison, tobacco factory, or a government department; if all is not in order, the feathers fly. He likes to listen to grievances. Sometimes he eats lunch with workmen out in the yard.

When a political offender is arrested, which isn't very often, Quezon usually talks to him himself. One prisoner, arrested for making bombs, was the driver of a buffalo cart, earning 15 cents a day. "No wonder you are a bomb-thrower," Quezon said. "No one can live on 15 cents a day." And he released the man.

He likes to do things quickly. He got General Douglas MacArthur, former United States Chief of Staff, to come to Manila as his military adviser in five minutes of talk. He said to MacArthur, "I want your answer to just one question: Are the islands defensible?" MacArthur said "Yes," and Quezon offered him the post.

A superb politician, he knows all the approaches. Once a group of legislators weren't doing the work he expected of them. He announced, "I won't fire you, but if your job isn't finished by next Monday, I'll write a letter to the newspapers under my own name denouncing you as incompetent." The job was done by Monday.

He has learned more than one

lesson from the politics of the United States. His political pilgrimages, with a huge entourage, have taken him all over the world, and nothing is lacking to make the journeyings impressive. He is a junketeer par excellence, and his expense accounts are wonderful to behold.

Stories to the contrary notwithstanding, Quezon is not particularly rich. His salary is only \$15,000 a year, and he was always an easy spender. When he needs money he asks for it from his political supporters, and it is instantly forthcoming.

His wife, whom he adores, and who has considerable influence over him, is his first cousin. She is a pretty and cultivated woman, and a devout Roman Catholic. When they were in Mexico in 1937, she told him that perhaps she ought not to go to church, since that might embarrass his conversations with President Cárdenas; Quezon replied that she could blankety-blank well go to church any time and anywhere she chose.

Quezon is the best orator in the islands in any of three languages, English, Spanish, or Tagalog — his native dialect. His agile features make him an excellent actor. His considerable charm, his patriotism, his executive capacity, his curious combination of American aggressive practicality and Latin suppleness in negotiation, all contributed to his career. But his knack of getting along well with both rich and poor

is probably his most valuable characteristic. The masses adore him, because he gives them something. The rich eat out of his hand because he guarantees their survival. By using both he has built up an irresistible machine. Dozens of friends who helped him in the early days have been rewarded with jobs or pensions.

And now, having devoted his whole life to Philippine independence, Quezon isn't sure he wants it: the Filipinos, after 40 years of agitation, are increasingly alarmed that they are going to get — what they desired.

Until 1946 the United States retains certain rights in the islands, and is responsible for their defense. American law controls matters of tariff, immigration, debt currency, and foreign trade. After 1946 all this is cut off. The country becomes the Philippine Republic, and swims — or sinks — alone.

Seventy-two percent of Philippine trade is with the United States; 60 percent of it sugar. Beginning in 1940, the Filipinos will be charged a 5 percent export tax on sugar, rising 5 percent per year until a full tax of 25 percent is reached in 1946. No one at this moment can calculate the effect of this arrangement.

Very many in the islands have genuine fear of Japan. They think that if America goes, Japan will come in. Quezon said last July that Japan was willing after 1946 to adhere to an agreement neutraliz-

ing the islands. Yet it would be an insult to Mr. Quezon's active intelligence to suggest that he does not know that Japan is hungry for just the sort of loot the riches of the Philippines, including very large gold deposits, provide. There is a close-knit and powerful Japanese colony in Davao, perhaps 15,000 in all, growing hemp — and possibly trouble.

General MacArthur and the Filipino general staff believe firmly that the Philippines could defend themselves. They say that air power would not be effective against the islands, and that an infantry invasion is hardly possible. The Filipino army is training 40,000 recruits a year, and is turning into an excellent fighting force. But the islands have little of the industrial equipment upon which modern war depends. It can hardly have a navy capable of keeping Japan's fleet away. A war would be a disaster.

Politically the Philippines are now an advanced democracy, at least in theory; economically they are still in the feudal age. Spain left an ugly heritage. Industry is largely in the hands of a few Spanish aristocrats; the land is held largely by great landowners or by the Church. The peasants starve.

Quezon has begun cautiously a program of breaking up the big estates. He promises much. But he is roughly in the same position President Roosevelt would face if,

attacking Wall Street, he knew that 70 percent of his majority were Wall Street men. Quezon knows that to make a real revolution he must destroy feudalism — that is, the Church. This he can do only by destroying himself too.

Opposition to Quezon is feeble; his popularity is enormous. In the last election he won every seat. There is not a single opposition deputy. Indeed, even those who oppose him regard him as the father of the country; they simply complain that he has created a bureaucratic dictatorship; that he controls all branches of government and the army; that he is afraid of the big landowners; that his economic program is too slow.

Quezon was profoundly impressed by Roosevelt in 1937; he returned to announce a "Social Justice" program for the islands. He said the government's duty was to force the distribution of wealth so that the rich would be less rich and the poor less poor. He inaugurated a minimum wage for government employes (50 cents a day), and set about a new tax program. He believes in the right of private property, but he also believes that the government has the privilege of curbing the right of private property "if and when the public good demands it."

Thus Quezon at 60. Perhaps a tongue is in that roguish cheek. The next few years will tell.

❏ Is this the long-sought cure for pneumonia?

Death to the Killer

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

J. D. Ratcliff

THE MOST murderous creature at large on this earth is diplococcus pneumoniae, the microbe that causes pneumonia. This tiny mankiller takes more lives than scarlet fever and typhoid fever, malaria, influenza, meningitis and automobile accidents put together. It destroys Americans more rapidly than the highly efficient German army did in the World War. Some 100,000 people in the United States die of pneumonia each year.

Much of the havoc caused in human lungs by this deadly microbe traces to its tough armor. The body's protective forces have difficulty cracking the hickory-nut shell and getting at the microbe itself. But if we can trust the hopeful word that now comes from England, research men have at last solved the problem, and one of the most brilliant chapters in modern medicine has been written.

A new drug has worked on hundreds of people who were almost beyond repair. Take the little old lady who was carried into St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London last summer. She had Type 3 pneumonia, which is particularly lethal for elderly people. Had only one lung been involved she would have

had one chance in five of surviving. Since both were involved she had nearly no chance. Yet she is alive today. So are three youngsters who had pneumococcal meningitis, a disease regarded as always fatal.

The story of this white pill begins a number of years back with that brilliant German researcher, Paul Ehrlich. There must be chemicals, said Ehrlich, which will kill microbes inside the body of a man without killing the man himself. His discovery in 1910 of salvarsan, the anti-syphilis drug, set the research world ablaze. Everywhere men began looking for similar substances which would work on other bacteria, but more than 20 years passed before another researcher met any outstanding success.

Then, in Elberfeld, Germany, Gerhard Domagk found the magic stuff from which sulfanilamide is derived. This is the new drug that murders the murderous streptococci, causers of strep meningitis, childbed fever, and erysipelas. Researchers quickly tried sulfanilamide on other things and thus opened up a new approach to pneumonia.

Thousands of white mice — which die very quickly from pneumonia — got thousands of doses of

microbes and thousands of doses of sulfanilamide. The mice lingered on for several days, but eventually died. Domagk's drug obviously wasn't the answer. Yet there was that odd fact about it — why did it delay death? Maybe somewhere within sulfanilamide lay still more magic — magic which would kill the worst of the microbe killers.

This was the only clue that May & Baker, a large British drugmaking house, needed. Its chemists were told to tear sulfanilamide to pieces and build it up in new patterns. It took the great Ehrlich years to plow through 605 arsenic compounds before he found No. 606, which would work on syphilis. Modern methods speeded the work at May & Baker. Within a few weeks hundreds of new compounds began to emerge from the laboratories. Some were violent poisons and were discarded, but 64 held out some hope — hope that exploded when they failed to protect mice.

Finally, compound No. 693 was completed, an innocent-looking white crystalline stuff. It bore a jaw-breaking name: 2-(*p*-Aminobenzenesulfonamido) Pyridine. For simplicity, it was called M. & B. 693.

Like 64 hopeful-looking false alarms before it, 693 was shipped to Dr. Lionel E. H. Whitby, pathologist at Dudley Road Hospital in Birmingham, for testing on animals. Whitby, following his patient routine used with all the others, shot each mouse in one batch full of

enough microbes to kill 10,000 mice. Then he poured crushed and moistened pills of 693 into its stomach. A second batch of mice got only the microbes.

The mice that did not get 693 began to topple over. The other mice should have died too. But, contrarily, they went right on living! The unbelievable had happened; but the job was not finished.

How many of the 32 types of pneumonia would 693 work on? It appeared to give almost complete protection for types 1, 7 and 8. Type 1 is the most prevalent of all, accounting for about a third of pneumonia cases. With other types 693 lessened severity markedly.

Was 693 poisonous? Whitby poured the stuff into mice and found that one part of the drug for 60 parts of body weight represented the lethal dose. That was safely inside toxic limits. Translated into human weight, three pounds of the medicine would be necessary to bring on death in an 180-pound man. And one fiftieth of the lethal dose was enough to protect mice from the microbes.

In every test he devised, 693 stood its ground. Now it was ready for a test on human beings. Rules for the game of life and death were drawn up — old rules, but none the less dramatic. Half the patients in the experiment would get routine treatment. The other half would also receive M. & B. 693.

Such an experiment is hard on

the nerves of any doctor. If the new drug appears to work on one group, it is difficult to withhold it from another; to sit back, watching death which might be avoided creep relentlessly on. Yet such things must be done if a true assay of the value of the drug is to be made.

No effort was made at Dudley Road Hospital to sort patients. Those entering one day went into Group A; those of the following day into Group B, etc. There were 100 people in each group, ranging in age from eight to 68 and representing all degrees of severity of illness.

Doctors are wary of any drug which seems to give quick and dramatic results in pneumonia. There is always the chance that it is being administered just as the patient approaches the crisis. Rapid recoveries are the rule if the crisis is passed successfully. And such recoveries may be mistakenly attributed to the drug.

To check on this point the conductors of the clinical work would withdraw 693 from patients. Almost invariably they had an immediate relapse. When 693 was restored they improved. There seemed to be no mistake this time.

Each four hours, at first, patients would get the half-grain tablets with the faintly bitter taste. Toxic symptoms and fever unmistakably subsided; and it was immediately apparent that there were not nearly so many deaths in the 693 group as in the other. Yet there were a few

deaths. Why not try larger doses of the drug, and give it to patients as soon as they arrived at the hospital?

Once this new procedure was inaugurated medical miracles began to happen. A lady 67 years old responded to the drug in 24 hours and had an uneventful convalescence. The chart of a man of 57 bore this notation: "In extremis on admission." He, too, recovered.

The final tally of mortality statistics showed that 27 of the patients who got routine treatment died. In the 693 group only eight died; and six of the deaths occurred before larger doses of the drug were used.

A series of children's cases came next. In a group of 40 youngsters there were only two deaths, and both of the casualties suffered from peritonitis as well as pneumonia. All over England doctors began using 693 with spectacular results.

The task of finding why 693 was working such wonders fell to Dr. Alexander Fleming, bacteriologist at the University of London. Did the chemical actually destroy invading bacteria, or did it slow their reproduction rate so that the body's protective forces — particularly the phagocytes — had a chance to get to work? Phagocytes, carried by the blood, simply fold themselves around the intruding microbes and digest them. Fleming found that the drug by itself did not kill microbes in blood from which phagocytes had been removed, but it did slow the reproduction rate. It was the fighting

SULF-PYRIDINE is not yet generally available in America. The Food and Drugs Administration has limited its use to doctors competent in experimental work.

However, two important series of cases have already been reported in the United States. Of 75 pneumonia patients treated in Philadelphia hospitals, only six died—a mortality of eight percent. Ordinarily, mortality is 25 to 30 percent in pneumonia cases receiving no special treatment. Included among the recoveries were nine of Type 3, for which there was formerly no known curc. In a large New York hospital 47 patients out of 50 recovered after the use of sulf-pyridine.

In a statement recently made at the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Russell L. Cecil, an outstanding American authority on pneumonia, declared that the new drug "must be looked upon as an important and promising addition to pneumonia therapy, though obviously still in the experimental stage."

ombination of 693 and the warriors within the blood which dissolved the microbes' shells and did the job.

From all reports so far available 693 appears to be the most potent weapon yet devised to fight pneumonia. Pneumonia serums have been used for a number of years, and properly administered have been capable of cutting pneumonia deaths some 40 percent. But they aren't widely available; and a doctor must find by laboratory tests which one of the 32 types of pneumonia he is fighting before he knows what serum to use.

This new chemical, on the other hand, appears to be effective to some extent on all types of pneumonia. It is cheap enough to be within reach of everyone. Clinical work is already going forward in the United States, and the British animal work is being checked. When these reports are finished, the drug should be generally available to the medical profession. It will probably be called sulf-pyridine.

Of course, a curative drug is not the complete answer to any disease. The other half of the problem is to perfect a vaccine that will prevent the disease. In the case of diphtheria, medical men armed with both these tools have nearly eradicated this ancient baby-snatcher. A pneumonia vaccine developed by Dr. Lloyd Derr Felton of Johns Hopkins is now being made at the Army Medical School's vaccine station in Washington. Felton hopes this vaccine, as yet unavailable to the public, will reduce pneumonia cases one half and deaths four fifths.

Should Felton's vaccine prove out, only 20 people should die of pneumonia where 100 are dying today. But give that 20 the protection that M. & B. 693 has been affording in England and another 14 lives would be saved. This would mean a 94-percent reduction of present mortality. It would mean that at last the greatest of all microbe killers had yielded to science.

If You Could Go Back

Condensed from McCall's

Alexander Woolcott

Author of "While Rome Burns," "Woolcott's Reader," etc.

IF YOU COULD go back through the years—if, by virtue of some such gift as was the wonder and redemption of an old skinflint named Scrooge, you could go back through the long file of American years and play eavesdropper on one fateful moment in our history, which one would you choose? Would you choose that moment in which the first starved and despairing settlers in Virginia saw, at long last, the Governor's relief boat coming slowly 'round the bend in the muddy James? Or that moment in which, under the dripping trees at Saratoga, Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne surrendered his sword after the battle which had turned the tide of our own now sanctified revolution? Or would you slip unnoticed into the multitude which stood in the November sunshine on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg so that you might hear from his own lips that address by Abraham Lincoln which surely will live at least as long as this country does? Always in my own fond recourse to this pastime, that was my choice. But it may not have been a good one. For had I been at Gettysburg when Lincoln spoke, the chances are overwhelming that I would not have heard what he said.

In our day, it has been an ironic commonplace that that speech which in the long history of liberty and patriotism—as mountaintop signals to mountaintop—calls back across the centuries to the funeral oration of Pericles, made no impression at all on most of the reporters who filed it with the harried telegraph operators at Gettysburg nor on most of the editors who, in composing their papers next day, merely gave their readers the impression that Mr. Lincoln "also spoke." To be sure, the New York *Times* observed the occasion by printing an editorial headed "Two Great Speeches," but if you are persistent enough to read it, you will notice that the *Times* was referring to the stupefying two-hour oration with which Edward Everett had preceded Mr. Lincoln's address and to the stirring speech which Henry Ward Beecher, fresh from his ordeal in England, had just made at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

It might be enjoyable and not unprofitable to glance here in passing at the more preposterous comments made by those already hostile to the speaker. In the nearby town of Harrisburg the *Patriot and Union* said, "We pass over the silly

remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of." And the *Chicago Times* had this to say: "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and dishwatery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States." One of those whose job it was to enlighten such foreigners, intelligent or otherwise — the American correspondent of the *London Times* — duly kept them posted as follows: "The ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce." These, however, were but spiteful expressions of the same kind of angry partisanship which marked so much of the sniping at Lincoln while he lived, and with which even the latest of his successors is by no means unfamiliar.

But here I am concerned only with the immediate effect upon the fifteen thousand who were actually present at Gettysburg. From the testimony of many witnesses, one thing is clear. Few of them suspected for a moment that the world would long remember what was said there. Historians, with that wisdom-after-the-event which lends to posterity its smug air of superiority, have been amused to wonder

why. I know why. I think it can be proved beyond all doubt that of the fifteen thousand at Gettysburg only an inconsiderable few heard what Lincoln said.

It is easy to see why this must have been so. Even the most inexperienced playwright is careful to postpone past the first ten minutes any crucial line of his dialogue, not only because stragglers will still be rattling down the aisles but because there is such a thing as an arc of attention and, in the relation between the voices on the stage and the ears beyond the footlights, it takes a bit of time to establish that arc's trajectory. Listen to any speaker at a dinner and note how inevitably he devotes his first two or three minutes to saying nothing at all, while his audience, with its varying rate of adjustment, is tuning in. The need for such purely vocal preliminaries is trebled when the gathering is held under the sky. Mr. Lincoln spoke not only in the open air but to a multitude of which many, having just escaped from the trap of a two-hour discourse, were, for reasons you are free to surmise, moving anxiously toward the exits. Some of these, as it dawned on them that the President had risen, turned in their tracks and started shoving their way back toward the rostrum. So it was not only to a huge crowd in the open air that he spoke, but to one that was not even stationary. He would have had to talk for at least five minutes before

even those within reach of his voice could have really begun to listen. But the address is made up of ten sentences. It has only two hundred and seventy-two words. After he had been speaking for two minutes and thirty-five seconds, Mr. Lincoln sat down. Most of those present could not have taken in a word he said.

Now all this I know from my own platform experience. Of course, it was an old story to him who had held the difficult Cooper Union audience in thrall, who had gone down with Douglas into the dust of the arena, and who had spoken by torchlight to many a milling crossroads crowd. No one this country ever produced—not Patrick Henry, nor Henry Ward Beecher, nor Woodrow Wilson—knew better than Lincoln how to *make* an audience listen. If he did not make the one at Gettysburg listen, it must have been for a reason you will find suggested by an anecdote out of Edna Ferber's adventures with the *goyim*. Once, as a guest of the William Lyon Phelps in New Haven, she heard her host invoke the blessing of God on the excellent menu by muttering confidentially into his soup plate. After the "Amen," Mrs. Phelps complained that she had not heard a word. "My dear," he replied, "I wasn't speaking to you." Is it not clear that, if Mr. Lincoln did not trouble to make the crowd at Gettysburg hear him, it is because he was not speaking to them?

To whom, then? The other day I put that question to John Thomason of the Marines. Smiling as if he knew the answer, he told me about a letter he had found in a trunk in a Texas attic. It was written in 1863 by a young Confederate captain, who had been wounded at Gettysburg and was still there on crutches when, months later, the battlefield was dedicated. He must have been one of the scattered few—there are such exceptions in every audience—who did hear what Lincoln said. To the folks back home he wrote, "We've got to stop fighting that man." Wherefore Major Thomason thinks that if Lincoln was indifferent to those present at Gettysburg it was because, over their heads, he was talking to the South.

I think he may have been, but my own inescapable notion is that, over the heads of the South, he was also talking to Americans as yet unborn and unbegot.

. . . whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. . . .

Have these words, for example, at any time since they were first spoken, ever had such painful immediacy as they have seemed to have in our own anxious era? Yes, he was talking to you and to me. Of this there is no real question in my mind. The only question—in an age when beggars on horseback the world around are challenging all

that Lincoln had and was — the only question is whether we will listen.

. . . . *It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here. . . .*

For whom was the speech meant?

Why, the answer is in his own words. For us. "For us the living." For us to resolve and see to it — and see to it — "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, SHALL NOT perish from the earth."

NEW YORK

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CELEBRITY SERVICE, recently organized in New York City by Earl Blackwell and Ted Strong, will, for a fee, send their subscribers daily bulletins on the goings and comings of the people with important names — thus enabling them to lunch at "21" at the same time as Gloria Swanson, or attend the same theater as Marlene Dietrich, Robert Taylor or other stars. "We are able to do this because we have the full coöperation of press agents, movie studios, theaters, broadcasting companies, and air and travel lines," says Mr. Blackwell. "We have more than 300 contacts."

Already Celebrity Service has several hundred "social" subscriptions — people in café society who, if staging a night-club dinner, like to know what important people they will see. Also on the list are resident manufacturers who want to give the visiting buyers a thrill.

N. Y. *World-Telegram*

LONELY MEN in New York may now call on the services of a female escort service established by Miss Elsie Miller, Mrs. John Pierrepont Constable and eight other women. For \$10, plus a \$2 taxicab charge, they will accompany any "decent" man around the city until midnight in search of good clean fun; \$5 additional will keep the escort out till 2 a.m., another \$5 till 4 a.m.

The hostesses — most of them are widowed or divorced — are hired for "mature, cultured, and traveled qualities," and must have six character testimonials from persons of position; one has a testimonial from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. They never give their real name or address, never accompany a man anywhere except to public places.

— *Grit*

Home Was Never Like This

A TURNTABLE floor in the dining room of Rudolph Wurlitzer's Cincinnati home settled his children's daily quarrels as to which of them was to sit facing the garden. The room bulges out into the garden; its floor revolves almost imperceptibly — once each hour. The unsuspecting guest will probably remark during the soup course on the charm of the garden he sees through the tall windows he faces; not until well into the salad will he note with bewildered alarm that he is staring at a wall.

— *Fortune*

BECAUSE he sleeps better when soothed by the continuous rattle of train wheels, Sir Robert Horn, president of the Canadian Pacific Railways, has had a special bed constructed that rattles and vibrates like a Pullman berth.

— L. L. Stevenson in *Detroit News*

THE ultra-modern house of Earl Butler, Des Moines, Iowa, substitutes for stairs a ramp ascending in a gentle spiral from cellar to top floor.

— Lawrence McCann in *The American Magazine*

THE CHEERFUL chirping of a cricket on the hearth supplies an old-fashioned overtone to fireside chats in the home of Mary Jane Walsh, stage and radio star. She keeps a live cricket in a crystal globe filled with greenery.

Carol Steiber, a recent debutante, puts distorting mirrors behind her

plants, so that they are reflected in strange, eccentric junglelike shapes.

— Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in *Liberty*

FOR THE entertainment of guests, Frank H. Hill of the General Electric Company has wired a "rumpus" room with 53 electric circuits operating a weird assortment of practical jokes. When you cross the threshold, cowbells ring and a phonograph record recites a greeting poem; at the touch of a switch a portrait of George Arliss over the fireplace moves its jaws in strange conversation. All the furniture has momentary contact wiring for the administration of slight shocks. The evening's finale is heralded by the appearance of red stop lights around the room; then, out from concealed chutes beneath the furniture roll pink goats, yellow crocodiles and lavender elephants, while a dozen purple cows emerge on roller skates from behind the bar.

— Jack Warfel in *Cleveland Press*

AT COMEDIAN Joe Cook's famous manse, "Sleepless Hollow," former stooges act as butler and footman, bowing low or staring surlily at you, grabbing your hat and stamping upon it. Rubber-legged chairs collapse as you sit in them, and the coat rack droops as you hang up your coat. There is a heavenly golf course on which it is almost impossible not to make a hole-in-one; the green is shaped like a cone and the ball goes spinning into the cup.

— Louis Sobol, "N. Y. Cavalcade"

How the Messrs. Gallup and Roper find
out what people are thinking

These Public Opinion Polls

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Jerome H. Spingarn

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THERE IS something terrifying about the uncanny accuracy with which public-opinion surveys are able to predict the outcome of elections and ostensibly tell how the public feels about issues of the day. Actually, however, there is nothing very mysterious about them. Both the American Institute of Public Opinion poll and the *Fortune* Survey* are conducted in accordance with well-settled rules of statistics. Both are conducted by persons of recognized scholarship. They are based on scientific sampling — the technique of market research developed in recent years by advertising agencies which send people out to ask housewives what they buy and why.

Scientific sampling boils down to asking the opinion of a number of people, say, Park Avenue residents, selected at random, as a composite of what Park Avenue people are thinking; then doing the same in factory and working districts. If all groups are thus sounded out, and each is represented in proportion to its voting

strength, a representative cross section of the electorate is obtained.

Both George Gallup, who runs the American Institute of Public Opinion, and Elmo Roper, who handles the field work for *Fortune's* survey, were trained in market research.

Gallup, a former journalism professor, is one of the most energetic men in the advertising business. He puts in a full working day as vice-president of a top-flight advertising agency. The Institute's main office, with its staff of 18, is in Princeton, N. J., where Gallup lives, and there in the evening he does most of his survey work.

Questions for the polls are planned by Gallup at informal meetings with the Institute staff. When the questions have been decided upon and carefully worded, ballots are mailed to field workers throughout the country, who use them to report the attitude of people in their vicinity. It takes about two weeks to complete a poll, but in emergencies, a "rush" poll can be made in 72 hours. The results, together with interpretive comment and charts, are sent out to 70 subscribing newspapers, which are not permitted to make any changes

* See quotation from the current *Fortune* survey, page 76.

in text that will reflect on the poll's impartiality.

The 640 part-time field workers, strategically located in cities and rural areas, receive 65 cents per hour, plus travel expenses in rural districts, and average five or six hours a week on the job. Most of them are college graduates, many are young married women, and all have references attesting to their honesty and freedom from bias. Their work is closely watched; if an interviewer sends in results inconsistent with those of other canvassers, another field worker may be sent to determine whether he is cheating.

Interviewers must do much of their work nights and week-ends, when breadwinners are at home. Both polling organizations prefer home interviews to street interviews, because there the field worker is better able to judge the financial circumstances of the respondent. Names are not taken, but the street in which the respondent lives is noted. People are very willing to express their views, and show a certain pride in being represented in the nation's cross section. Unless the person is unusually garrulous an interview takes about ten minutes.

Except in the size of its interviewing staff, the *Fortune* survey differs little from the Gallup poll. A free-lance market analyst, Elmo Roper undertakes special work for advertising agencies, corporations and trade associations as well as for *Fortune*, and employs the same

field staff — 48 part-time workers — in all his researches. Mr. Roper travels widely, supervises his staff personally, and sometimes even rings doorbells with them. Many of his canvassers are teachers; but an important manufacturing executive does the work in order to meet different classes of people, and a successful character actor finds that it broadens his repertoire of types.

The number of people to be questioned is important. Statisticians say a sample is adequate when an increase in the number of cases fails to produce significant differences in results. On the basis of their own experience, the *Fortune* staff believe this point is reached when 5000 persons have been questioned. The Gallup people are noncommittal — they say their figure is between 3000 and 50,000. For general surveys, however, it is probably close to *Fortune's*.

The Gallup survey aims to sound out the opinion of the electorate rather than the general population. Minors are not usually questioned, nor are Negroes in the South, where they may not vote. Results from states are weighted in accordance with their voting population. Thus while Iowa has roughly the same population as Georgia, her opinions are given five times as much weight, because 50 percent of Iowans vote, while only 10 percent of Georgians do.

In every survey persons interviewed are asked to state for whom they voted in 1936. There should be a close correlation between the entire group's 1936 preferences and the actual 1936 election results. A poll in which 60 percent of the respondents were for Landon in 1936, for example, would be rejected. One third of all the Institute's polls are discarded because the respondents are found not to represent a true cross section of the electorate. These controls enable Gallup to claim an accuracy within four percent. In all three national "purge" primaries last summer his poll predicted the results within two percent.

The surveys encounter charges of bias, especially from people who are disappointed in their findings. Jim Farley attacked the Gallup poll early in the 1936 campaign when it showed that Landon was winning, but dropped his criticism when the poll showed a swing toward Roosevelt. The enthusiasts of any movement want it to seem powerful, so that it will attract "band-wagon" support.

But no one has proved any charges against Gallup or *Fortune*. Probably no one could. Both organizations are anxious to gain acceptance as accurate indicators of what the country is thinking. Yet the best of intentions can be thwarted by questions which fail to elicit an answer indicative of a real and considered attitude, rather

than a superficial reaction to a word formula. Practically all the words descriptive of controversial subjects — "court packing," for example — have been colored by constant use in the press. Realizing this, both organizations take great pains in framing their questions. Gallup uses two sets of ballots for each poll, with the same questions worded in different ways, to detect whether a certain phrasing is colored or "loaded." Roper sends out a special testing crew to find the most neutral phrasing of questions before putting them on his ballot. Even with such precautions, both polls have on occasion submitted leading questions which inevitably brought "loaded" results.

The seemingly inconsistent concepts that exist side by side in the popular mind present further difficulties in obtaining consistently reliable results. Voters, for example, may favor strict government economy — and also favor a generous program of relief. They may favor complete neutrality — and also approve the proposal to quarantine aggressor nations. If a question is considered on its isolated merits, without consideration of the larger issue of which it is a part, the answer may not mean much. A tabulation of some answers of the past two years reminds one of the Senator who, throughout his service, never voted for a tax bill or against an appropriation.

Such weaknesses should warn against too complete acceptance of the results of the surveys. It would be unwise, for example, for legislators to abdicate the use of their own discretion in favor of snap answers given to a private corps of interviewers by citizens who are often

disinclined to be troubled with the minutiae of governmental affairs. No intelligent person can afford to ignore what the Gallup and *Fortune* polls reveal. But even the best polls have their limitations, and the poll, as an institution, will bear skeptical watching.



☛ Practically every animal and insect had its day in medieval courts

Medieval Animal Trials

Condensed from Nature Magazine

A. Alexander

A GROTESQUE TRIBUNAL convened in the market place of Zurich in the year 1442. Robed magistrates sat on a dais in front of the courthouse; a withered beadle lifted the black wand of his office and cried "Bring forth the accused!" Imprisoned in a heavy cage, the accused was dragged in. He was a huge wolf, about to be solemnly tried for the killing of two little girls!

A learned prosecutor opened the case; an equally learned attorney defended the brute. Legalisms flew back and forth, authorities were quoted, witnesses testified. At



length the shaggy prisoner was found guilty and was condemned to die by hanging on the public gibbet. Amid the huzzahs of the multitude, sentence was executed.

Animal trials ran among the most fantastic ceremonies of the Middle Ages. Not were they uncommon; one legal historian lists 200 in a single century.

Witness the bizarre performance in the old Norman town of Falaise in 1386, when a pig was tried for killing an infant. The trial was made a festive occasion, with the whole populace turning out. The

urt gravely decided that the pig could be beheaded. The lucklessarker was then *dressed in human robes*, and was whipped and maimed before being brought to the block. Infanticidal swine were the commonest offenders among domestic animals. Roaming freely in the towns and villages, they were a sort of sanitation department, to be found wherever there was garbage and filth, and were so ferocious that a small child was not safe in their presence.

At Sévigny in 1547 a sow and six little pigs were tried for killing and eating a child. The lawyer put up such an effective defense that only the sow was executed, the offspring being exonerated on the ground that they were young and their mother had set a bad example. Three weeks later, however, these same six little pigs were again in court, because their owner refused to give bond assuring future good behavior; he was afraid that the maternal criminal trait would show up in them.

The son of a young Burgundian shepherd was killed on September 1370, by three sows that seemed to have feared an attack on their young. The entire herd was arrested as accomplices. But the owner pleaded that the young pigs ought to be acquitted, and the duke of Burgundy, impressed by the plea, delivered judgment that only the three sows were to be executed, "notwithstanding that the

others had seen the death of the boy without defending him."

Ferocious bulls, too, were tried. In 1314 at Moissy, a bull gored a man so severely that he died. The animal was imprisoned in the town jail along with the human prisoners, as was customary with larger animals brought to trial, and sentenced to be hanged on the town gallows.

The court of Dijon condemned and executed a horse for homicide in 1639, and a mare was burned to death in Aix as late as 1694 by order of the highest judicial tribunal of the province. Both animals were judged to be possessed by demons; testimony also proved that their crimes had been premeditated!

In the case of rodents and insects, which were hard to seize in large numbers, the ecclesiastical rather than the civil courts had jurisdiction -- on the theory, apparently, that what the civil law could not do, an anathema would. After several specimens of the culprits were tried, convicted and solemnly put to death, an anathema was pronounced upon their fellows.

All manner of legal technicalities were invoked in animal trials. It was thus that the great French jurist, Bartholomew Chassenée, made his reputation in 1521. Then a young lawyer, he was appointed by the court to defend rats which had destroyed the barley crop of the province of Autun. When the rats failed to appear in answer to

the customary first summons, he successfully argued that the citation had been too local and that, since the case involved all the rats of the diocese, all of them should be summoned.

Once more the rats paid no attention, whereupon Chassenée claimed that his clients were afraid to stir out of their holes because of "evilly disposed cats" belonging to the plaintiffs. Yet a citation, he argued, implied protection of the individual on his way to and from court. It was only fair, he added, that the plaintiffs put up a heavy bond, to be forfeited if his clients were molested. The court considered this plea valid but the plaintiffs refused to put up a bond, and the case was dismissed!

A lawyer appointed to defend a bear that had ravaged Schwarzwald villages in 1499 raised the awkward technicality that it must be tried by a jury of its peers. The argument over this point delayed the trial for more than a week.

Even mad dogs were formally tried and convicted as murderers. Moreover, it was expressly stated that a mad dog should not be allowed to plead insanity but should be punished with progressive mutilation, corresponding to the number of people or animals it had bitten, beginning with the loss of its ears, then the tail, and extending to the crippling of its feet. After these barbaric tortures were over, the animal was legally killed. Dur-

ing trials, the rack and other torture devices were at times used on animals to extort confessions. Squeals and cries of pain from the tortured beasts were confession of guilt.

Animals were sometimes accepted as witnesses in the courts: one man accused of having committed murder in his own house, appeared before the tribunal with his cat, dog and rooster. When he swore in their presence that he was innocent, and the animals made no remonstrance, he was acquitted. If the man were lying, the Lord was supposed miraculously to give speech to the dumb animal, rather than permit a murderer to escape justice.

Practically every animal and insect had its day in the medieval courts. Black pigs, cats, goats and dogs went to trial with the scales of justice strongly tipped against them, for black was thought to be Satan's favorite color and characteristic disguise. Snakes and cats were sometimes hung in baskets and burned over public bonfires — all with a legal aroma, of course.

No rational explanation has ever been advanced for these animal trials. Apparently the medieval mind believed that animals were possessed of the devil — or, as it sometimes appears — were the devil himself, masquerading as a sow or a goat. Often the trials were merely sadistic spectacles in a day when entertainment was both brutal and scarce.

He introduced America to literature —

Billy Phelps of Yale

Condensed from Life

Lucius Beebe

Society columnist of New York Herald Tribune

SOME 15 years ago the Yale University Library was given a rare first edition of Robert Browning's *Pauline*. To celebrate, the student body — marshaled one by one by Professor William Lyon Phelps, in full academic regalia — paraded three times around the campus, with the University band playing and the bells pealing in Harkness Tower. At the library Phelps Dr. Phelps halted his tumultuous procession, and with a flourish presented the volume to the University Librarian. Then, ermine-trimmed cape flying in the wind, the pundit called for a rolling Yale cheer: "Brek-ek-ek-ex-koax-koax," which 1000 Yalermen gave with a crashing ending with nine crashing Brownings."

Impressive as it was, the tribute was only incidentally to the poet Browning. It was first and last a salute to "Billy" Phelps, America's foremost promoter of the humanities, who in his 41 years on the Yale faculty developed a unique ability for translating the refinements of literature into an idiom easily grasped by the undergrad-mind.

It was Billy who brought heavy-

weight champion Gene Tunney to New Haven to address a Shakespeare class. It was Billy who, as a young drama instructor, had the daring idea of inviting the great Sarah Bernhardt to make a personal appearance at Yale. When she failed to appear, Billy dressed up a willing student in yellow wig, picture hat and exotic dress, and dispatched him around the campus in an open hack, blowing kisses to the cheering Elis. The impersonation was a vast success, and went unsuspected for days.

Now 73 years old and retired four years ago to Professor Emeritus, Dr. Phelps has probably done more than any living figure to inculcate the American mind with reverence for the written and spoken word. For nearly four decades he has been the nation's most popular lecturer on literature. Since 1895 he has delivered an estimated total of 10,000 lectures to an aggregate audience of 5,000,000 people, not including his radio talks, nor his 16,500 Yale lectures.

Clear-eyed, wiry, with healthy pink cheeks, Dr. Phelps is an impressive platform figure. His words glow, and his delivery is enlivened

by a sweep of anecdotes about famous writers who have been his intimate friends — Galsworthy, Walpole, Barrie, Maeterlinck, Chesterton, Hardy, Conrad, and many others.

At Yale, his two major courses — “Tennyson and Browning” and “Contemporary Drama” — drew the heaviest enrollment of any non-compulsory courses. The former, known to generations of Yalermen as “T. and B.,” was given in four sections of 150 students each. Because Phelps was a notoriously kindly marker, this course was a sanctuary for athletes. A classic example was a football player whose eligibility for the Harvard game turned on a passing grade in “T. and B.” On the crucial day, while all New Haven waited with bated breath, Dr. Phelps finally turned to him and asked who wrote *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The football hero stammered “Wordsworth.”

“Splendid,” said Dr. Phelps. “You mean Wadsworth — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.” The player got a passing grade, and performed brilliantly against Harvard. Despite themselves, however, even football captains who embraced “T. and B.” for the sake of a grade found themselves infected by the Phelpsian enthusiasm for Browning.

Billy Phelps has performed a great service for American letters. He made the novel respectable. Nearly a half-century ago, when he first emerged as booster for literature, the American mind was batten-

on such romantic fare as *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Almost singlehandedly, and at the risk of being burned as the pedagogical stake, he broke the walls of Victorian prejudice and, through Tolstoy, Turgenev and other Continental realists. The change had to come before the U.S. could produce a Sinclair Lewis or an Ernest Hemingway.

In 1892, when Phelps became an English instructor at Yale, the formidable Timothy Dwight was president, the professors wore frock coats and starched white bosoms, and the curriculum was built solidly around Greek, Latin and mathematics. Billy, assigned to teach the first English course ever opened for Yale freshmen, also launched a course in contemporary novels, dealing with writers like Pierre Loti and Thomas Hardy, names scarcely known on this side of the Atlantic. At that time modern novels were considered frivolous or outright scandalous, and the senior professors of the English Department warned Phelps that his reckless ambition might ruin his academic career.

With 250 students in attendance, Billy opened the course. Within a week a *New York Times* featured a story about it was picked up by newspapers all over the country. Almost instantly there was a storm of protest over Yale's encouragement of students to fritter away their time on “trash.” One editor, shocked by such heresy, slapped a headline

the dispatch: THEY STUDY NOVELS! At the end of the year the course was dropped, old President Dwight serving, "There would have been no objection if it had been a failure."

The uproar finally died down. When he later introduced the first of all lecture courses in contemporary drama, so well had the apostle of Tolstoy done his spadework that the transplantation of Ibsen, Shaw and other controversial playwrights to the Yale campus was accomplished with no worse than a shudder.

From that point on, the career of William Lyon Phelps turned into sweetness and light. The publicity attending his championship of the foreign realists had made him a national figure. He was in demand at women's clubs, literary societies and other culture groups. Increasing thousands doted on the articles that poured from his study. When he started to write book reviews, literary criticism was a stuffy, high-cult rite. Into this mannered world burst Billy Phelps, with the common man's idiom and the assumption that in reading, people wanted "something that can be guaranteed to divert the mind."

By the 1920's Dr. William Lyon Phelps was the biggest name in popular American letters. In 1922 Edward Bok engaged him to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. That same year he launched his famous "As I Like It" column in *Scribner's*. His judgments on the new plays

also carried a Delphic weight. Few captains of industry were busier, none was more efficient, than Billy Phelps. His staff included three secretaries, besides several course assistants. He pounded out a 400-word column called "A Daily Thought" in which he discussed religion, games, happiness and anything else that popped into his mind. His reading audience jumped to an estimated 10,000,000 people. In 1934-35 he was on three radio programs. His salary at Yale was \$8000 a year, but his writing, lecture and radio fees were sometimes three and four times as much.

At its height Billy's "As I Like It" column was the barometer of the book trade, and a word of praise from him sent sales soaring. In 1921 *If Winter Comes* sold 218,000 copies almost solely on the strength of the Phelpsian huzzas. His rapture over Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is credited with that book's miraculous sale of 347,000 copies. Even unseasoned novelists could count upon a good word from Billy — the critic who liked everything, even the swing of Eddie Guest's poetry, which he called "perfect."

The irony is that even as Phelps was whooping second-rate stuff into the best-seller lists, the revolution in American letters for which he had labored was in motion. Sinclair Lewis wrote *Main Street* (1920) and Dreiser *An American Tragedy* (1925). But the revolutionary who had car-

ried Tolstoy and Turgenev on his shoulders didn't like their stuff. He waited more than a year before admitting that *Main Street* was worth reading. Billy's critical credo was simple. He reviewed the books he liked and gave absent treatment to the rest.

Today, though retired, Billy Phelps maintains his office in Harkness Hall, where he daily receives many students who come to chat with him. He is Yale's Public Orator, which means introducing at Commencement the candidates for honorary degrees. The citations he writes himself, and he rates as his masterpiece the one he devised for Walt Disney: "He labored like a mountain and brought forth a mouse."

This season will be the biggest year on his lecture calendar, with 55 scheduled lectures in New York and New Haven. Eight or ten Sundays he will preach at churches in Boston, New York or New Haven and from mid-July to September he will be, as is his custom, the minister of the Huron City Methodist Church, near his summer home in Michigan. His congregation, often numbering 1000 natives and summer visitors of almost every religious denomination, drive as far as three or four hundred miles to pack the simple church. The Phelps sermons on Truth, Virtue, Happiness and other eternal verities draw Monday morning press notices which are the envy of the ministers whom he supplants.

Still the perennial undergraduate, in polo coat, sloppy hat and tweeds, Billy finds it increasingly hard to dislodge himself from New Haven, where he would "like to live for 500 years." He has been married for 46 years to the wealthy Annabel Hubbard of Huron City. Full of fire, humor and prejudices and given to calling nearly everybody by his first name, she has bulked almost as large in Yale's social life as her famous husband has. Their New Haven home is red brick, spacious, Colonial and informal. The living-room walls are nothing but bookshelves, and usually a big sofa is piled high with them. Dr. Phelps' study has tables and chairs heaped with books. In the library is an enormous table piled with review copies — a free circulating library for neighbors. The front door is never locked before midnight, and New Havenites come and go at their pleasure.

Never knowing how many people may show up for dinner, Mrs. Phelps always keeps ten chickens in the icebox. Every visiting celebrity is entertained by the Phelps, and scarcely a night passes without one — and sometimes all — the seven guest rooms being occupied. Because Billy is forgetful, Mrs. Phelps provides two typewriters in his study, hundreds of pencils, a pair of glasses on each floor, another pair at his office, and several pairs which she maintains in a secret place against a calamity.

Billy plays golf nearly every day, and still rounds the course in 95. He does about 50 New York plays a year. He has just finished an 1100-page autobiography. He reads about 10 books a year, and estimates that he has read close to 10,000

in his adult lifetime. And so, in the midst of this sadly disordered world, Billy Phelps goes on living much as he always has, and the unfinished business in the humanities keeps him occupied sixteen hours a day.



Unsung Heroes of Public Service — II —

Dr. Royd Ray Sayers

DR. ROYD RAY SAYERS, in charge of industrial hygiene and sanitation for the U. S. Public Health Service, has done as much for working men as any labor leader whose name and fame fill the papers. He is the key man in the rapidly growing movement to prevent and cure occupational diseases.

Hard-rock miners, hatmakers, furriers, cement, clay and pottery workers, photoengravers, rayon workers, pharmacists, textile workers and an army of men and women in other occupations have reason to bless a name they never have heard. He is the leader in discovering the best way to deal with the hazards of their daily jobs and he is the most influential man in getting preventive measures adopted.

In this chemical age, new hazards are constantly being created by new processes. Dr. Sayers has done a great deal of original study of poisoning from gases, of caisson diseases, of silicosis

and lead poisoning. Largely due to his efforts, state after state has set up an industrial hygiene bureau. He keeps in close touch with local health officers, industries, and labor organizations.

Now 53, Dr. Sayers entered the Public Health Service 25 years ago. For some years he was lent to the Bureau of Mines to study prevention and cure of mining diseases. When he started, little work of the kind was being done. Now he heads 90 research workers in a big laboratory at Bethesda, Maryland, just completed.

In the Public Health Service, Dr. Sayers has the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, for which the base pay is \$4000. He has been offered large salaries by insurance companies, but he prefers to stay where he is, as one of the unseen men who, regardless of the political kaleidoscope, carry on the important day-to-day work of government.

—Albert W. Atwood

On the Trail of Counterfeiters

Condensed from The American Magazine

William H. Moran

Former Chief, U. S. Secret Service

FOR MORE than 50 years I was associated with the United States Secret Service, which specializes in the suppression of counterfeiters -- its only statutory duty outside of protecting the life of the President of the United States. In those 50 years our seizure of spurious notes and coins grew from a few thousand dollars a year to something like \$1,500,000 and our annual arrests increased from a few hundred to many thousands. While some of this increase is attributable to the widespread use of photomechanical equipment, most of it is the result of the average man's ignorance of the simplest facts about money and of his carelessness in handling it.

Most counterfeits could be detected by anybody. Yet your average citizen will accept a gold-plated dime for a gold piece, a lead quarter for a good one, a coin with one blank face. A merchant in Oklahoma accepted a wooden dollar. It was fated on each side with tin, upon which two tramps had hammered the rude likeness of a silver dollar. Only a few months ago a

Negro convict with no artistic ability drew a \$1 note with an indelible pencil -- and passed it!

A merchant once called at my office and presented a \$10 bill for my inspection. "It's a perfectly good \$1 note," I said at a glance. It had been altered with ink, which blurred when I ran a moistened finger across it. "How did you know it so quickly?" asked the merchant. "A \$1 note bears the portrait of George Washington," I said. "You should have seen that. A \$10 note bears the picture of Alexander Hamilton, a twenty the portrait of Andrew Jackson. Do you know whose picture is on a five?" He didn't. . . . Try this out among your friends.

Most counterfeits today are very bad imitations. With information and equipment for photoengraving easily available, notes are run off like newspapers -- and quite as carelessly. They are blurred, out of focus, off-color, and anyone who has flattered a good note with scrutiny can tell the difference.

A few counterfeiters, however, are really experts. Early in my career we received for inspection a

batch of \$20 notes which had passed safely through banks and been pronounced legal tender after a subtreasury examination. Only under the scrutiny of our microscopes did we discover that they were not printed but were freehand drawings.

We boast that we always get our man, but it took us 17 years to get the genius who executed those exquisite examples of penmanship. For 14 years he contented himself with occasional reproductions of \$20's and \$50's. When we received a \$100 note of the same workmanship, however, we advised bankers to pass a moistened finger over the serial numbers of \$20's, \$50's and \$100's. If the ink blurred, the note was counterfeit. Still the criminal evaded us.

Three years later a farmer entered a bar in New York. After some 20 minutes over a glass of wine, he asked the bartender, "By the way, can you change a hundred? I want to pay off some help I've brought to town." When the change was laid out, the farmer swiftly gathered up the bills and hurried out. The bartender snatched up the \$100 note; as he stared at it, the ink began to run — he was wet-handed. Without waiting to remove his apron, he ran after the farmer and overtook him. Thus we finally laid our hands on Emanuel Ninger, a stubby-fingered draftsman who lived in a small New Jersey town with his wife and four

children. He went to prison despite his unique defense that the notes he etched were worth far more as works of art than their face value.

Building a case against a counterfeiting gang is usually a slow and laborious job, and sometimes we must wait a year or more before striking. There were submitted to me one day three \$100 notes which other government experts had declared genuine. I found flaws in the engraving, my specialty, and discovered that the notes consisted of two pieces of paper glued together. They were appearing in large quantities. The notes showed evidence of some improved photomechanical process, as well as handwork, so we surveyed the nation's engraving plants and learned that two skilled young men had left a large Philadelphia establishment to set up their own plant. Presently their work became so poor that they lost their customers. But they were always busy! We set a watch on the plant.

Months later, the two young men went to Lancaster, Pa., to see a cigar manufacturer. We inspected boxes of cigars made there. My hunch was right; the internal revenue stamps were counterfeit.

We decided to enter the engraving plant by stealth. The odd-jobs boy, we knew, had a key to the shop. One of our agents fell in with the boy on his way to work and started a conversation. The boy's chief interest, it developed, was the

theater. What a coincidence! Our agent was a showman himself, looking for talent for a certain part. He persuaded the boy to call at his hotel suite, read his lines, and try on his costume. While the lad was in his costume, we searched his clothes and made an impression of the key.

We entered the shop again and again, and at last found evidence that work on a new \$100 note had begun. Then we struck. We recovered plates from which the revenue stamps had been printed and tons of blue paper like that used by the Internal Revenue Bureau. It even showed the government's watermark, U.S.I.R., with one letter to every square inch. It had been manufactured by an innocent old German who ran a little paper mill nearby. The gang told the old man the paper was for use as a label on patent medicine called Indian Rheumatic Ulnar Sirup.

We once received for investigation a number of well-executed \$500 notes. We were not particularly alarmed, because such large notes are usually examined carefully. That is why most counterfeiters deal in \$1, \$5, \$10 and \$20 notes. Nevertheless, we sent a warning to banks.

Despite our warning, at least one more was passed. One morning a well-dressed woman purchased a \$200 evening wrap in a Boston department store. She paid for it with a \$500 note, and was detained until

the note could be okayed at the bank nearby. "How dare you suspect me?" she cried angrily, when the delay was explained. "Give me my money. I'll do my business elsewhere." The note was returned from the bank — not counterfeit at all. The woman marched out.

Late that afternoon she returned, confessed that she had been unable to find another wrap like the one she had selected, and had decided to take it, after all — if she could be assured that she would not be humiliated again. She was assured, even burdened with apologies. Next morning her note came back from the bank, stamped counterfeit. She had planned the whole performance.

Some years ago, there appeared in small towns of the Middle West a Professor Joseph Woods, who spoke on "Counterfeit Money and How to Detect It." Professor Woods gave his audiences some good advice, too. But he omitted any reference to the peculiarities of the \$20 notes he was making and distributing in the towns he visited.

There is one persistent source of counterfeit money which the average man would least suspect. Not long ago our agents arrested a paroled convict as he was attempting to pass a \$10 counterfeit note in Seattle. Similar notes had been appearing on the West Coast for months, and now, we thought, we were getting close to their origin.

We learned that they had been mailed from San Francisco by Lawrence Bush, a salesman of photographic supplies. Bush was quite willing to talk. Certainly, he said, he had not mailed any counterfeit notes. Had he mailed, perhaps, a parcel for a friend?

"Oh yes," he said, "when I called at San Quentin Prison some time ago, a convict asked me to mail a manuscript to a friend. He had been writing a story about prison life. I mailed several parts for him."

That took us to San Quentin. Several convicts in the prison photoengraving plant had been turning out \$10 notes and smuggling them out through Bush. Before we stopped them they had disposed of something like \$12,000 in notes, \$7000 of which we recovered or accounted for.

We have uncovered hundreds of counterfeiting cases in penitentiaries and jails. Most convicts are in prison just because they wanted something for nothing. They still do. They melt pewter spoons and cast half-dollars in molds of mud; they engrave rude plates on copper and zinc extracted from prison workshops; they raise the denomination of notes with pen and ink.

The increase in counterfeiting is a laughable testimonial to our lack of appreciation and observation — for the work of our Bureau of Engraving and Printing and of our mints represents the best that art and science can produce. If you want to protect yourself against bad money, study good money. The cautious and observant citizen can do more to protect the currency than the most scientific law-enforcement agency.



Of Pride and Prejudice

WHEN R. E. Lee Marshall was at school in Virginia, it was the custom of the headmaster to call on one of the boys each morning to read a passage from the Scripture. One day a boy began the 25th chapter of St. Matthew:

"Then shall the kingdom of Heaven be likened unto ten Virginians, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish."

The headmaster stopped the boy, and told him to repeat the passage. The boy read it exactly as before. Again the headmaster stopped him, and remained a few moments in deep thought. At last he said sadly: "Well, if the Bible says so it must be true. But I would never have believed that there were five foolish Virginians." — C. B. in *Baltimore Sun*

❏ Scientific vision, engineering genius, human persistence
in the face of failure, flood and heartbreak —
Result: the world's greatest telescope

The Glass Giant of Palomar

Condensed from the book of the same title

David O. Woodbury

TEN YEARS AGO Dr. George Ellery Hale, founder of Mount Wilson Observatory in California, began construction of a giant telescope on Palomar Mountain near San Diego — an instrument which many scientists believe will represent the greatest achievement of this century. Nearing completion today, its great 17-foot mirror, six or seven hundred thousand times as keen as the human eye, will soon be turned upon the heavens. It will reach three times as far into space as the world's present largest telescope, dragging billions of now invisible stars out of obscurity. It will settle the physical and chemical nature of stars that have been mysteries since astronomy began. With it scientists hope to attack such tremendous problems as the shape and size and origin of the universe itself. Begun as one man's dream, this telescope is the culmination of a thousand arts and inventions — the finest instrument which the world's greatest scientists can devise.

George Hale, while still in his early twenties, had invented the spectroheliograph and embarked upon the first detailed study of the

sun ever made. At 29, he became the first director of the Yerkes Observatory in Chicago. Here, with a 40-inch lens — the largest "refractor" ever built — Hale and his associates discovered hundreds of unknown double stars, measured the distances to hundreds more, and made the first studies of the chemical composition of sunspots. But Hale needed more light for the photographic plates which were replacing the human eye at the telescope. More light meant bigger lenses, but bigger lenses were impossible. A thin glass disk more than 40 inches in diameter cannot support its own weight and retain its shape.

To Hale, the telescope had become, not a magnifier of nearby bodies like Venus and Jupiter, but a machine to concentrate unbelievably weak starlight so that it could be studied by instruments like the spectrograph. Refractor telescopes — in which one looks directly through lenses at the stars — had reached their limit. So Hale turned to the "reflecting" type, in which huge concave mirrors gather the starlight and reflect it to a sharp focal point. In 1903 he went to Cal

"The Glass Giant of Palomar," Mr. Woodbury's forthcoming book, will be published shortly by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 449 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

ifornia to establish a larger observatory on Mount Wilson, financed by Andrew Carnegie.

At Mount Wilson, with a 60-inch concave mirror, more than twice as powerful as the Yerkes refractor, the science of astrophysics was born. The great mirror caught so much light from a single star that actual chemical analysis could be made of bodies millions of billions of miles away. From this came a knowledge of the temperatures, ages and distances of thousands of stars and the beginning of a program of mapping the universe and of the study of stellar evolution.

And now John Hooker, a Los Angeles business man, fell under the young astronomer's spell and offered him the money for a 100-inch mirror. But no glassmaker in America dared undertake a single casting nine feet in diameter, weighing five tons. There was only one group in the world that could do it — the ancient glassblowers of the Forest of St.-Gobain in France. Hale persuaded them to try, but they would make no promises. When their first disk was poured, great clouds of air bubbles were trapped in the molten glass. Considering it a failure, the Frenchmen buried it in a manure pile for safekeeping, and poured three more disks — each worse than the last. Discouraged, they dug up the first disk and shipped it to California. A 100-inch telescope, they said, was impossible.

But Hale decided that if he were

to have any 100-inch telescope at all, it must be this glass or none. So the grinding and polishing of the mirror surface was begun — so delicate a job that it took four years.

Successfully finished in 1918, for 20 years the 100-inch has been astronomy's mightiest weapon. Not only has it accurately mapped the two billion-odd suns which apparently make up our galaxy, but it has located 10,000 of the vague spiral nebulae which lie so remote that light from the nearest takes 900,000 years to reach the earth. It has brought in evidence that these "island universes" are rushing away in all directions at horrible speeds and has given rise to Sir Arthur Eddington's contention that the universe was once a ball of gas which has now begun to condense and expand, whither no man knows. It has brought information on the strange flaring "novae," and has induced the scientists to speculate on whether our sun will some day explode or perhaps "drop dead," carrying us into oblivion. And its results have so tremendously assisted in an understanding of the atom that whole new fields of chemistry and physics have been opened.

But the 100-inch reflector meanwhile was asking more questions than it answered. Are the nebulae primitive masses of gas or highly organized galaxies of stars (and perhaps worlds) like our own? Are they really rushing away from us as Eddington believes? Is space

"curved" as Einstein contends, or do the nebulae go on forever, innumerable scattered through unending space and time? Hale could not rest while such questions thundered for answer. These at last seemed to be the fundamental mysteries of the universe. And their solution depended on more light, larger and still larger telescopes.

Hale's enthusiasm won the interest of the Rockefeller General Education Board. Within a year a fund of \$6,000,000 of Rockefeller money had been established for building a complete observatory to be fitted with a 200-inch reflecting telescope.

But the first question was whether a 200-inch glass disk could actually be cast. Astronomical mirrors are ground on the front surfaces of heavy glass disks, which must be thick enough to be rigid. But thick glass expands and contracts unevenly when heated or cooled. Thus, at nightfall, the mirror's face may be thrown many millionths of an inch out of true. Not more than two millionths can be tolerated if the telescope is to be useful. The glass of the 100-inch telescope has to be kept cool during the heat of the day with felt blankets. The 20-ton mass of a 200-inch disk would behave much worse.

Hale's problem was to find a glass which could keep its surface accurate regardless of temperature changes. Years before, Professor

Elihu Thomson, a brilliant inventor, had told him: "If you ever need a larger mirror, use fused quartz. It has almost no temperature response." So now Hale hurried to confer with Thomson. "I will make your mirror," Thomson said.

For eighteen months, nearly a thousand dollars a day was poured into attempts to create the giant disk. Thomson's first experimental 8-inch mirror is still the world's most beautiful and permanent optical surface. A 22-inch disk was achieved. But in the end, the experiment with quartz was a heart-breaking failure.

Hale, growing old now, and ill, was badly discouraged. What should he do next?

An expert suggested Pyrex glass, which could be cast like any other glass, while its coefficient of expansion was only a third that of plate glass.

It was Pyrex or nothing. Even if the mirror should lack the extraordinary stability of quartz, it would mean only minor interruptions on especially bad nights. Most encouraging of all, the Corning Glass Works was ready with a surprisingly modest estimate of the total cost. A contract was signed. George V. McCauley, a veteran physicist and engineer, was put in charge. He believed he could pour Pyrex glass in large masses, but he was not so sure what to pour it into. Small objects are blown into steel

molds, but big disks radiate far too much heat. So molds of insulating brick were used.

A 26-inch disk was successfully made. A 30-inch was next — a complicated affair, which, instead of being solid had a lattice-work back, designed to save weight, improve rigidity and reduce the mirror's tendency to store heat. To make a disk with this lattice-work back, McCauley designed a mold that looked like a huge pie tin with a lot of little islands of brick, called "cores," cemented to the bottom.

A 60-inch was now in order. McCauley anchored its 55 cores thoroughly. But when the red-hot glass struck brick, the cores broke loose. The cement was not strong enough.

Once more McCauley doubled the size of his disk, and this time he bolted the cores down with iron rods. Eventually he had a perfect 120-inch disk. (These earlier disks would all be used in the complex of mirrors in the big telescope.) And now for the 200-inch.

But there were new complications. Earlier data had indicated that a 200-inch disk would take from six to nine years to cool, or "anneal," safely without showing strains. McCauley, working out an annealing theory of his own, decided that the big Pyrex disk could be cooled in a little less than a year. Confident of that, he turned to making the beehive oven to cover the mold and keep it hot while

pouring, the complicated undercarriage to support the 30-odd tons of mold and glass, the elevator and transfer railway to move the finished disk, and the annealer with its hundreds of electric heating coils under thermostatic control, that would permit the disk to cool only seven tenths of a degree a day.

And now the Great Moment was at hand. McCauley took account: his expert ladlers could dip over 400 pounds of hot glass from the furnace, pour it into the mold and be back for more in two minutes. He was a master of temperatures and a cool man in emergencies. Yet his fingers were tightly crossed.

A month ahead of time a melting tank as big as a four-room house was relined and its temperature brought up to 3000 degrees. Crews of men, day and night, began to charge in the sand and chemicals. The pool of glass rose in the tank. Finally the 60 tons of "melt" was ready.

A Saturday evening came. The town of Corning was beginning to bulge with strangers — thousands from every corner of the country. Inside the plant carpenters were erecting a high platform from which a few spectators at a time might watch. Workmen were clearing a space on the floor where a group of the world's most distinguished scientists could get a grandstand view. At 10 o'clock the gas was turned into the torches in the bee-

hive oven and the temperature began its steady rise.

Sunday, March 25th, 1934. Promptly at 8 a.m., the pouring is to begin. McCauley would like not to feel nervous, but he does. There are so many unknowns. . . . The floor around the melting tank is cleared and the ladling crew is in place. McCauley is silently checking everything. The furnace doors are all right; the overhead trolley system for moving the heavy ladles is clear and the switches work every time. The temperature in the beehive is exactly right. McCauley quietly gives the word.

Into the tank goes the first ladle. The men strain on its 20-foot handle as they turn it bottom up in the fiery mass, then sweat and grunt as they bring it out, full. The door swings shut. At a sharp command, the ladle, now red hot itself, is trolleyed through the waiting doors of the beehive. McCauley is staring through a peep hole anxiously. There is a slight hissing as the liquid glass strikes brick. Then McCauley moves away with a smile.

Another ladle is scooped, run across and dumped through another door. The first has been turned bottom up and a man is knocking the residue of sticky glass out of it. Quickly he sprays a stream of water on the ladle. Then back into the melt it goes. The crew falls into a rhythm; the scientists stand fascinated, even hum-

bled. In the dim loft, guides begin to herd the public slowly by for a brief look.

Hour after hour the pouring goes on. Every two minutes a ladleful is dumped into the mold. The cores are submerged now. So far not a hitch has occurred.

But suddenly Mac calls, "Stop those ladles, Charlie!" Through the black glass of the peep hole he has seen dark chunks floating on the smooth surface. Several cores have broken loose. The rods holding them down have burned off.

As a hush falls, McCauley orders the beehive doors opened. Men with long bars are braving the blinding glare, cutting and slashing, trying to break the cores into small pieces. And they succeed somewhat. But while he watches, McCauley's mind is leaping ahead. He is already planning to make a new mold, to rivet those cores down forever, to make another 200-inch disk.

But he doesn't say that out loud. Quietly he gives the order to continue the pouring. At six o'clock, exactly ten hours after the start, the mold is full.

At midnight the disk was moved to the annealer and hoisted in. But for three days trouble with the mechanism prevented sealing it tight. No matter. Tacitly John Hostetter, Corning's director of research, and McCauley had agreed to cast again; deliberately they set the annealer to ten times its proper

rate of cooling, curious to see if this would produce ten times the calculated strain in the glass. It did, as they found 30 days later when they hauled the great slab out on the floor, cold. A most valuable proof, this, of McCauley's theory. And the strains were still so slight that the disk could be used, if necessary, as a "spare."

Next time McCauley fastened down his cores with rods of special resistant steel, and provided each one with its own stream of cooling air. On December 2, 1934, disk number two was cast. Few visitors this time, most of them scientists. Two crews of ladlers were on the job now, and the second disk was complete in the mold in six hours. Not a core appeared to mar the surface. McCauley felt he could relax.

The new giant slipped smoothly into the annealer, where it was to cool gradually for ten months. Winter went by, and spring. The heat was dribbling out of the great disk under perfect control. Then in mid-summer, without an hour's warning, the nearby Chemung River began to rise. Water entered the basement. The annealer's electrical apparatus lay directly in the water's path. Inch by inch the flood crept upward. If the current failed, even for an hour, the whole cooling schedule would be ruined. Hostetter and McCauley gathered every available man to build a sandbag barrier.

Carpenters hurriedly erected forms for a concrete dyke; masons were pressed into service laying a brick wall. For 24 hours the men worked desperately, up to their waists in the muddy slime. But the water kept on gaining.

It was up to the level of the conductors now. Sparks would soon flash across the connections, short-circuiting. Dams and sandbags were abandoned; the apparatus itself must be lifted out with block and tackle.

The current was shut off. For 72 hours the annealer was out and the disk bled its heat away unhindered. For 72 hours McCauley floundered in the mud with his men, until the transformer and wiring were hauled high above the water and the life-sustaining current could go back into the annealer.

Three months remained to the end of the cooling run. It was a hard three months for Mac. At last the disk was brought out, cold and apparently sound. With his own hands he knocked the core material out of the ribbing at the back, too intent to notice the blisters it caused. Then he began going over every inch of the vast surface with his testing set. If there were a strained place anywhere he would find it. This is an engineer's honest way.

Finally Mac turned with a sigh to John Hostetter. "I guess you can telegraph the Coast," he said. "Dr. Hale can have his mirror now."

❧ Too many possessions and "advantages" —
the blight of American childhood

Our Overprivileged Children

Adapted from Your Life

Rose G. Anderson, Ph.D.

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SOCIAL WORKERS in recent years have made us understand the blight which extreme poverty visits upon underprivileged children. Yet intimate contact with homes in many parts of the United States convinces me that all too often parents in better circumstances impose equally severe handicaps upon their children by giving them too many privileges. They surround them with possessions which they themselves were denied in their own youth. They pamper them, satisfy their every desire, and think that thus they are giving their youngsters advantages. Actually, in the case of thousands of boys and girls, normal childhood is blighted by such "advantages."

No one denies that children should be warmly clothed and supplied with proper play equipment. But the damage is done when parents *anticipate* the child's every wish. One father I know presented his ten-year-old boy with an expensive movie camera before the child had expressed any desire for it, or had mastered the elements of photography. Another parent gave his

nine-year-old son a costly airplane model powered by a miniature gas engine. On its first flight the machine was wrecked. How much better if the father had first let the boy build his own model from ten-cent store material.

By such extravagant indulgences as these, parents deny their children one of the most precious experiences in life — the opportunity to *yearn* for something. Only by yearning is the child challenged to work and plan and save for his objective. Remove this incentive, and you destroy a tremendous stimulus to growth.

Fond mothers, straining to hurl their small daughters over social hurdles, go to preposterous lengths. It is not uncommon to see 10-year-olds at a children's party with marcelled hair and fashionable evening frocks. The warping effect of such nonsense upon grade-school children is more than the strongest character can stand.

No wonder these children grow up with a distorted sense of values, and without regard for property that they never wanted in the first

place. I know a 12-year-old girl who left a pair of riding boots and a hand-knitted sweater in her locker at the end of the school year. When her teacher asked what to do about them, the girl replied, "Throw them away. I never liked them anyway." At another school, despite every effort to return unclaimed articles, there remained at the end of the year 19 pairs of gloves, 17 hats, six sweaters, many pairs of rubbers and sneakers, and miscellaneous articles including bracelets, fountain pens and manicure kits. Either the children did not recognize their property or were too indifferent to claim it!

What a commentary upon parental training! When a child makes no effort to locate lost possessions it means that the parents were indifferent to the loss, or that they were so complacent about spending money to replace it that the loss made no impression on the child. Obviously those parents are neglecting an important opportunity for habit-training.

It is only a step from disregard of one's own property to disregard for the property of others. Teachers tell me that children from such homes are carelessly destructive of school and playground property; even that common honesty is not a major concern with them. They pick up fountain pens or sporting equipment wherever they find them.

A 12-year-old girl in a fashionable New York school handed her teacher

a ten-cent tip for picking up her coat from the floor. Her twisted little mind led her to believe that money was a valid substitute for ordinary politeness. Unmannerly conduct, bordering on insolence toward parents, teachers and servants, is a characteristic of the overprivileged but underbred child. This is not primarily the child's fault; the blame must be borne by parents who are either animated by false ideals, or are too "busy" with social and financial strivings to instruct their children in the rudiments of courtesy.

Parents frequently complain that the school "doesn't teach my son work-habits." But the school is not to blame for your son's failure to see a task through. Instead of grounding him from early childhood in habits of self-reliance and application, you have given him money that he should have earned himself, permitted him to grow up without discipline or the need for ambitious self-direction. And now you are angry because he is failing at school! Even yet, perhaps, you haven't begun to realize that these failures in school will be followed by similar, graver failures in later life.

If one of the main objects of education is to prepare your child for adult life, then he must be taught the importance of work and the thrill of accomplishment in a job well done. In too many of America's comfortable homes, children absorb the idea that physical work

is "menial," degrading. Nothing could be more hurtful to the formation of character. From early years, they should be given regular household tasks and required to carry them through.

The value of money can be tied up with the importance of work. Let your child earn his pocket money by performing these domestic tasks. And don't be too liberal in payment. Let him first learn how to manage a few pennies, how to spend some and save the rest. If this allowance is gradually increased, the child will develop a proper regard for the value of

money, and what it can — and cannot — buy.

Lastly I would say to parents, "Give more of your own time and interest to your children's affairs." They are quick to appreciate the difference between lavish gifts — hollow things at best — and your companionship, your comradely concern with their pleasures and work. Spend yourself on your children — the dividends in family enjoyment and mental health, in juvenile character and adult integration will be more lasting and valuable than any material riches you can shower upon them.



Barbed Amenities

¶ ROBERT DONAT, English screen star, was a guest of honor at an opera party at which the hostess chattered all during the performance — to Mr. Donat's increasing irritation. Toward the end of the opera she turned to him and said, "Oh, my dear Mr. Donat, I do so want you to be with us tomorrow evening. I'm certain you will like it. The opera will be *Tosca*."

"Charmed, I'm sure," replied Mr. Donat. "I've never heard you in that."

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

¶ WHEN John Barrymore was playing *Hamlet* on Broadway, Jane Cowl attended one of the matinees. She was not inaudible while watching it, and the audience soon knew she was there. Barrymore became aware of her presence, also, but didn't acknowledge it until the end of the performance. In making his curtain speech, he bowed in the direction of the famed lady's box. "And in conclusion," he said, "may I take this opportunity to thank Miss Cowl for the privilege of co-starring with her this afternoon."

— George Ross in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Are You Weather-Wise?

By Harold Hart

Questionnaire expert for the New York Post

SINCE we all talk about the weather, we might at least talk intelligently. Here are some common beliefs about the weather — many of them wrong. To test your weather wisdom, check each, whether true or false, before turning to the answers on page 135. If you get as many as 19 right, your achievement is cyclonic.

1. The coldest winter weather usually comes when the days are shortest.
True ☐ *False* ☐
2. A ring around the moon is a sign of coming rain or snow.
True ☐ *False* ☐
3. A high barometer is always a sign of fair weather ahead.
True ☐ *False* ☐
4. Snow is merely frozen rain.
True ☐ *False* ☐
5. Gardens in valleys and hollows generally receive autumn frosts before gardens on hilltops.
True ☐ *False* ☐
6. Open windows attract lightning.
True ☐ *False* ☐
7. "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity" that makes certain days uncomfortable.
True ☐ *False* ☐
8. Hail rarely falls during the winter.
True ☐ *False* ☐
9. A change in the phase of the moon brings a change in the weather.
True ☐ *False* ☐
10. No two snowflakes are identical in pattern.
True ☐ *False* ☐
11. It is correct to say the "dew falls at night."
True ☐ *False* ☐
12. Tornadoes are restricted to the Middle West and the South.
True ☐ *False* ☐
13. The average number of thunderstorms in progress throughout the world at any instant is nearer 2000 than 200.
True ☐ *False* ☐
14. It is sometimes too cold to snow.
True ☐ *False* ☐
15. Summer is warmer than Winter because the earth is then nearer the sun.
True ☐ *False* ☐
16. Thunderstorms sometimes cause milk to sour.
True ☐ *False* ☐
17. Radio static is more pronounced in summer than at any other time.
True ☐ *False* ☐
18. Rainbows may be seen at night.
True ☐ *False* ☐
19. Thunder is absolutely harmless.
True ☐ *False* ☐
20. Frost is frozen dew.
True ☐ *False* ☐
21. It is especially dangerous to seek shelter from a thunderstorm under a solitary tree.
True ☐ *False* ☐
22. Weather travels generally in the U. S. from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific; that is, the storms, heat waves, etc., that the East has today will probably reach the West later.
True ☐ *False* ☐
23. A red sunset usually means stormy weather next day.
True ☐ *False* ☐
24. A heavy dew is a portent of clear weather.
True ☐ *False* ☐

Cleveland Versus the Crooks

Adapted from Current History

Stanley Higb

WITHIN a week after Eliot Ness was appointed Safety Director of the city of Cleveland, the underworld dubbed him "the Boy Scout." True, he has a dimpled chin, a round face, parts his hair in the middle, blushes easily. His voice is mild, his manner hesitant. The nickname has stuck through three years in office, but many of those who thought it was funny are in jail.

Today, the city's big-time rackets have been smashed, most of the top-flight racketeers imprisoned, a gangster reign of terror brought to an end, a ring of criminals ousted from the Police Department, and the city's civic morale lifted from what had been an all-time low to something near the high level it held in the administrations of Tom Johnson and Newton D. Baker.

For this job, which Cleveland likes to compare with Dewey's purge in New York City, Ness had the backing of a unique Mayor, Harold H. Burton.

Burton himself was hailed with a good many horse-laughs when he first ran for the office. He talked like a reformer and Cleveland, in the opinion of those who had been running it, would never put up with that. The old-time politicians merely

trotted out their old-time candidates and sat back to watch the fun.

That was a mistake. Cleveland had never seen such a campaign. Burton campaigned 16 hours a day. He got to most of the Slovenian dances, Swiss gymnastic exhibitions, Polish musicales, Negro outings, and delivered 15-minute speeches. All he offered was a return to Tom Johnson's aim to make Cleveland "a happier place to live in, a better place to die in." In a city overrun with gangsters and racketeers, it caught on. Burton was elected, in 1935, by the largest majority in Cleveland's history.

He picked Ness as his Safety Director because, by all accounts, he was the best available man for the job. He had been one of the G-men who had helped smash Capone's rackets and send Al to Alcatraz. Burton explained what he meant by a crook-free city government and turned Ness loose, with a free hand. Ness, at the time, was 32.

For 20 years the city's underworld had operated in alliance with officials of the police department. Organized labor was victimized by gangster-leaders. Don Campbell and John McGee collected an enormous tribute from the building industry and backed their threats

with professional bombers who produced a reign of terror, and paralyzed construction activities. Police-protected gambling joints had become sanctuaries for nationally-known criminals. The crooks, in the police department and out of it, had their way at the polls. Two Grand Juries, intimidated, had whitewashed the situation.

It was clear that Ness would have to begin with the crooks in the Police Department — old hands at the game and not easily caught. Ness needed a break.

It came, finally. Clayton Fritchey, ace reporter of the *Cleveland Press*, found at his desk one day early in 1936 a huge Slovenian, Gus Korach. Korach, it appeared, had saved \$2000, which he had recently invested in cemetery lots: 80 of them. Most of his frugal neighbors were doing the same thing. Gus, however, was suspicious. "Wouldn't the *Press* find out for him if everything was all right?"

The next day, Fritchey called on Gus in his home and heard the ancient story of the slick salesman with the sure-fire proposition. A tour among Gus's neighbors disclosed that in every home the same salesman had peddled graveyard plots — in batches of from 50 to 200 graves each — and had walked off with \$86,000. An Ohio law prohibited the sale of cemetery lots for profit. Fritchey began to smell a story.

He unearthed a major racket that was taking several million

dollars a year, chiefly from foreign-born people. Already it had sold cemetery plots sufficient for Cleveland's needs for the next five hundred years. One \$6000 bit of pasture land had been boosted into a \$6,000,000 clean-up. Another outfit, with an original investment of \$50,000, was well on its way to a \$10,000,000 profit.

Fritchey and Norman Shaw, his city editor, got in touch with the county prosecutor and his assistant. The Grand Jury that they finally got together was not an aggregation of whitewashers. The kingpin of the cemetery racketeers committed suicide. A good many of his subordinates fled the city.

But Fritchey was not convinced that the clean-up was complete. Victims had spoken frequently about a mysterious John L. Dacek who seemed to have figured in most of the transactions. Dacek had not been found.

Fritchey figured a long time over that name, which sounded familiar. One night he got out a pencil and paper and worked with the letters until there flashed through his mind the name of a notorious captain of police — L. J. Cadec! That meant something.

Cadec, for 20 years and for a large profit had been the boss of the city's vice and gambling. The cemetery racket was a "natural" for him. He went into it as John L. Dacek — too sure of his status to get a good alias.

Fritchey found the out-of-the-way banks in which Cadek had deposited \$139,000. He found that the captain's de luxe automobiles were gifts from two dangerous gangsters. He got a line on who paid Cadek for protection and how much they paid. He turned over his information to the prosecutor and a month later Cadek was on his way to the penitentiary.

That was the break that Ness had been waiting for. He, a Republican, immediately formed an alliance with the two Democratic prosecutors, McNamee and Cullitan. For three months Ness and Fritchey carried on an undercover investigation. Then on October 6, 1936 — the *Press* heralding its scoop with eight-column streamers and an extra — Ness began his purge of the Police Department with the summary suspension of eight officers. All eight were immediately indicted for bribery. Crack criminal lawyers defended them. Witnesses were intimidated. The case of Captain Harwood — "the cop who couldn't be broken" and who, on a \$40 to \$70 a week salary had amassed a \$200,000 fortune — was carried to the United States Supreme Court. But the county prosecutors, McNamee and Cullitan, won every round. Harwood went to jail. The record to date on the police crooks stands at six trials, six convictions, six prison sentences. Still another pleaded guilty.

After that preliminary house-

cleaning, there was a wave of police resignations. Ness filled the vacancies with men of his own choosing — more than half of them college graduates. Then, with a rejuvenated Police Department, he was ready to move against McGee and Campbell — the city's arch terrorists.

Campbell was President of the Painters' District Council, head of the Glaziers' Union and tied up with other locals. McGee bossed the Laborers' District Council. Campbell, because of his position in the Glaziers' Union, was emperor of the city's glass industry and he exacted an emperor's toll. No glass of any kind was set anywhere without his permission. If a builder tried to go ahead, even with full union workers, a bomb or a brick chastened his recklessness. In the end, most builders were obliged to pay Campbell his shakedown fee. Then Campbell formed a glazing company of his own; builders not only had to pay the usual shakedown, but also had to buy their glass from him.

McGee had organized the Window Washers' Union in 1934. He used the same tactics to get his men employed that Campbell had used to promote his glass.

How well Campbell and McGee had terrorized their victims was indicated when Ness began to look for witnesses. Substantial citizens who had been shaken down refused point-blank to risk appearing in court. It took several months to

gather trial-proof evidence and get together a group of business men willing to see the case through. With that backing, however, Ness got the necessary indictments.

Campbell and McGee were not alarmed. They put together a \$30,000 defense fund, brought in labor leaders from other cities as character witnesses, brought out all their long-proved tricks of threat and bribery. But the jury, composed largely of labor union men or the wives of union men, eager to break the hold of the racketeers, found them guilty. Bail was denied. They were sentenced last March for from one to five years each in the penitentiary. They carried their defense to the Supreme Court, but lost recently and now are in prison.

Meanwhile, Cleveland has had a chance to declare itself on the Burton-Ness regime. The underworld marshaled forces to drive the administration from office in the mayoralty election of 1937. But Burton, promising only a continuance of what he had begun, was returned to power by a vote second only to that which he rolled up at his first election.

Ness, having ousted or jailed many of the big-time racketeers, recently has been streamlining his police department. He has established a police school, where every patrolman takes an intensive course in traffic enforcement. Now every

one of the 1400 patrolmen can handle a camera, gather competent evidence, and present it in court. Traffic accidents were cut by more than 50 percent over 1937. Early in December the entire department was put on wheels. In modern, high-speed cruisers equipped with two-way radio, police can respond to a trouble call from any point in the city in about 40 seconds.

As a further crime preventive, every congested precinct in the city has a Boy Scout troop, with Ness policemen as scoutmasters.

As a result of the purge instigated by this collegiate-looking youngster, just now turned 35, Cleveland has not had a gang murder in two years, and today leads in the race for the coveted title: "Safest Big City in America."

Ness — who gets \$7500 a year — has been offered several times that amount to go into private employment. "Some day," he says, "I may take one of those jobs. Right now, however, I want to prove what an honest police force with intelligence and civic pride can do."

Over at the *Cleveland Press*, Clayton Fritchey minimizes the part he played in the clean-up. But his editor does not minimize it and — for proof — he can point to the Pulitzer Prize Citation for Civic Achievement which was awarded jointly to Fritchey and the *Press*.

Behind a suddenly famous radio voice
is a man with a lifetime's training

Kaltenborn Was Ready

Condensed from "This Week Magazine," N. Y. Herald Tribune

Hickman Powell

LAST HALLOWE'EN when thousands of people were terrorized by the Orson Welles broadcast about the invading men from Mars, no one was more impressed with the absurdity of it all than Mrs. H. V. Kaltenborn, wife of Columbia Broadcasting System's news commentator.

"Why, how ridiculous!" she said. "Anybody should have known it was not a real war. If it had been, the broadcaster would have been Hans."

She was right; it would have been Hans. Whenever great events are stirring in the world, there on the air is H. V. Kaltenborn, ready in a split second to explain it all.

In 1922, he became the first of radio's news broadcasters discussing current events. For 16 years he built a solid, though unsensational success, while other newscasters, rising on shouts of synthetic excitement, came and went. Never except for one short period did he have a commercial sponsor to exploit his personality. But he was always there, a calm, clipped voice, never pontifical, but never at a loss for the word to simplify the basic facts of the world's perplexities.

Now, suddenly, at the age of 60, the dignified Mr. Kaltenborn has received sensational acclaim. Through those 18 days in September when the world hung on the brink of war, he ate and slept in his radio studio, reading news reports, talking by radiophone to European capitals, listening to the speeches of European statesmen, and then going on the air immediately and impromptu to digest and explain.

The hurried voice and steamed-up excitement of the usual radio commentator was a drug on the market now. People did not want synthetic drama; they wanted calm appraisal. They wanted Kaltenborn. Eighty-five times during those 18 days, Kaltenborn was on the air, the detached newspaperman doing his job.

All his life he had been preparing for this. Every year for more than 30 years he had been traveling abroad studying foreign problems, interviewing statesmen. He could listen to short-wave broadcasts in French and German and quote from them immediately in English. For 16 years he had resisted the radio custom of reading from script and had insisted on talking extem-

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poraneously. Now it was the skill most needed. He had resisted also the temptation to heighten interest by being partisan. He never let opinion get in the way of the facts.

The acclaim Mr. Kaltenborn received for his crisis broadcasts was bewildering to him. Alf Landon and Herbert Hoover called him up. Ten thousand letters and telegrams poured in, cups, medals, scrolls and special citations. And all for just doing his regular job — the same thing he had been doing for years. He recalls that two years ago he did something much more spectacular without getting any such reaction.

In the early days of the Spanish war, Mr. Kaltenborn rushed to the front. He found on a jutting point in the sharp bend of a river where French territory extended right into the battlefield a farmhouse with a telephone line, and after long negotiations arranged for a radio connection through this wire.

Taking a coil of cable over his arm, Mr. Kaltenborn stepped across a hundred yards of bullet-swept field and took up his position in the shelter of a haystack. He was a solid, substantial figure in a well-cut business suit and pince-nez, a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling across his ample vest front; but, as a slight concession to the adventurous nature of his trip, he wore a steel helmet over his thinning hair. He watched the battle for hours, occasionally hearing the swish of bullets through his haystack. Once he had

to go out and mend the cable where an exploding shell had broken it.

It took nine hours to establish radio connections, but finally America heard from the haystack the dignified, well-modulated tones of Mr. Kaltenborn. He analyzed the war picture in clipped, precise diction, bringing out every syllable and consonant — a habit acquired in those early days when radio transmission was not so good as now. His remarks were punctuated by the occasional rattle of machine guns and bursts of artillery. It was the first time the noise of actual battle had been heard on the radio.

Mr. Kaltenborn is a hard man to see nowadays; his lecture engagements have multiplied and one day he is in Kalamazoo, the next in Shreveport, the next in Boston. He travels by plane. Such a shuttling back and forth would never be arranged by a lecture manager. The usual plan is a sedate swing of one-night stands with short jumps between. Mr. Kaltenborn does his own managing and takes engagements as they come. He wants to be free to speak without fee when he chooses, as he has been doing at protest meetings against the "indecencies of Nazidom"; and he wants to avoid getting a provincial New York point of view by keeping in personal contact with people throughout the country.

He prides himself that he never delivers the same lecture twice. He takes off from the news in the eve-

ning paper, extemporaneously relating it to the greater stream of events.

The "V" in Kaltenborn's name is the abbreviation for the aristocratic "von," which he dropped during the World War. He is the son of a Hessian guards officer, Baron Rudolph von Kaltenborn, who came to America in protest against the absorption of Hesse by Prussia. The Baron married an American school-teacher and settled in Milwaukee. Hans was born there in 1878 and spent his childhood in Merrill, Wis.

After one year in high school, he ran away to work in a lumber camp. Then he worked for his father at \$3 a week in the building material business. But he wanted to be a writer and started doing odd jobs for the local newspaper. At 19, he volunteered for the Spanish-American War and, though he never got closer to it than Alabama, he did start his career as war correspondent, writing for Milwaukee papers in both English and German.

After the war he aimed for the big world, and in 1902 was off to New York by freight train and to Europe by cattle boat to see the Paris Exposition. He toured France that summer on a bicycle, learning the language and selling stereoscopes to pay his way.

Returning, he got a job on the *Brooklyn Eagle*, but after three years as a reporter, he decided he needed more education. Studying by himself, he prepared for Harvard

and entered the university in 1905 as a special student. He did well there, though he never passed his entrance examination in algebra until two weeks before he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He won prizes in debating and elocution, took his degree with honors in 1909, and then sailed off to the West Indies on the *Nourmabal* as Vincent Astor's tutor.

Later, on a transatlantic voyage, he met the beautiful young Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht. He married her in Berlin in 1910, and then returned to the impecunious life of an *Eagle* reporter.

He branched out into the writing of editorials and interpretative articles. He expanded the family income by lecturing on current events. He conducted tours to the dedication of Grand Canyon National Park, the dedication of the Hawaii National Park, the Brazil Centennial. In other years, he and Mrs. Kaltenborn traveled in Europe and the Far East, studying always. Last summer was the first in many years that they stayed home; they wanted to enjoy their new country place on Long Island and their infant granddaughter.

After the recent war crisis was over, the Kaltenborns gave a party for the people from the broadcasting station. Kaltenborn did the Suzy-Q and the Lambeth Walk with all the prettiest girls. Nobody could imagine where he had found the time to learn how.

¶ A progressive railroad magnate, an alert press agent and \$3,000,000 created America's smartest winter resort

Sun Valley—The American St. Moritz

Condensed from *Fortune*

IN 1932, at the age of 40, tall, modest, handsome W. Averell Harriman, once internationally famous polo player, stepped in as Board Chairman of his family's Union Pacific Railroad. Things began to happen almost at once. The Union Pacific became the first U. S. road to go into streamliners. Mr. Harriman installed more comfortable day-coach seats, brightened up car interiors, inaugurated low-priced diner service. But other western railroads had more awesome natural wonders than the Union Pacific. The Santa Fe had the Grand Canyon and made much of it. The Southern Pacific had lavish Palm Springs, the Canadian Pacific had Lake Louise and Banff. The Union Pacific needed an exclusive attraction — some big, glamorous name to pull in the customers.

Now Mr. Harriman had noticed that when he called on his European business friends they were frequently out sliding down some convenient Alp. He had noticed also that while the Riviera was getting a seedy, deserted look, the great winter-sports centers like St. Moritz were thriving. Furthermore, he detected in the U. S. increasing signs of the present ski boom.

So Mr. Harriman solved his prob-

lem: the Union Pacific had more mountains than it could conveniently count, and some of them ought to serve excellently for skiing.

Once employed in Mr. Harriman's investment-banking house was Count Felix Schaffgotsch, scion of a long line of Austrian winter-sports lovers. Harriman promptly dispatched him in search of the most likely spot. The Count arrived finally in the little frontier town of Ketchum, Idaho — a two-day run from New York. A mile to the north of Ketchum he found himself in a small valley whose floor was almost 6000 feet above sea level. The surrounding mountains rose up another 2500 to 6000 feet, and they were largely untimbered, affording plenty of good ski runs. The Sawtooth range curtailed the valley from the cold northern winds; in the valley itself there was brilliant sunshine, and, from December to April, plenty of ideal skiing snow — powdery and light, with no surface crust.

Carried away by it all, Count Schaffgotsch wrote his boss, "It contains more delightful features than any other place I have seen in the U. S., Switzerland, or Austria for a winter-sports center." Soon after, in February, 1936, Mr. Harriman came out to have a look. He

bought 3300 acres of mountain and valley, and the following June ground was broken for a hotel with a guest capacity of 250.

Steve Hannagan, press agent for Miami Beach, was placed in charge of "projecting" the new enterprise to the public. Hannagan and one of his staff had come to Ketchum in March. "We looked around," Hannagan remembers, "and all I could see was just a godforsaken field of snow. I thought they must be crazy. All I had on was a light tweed suit; I was used to the sun down at Miami Beach, and it was colder than hell. 'This is strictly ridiculous,' I said, but we walked around some more, with my shoes full of snow, and then the sun came out. Soon I opened my coat. Pretty soon I took it off and opened my vest. Then I began to sweat. You know, the temperature goes up to 97 there in the sun and still the snow doesn't melt.

"When you think of winter sports, you think of cold, don't you? Well, I always believed in a good name. We had a lot of trouble that way with Miami Beach, being so near Miami, and all we had to start with was a sand dune, anyway. I always said that if I ever started a town there, I'd call it 'Sunshine, Florida'."

So Hannagan opened his publicity campaign and the name of the new resort was "Sun Valley."

Since that day, Sun Valley has absorbed some \$3,000,000 of Union Pacific money. It has stables, tennis courts, ice rinks. It has cutters

and dog sleds and three ski lifts, one taking you to an altitude of 1150 feet above the valley floor. There is a lake and a rodeo stadium and a nine-hole golf course for the summer season. There are four residence buildings with a capacity of 800. The Inn is in reality a good-sized village, Alpine in architecture, with stores and shops. There is a beauty parlor, a movie theater and a branch of Saks Fifth Avenue. There is even an Eskimo.

In its two years, Sun Valley has surpassed all other American ski resorts in physical equipment and probably also in that nebulous quality known as smartness.

Sun Valley Lodge, first of the residence buildings, was designed to cater to the upper income groups and its rates are from \$6 to \$25 a day, European plan. By the end of the first season, however, it was evident that the resort could attract plenty of less prosperous skiers, so Harriman commissioned the Challenger Inn, where rates are from \$3 to \$7.50 a day. Counting train fare (\$233) a couple out from New York could manage a thoroughly adequate two-weeks' stay for about \$500.

New arrivals are likely at first to pass some socially uncomfortable moments. They dress for dinner. They emerge on the ski courses in heavy woolen plaids. They bring out elaborate gear but forget such necessities as waterproof mitts. A day or two later they appear in

simple Alpine costume at all hours, and after that have a fine time.

Take a day at Sun Valley: On the practice course on Dollar Mountain there will be numerous ladies sliding about more or less out of control, and they will seem to put forth all their best efforts for handsome Hans Hauser, three-times Austrian ski champion, and his staff. Across the valley on Proctor Mountain you can see more advanced skiers like small flies on a big snowball, some riding airily up the side in ski-lift seats, some streaking madly down the slope. After a few disasters of your own you may decide to go back to the Lodge and have a swim in one of the glass-walled outdoor swimming pools in which the water is kept at a constant 92°. The heated water makes swimming possible without ill effect when the weather goes to 20 below. You will emerge from the warm water to chat comfortably in the bright sunlight with friends in ski togs.

After lunch there may be a sleigh ride or a turn on the toboggans, or you may take a lift up Proctor Mountain. At the top is a "Hot Potato Hut," where you will be fortified for your descent with a baked potato and a noggin of hot, pungent wine, spiced with cinnamon and nutmeg. And if you feel like exploring you can do that too, since much of the land of the Salmon and Wood River country has never been profaned by a white man's foot.

After dinner you may go down to Ketchum where there are now more gambling houses than private homes. The miners and ranchers there will look upon you with mild amusement, and every half hour or so the drinks are on the house.

Sun Valley's resounding success is due partly to the effort of Mr. Harriman, who interested himself in every detail, but it is due also to the extraordinary efforts of Press Agent Hannagan. And at the beginning it didn't look successful at all. When the Lodge opened on December 21, 1936, there were plenty of guests — but there was no snow. Thirty-six years of government evidence proved that the ground should be several feet deep with snow, but it wasn't. Taking it good-humoredly at first, the guests finally began to look at Harriman and Hannagan suspiciously. Harriman wired expected arrivals: "No snow here. If you are a good gambler come on out and be our guest till it arrives." Four days went by, and early Christmas morning it began to snow. Hannagan celebrated with champagne.

Thereafter the Hannagan promotional campaign succeeded admirably. He devised the now familiar picture of the young man stripped to the waist, skiing sweatily under the hot Sun Valley winter sun. In fact, he spent three days in New York fussing with the lights, the artificial snow, and the professional model who posed for it. He coined

the term "snow tan" to indicate what the young man was getting. He persuaded Paramount to film the Alpine sequences of the Claudette Colbert picture *I Met Him in Paris* at Sun Valley; and through one device and another brought other celebrities to the place.

The Hannagan technique, however, has always been identified with bathing beauties. At Miami Beach, whenever his office needs a new batch of pictures, high-school girls are dismissed from their classes. For Sun Valley this looked pretty hopeless. Then Hannagan discovered the natural hot springs nearby. Their waters are so hot — says Hannagan — that the residents of Ketchum pipe them into their radiators in the winter. From there it

was only a step to the idea of a hot-water outdoor swimming pool. And scores of bathing girl pictures now come out of Sun Valley.

Last year Sun Valley stayed open through all four seasons, and it will continue as a year-round resort. The mountains are full of big game, and the streams full of fish. The country is fine for riding and camping. What Mr. Harriman has on his hands is a super-dude ranch, which has increased Union Pacific's passenger toll by an estimated \$250,000 a year.

Mr. Harriman believes skiing is certain to become a major U. S. sport. "Most other sports are for young people," he says, "but you can enjoy skiing as long as you can stand up."



Footnote to History — VIII —

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear . . ."

Who among Americans has not heard of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere? But how many have heard of William Dawes? Very few, if school histories had anything to do with it; they follow Longfellow's poetic version, giving full credence to lines he penned in the imaginative recesses of his own study.

Yet William Dawes was the official messenger chosen to ride to Lexington and warn Sam Adams and John Hancock that the British were coming, as Paul Revere himself testifies. Revere was sent out after Dawes had already started, in case Dawes should be captured on the way. The two messengers met at Lexington, roused the countryside and then traveled on together toward Concord. But on the road Revere was captured. Dawes put spurs to his horse, made his escape, and thereupon dropped out of history; while to the discomfited Revere, decades later, a poet's whim dealt out immortality. —Nathan Schachner in *The American Mercury*

❏ A company president finds that coöperation with unions pays, not only in increased plant efficiency but also in additional business

Getting Along with Eighteen Unions

Condensed from The Christian Century

Frank J. Taylor

FOR HALF a century the Parafine Companies, Inc., operating a huge factory on the east shore of San Francisco Bay, prided itself on its liberal labor policy. The company, makers of Pabco roofing, floor covering, and paint, employing 1500 workers, paid the highest wages in the industry, provided free group insurance, vacations with pay, recreation facilities, turkeys for everybody on Thanksgiving and Christmas. "We thought we were Santa Claus," explained W. H. Lowe, company president, "and we were lulled into a false sense of security concerning our men."

Two years ago, CIO agents called upon Lowe and demanded a contract, and he laughed at them. "Our employes don't need your union," he said. "Their own Employees Representation Council lets us know if anything is wrong."

"Yeah, a company union," said the organizers. "Company union officers are afraid to talk. You sit in an office in San Francisco and your men work in a plant across the bay. You don't know *what* your employes want."

"All right," said Lowe, "we'll

take a secret ballot and find out." To his utter astonishment, the employes voted 55 percent in favor of unions! Within a month, 18 labor organizations had established locals in his plant. Every worker had his union button. The membership was about equally divided between AFL and CIO unions. Wages, already higher than average, were forced up. Business agents probed the plant for grievance material. Inter-union squabbling threatened to bring on jurisdictional strikes.

The first reaction of the company's executives was that a workman was an ungrateful animal after all. Half a century of high wages, vacations with pay, and other benefits had come to naught; after this, let them turn to the unions for their blessings! Then the salesman in W. H. Lowe came to the fore. "It hit me suddenly," he told me, "that when we lose a customer we don't get sore at him. We go to him with a better product and sell him harder than ever. I saw that we had never really sold our company or its products to our employes. So I said, 'We're going to do it now'."

Lowe put into operation a drastic

reorganization scheme. Supervision of employment was shifted from the manufacturing department to the president's office, and the union agents were told they could walk in to discuss any employment problem at any time. Duties throughout the plant were shifted so that no man over 30 represented the company in grievance meetings with union spokesmen. "Older superintendents, used to bossing their departments," explained Lowe, "would resent a union agent telling them what to do. So we picked smart youngsters recently out of college, just like the majority of the union business agents." The number one vice-president was assigned to personnel matters, negotiating agreements, and, most important of all, selling the company to its own employees and the unions to which they had entrusted their future.

For almost two years this unusual experiment in getting along with unions has been unfolding. The results have been surprising. Not once have any of the 15 AFL and three CIO unions caused a stoppage of machines. Several strikes have been averted by the mutual respect of union agents and company executives. When the membership drives ended, for example, there were several groups claimed by rival unions, each prepared to fight for its rights. Lowe called in the union heads.

"We've aided you in every way in organizing this plant," he said.

"We've even insisted that it be a closed shop. We don't care which union you join; our only concern is keeping everybody at work. Why don't you fellows agree on an arbitrator to settle these matters?" The unions accepted the idea, and the man they chose was the industrial relations director of the company.

Lowe's insistence on the union shop was bitterly criticized by neighboring employers who upheld the principle that each worker have the right to join a union or not, as he saw fit. Lowe explains his stand thus: "If you have union and non-union men working side by side, the result is bickering, agitation and alibis. We decided to put the unions on their mettle and hold them responsible for the plant's efficiency."

Most of the union agreements provide for the arbitration of disputes between union and company. The first serious dispute involved the firing of a warehouseman for reasons which the union questioned. The agreement called for a board of five to hear the case, two chosen by the union, two by the company, the fifth an outsider. When it came to naming the fifth man, whose verdict would undoubtedly decide the case, Lowe said to the union spokesman, "You submit a list of five names and we'll accept somebody from it." He agreed on an attorney suggested by the union. The hearings stretched out into a four-week trial, which ended in a

decision for the company. The trial cost \$5000, half of it paid by the company, half by the union. "It cost too much," both Lowe and the union agreed. So now each side submits its case in a written brief and abides by the decision of a single arbiter who is paid a flat fee — and the average cost of averting a strike by arbitration is \$25.

Minor differences are frequently settled by vote in meetings of the union locals. A business agent once forbade the men to handle a material which came from a non-union plant. The company had bought the material before the plant was unionized, and it appealed to the men for a square deal. They overruled their own business agent 24 to one. In slack periods, the company made it a practice to transfer men from one division to another, to keep them on the payroll. This sometimes placed AFL men among CIO men — sure-fire trouble in most factories. But after convincing the unions that all he wanted was to keep his men employed, Lowe prevailed upon them to permit such temporary transfers. The plant is one of the few spots where an AFL man may step into a CIO job without changing his button.

When unionization swept his plant so abruptly, Lowe felt that the shop stewards and grievance committee chairman were at a disadvantage, being green to union industrial procedure. Lowe and his vice-president hit upon the idea of

a night school to train them for representing their constituents and to post them on labor's prerogatives under the Wagner Act. As teachers, they selected two university professors doing special work in the field. About a hundred key men in the plant enrolled for the course. The management laid down no rules. After a few weeks, a professional union leader, one of Harry Bridges' lieutenants, called at the plant.

"We've been hearing about that night school of yours," he began. "Some of the hands down at union headquarters would like to attend, if it's okay with you." So the professors opened another class for a group of CIO and AFL officials, meeting in the company hall.

Here is another example of how Lowe's method works: In one of the meetings of the management and the shop stewards, a union man held forth on the subject of waste. He told how he had seen patterns spoiled in the print machine, trimmings from floor coverings destroyed. He explained how waste of this kind could be eliminated.

"How'd you like to take the job of waste engineer?" asked Lowe. The shop steward agreed and in his first year wiped out enough waste to run into six figures. The men accept him because he is one of them, not an efficiency expert brought in from outside. One of the things he discovered was that machine men were invariably apprehensive when changes in equipment were made,

fearing that improved machinery meant fewer jobs. This prejudice often led to deliberate handicapping of the new machine or method. Now the company's engineers never make a change without explaining it fully.

The big surprise came when the company launched an advertising campaign among its own employes. This was no perfunctory affair, but a high-powered drive. Twice a week each employe received a full-page, forcefully written and dramatically illustrated advertisement. Of the 80 ads, one featured the "five links in the wage chain," and showed with pie charts "where the Pabco dollar goes." Another romanced the bundle of rags, gathered from the far corners of the earth, that fed the maws of the felt machine. One told about a new insulation material, another stimulated interest in linoleum. And one was on the real meaning of "efficiency." Prizes were offered to employes who saved the ads and answered a catechism about them.

The only benefits President Lowe expected from the campaign were greater loyalty and efficiency. Then one night, when the city fathers of a neighboring community were deciding on the floor covering for a public building, a delegation of union men appeared, to urge the purchase of the Pabco brand. Their voice swung the deal. Another union delegation promoted the company's linoleum for a new school in another

city. A union business agent uncovered a big paint deal and hot-footed to the sales manager in time to land the order. When the state highway commission was buying paint to mark the highways, a labor delegation lined up the business for the company.

One union put on a direct-mail campaign to merchants, reminding them that the Paraffine Companies employed over 1500 people and had an annual payroll of \$3,000,000. "This company pays a very high standard of wages," said the letter, "and these wages are spent in this community. This benefits you as a merchant and us as workers. We are asking you to stock Pabco products." Not to be outdone, other unions with locals in the Pabco plant joined in boosting the company's products, both in their communities and in their union publications. Salesmen began to notice a different attitude among merchants who had favored rival brands.

"When we first signed up with the unions," concluded President Lowe, "the 'bellyache meetings' among our executives used to last till midnight. Now we're willing to hand it to the unions. We're paying the highest wages in our history, but we get more for our wage dollar. The unions not only increased efficiency in our plant, but they are helping to sell our products. That's what we got out of playing ball with them."

V I E W P O I N T S

PRACTICALLY ALL the progress that man has made is due to the fact that he is mortal. If man knew that his days on earth were to be endless, all incentive to bestir himself — except to seek food and clothing — would be lost. There would be no desire to make his mark in the world; no stimulating ambition to leave the world a little better than he found it; no hungry aspiration to be remembered after he is dead. If there were no death, life would become a thing stagnant, monotonous and unspeakably burdensome.

— Robert W. Mackenna, M.D., *The Adventure of Death* (Putnam)

WHEN I am old, I want to live near the railway where I can hear the long whistle of trains trumpeting through the night, hear them pounding the rails, screaming out signals and ringing their bells. By day I'll see them hauling their heavy loads, with their smoke plumes darkening and thinning, coming back over their shoulders as they sweep across the plain. With their force and strength, their minds set upon the far country, they will vitalize me again and fill me with the joy of living. And in my mind I will go with them as far as I can. Then, one night when I am very old and tired I shall not come back, and friends will say, "Wasn't it a nice way to go?"

— Nellie L. McClung, *Clearing in the West* (Revell)

THERE HAS somehow been circulated the idea that jazz is the normal music of the common people. On the contrary, it is highly artificial, the result of a cultivated musical depravity. A few years ago, an explorer took a field-radio on an expedition to the jungles of the Orinoco River. The white men almost invariably demanded jazz; the Indians, who had never been out of the jungles, who had never heard any white man's music, went into raptures over grand opera and symphony concerts. And when Kentucky mountaineers travel 20 to 30 miles by wagon and by muleback just to hear a program at a "listening broadcast station," they show a curious disdain for jazz. They are instantly delighted by the better music and the symphonic programs, but hold their ears when the noise of the Harlem bedlamites is turned on. Their natural taste has never been perverted. — Dr. James Francis Cooke in *The Etude*

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, the police force of the town was selected by rotation from among the burghers: the duty of watch and ward. In modern times we have such service only for war or some sudden disaster, and it is a serious question whether the leaving of such functions to a professional police has not weakened the sense of civic responsibility and done away with an effective means of education.

To patrol one's city at night; to know its dark alleys under the moon, or with no light at all except one's lantern; to enjoy the companionship of the watch — was this not an early practical example of William James' Moral Equivalent of War, more useful, more humane than any national scheme of military training?

The American school child, in assuming the policeman's duty of regulating traffic at school crossings, is perhaps recovering some of that sense of responsibility which disappeared in the 18th century with the final collapse of the medieval municipality.

— Lewis Mumford, *The Culture of Cities* (Harcourt, Brace)

IT SEEMS STRANGE to me that the vast majority of people are content with only hearsay accounts of the wonders found "through the microscope." It is a breath-taking world, filled with myriads of strange and fascinating objects which the naked eye could never see. Anyone who has never looked thus into the heart of a flower has not fully lived.

But the human mind prefers something it can recognize to something for which it has no name; and whereas thousands of persons carry field glasses to bring horses, ships or steeples close to them, only a few carry even the simplest pocket microscope. Yet it would reveal wonders a thousand times more thrilling than anything Alice saw behind the looking glass.

— David Fairchild, *The World Was My Garden* (Scribners)

THE REMEMBRANCE of beauty, the beauty of a thing, or of personal relationships, or of a country, has always seemed to me the chief end of life. The present cannot be held; it slips through our grasping fingers, becomes immediately the past. The future may be neither beautiful nor worth remembering; certainly its beauty will be accompanied by ugliness and tragedy. But what has happened is ours and cannot be taken away from us; and the mind, like the gauze screen through which gold is run, transmutes in retrospect almost everything into loveliness. Remembrance is the one sure immortality we know.

— Struthers Burt, *Diary of a Dude Wrangler* (Scribners)

Fair Tomorrow

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven, Jr.

YOU HAVE ample justification for skepticism about the New York World's Fair. Past expositions serve as warning. They have been too big, too dull, too commercial. The New York Fair is, of course, big and commercial also, but the chances are it won't be dull.

At its present stage your first impression of the Fair, and a powerful one, is the bold use of color. Earlier expositions have been chromatically dull: Chicago in 1893 was nearly all white, like the Buffalo exposition in 1901 and St. Louis in 1904. Texas in 1936 was tawny yellow. Chicago in 1933 used a few familiar colors experimentally. New York in 1939 will be all the colors of the spectrum. Each of the main avenues radiating from the Theme Center has been assigned a primary color. From the warm, off-white of the Center the hues along each street will increase in intensity as one gets farther from the central axis, and the buildings and the murals and the plants will all be in harmony. Along the Avenue of Patriots, for example, the color ranges from white through the pastel shades of yellow to gold at its extremity. On Constitution Mall the series is through the reds to Burgundy, and on the Avenue of

Pioneers from the pale blues to ultramarine.

This color idea is being executed with such care that botanical experts are conducting tests in special flowerbeds not only to determine the exact hues of certain species seldom grown before in these parts, but also to find the exact tones of fading flowers. The Fair will be continuously in bloom; the hundreds of beds containing approximately 2,000,000 plants will be replanted at least three times during the summer. But fading plants will have to wither in hues suitable to the basic color scheme, or out they come. In the same way, the colors in the murals and on the exteriors of buildings — many of them pigments especially developed — must fade harmoniously. The colors now being applied are too bright — but intentionally so. Two years' testing in exposed enclosures have enabled the experts to chart the rate of fading. In August, 1939, when the Fair is half over, they will have reached precisely the prescribed intensity.

I'd never been impressed by the Fair's most widely publicized attraction — the Trylon and Perisphere — until, from its base, I stared up at the intricate, orange

steel frame. That ball has an interior twice the size of Radio City Music Hall. The triangular obelisk beside it rises 700 feet, about 150 feet beyond the top of the Washington Monument. Every six minutes an audience of 6000 will be able to ride up to the belly of the perisphere in glass-enclosed escalators and step out onto a revolving platform, seemingly suspended in space. In fact, the entire structure appears to be floating in air, because the solid-steel supports will be sheathed in mirrors and set into a little lake blanketed in mist, and the effect will be that of hanging inside a huge ball which is itself merely drifting on a cloud.

There has been criticism of the Fair's art. Lots of the murals are dull and self-conscious: big circus women with round contours and no clothes, holding an assortment of lightning bolts or a plowshare and representing *The World of Tomorrow*, *Freedom of Speech* or the *Way to the Ladies' Room*. But the idea behind the free-handed use of color, murals and sculptures is admirable. Art is shown to be fun; not just something to be stared at in galleries, but a comfortable, useful thing like the rug on the floor. In the same spirit, this Fair's exhibit halls are the antithesis of the marble palaces of Chicago in 1893; they are gay and reckless. Frank impermanence was the intention of architects whose buildings are not to last more than two years.

All fairs have had themes, but most of them were accidental. The impresarios have looked back after the gates were closed, as they did after the St. Louis Fair in 1904, and said, "Well, now, this fair was important because its most dramatic event was the arrival of the first automobile ever to travel from New York to St. Louis under its own power, and this marks the birth of America's greatest industry." But the New York Fair has a solid idea of its message in advance: to sing the praises of the democratic form of government. This sounds too noble for a high-pressure commercial venture but the business men realize they must not be too naïvely direct in their selling campaigns. So the artists, engineers and social planners are being allowed to show what America of tomorrow could be like if we would utilize the material skills their laboratories have already developed. They want to show that democracy is the form of government best suited for maximum utilization; to stress the "interdependence of man," the necessity of cooperation between their separate special skills. Dictatorship has developed to a fine point the technique of singing its own praises. And in a sense the World's Fair is an experiment in the same art, but for a democracy.

The Fair hopes to reduce the lag between invention and merchandising. By showing the practical use of many recent developments — plas-

tics, building materials, textiles, glass — the Fair hopes to bring public demand for them to a point where their marketing will be possible.

There will be a conspicuous absence of trade names and trademarked-product advertising. In many industries, competing firms have banded together — the railroads and insurance companies, for instance — and, playing down their individual entities, are concentrating on selling their industry's service.

The government's is the largest exhibit. It will not follow the old pattern of having each separate agency present its separate story. Instead it will be divided into functional sections: conservation, food, shelter, trade, communication, social welfare, arts and recreation, etc. The exhibits should give a

clearer picture of what the taxpayer gets for his dollar than ever before presented.

It seems a shame not to discuss such charming exhibits as the Future of the Cow, which, it seems, ought to be a city dweller, living in air-conditioned offices, milked by the rotolactor (merry-go-round milking machine) and fed a special diet of vitamin capsules. Or not to explain the wonders of the pyrotechnic display — the combination color-organ, symphony orchestra, searchlight, fountain display and noiseless fireworks exhibit. Or the entrancing amusement zone, or how the authorities estimate that the Fair will bring a billion dollars' worth of business to New York, or how 158,000 people can get to the Fair from the surrounding area every hour. But no matter. You'll probably go and see for yourself.

The Art of Evasion

AN ACTRESS was testifying in New York in a suit for damages, and the cross-examiner plotted to discredit all her testimony by proving that she consistently lied about her age. She was 52, but posed as being about 40. She didn't want to lie under oath.

"How old are you?" the cross-examiner asked.

"I don't know," she said promptly.

"What! You don't know?"

"No. I have never had a birth certificate. I have never looked up the record of my birth."

"But Miss —," the cross-examiner protested suavely, "surely your parents told you how old you are. When did they say you were born?"

"That," said the actress firmly, "is hearsay evidence and I am sure you would not ask that it be admitted."

"But . . . but . . ." the cross-examiner sputtered.

The actress turned to the judge. "Am I right or wrong, Your Honor?"

The judge grinned. "You are correct," he said.

— J. B. Griswold in *The American Magazine*

¶ The defense of American freedom calls for but one thing — sea power second to none

The Ramparts We Watch



THE UNITED STATES is today faced with a world in which there is no safety save in strength, no security save in armed vigilance. Let him who doubts ask the Ethiopian, cowering beneath a conqueror's heel; let him seek in Vienna that gaiety which once echoed through her streets; let him say to a Spanish mother, "Woman, where is your child?" or to a Chinese infant, "Child, where is your mother?"

We Americans, though we would live at peace, must realize the dangers which may at any moment threaten our rights and our freedom. We must know what kind of military policy we should pursue in order to protect them.

One fact is basic: The priceless gift of our geographical position enables us to depend primarily upon our navy for defense. We are the only great power now able to pursue the policy which protected England so well until the coming of the airplane. We need not fear air attacks from abroad. The record for distance flying is 6295 miles, set by Russian flyers from Moscow to California. But for war operations, the airplane's radius of action is but one fourth its maximum range; for the plane must return to its base and it must be prepared to fight, to

maneuver, to waste time searching for its objectives. Moreover, war planes must sacrifice fuel-load for bombs. All this brings down the war plane's range to less than 1500 miles — about half the distance across the narrower of our two ocean frontiers.

But to maintain our enviable position, we must prevent any possible enemy from establishing a base of operations in the Western Hemisphere. There are only three naval powers which might attempt to do so — Germany, Italy and Japan. All have Latin American interests, all have been industriously propagandizing our southern neighbors, all have very recently extended their dominions by force.

For protection against their potential aggression, Latin America depends upon the United States navy. None of the southern republics has an adequate defense of its own. Even the comparatively modern Argentine fleet, reinforced by the whole naval strength of Brazil and Chile, could not control the sea approaches to South American ports against either Germany or Italy.

Canada also relies largely upon

"The Ramparts We Watch" is a complete analysis says: "This book should be required reading for all \$3 by Reynal & Hitchcock

A condensation from the book of the same title

By George Fielding Eliot

Formerly Major, Military Intelligence Reserve, U.S.A.
Co-author of "If War Comes"

our fleet; she has a naval force of only six destroyers, and can begin to defend herself only after she is actually invaded. For our own security, we have become irrevocably committed to Canada's defense — a fact reaffirmed only recently by President Roosevelt. We are likewise committed to the defense of the Caribbean area.

The protection of the Western Hemisphere from any aggressive foreign power thus devolves upon us. And our airplanes by themselves could not do the job. Airplanes are formidable to an enemy attempting a landing on our shores. But there has been no demonstration as yet of their ability to sink a modern battleship under war conditions. They cannot imperil an enemy's fleet or sea communications. Only our own fleet can do that; and to do it successfully, our fleet must be superior to any foreseeable combination of enemies.

American Strategy

THE THREE most important principles of war are Concentration, Offensive Action, and Security.

Concentration consists in bring-

ing together against an enemy the greatest possible force at the decisive time. In American strategy, this means that we must keep the main strength of our fleet together in *either* ocean. This we can do so long as we protect the Panama Canal. By its use we can intercept any enemy with our whole fleet before he can do us serious injury.

Offensive Action is all-important to American strategy. War against us will be unlikely in precise ratio to the risk the enemy would run. If our navy is sufficiently strong to take the offensive, the enemy must face the possibility of having his fleet destroyed, his commerce swept from the seas, his citizens made to suffer the privations of a blockade. In such strength lies the best hope of remaining at peace, the only hope of winning at war.

Furthermore, this policy does not require the maintenance of a large army or the fighting of land campaigns on distant continents. Seapower in sufficient strength, with an adequate air arm and a small, highly-trained, completely equipped regular army will be adequate.

Security, as a principle of war, is concerned with the safety of our own forces against enemy offensive action. In the unlikely, but possi-

position in an armed world. Dorothy Thompson
© 1938, George Fielding Eliot, and published at
Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

ble, event of our being simultaneously attacked in both oceans, the principle of security would become paramount in one ocean, while our fleet would take the offensive to bring about a decision as quickly as possible in the other.

But we must remember that in executing such a strategy one seaboard is temporarily uncovered. It will be very hard to make the people there, who are being raided by enemy cruisers and aircraft, understand that thousands of miles away, against another enemy, their fleet is giving them the best protection possible. We ought not to forget the panic along our Atlantic coast during the war with Spain, when the news came that Cervera's squadron was at sea. That panic detained half our fighting strength at Hampton Roads when it ought to have been in the Caribbean. Of course, there will always be planes on the "refused" sea-frontier, as well as submarines and flotilla craft. The chief responsibility for the defense will, however, be the army's, holding as it will the fixed defenses of the great harbors, and controlling the mobile land forces.

The Canal

SINCE the keystone of our security is the Panama Canal, the question arises whether it can be put out of commission. The points of the Canal most vulnerable to air attacks are the six locks, massive

concrete structures with great steel gates. To disable a lock, the enemy must either demolish the structure by a concentration of heavy bombs, or score direct hits on the gates. Both methods would require a large number of bombs, since concrete is not easily damaged by exterior, untamped explosives; and the chance of scoring a direct hit on the upper surface of a gate only 67 by 7 feet is not high.

Because a large air base could not be constructed secretly within striking distance of the Canal, attack must come from carriers, approaching stealthily. But approach undetected would be very difficult, and the enemy would have, at best, only one chance to destroy the locks. The carriers would certainly be located before a second attack could be launched, and crippled or destroyed by planes and surface and submarine vessels.

There is of course the problem of bombardment by enemy warships. But at either end of the Canal are fortifications armed with 14-inch and 16-inch guns. These will certainly be able to prevent bombardment of the locks, which are $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland on the Atlantic side and 8 miles inland on the Pacific. An attacking ship within extreme range of the locks would be much closer to our shore batteries.

Though it is extremely unlikely that the safe transit of the Panama Canal can be interrupted by enemy action, the possibility of its being

done ought to be provided against, since the consequences might be so calamitous. We ought at once to construct another canal across Nicaragua. This would cost about half a billion dollars — a considerable sum, but only a fraction of what it would cost to build a new fleet.

Our Naval Bases

TO OPERATE effectively, our fleet must have secure and well-located bases. Fortunately our four chief naval ports on the Atlantic — Norfolk, Philadelphia, New York and Boston — form a wholly adequate base. From them the fleet can operate offensively against any enemy force approaching in the North Atlantic, and can reach out to meet such a threat almost to the shores of Europe.

No naval base is at present available to an enemy on this side of the North Atlantic. But Bermuda, lying only 680 miles from New York, would be an excellent base for enemy cruisers and for large flying-boats which might bomb our coastal cities. If England should ever be unable to defend Bermuda when we were involved in war with a European power, it might be necessary for us to assume the island's defense.

Similarly Portugal's Azores would afford an enemy a possible base for action against us. Some 2000 miles from New York, they constitute an important link in the southern route of all proposed flying services. If

these islands seemed about to pass into German control, either directly or by means of a puppet government, it would be a matter of such grave concern to this country that it is a question whether we ought not to resist it by force.

In addition to our North Coast bases, we have a stronghold at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, commanding the entire Caribbean. Thus our twin bases in the Atlantic — the North Coast and the Caribbean position — enable us to deal with any European enemy's effort against the Western Hemisphere.

A similar situation prevails in the Pacific. Our Pacific strategy has at present but a single direction — defense against Japan. The three naval bases on the Pacific, at Puget Sound, Wash., Mare Island (near San Francisco), and San Diego afford ample freedom to a fleet operating within their zone of support. And in addition, we have in Hawaii a base supporting offensive action, which to naval warfare is the very breath of life.

This base is the island of Oahu.* Protected by powerful fixed defenses and a strong air force, supplemented by railway and tractor-drawn mobile guns, Oahu is the most formidable maritime fortress in the world. Singapore is nothing beside it.

Furthermore, Hawaii initiates offensively a line of operations which,

* See "Our Hawaiian Gibraltar," *The Reader's Digest*, March, '38, p. 20.

prolonged step by step through the Japanese mandated islands in the Pacific to Guam, would establish us but 1300 miles from Yokohama. From this point we could set up a blockade against Japan's trade which would certainly force the Japanese to give battle before their supply of petroleum was cut off. Of course, we would have to fight for each steppingstone, employing large numbers of troops and bringing forward to each new base huge quantities of supplies. Nevertheless, we could make such a supreme effort if we had to. And this is the all-important fact of Pacific strategy: *that we can direct an attack against Japan which will be a deadly threat to her security, while Japan cannot do the like by us.*

For although the Japanese would at the outset occupy Guam and the Philippines, they could not reduce Hawaii until they had disposed of our fleet. And an assault on the West Coast is out of the question. Even if Japan managed to seize a harbor in the Aleutian Islands west of Alaska, our fleet would still stand between it and either Hawaii or our coast.

But this happy state of affairs can last only as long as our fleet is able to undertake offensive operations. If we allow it to sink below its present superiority, some day Japan may turn upon us. A military empire with the characteristics of Japan is not a neighbor with whom it is safe to take long chances.

The United States Navy

UNDER the Naval Expansion Act of 1938, we shall eventually have 18 battleships to Japan's 14. Almost exactly the same fighting power as Japan's will be possessed, in the Atlantic, by Germany and Italy combined — an entirely possible coalition. The margin is by no means excessive, but it is in our favor.

The tradition of the American navy has been to build battleships of greater gun-power and superior armor to those of foreign ships. For this, speed has been sacrificed. Our battleships have an average top speed of 21 knots. Japanese battleships range up to 27; German from 26 to 30. But no battleship of either navy has armor protection equal to that of any of the 12 ships now with the American fleet in the Pacific. At the enormous ranges modern battles are fought, there is not much to be gained by extra speed except when one party to the fight wishes to run away. This is not a major consideration in the design of American battleships.

The fighting tradition of our navy is above all else an offensive tradition. John Paul Jones, flaunting the flag of the infant nation within pistol-shot of British shores, began it. Truxton, on the deck of the *Constellation*, and Preble in the Barbary wars, carried it on. So did Farragut in the Civil War — "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" — and Dewey at Manila in 1898.

True heir to this tradition, Commander Taussig, with the first American destroyer division to serve overseas, stood into Queens-bow Harbor after a stormy Atlantic passage in May, 1917. "How soon will you be ready to go on patrol?" asked the British Admiral Bayley, expecting to be told "in a week or ten days." "We will be ready when fueled, sir," said Taussig. And he was.

Here is another reason why America, if compelled to fight, must make offensive war. Her navy does not know how to make any other kind. And in tradition, spirit, technique, and personnel, there is no better navy in the world than ours; probably not one as good. Our system of naval education, both for officers and men, is far ahead of any other. Our ships, year for year, compare favorably with foreign ships. Our naval aviation is without a peer.

The United States Army

OUR ARMY must safeguard the ports from which the navy operates and secure our shores against raids. To perform these duties its present strength of about 180,000 officers and men should be increased to 238,000. This is still a comparatively small army, but sufficient for our needs as long as we do not plan overseas expeditions.

What we need, as Washington wisely said, is not a large army but

a good one. To make it a good one, we must have better equipment — more of the new Garand semi-automatic rifles, for instance; many more anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft machine guns, armored cars, and tanks. Also, our seacoast defenses must be improved. Prior to the World War, we had one of the finest systems of harbor defense in the world, manned by 19,000 officers and men. Today the armament, still largely of pre-war manufacture, is not in the best of shape; and only 5300 men are assigned to harbor defenses. Also, more long-range guns are needed.

However, our army possesses one tremendous asset — men familiar with mechanical and electrical appliances and equipped with energy and initiative. American young men grow to manhood surrounded by the machine age. Almost all of them have their particular devotion to aviation, automobiles, ships, railways, radio, electricity or photography. In war, perfection in the use of these things may mean the difference between defeat and victory.

Furthermore, the American boy does not march daily in regimented ranks; he does not live in an atmosphere of nameless terror; he does not grow up unable to think and plan for himself.

And this, in war, gives him an inestimable advantage. For war today calls for self-reliance, initiative, and the ability to act without

the guiding word of authority. Never before have the responsibilities of the leaders of small groups of infantry been so great; never has so much depended upon the correct appreciation of a complex situation by one young man as may depend in modern war on that of a single airplane pilot.

Those nations which, for the sake of political uniformity, have bludgeoned these qualities out of the souls of their young men have made of them a horde of mechanical robots, formidable in mass but helpless when word from above can no longer reach them amid the confusion of battle.

The Defense of Freedom

MODERN WAR, as Europeans see it, must use the whole energies of a people; everything—manpower, production, liberty itself—must be at the service of the government. This maxim, supported by our own experience in the World War, has come to affect American thought. Hence, laws have already been drawn up, ready to be presented to a Congress fired with the war spirit, which would take away the individual liberties of every American citizen and convert this country, in a single day, into a totalitarian dictatorship. One of them—the May Bill—has already been favorably reported and will doubtless come before the 1939 Congress. It includes wage and

price fixing, the regimentation of all labor, the registration of all industrial management, the licensing of all business.

Let us not deceive ourselves by saying that such powers when granted to a single man will be politely handed back when the war is over. They may be, and they may not be. The risk that they may not is far too great to be taken unnecessarily.

Such bills assume that the next war will be just like the last—that we shall build up a huge army and strain every national resource.

They stand, therefore, on a false foundation. For this is exactly the sort of war in which the United States should never engage again—and need not, if her citizens have vision.

If war comes, we can and should meet it on the sea, far from our cities and firesides. We can and should be able to direct such a vigorous offensive against our enemy's naval forces—with which alone he could attack us—that he will be too occupied to dream of attempting an assault on our shores.

Dictatorial powers will be unnecessary in a war fought mainly at sea, a war in which we will not send millions of men to some foreign land. Even a very great navy has far fewer machines, and therefore requires far less industrial support, than a large army. All our present fighting ships, for example, possess together only some 1700

pieces of artillery; at the close of the war, the French army alone had 11,638 pieces. During the Meuse-Argonne battle, the American army fired 2,418,000 rounds of artillery ammunition — ten times the capacity of our entire fleet.

If we Americans go to war again, we shall be fighting to preserve our right to live and govern ourselves as we see fit. Why should we go to war to defend freedom, if we must begin by destroying it?

We need not do this. There is no earthly reason why the war effort of our navy, supplemented by that of a small, highly-trained army, should require of us any such sacrifice.

Our navy at full strength will number only 135,000 men, with not over 100,000 more in reserve. These, together with an army of 238,000 officers and men, are well within our power to maintain without wiping out our democracy.

We must make up our minds that whatever betide, we shall send no more great armies to fight in a European war. This resolve once deeply imbedded in American hearts, and with it the determination to command our sea approaches against comers, we may view with security the struggle for power which has through all history made a battlefield of Europe.

Nor is there any reason to assume that if a general European war occurs we shall inevitably be drawn into it. A war in Europe today would almost certainly include

France and England on one side, Germany and Italy on the other. The disparity of naval power in favor of the former is so enormous that there would be little danger to our trade with the Western powers. Defenses against submarines have vastly improved since the last war; they will not roam the seas unhindered. Nor are airplanes operating from Italy and Germany across hostile land and sea any great peril to the Atlantic shipping lanes. It makes no difference what vast armies may march beyond the seas at the command of some dictator, nor with what vast armadas of airplanes he may darken the skies. If he have not a navy superior to our own in fighting power, all the rest is nothing we need regard.

The most serious effort which seems likely to be demanded of us is a war with Japan. If we have to extend our sea power so far westward as to blockade Japan, we may have to undertake control measures at home beyond those normally necessary in a sea war. For this reason we should make our Pacific armaments so formidable as to give pause to even the most militaristic of Japanese.

But we must remember that a navy stands or falls by its strength *at the time war breaks out*. The price of such preparedness we must willingly pay in defense of freedom; it is a price we must pay if we are to escape the necessity of beginning our next war under the yoke of arbi-

trary power. We cannot settle the troubles of distant continents; but we can prevent the peoples of those continents from transporting their wars to the Western Hemisphere. We cannot shut ourselves off from

every contact with other nations but we can make sure that we command the seas which are the medium of those contacts — the sea which are our ramparts, and upon which we must stand watch.



Public Opinion and the War Problem

Summarized from *Fortune*

(See "These Public Opinion Polls," page 23)

IN *Fortune's* Public Opinion Surveys before the Peace of Munich, American sentiment was for neutrality toward foreign countries. The public turned thumbs down on the idea of military sanctions against Italy's conquest of Ethiopia and indicated indifference toward the Spanish War and Germany's seizure of Austria. Even under provocation of the *Panay* incident, the nation emphatically judged that we should withdraw from China rather than take measures to protect our rights; indeed, that we should fight for no other reason than to resist invasion.

Fortune's January survey shows that the fall of 1938 wrought profound change in national thinking on external affairs. Majority opinion now holds that our isolation, even our military isolation, is done for whether we wish it or not. Although 58.6 percent of those voting consider the Munich Settlement either commendable or the best thing to do under the circumstances, the opinion is held by a vote of four to one that Europe will nevertheless go to war in the next few years. Previous opinion held, by more than two to one,

that the U. S. would not be involved in a foreign war. Now it believes, by better than two to one, that we will. And Public Opinion stands ready overwhelmingly (73.1 percent), to take up arms to keep Canada from invasion. A majority of those with opinions vote also to defend the Philippines and Mexico.

The most significant question in the current survey was this:

Should the democratic powers, including the U. S., now stand firm together at any cost to prevent Hitler or Mussolini from taking any more territory at the expense of other nations?

The vote: Yes 56.3%

No 31.0%

Don't know 12.7%

In brief, a nation that felt fairly secure in its pacifism a short time ago has lost confidence in the future of its own peace and, on the face value of the survey, seems to be willing for the first time in its history to join in a democratic front forcibly to restrain the dictator nations from further conquest.

Man of the Near East Renaissance

Condensed from The Washington Post

Jerome Beatty

Now touring the world to find Americans who are
doing unusual things far from home

THE NEAR EAST is going Western lickety-split. Hard by Nazareth, steam-shovels are chewing up Mt. Carmel to feed cement mills for the building boom. Mecca pilgrims travel by motor-bus, to the strains of radio music. Flying boats alight on the Sea of Galilee. Arabs drive donkeys loaded with firewood past a Beyrouth cabaret that features "The Arab Al Jolson." You can drive from Egypt to Jerusalem overnight -- the forty years' journey of the Israelites. Baghdad is going in for air-conditioning in a big way. Tractors pass camels on the ancient roads the Wise Men trod -- roads new-surfaced with asphalt. Mickey Mouse is playing in Sidon tonight. The Dead Sea is now but an ap-panage of the chemical industry. Power lines crisscross the hills the Crusaders wearily climbed.

These are the material signs; social changes are even more startling. Young Arabs whose parents never saw a woman out of doors unveiled now romp unconcerned at mixed bathing parties in the Mediterranean. Often, half the

audience in a theater is made up of mothers and daughters, unveiled, and the veil will be gone entirely within a generation. Moslems are doing unpaid social work -- teaching free schools for the poor, cleaning up the water supply of villages, instructing eager youngsters in Western sports.

In the midst of this economic and spiritual revolution is an American who can truthfully say, "All of this I saw, and part of this I was." A great part. For Bayard Dodge, president of American University at Beyrouth, taught as youngsters the men who now are the administrators, the educators, the physicians, dentists, nurses, and the merchants in the modernized Biblical lands.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Education in Iraq, the Mayor of Jerusalem, the President of the Syrian Parliament, and the Lebanese Minister of Agriculture are a few among the alumni who are shaping the destinies of the Near East at this critical time. In all there are 4000 alumni, and 4000 more who came

under the influence of the school for at least two years.

Bayard Dodge is by long odds the most respected foreigner in all the Near East. The influence of this modest, self-effacing New Yorker is enormous. The League of Nations, British and French administrators, the rulers of a half dozen nations call upon him and his staff for advice and assistance. Ibn-Saud, King of Arabia, recently sent him a wrist watch as a token of regard. The Crown Prince of Kuwait and two sons of the Sheikh of Bahrein are students in his school. From Zanzibar to Teheran, almost every prominent man is an alumnus, or wants his favorite son to be one.

"If American University had not come," an Arab merchant told me, "this country would not be civilized." He did not mean that Bayard Dodge had helped bring the oil wells or the pipelines that streak the desert, nor yet the electric pumps that raise water where peasants used to toil at well ropes. Dodge has done a more important thing; he has prepared a generation for the change. Without trained leaders of their own, the people of the Near East might well have gone down in disaster under the sudden impact of modernity. May yet, unless the stream of educated young men and women continues to flow from Beyrouth to all the lands that form a tight mosaic around the eastern Mediterranean.

"Syria is the neck of an hour-

glass," says Dodge. "Sometim the Orient has been on top, wi a stream of cultural influence flow ing into the Occident. Today, tl West in on top, with social, politi cal and scientific ideas pouring in the East. The future is full of o portunity, but it is also full danger.

"Nationalism is rampant, sha ing the traditional loyalty to tl Caliphate. Science is upsetting tr ditional ideas of religion. Feud landlords are hopelessly licked competition with modern busine — you can buy Australian *flor* as cheaply as local *grain*. Japan: silk is cheaper than home-mad So the old families are going dow hill. The people must have ne leaders — an aristocracy of brain not birth.

"Education is imperative if Ne Eastern peoples are not to be tl mere subjects of foreign exploiti tion."

Beyrouth University isn't tryin to make Christians; it is trying t make men and women. Some misionaries are profoundly shocke when Bayard Dodge says publicl that although Mohammedanism isn't perfect, there is much i Christianity, too, that might we be brought up to date. Even if h believes it, they think he shoul never let a Moslem hear him say t There are pursed lips, too, whe Mohammed's birthday is celebrate at the school with the same zest t Christmas. A sheikh gives lessor

in the Koran twice a week to those students who want to attend. Seventeen of the 536 Moslem students did so last year; the rest went to chapel with the 854 Christian students and the 182 Jews.

"In the Mohammedan world, the great scientific movement is likely to knock religion out of Islam," says Dodge. "Our job is to try to keep the two together. Instead of trying to get young Mohammedans to trade their religion for membership in a Christian sect, I think it is more important to keep them from trading their religion for no religion at all."

The problem parallels that of the children of immigrants in the United States who, full of new knowledge and new customs, find their parents' ways old-fashioned — and are all too likely to discard the sturdy ethics of their forebears along with their manners.

The first lesson the Beyrouth students have to learn is to live together in peace, tolerant of all races and creeds. Fierce hatreds are brought to the campus, but they do not thrive there; mutual respect, if not liking, grows instead.

Dodge introduced co-education, and slowly it is catching on. There are about 100 girl students. At first, the Moslem girls were veiled, but that is true no longer. One of the difficult jobs the college undertakes is to accustom the Moslem boys and girls to the friendly social life which our co-educational campuses

take for granted. Usually the process begins with a hike or a picnic accompanied by plenty of faculty men and their wives — not as chaperons, but to bridge the awkwardness of this new experience for the participants. It all works out very sanely. Beyrouth alumnae now entertain in their homes in the Western fashion; emancipation is spreading.

President Dodge lives on the campus in the kind of a house you can rent in Beyrouth for \$50 a month. The simplicity is congenial to the Dodges, but it is purposeful, too. Bayard Dodge is a great man in the Near East, and everyone knows it. By his example, he shows that a man can be great and do important work without complicating his life with the ostentatious trappings of Oriental tradition. The Arabs like the lesson — they are essentially democratic. The Near East never did have all the complicated nonsense of the Far East about "face," and has even less of it now. There was once, it is true, a little lifting of eyebrows when the Dodges, either of them, drove their own small car. But now it is an accepted custom even among the wealthy.

Nationalism, the new religion of East and West, can be an ugly thing. Bayard Dodge is trying to canalize it into usefulness. "Love your country," he tells his students. "But the way to show you love it is to do something for it."

And so patriotic young Arabs are being led to summer camps where

they do hard, altruistic work among the villagers. They clean up the water supply, install model latrines, spread knowledge of better agricultural methods, teach adults and children alike to read. Such unselfish social service is a new concept in the Levant.

Bayard Dodge is 50 now — tall, iron-gray haired, blue-eyed, eagerly friendly. He was 21 when he first saw Beyrouth. Bayard and Cleveland Dodge, identical twins, were graduated from Princeton in 1909 and set off for a year's trip around the world. From Jerusalem, they took horses and rode northward to see the countryside and the villages. They spent one night in the Syrian capital and were mildly interested when told that a great-uncle had once taught in the local college. They took a casual look at the school and rode on, not much impressed.

But if Beyrouth made no overwhelming impression, the general panorama of the Moslem world did fascinate young Bayard. He saw and wondered and admired. He observed, too, that missionaries were more intent upon proselyting than on improving the living standards of the people. And he sympathized with the tradition at the American University that useful work could be done among the Arabs through a different approach. He thought there must be a way to give them a better life without tying the benefits up in the same package with Christian theology.

Already interested in social work he now picked the Near East as his field. It was his idea to teach for a time in Beyrouth University to learn the land and the language, then go to the interior and work in the Arab villages. Came the war, just a year after he arrived, and there was too much to do in Beyrouth. The Turkish army commandeered grain and other food; transportation was completely disorganized. Hundreds starved. Dodge organized soup kitchens, got hold of supplies and medicines whenever prodigious labor and ingenuity could accomplish the feat, tramped the hills afoot to organize such scant relief as was possible in the villages.

After the war, there was back-breaking work for the Near East Relief — Dodge had 11,000 orphans to look after. The worst of that over, the college was in desperate straits; it didn't seem right to desert it. Next, Dr. Howard S. Bliss, the president (and Bayard Dodge's father-in-law) died; someone had to stay on and help. In 1923, Bayard Dodge, only 35, was made president.

He seems anchored for life. But he still speaks a little wistfully of the work he would have liked to try in the Arab villages of the interior!

Bayard Dodge accepts no salary, never has. When he comes to America, as he does every two or three years, he is likely as not to travel tourist class, because his friends do. He could, of course, have his own yacht if he wanted one, for he is one of America's richest men.

This Synthetic Age

ICE SKATING is made possible all year and on the floor of any building by a newly invented artificial ice. High temperature melts Iceolite into a liquid which, poured an inch thick on a floor, hardens into a smooth surface so durable it will last for years. Professional skaters who tested it at its world debut in Toledo, Ohio, declared it to be as fast as natural ice.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

LIGHT FLOWS through rods made of Lucite, a du Pont plastic, as water flows through a pipe. This piped light emerges at the far end undiminished, even after turning sharp corners. Moreover, it is cold light; Lucite does not transmit heat.

An important use for the new plastic is in surgery. Lucite instruments, with electric bulbs in the handle, can be used to illuminate body cavities and incisions without risk of burning tissues. Easily softened in hot water, Lucite is made into surgical splints of any desired shape; thereafter X-ray examinations of knitting fractures can be made without removing the splints, a thing never possible before.

Reflectors made of Lucite, installed along both edges of an 85-mile Michigan highway, are found to be ten times as efficient as glass reflectors. The light from such reflectors penetrates fog, is visible beyond the glow of oncoming headlamps, and outlines the road for a mile ahead.

TOOOTHBRUSH BRISTLES that will not soften in water or saliva are made from Extron, a plastic. Hairs of any length or thickness can be produced.

Extron is expected eventually to replace the natural hog bristles heretofore used in the best toilet brushes.

DOING research work on gold compounds for the treatment of arthritis, Dr. Charles S. Gibson of Guy's Hospital, London, hit upon a method of coating fabrics, glass, or china with a thin film of pure gold, at slight cost. Sheer fabrics "dyed" in the solution become cloth of gold for about \$2.50 a yard. Dr. Gibson displays glass goblets which cannot be distinguished from solid gold. Gold dinner services come within reach of almost any family.

— Thomas R. Henry, (*N.A.N.A.*)

SINCE the triumph of rayon, the last important market for silk is for hosiery. In 1940, in an \$8,000,000 mill now under construction, du Pont will begin mass production of Nylon, a plastic made from coal, air and water, which is more elastic than any natural fiber, and will knit into sheer, elastic stockings. Utterly different from rayon, which is a cellulose product, Nylon can be fashioned into lustrous filaments as fine as a spider's web, yet said to be as strong as steel of the same diameter. It is suitable for velvets and sheer underwear, as well as for tougher uses such as racquet strings and fishing lines.

PATER is made wetter by adding a few drops of a new alcohol; it instantly soaks anything it touches. Spray it on old wallpaper, for instance, and the paper will peel off at once. It makes a better spreader for insecticides; it lays dust that ordinary water sprays will not catch. The new alcohol is made from waste gas and was developed by the Mellon Institute.

ITALY has been making a wool substitute from casein, a component of milk, for some years; it has been expensive and not too satisfactory. The U. S. Department of Agriculture announces a new and improved process. The American fiber is said not to be "itchy," and to shrink less than wool. It will cost about 50 cents a pound, which is much less than wool brings. From casein there are already made billiard balls, toilet articles, buttons,

fountain-pen barrels, coating for leather, and writing paper.

ALSIFILM looks like paper, but is made of clay, and no fire burns it, no acid corrodes it. Or it can be made transparent, like cellophane. It should be the surface on which to print or write permanent records. Tasteless and odorless, it is a good wrapper for food. Microscopically, it has practically the same structure as mica and it is as good an electrical insulator — better, because it is pliable, and it can be made into sheets of any size or thickness. Best of all, it is made from raw material which costs but one cent a pound.

Alsifilm was discovered by research workers in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who were studying bentonite clay, the abundant earth that is used in foundry molds, in toothpaste and toilet powders.

This Funny Thing Called Love

I FOUND UNCONSCIOUS on a Budapest street, Ferenc Szabo, a printer, when revived told police that he had set in type the name and address of his faithless sweetheart and then swallowed the whole thing — 57 letters, two commas and a semicolon — with a pint of mild poison as a chaser.

— N. Y. *World-Telegram*

I JOHN BROWNING, a stone carver of Potter Hill, Rhode Island, has fashioned out of granite life-sized statues of the girls with whom he has had romances, and placed them in a cemetery lot.

— Albert Benjamin in *The American Magazine*

WHEN her lover, the poet William Congreve, died, Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, had a life-sized wax effigy made exactly to resemble him and dressed as in life. This image sat opposite her at table and she talked to it by the hour. At regular intervals the King's doctor examined the feet for traces of gout, Congreve's old complaint.

— *Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists* (McBride)

Are Fire Drills a Farce in Your Schools?

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

T. Alfred Fleming

Supervisor, Conservation Department, National Board of Fire Underwriters

As told to Paul W. Kearney

SCHOOL AUTHORITIES too often feel that because they've never had a fire, they're never going to have one. This cruel fallacy is a menace to the lives of American school children, for actually there are five school fires a day in this country. We cannot, unfortunately, eliminate all of them. But we can, by efficient fire drills, get our children out of burning buildings safely.

Most school fire drills are wretchedly inadequate; some actually dangerous. In a shocking number of cases, constricted exits make quick evacuation of the building impossible with *any* kind of drill. Even seemingly adequate drill systems are usually so poorly planned that they would collapse under the panic conditions of a real fire.

The local fire chief and I visited a New England public school to witness a drill for which it had become famous. The school principal was cordiality itself; he would be happy to call a drill if we could wait until he finished an urgent matter. Handing his secretary a hastily scribbled note, he completed his business, then invited us to pull any alarm box in the school. The drill was marvelously efficient. But

when the chief asked my opinion of it, I handed him a crumpled note I snagged from the secretary's wastebasket. It read: "Tell teachers to announce fire drill in five minutes."

The chief returned to the school immediately. Entering unnoticed, he pulled the nearest alarm. In a split second, pandemonium reigned. The wild-eyed principal came racing down the hall. Children piled out of classrooms like rats from a sinking ship. Teachers screamed futile instructions which only added to the bedlam. The school famed for its perfect drill was in tumult because this time everyone thought it really was a fire!

In a drill at a three-story North Dakota school I saw teachers dismiss the first floor before calling pupils from the second. Last of all, the kindergarten tots were summoned from the top story—notwithstanding the fact that rising heat makes the top floor the deadliest. In any kind of a blaze these children would have been burned to a crisp.

In another school, the fire bell brought pupils from the top floor rushing downstairs with their hats and coats, while those from the lower floor raced upstairs! Why?

The cloakroom was on the upper floor, and the principal blithely explained that "the children must get their wraps." It seems that his son had once caught cold going out bareheaded.

In Montana, I lost my veteran nerve after one glance at an escape which was only a perpendicular iron ladder on the outer wall. The children had to stand on the windowsill and swing three feet to reach it — and had to drop 12 feet from the end of the ladder to the ground!

An Ohio principal once proudly showed me the tubular-chute escapes in his modern school. The chutes had doors at the bottom (never approved by the Underwriters) and these doors were kept locked. It took 20 minutes to locate the janitor — who confessed that he had lost the keys the year before! A surprise drill there — not to mention a fire — would have been rank slaughter.

The catalogue of folly is endless. In a Delaware school I saw 37 student-teachers remain on the top floor through a drill, contending indignantly that they weren't under the school jurisdiction! In a Pennsylvania high school the print shop, domestic science and mechanical training departments were excused from drill because, as I was told, "it would interfere with their work." A quite general practice is to leave crippled boys and girls sitting in their seats during fire drill.

Such criminal ignorance is na-

tion-wide, and it takes its ghastly toll. I saw with my own eyes a school fire in Collinwood, Ohio, in which 173 children perished. In Peabody, Mass., a volcano of scorching smoke fatally engulfed 22 girls and boys. The blackened remains of 77 children were raked out of the ashes of a Camden, S. C. schoolhouse. Ninety percent of our schools are still shameful firetraps.

Even a well-constructed school can become a pyre if pupils are not methodically instructed. Good construction or bad, a well-organized fire drill can work miracles. At Timnath, Col., 223 pupils walked through smoke so thick they had to hold hands to avoid going astray in the halls! In Milwaukee 950 children came through in perfect discipline, though the blaze did \$35,000 damage in 15 minutes; and 475 youngsters in Fort Worth made their way to safety despite the fact that two stairways had been cut off.

These children who escaped were no braver or smarter than those who have perished in school fires; the only difference was that they had been taught fire-drill discipline.

I should like to convert every school official and parent to the Texas system, where the study of fire hazards is included in every curriculum, and two fire drills a month are held in all schools. Student committees have charge of the drills, and often call them themselves.

Early each term in every school older pupils are appointed Room

Captains, Floor Captains, and Fire Marshals. All have specific duties: one is responsible for assisting lame or crippled schoolmates; another for seeing that his room is empty before closing the door; still another leads the line from his floor; others check on cloakrooms and toilets to see that they are vacant. All signals are given by hand to prevent shouting and confusion. The whole process of emptying a school completely should not require more than two minutes. If it takes longer, the situation calls for investigation.

Before any drills are held, the students have what football coaches would call "skull practice." The location of the primary and secondary exits for each group is made clear; the treacherous behavior of fire is dramatized. In short, the pupils are taught what a fire drill really is, and *why* they must do certain things.

A feature of the Texas system is the "obstructed drill" which gives the children practice in emergency thinking. A large red ball is secretly placed on some stairway or fire escape, indicating that this exit is cut off. Located so the students don't see it until the last moment, it comes as a surprise. But they turn calmly to another exit.

When the building is evacuated, teachers quickly call the roll, since it is vital to account for every occupant *immediately*. The danger of not doing so was demonstrated at a South Carolina fire where seven

pupils, safely outside, ran back for their wraps and were cremated. A happier example was the conflagration at Wellesley College where the roll call showed eight girls missing in time to rescue them.

Have you ever given serious thought to the kind of fire drill held in the school your children attend? This doesn't mean just asking the principal about it, for he may not know what a good drill is. The ideal beginning, if you have a well-organized local fire department, is for a committee from your Parent-Teacher Association or other civic organization to discuss the topic with the fire chief. Or, ask your local insurance man to call in an expert from the State Rating Bureau or the National Board of Fire Underwriters to confer with school authorities and help in formulating a real program. A decent fire drill twice a month *costs nothing* and is the best device yet invented for getting children out of a "quick burner" in time.

You've been lucky if your school has never had a fire. But don't stretch your fire luck too far. I have seen it change too often, when children, undrilled, and paralyzed with fear, have been burned to death. Such tragedies rend a community with wild and useless remorse. The wise course is to resolve that the school children of your community *be prepared* to meet the fire emergency that sooner or later comes to every school.

If I Need Relaxation

Condensed from The Commentator

Mark Sullivan

Author of "Our Times," and the new book,
"The Education of an American"

+

MARK SULLIVAN wrote this article at the insistence of an editor who was impressed with the glowing pink cheeks, brisk step and lively eyes of a man who has been an active journalist for 50 years. Asked how he managed to keep his remarkable fitness — which is confirmed by his regular medical examinations at Johns Hopkins — he related the following experiences. His article is presented as a personal record. Mr. Sullivan himself would be the last to suggest that it contributes anything weighty to the discussion of the merits or demerits of osteopathy as generally practiced.

I BECAME an osteopath addict through the late Edward Bok, famous editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*. While visiting him at his summer home in Maine in 1908, I found him one morning stretched out, face downward, on a high, narrow table in the living room, with the local osteopath working over him. The scene was new to me, as it would have been to most Americans then, and as I watched the osteopath move his thumbs up and down Bok's spine I thought the idea a little absurd.

As the osteopath finished, Bok commandeered me. "Here, Mark," he said, "let him give you a treatment." I "let him," in the spirit in which a guest defers to a whim of his host, and probably I was too rigid in skepticism and resistance to get any good from it. But observation over a pe-

riod of years convinced me that Bok was much benefited by his regular treatments — and I succumbed to the habit. Today I go to an osteopath at least once a week, and during prolonged stretches of concentrated work I go every day.

Bok habitually worked too hard. The nervous breakdown that was always just ahead of him was frequently postponed — so he felt and I came to feel, too — by steady osteopathic treatment. One of the most vivacious memories I have is of Bok and myself — neither of us very learned in even the more familiar parts of the French language — searching a Paris telephone book to find whatever would be the French equivalent of "osteopath."

Some years ago, when I was lecturing through the country at Chautauquas and winter courses, I had a habitual routine. I arrived in a town, registered at the hotel, then looked up an osteopath. After the relaxation the osteopath had given me, I returned to the hotel and lay down for half an hour. Then I reported my presence to the local lecture committee. Whatever contribution I may have made to the instruction or entertainment of people in scores of places has been due

in part to the ministrations of the local osteopath. He made the difference between a tired lecturer and a refreshed one, and the difference is great.

As Bok introduced me to osteopathy, so have I introduced others. One morning during the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1920, necessity for writing an early dispatch brought me down to the hotel dining room before 7 o'clock. I found Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas pacing up and down, his ordinarily cheerful round countenance bearing obvious marks of anxiety. At 10 o'clock he was to make the speech proposing General Leonard Wood for the Presidential nomination. He dreaded it, not with the dread of an amateur, for he was an experienced speaker and an effective one; but he was now in the mood that comes to all good speakers as the hour for performance approaches. It is a condition compounded of conviction that he will do badly, together with that quickening of the pulse and stiffening of the spirit which insures that he will do his best.

I went to the telephone, got my osteopath out of bed and took Allen around to him. Relaxed and poised, Allen later delivered a speech which was far better than it would have been had his preparation consisted mainly of coffee and mounting tension. Allen realized it, and thereafter became a devotee of osteopathy.

During the Great War every-

body in Washington was under severe strain, and several men who bore the heaviest burdens, among them Bernard M. Baruch and George Peek, used to go to an osteopath daily; it was almost the only relaxation they had. The other day, going to an osteopath in Washington, I saw coming out Edward R. Stettinius, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation, son of the Edward R. Stettinius who learned to take osteopathic treatments when Assistant Secretary of War in Wilson's cabinet.

For one who bore, perhaps, the most continuous load, one who was apt to encounter crisis, major or minor, any hour from dawn to midnight — Joseph Tumulty, Secretary to President Wilson — an osteopath was literally the *only* surcease. When the press of duty and the strain on tact became too much, when there were too many of the volunteer zealots who could tell how to win the war if they could have just three minutes of the President's time, the overwrought Secretary would step across Lafayette Square to an osteopath who, over the years, has treated several political generations of public men. After being treated, Tumulty would sleep for a quarter of an hour on the treatment table. Then he would go back to the waiting-room throngs, at once a giant refreshed and a Puck renewed in his humor.

I am not a medical expert, but my common sense is impressed by the theory of osteopathy. The hu-

man body is a faultlessly made machine, perfectly adapted to run an ordinary lifetime with ease and health. But like other machines used under severe strain, it is likely to get out of repair; joints tighten up, friction develops, pipes clog. The trouble is mostly structural, in its start anyway. Osteopathy aims to keep the body in repair, or put it back in repair, by adjusting it physically so that it functions naturally. And, of course, it is not, as some people think, opposed blindly to drugs or to surgery.

I go to an osteopath only because I am tired or because I have a hard task before me. Illness has nothing to do with my visits — although the treatments may avert illness, for I have had no illness of any consequence for 20 years. I work until three or four in the afternoon, I go to an osteopath, I come back and

I can work several hours more. After being at a desk all day I feel tension in the upper part of my back, just below the neck. Without knowing the mechanism of this sort of thing, I imagine this tightness slows down the flow of blood to and from the brain.

Most persons whose occupations entail a fixed position or who drive an automobile for long periods get a little ache at some point in the upper part of the spine. The osteopath does away with it.

And when I lie down on the osteopath's table and he begins his manipulation, I yawn. Always the yawn comes within the first three or four minutes. As a sign of the relaxation he has brought to the body and the ease he has brought to the spirit, that yawn is the symbol of the very great service the osteopath has been to me.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXIII.

DURING his first campaign for mayor of New York City in 1929, La Guardia charged the popular Jimmy Walker with all sorts of corruption, and Walker never answered a single charge. "Why should I make his campaign for him?" he said to me. "I won't build him up. It would be fun, though, to ask him one question — what was he doing in Waterbury on July 16, 1928?"

"Was he there at that time?" I asked.

"I dunno," Walker replied. "But if I asked that question he could deny he was there until he was blue in the face. A lot of suckers would still believe there was something very fishy about him and Waterbury."

— William R. Conklin, *We Saw It Happen* (Simon & Schuster)

Thanks to the Legislative Council, efficiency
replaces guesswork in state legislation

Kansas and the Well-Made Law

Condensed from Current History

Fred C. Kelly

SAM WILSON, manager of the Kansas State Chamber of Commerce, was talking to a number of state legislators. "If an automobile company operated the way a legislature does," he said, "you'd see cars broken down all along the road; they'd put out a newfangled engine without first making sure it would work. That's the way we now make a law — on guesses or opinions, with no facts. No one knows if it will work, or how — and yet laws are the things we live by. I say a proposed law should be considered as scientifically as the materials they test in the Bureau of Standards."

Wilson set influential people thinking, and in 1933 Kansas stepped out with a new device designed to take the guesswork out of lawmaking — a device so sensible that it has since been copied in Illinois, Nebraska, Kentucky, Connecticut, Virginia and Michigan, and is being considered in three other states.

Called the Legislative Council, the machinery consists of two well-coördinated parts: a bi-partisan group of 25 regularly elected mem-

bers of the state legislature, who determine what new lawmaking is needed; and a permanent staff of independent research experts, who study all experience elsewhere that applies to an immediate problem.

In most states, where legislatures meet — usually every other year — with no plan or program ready, hastily considered laws are all too frequently jammed through, without much knowledge of their probable effect. Moreover, the legislative procedure is necessarily amateurish, because studies show that about half the members of an average legislature are serving for the first time. In Iowa, a few sessions back, the opposition party (Democratic) included only one man who had served even two previous terms. During the period of Democratic supremacy in the Indiana House, 1931-35, only five of the Democrats had been in the previous three sessions. Important committee chairmanships often go to men of scant experience.

Kansas feels that the Legislative Council has largely eliminated hit-or-miss methods. Instead of being spasmodic, lawmaking is orderly

and almost continuous. The Council sifts out non-essentials, and the research experts concentrate on what is really important.

The Council meets quarterly. While it is in session, any legislator, the governor, or any ordinary citizen may make suggestions. Each proposal is referred to a special committee, which either eliminates it or passes it on to the research staff for an analysis, according to the project's merits. When, for example, a farmer reported that bindweed was damaging crops and asked for remedial legislation, the research staff was asked to get the facts. Researchers soon found out just how the weed spreads; the extent of the damage; and costs of eradication by various methods.

Another example of substituting facts for guesses had to do with the existing habitual criminal act — requiring life imprisonment on conviction of a third penal offense. Was there injustice in the operation of the act, were men locked up for life because of a series of relatively minor offenses? No one knew the facts, until the research staff collected data on every prisoner in the state penitentiary, and presented a complete report.

On one occasion, a legislator was insistently pushing a scheme to obtain more revenue by a higher tax on beer. The research staff, with figures from other states, showed conclusively that where the levy on beer was moderate it provided more

revenue than when the rates were higher.

All kinds of pet projects are dropped when a sponsor learns that his idea was tried and discarded elsewhere years ago; or that hundreds of pages of research material show most of the arguments to be on the other side. This has saved money and conserved a tremendous amount of time. Often there is no need for long committee hearings, a report covering all phases of the subject under consideration having previously been given to each member.

The Council's research reports, summarized for easy reading, are sent not only to legislators but also to thousands of citizens who have asked for this service. Newspapers use them for editorial discussions. Thus legislators have a chance to learn from constituents what *they* think should be done; the voice of the people is heard. Another result is that pressure groups are placed at a disadvantage, since both legislators and public already have the facts on both sides.

Much of the success of a legislative council depends on a wise choice of research director. At the head of the staff in Kansas is Frederick H. Guild, professor of political science at the University of Kansas at the time of his appointment, who had worked in the legislative field for a quarter of a century. His chief assistant was previously research director for

the state Chamber of Commerce, and has taught political science. There are three other research assistants — young men selected for their training — besides stenographers, calculating-machine operators, accountants, and clerks — a total, except at peak loads, of less than a dozen. Considering the results obtained, the research costs

little, only \$20,000 a year — less than is spent on research by scores of small business corporations.

The Kansas experiment has done much to minimize mistakes that arise from remediable ignorance; it has made a contribution to the success of the democratic idea by making a democracy more workable.



Tom Thumb on the Farm

MIDGET COWS which produce more milk and consume only half as much feed as a normal-sized cow have been bred by Otto Gray, an Oklahoma dairy farmer. Two years ago, Gray started experimenting with a small breed, using an under-sized Angus cow and a normal Hereford bull; today his midget third-generation herd consists of seven cows and one bull, standing from 30 to 37 inches high and weighing from 450 to 500 pounds, about half the heft of normal Jerseys. One cow gives five gallons of milk daily; another averaged 41 pounds of milk daily for 11 days — virtually her own weight of 455 pounds. —AP

TO MEET the demand of the average small family, which does not want a 15-pound turkey nor a young one which has little meat in proportion to weight, the Department of Agriculture's research farm at Beltsville, Maryland, has bred a bird that weighs as little as six pounds when fully grown, has chunky drumsticks and plenty of

tender white meat. These turkeys mature early, have a high egg productivity, and low mortality rate.

— Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen,
The Washington Merry-Go-Round

SMALL WATERMELONS of excellent flavor, which will fit into the average electric refrigerator — a cross between a Siberian baby melon and a domestic one — have also been developed at Beltsville.

— George Kent in *The Country Home Magazine*

FOR APPLE-GROWERS who are tired of climbing up 40 feet to pick their choice fruit, nurserymen are producing from dwarf rootstock trees that mature at a height of about ten feet, and can be planted 15 feet apart as compared with 35 feet for ordinary trees. They are much easier to prune, spray, and pick. Some 20 standard apple varieties are now available in dwarf sizes, according to Dr. H. B. Tukey, horticulturist for the New York Experiment Station at Geneva. — *The Country Home Magazine*

Six Lessons in English — I —

By Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

THE TIME is a September evening in 1909. The scene is the city room of the *New York Times*. A skinny and bespectacled cub reporter, who had come blinking out of college and gone to work on the *Times* that day, was turning in his first piece of copy to the night city desk. He lingered alongside for such instruction as he might pick up while the night city editor glanced over his maiden effort. This worthy was a stocky Englishman who addressed all reporters, office boys and copyreaders as either "Sweetheart" or "Dearie" and, in moments of editorial cogitation, plucked such tufts from his little red beard that it always seemed a wonder there was any of it left wherewith to get out the next day's issue.

The copy this time was an obituary notice which, with nicely controlled emotion, related the passing of a Park Avenue matron. The cub reported she had died that night of heart failure. He knew she had because he had been uptown and gleaned the information by word of mouth from the readily accessible (but presumably grief-stricken) son of the deceased. Indeed, he had prepared the whole report in an agony of care, checking and re-checking every fact.

The night city editor had not progressed far in his perusal of the paragraph when he gave a cry as of one in mortal pain. Plucking at his beard with his left hand, he used his right to strike out the word "failure" and in its place to scribble the word "disease." Then he looked up at the cub with an affable grin. "Heart failure?" he said. "Why, sweetheart, that's what we all die of."

Well, that was 30 years ago. The night city editor — Frederick T. Birchall — is busy now with copy of his own, dispatching it from Berlin and London and winning Pulitzer Prizes with it, and exploit the more noteworthy because he launched himself as a correspondent after he had reached the retirement age and kissed the *Times* good-bye. The cub has since gained some weight but lost his middle initial, now signing himself merely Alexander Woolcott. That was his first lesson in journalism and none since has been of greater help. On that first night it was burned into his mind forever that nothing in the trade is so important as a nice anxiety to say exactly what you mean.

Use your eyes, ears and notebook,
if your car is in a crash

Beware the Accident Fortune-Hunter

Condensed from Public Safety

Robert Monaghan

FOR YOUR OWN protection, be just as careful after an automobile accident as you wish you had been before it. Otherwise you stand an even chance of becoming one more victim of America's most popular racket, the padded claim for accident damages — one more reason why automobile insurance rates are as high as they are.

John Mead thought he was careful, and considerate. The road was icy, the light turned red, he set his brakes too late, and slid gently into the car ahead. Bump. Both drivers got out to inspect the damage — obviously trivial. "Forget it, Mister," said the stranger. "I hardly felt it." Not to be outdone, Mead replied, "Get that tail-light fixed and send me the bill."

Two months later Mead got a letter from a lawyer demanding settlement for the stranger's death. He had died of pneumonia brought on, his widow insisted, by that bump he had "hardly felt." This story, supported by medical witnesses who merely testified that it *could* have happened, not that it actually did, seemed plausible enough for a jury to award the widow \$15,000. John

Mead was insured for only \$10,000. A mortgage on his home made up the difference.

Here, as Mead's insurance man wearily pointed out, was the perfect claim racket recipe. Such a sequence of events placed before a sympathetic jury may result in a big money verdict anywhere in the United States. But Mead was not blameless: his airy acceptance of liability, his failure to secure one shred of defense testimony, made him easy prey.

The best way to avoid setting such a trap for yourself is not to have an accident at all. But insurance statistics predict you will have one sooner or later, and they show that 50 percent of smash-ups become a target for the accident fortune-hunter. You can protect yourself if you cover the significant points of evidence; fail to use eyes, ears and notebook, and you're fair game.

First of all, *see to the injured*. When injuries are obvious, and severe, call an ambulance or a doctor. Don't try to move the wounded yourself, except as a last resort. Ask everyone involved, "Are you hurt?" and if the answer is, "I'm all right

— just a bump,” don’t let that suffice. Insist that such people be promptly and completely examined. A medical report will be extremely useful. There are countless cases on record in which someone apparently only slightly injured turned up months later with a gigantic claim for real or fancied damages.

One man, involved in a slight accident, said he was unhurt, though he might have banged himself on the door of the car. Later he sued for \$50,000, claiming that the bruise had aggravated his hernia, requiring \$6000 worth of abdominal surgery. Medical experts contended that the accident had nothing to do with his plight. But no investigation had been made at the time, and the jury believed the man’s plausible story.

Next, *call a policeman or a state trooper*. Jot down the number of his shield, see to it that he notes all the essential facts. And if the other fellow was violating traffic laws, don’t be soft-hearted. Ask the officer to file a complaint. It’s your job to keep the record straight.

A young man, rocketing from a side street in his jalopy, smashed into a brand-new car. Though it was clearly a case of reckless driving, the woman owner took pity on the youth and refused to press the charge. A week later a shyster demanded \$500 of her for wrecking the jalopy. By this time, the boy had witnesses who would swear it was her fault. She paid.

Get names and numbers. Note the other car’s registration plates, exchange licenses with its driver, make sure you know who was driving, count the passengers and observe their sex, age and color and whether they’re lame or fit. Sometimes a sober passenger changes places with a drunken driver; and if you think a quick census silly, consider the case of a Bronx merchant. A car coming toward him on the wrong side of a wide street struck his car and turned over. Out crawled a Negro and his girl. Uninjured, they called upon bystanders to help them right their car, and drove away. Because the merchant guessed that even if he sued he would get little, he did nothing. A few days later he himself was sued for injury to nine Negroes, all of whom swore that they were in the car and that the merchant was driving on the wrong side of the road.

Note the position and condition of the cars, how near you were to the center of the street, how far from curve or intersection, where the cars were in relation to each other, which one was damaged, and where. Make a rough sketch, if possible, for sharp observation of such points may win for you. If you have a camera in the car, or can borrow one, use it plentifully — nothing is more impressive than pictures showing the position of the cars, extent of damage, skidmarks, eyewitnesses, etc. In court, a man claimed that he had suffered injury by being thrown

from the back seat to the front seat. But photographs showed the car to be damaged only on the right side, proving that it was physically impossible for the man to have been thrown forward.

A newspaper cameraman caught in a smash-up photographed the scene. Later, the opposing lawyer claimed his client was so badly hurt that he lay on the pavement until an ambulance arrived. But one of the pictures showed this "unconscious" gentleman gesticulating wildly in the crowd. The case was dropped.

Round up the witnesses — not only those who saw it happen, but those who came later and can testify to the position of the wreckage. Get their statements at once. Five minutes after an accident, a witness's recollection is already sketchy; five months afterward, often totally unreliable. To overcome the notorious reluctance of witnesses, don't ask for their names first. Ask — as police officers are taught to — a series of such questions as, "Did you notice which way was on the wrong side of the road?" and "Don't you think reckless drivers should be penalized?" After answering several such questions, a witness is more likely to give his name.

Keep your witnesses' names to yourself. A leather dealer was driving his truck slowly through a congested New York street. A six-year-old boy, darting from behind a parked car, plunged into the truck and was badly hurt. The driver got

the names of two witnesses, who agreed he was not at fault. Nevertheless, he was sued for \$7500. To his surprise, these two men turned up as witnesses for the boy's parents, and testified that he had been speeding. A jury awarded against him. The two fickle witnesses were subsequently indicted for perjury, but the leather merchant was still out his money. All because he had given the names to the police, and a shyster, finding them on the precinct blotter, had offered each man \$500 to change his story.

As soon as you reach home, sit down and write a full account of what happened before the details fade. Every second spent with pencil and paper may save you money. One suit was nipped in the bud by an alert driver whose notes revealed that the other driver's wife had said, "Darling, I told you those brakes needed fixing."

Wire or phone your insurance company at once; it has facilities for getting the essential facts promptly. They'll send a representative, but be sure he can identify himself. A caller who merely says, "I'm from the company" may be a shyster's runner, and you may give your case away to the other side.

You may not be able to do all these things, but if you can do some of them accurately and well, you will avoid untold trouble — and incidentally make life harder for the shyster racketeer.

By no means dismiss the subject

with the comforting thought that you are insured. Remember that countless chisellers have been awarded amounts far in excess of the insurance carried. That excess comes out of your pocket.

If, in spite of all admonition, you think the accident so trivial it ought to be settled on the spot, for heaven's sake get a full release from

damages. It doesn't have to be technical — just a clear, signed statement in the other driver's words — something like this: "I hereby accept \$1 in full compensation for all damage to my car or injury to myself as the result of accident with John Smith on February 1, 1939." With this in your file, you hold aces.

McTAVISH's new girl friend is so attractive that when he takes her home he can hardly keep his eyes on the meter.

— Louisville Courier-Journal

Sometimes a man with a clear conscience only has a poor memory.

— A country editor, quoted by Neal O'H

Patter

Eight-year-old: Mummy, I had a beautiful dream last night, all in technicolor.

Young mother, in maternity ward: He's a wonderful doctor — only this morning he said we look more like sister than mother and daughter.

— Cartoon by Lichty in N. Y. World-Telegram

Frances Perkins, asked if she found being a woman a handicap, replied: "Only in climbing trees."

— Cal Tinney in N. Y. Post

I have made the important discovery in this country that the "jitterbug" is not an insect, but a human being acting like one.

— Christopher Paget-Mayhew, Oxford University debater in the U. S.

I am grateful that I live in a country where the leaders sit down on Thanksgiving Day and carve up a turkey instead of a map.

— Eddie Cantor in radio broadcast

Sign in the village of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, England:

PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY

Old Deaf Dog

— Newsweek

Rabbi Cohen—"First Citizen of Texas"

Condensed from The Rotarian

Webb Waldron

AT A TIME when the world is full of racial hatred, Galveston, Texas, spreads a shining light of good will and tolerance. The man who lit that light and keeps it burning is Rabbi Henry Cohen—called by Woodrow Wilson the first citizen of Texas, by Stephen S. Wise "the finest rabbi we've got." Today, any day, you will see Henry Cohen scurrying through the streets—a small, wiry, gnome-like man of 75—intent on errands of good will, precisely as he has been from morning to night for more than 50 years. He has irradiated the entire community by his ten thousand acts of service.

He pauses at the curb, shoots out his long white cuff and studies the 20 or more names scribbled on it. Then he glances up at me and smiles. "That's my notebook. The people I've got to see before I go to bed. Come on."

There's a boy just out of prison for whom the Rabbi has landed a job. We have to find out how the lad is getting on. "You were right, Doc," the employer says, "that kid has good stuff in him. He'll make out all right." There's a shopkeeper who is back in his rent and afraid he'll be thrown out. "I've sized that fellow up," says Rabbi Cohen to

his landlord, "and I think he'll come through. You ought to give him more time."

"All right, Rabbi, we'll go easy."

There's a man in the hospital whose job couldn't be kept waiting for him. The man is terribly depressed. What will he do when he gets out? "Never mind!" Cohen roars at him. "Your business just now is to get well. Stop worrying! I'll find you a job!"

When the last name is crossed off the cuff, I say, a bit puzzled: "Rabbi, there didn't seem to be many Jews on that list." The Rabbi looks at me in surprise. "Why, no," he says, "there wasn't one. What difference does that make? In this town there is no such thing as Methodist mumps, Baptist domestic troubles, Presbyterian poverty or Catholic broken legs."

That philosophy has motivated Henry Cohen all his life.

One day, more than 25 years ago, word came to Henry Cohen that a Russian named Demchuk in a Galveston jail had sent for him. The prisoner had been a revolutionist in Russia and had escaped as a stowaway. Now he had learned that his family was starving; and he was to be deported on the next ship. Back in Russia he would face a

firing squad. The immigration officer in Galveston could do nothing. Washington would do nothing. Yet something had to be done quickly.

Bicycling back from the jail, Henry Cohen suddenly stopped in at the store of a friend, borrowed \$100, peddled swiftly to the station, barely catching a train for Washington. His bike he checked in the baggage car. In Washington Cohen peddled down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Department of Labor. "I'm sorry, Doctor Cohen," said the Secretary. "The man has to be deported. We can't make exceptions." Rabbi Cohen turned away, his heart sick.

Then he made for the White House. Rabbi Cohen even then was well known in Washington and, within an hour, was telling his story to President Taft. The President, too, said "No exceptions," and added, trying to soothe Rabbi Cohen, "You Jews are wonderful. I don't know of any people who will do as much for their own race and creed as you do."

"My own creed!" said Cohen. "What do you mean, Mr. President? This man is not a Jew! He's a Greek Catholic!"

President Taft jumped. "A Greek Catholic! You came all the way from Texas to intercede for a Greek Catholic?"

"Certainly," said Rabbi Cohen. "He's a human being, isn't he?"

Taft rang for a secretary. "Take a telegram to the immigration office in Galveston: 'Release Dem-

chuk in the custody of Rabbi Henry Cohen.'"

Back in Galveston, Cohen got Demchuk a job at his trade in a boiler factory. Eventually Demchuk got his family out of Russia.

What would happen if a Baptist preacher or an Episcopal rector gave three fourths of his time to folks of other creeds and no creed at all? Would his congregation object? I don't know, but I do know that Rabbi Cohen's congregation is proud of his work for all sorts and conditions of men. They don't feel neglected. The Rabbi preaches each Sabbath, teaches Sabbath school, watches all through the week over his flock.

How does he get time? He rises at 5:30 and works till 7:30. After breakfast he goes to his office in the Henry Cohen Community House, which the citizens of Galveston built at a cost of \$100,000 in honor of the fortieth anniversary of his rabbinate. He goes through his mail, and is then off on his day's work through the town. "Other men play golf for recreation," he smiled at me. "My hobby is helping people."

That day I spent with him was typical in the life of Rabbi Cohen. Every day in the year the cuff is full of names, every day they are all crossed out before the Rabbi can get to bed.

While devoting most of his energies to non-Jews, he has also given tremendous service to his own peo-

ple. Early in the century Russian persecution of the Jews sent thousands in flight to the United States. Prominent Jews became disturbed by the crowding of these newcomers into Eastern cities, and Jacob Schiff gave \$500,000 to set up a Jewish immigration bureau at Galveston. He asked Rabbi Cohen to take charge, and from 1907 to 1914 more than 10,000 Jewish refugees landed at Galveston in care of Rabbi Cohen. For these people Cohen found jobs as artisans and farmers in the small towns of the West, refusing all recompense for his work.

His refugee work was so successful that during the trouble with Mexico in 1913, Congress, on the recommendation of the American Red Cross, voted \$75,000 to care for refugees from Mexico, to be administered by Rabbi Cohen entirely at his discretion.

Hatred of injustice has driven Rabbi Cohen, all his mature life, to fight for prison reform. When he first pleaded for it before the legislature, Texas prison conditions were almost inhuman. Today, largely through the Rabbi's efforts, there is segregation of first offenders, and a first-offenders' farm. There is an attempt by psychiatric examination to understand the cause of the prisoner's conflict with the law. A parole board has been established in every county. Dozens of men have been paroled in his care, and not one has ever failed him.

The reason, no doubt, is that

Henry Cohen has an uncanny shrewdness in sizing up human honesty. Said the sheriff, "There's nobody whose judgment I'd trust the way I do the Rabbi's. If he says there's good in a man, I'll take his word for it. He's never guessed wrong."

A rumor reached Rabbi Cohen one day that a man in a Texas prison, Sidney Porter by name, had been wrongfully convicted. The Rabbi investigated, and appealed to the Governor. Many months passed. Then one morning a man at Cohen's door, with a satchel in his hand, asked hesitatingly: "Are you Rabbi Cohen?" Reassured, the man fell on his knees, tears streaming down his face. "I am Sidney Porter," he said. "I can't do anything now to pay you for what you've done for me. But I'm a writer. I'll write things to help your people." Then he departed.

Years later, O. Henry, whose real name was Sidney Porter, wrote a story about a Southern rabbi who secured the release of a wrongfully convicted man.

It is surprising to find that this dynamic little man of action is also so deeply the student, the scholar. Sitting in his library walled to the ceiling with books, he suddenly leaps up and pulls down a volume to show me the Golden Rule in Confucius: "What you do not wish done to you, do not do to others." "I would as soon preach on a text from Confucius as the Talmud," he says, "if the truth is there."

Once, in the early days, the Rabbi learned that a girl was being held a prisoner in the red-light district of Galveston. Forcing his way into the establishment, he found the girl in a room upstairs. Her clothes had been taken from her. He wrapped blankets around her, and trudged with her through the main street of Galveston and into a clothing store. "Fit her out from head to foot!" Then he took the girl home, got her a job.

During half a century in Galveston, Rabbi Cohen has had many urgent offers from large synagogues in Eastern cities. "But this is my home," he says. "I like a city of this size. A man gets to know everybody. He can see the results of his work."

He can see the results in tolerance, for one thing. The Rabbi repeatedly is asked to speak in the Protestant churches of Galveston, and every Protestant minister, and the Catholic priest, too, have spoken in the synagogue and the Henry Cohen Community House.

In the recent mayoralty election, the two chief candidates were a Catholic and a Jew. The Catholic came to his padre seeking his support. "No, my son," said the padre, "I am going to vote for Adrian Levy. Levy has been a good mayor and I think we ought to keep him on the job." The priest told me that hundreds of his parishioners voted as he did. Levy was elected, though the Jews form less than two percent of the population of Galveston. The priest said to me: "Why is it we judge a man in this town not for his race or his creed, but for *what he is himself*? The answer is — Rabbi Cohen."

At the celebration in 1938 of his fiftieth anniversary in Galveston, admirers gave Rabbi Cohen a donation with the strict injunction that he should not give it away but that he use it to make his old age easy. But the Rabbi goes on tirelessly, indomitably. "I've so many things to do," he says, "so many people to look after. How can I stop?"



Why Not Adopt More Generally?

A HOSPITAL in Reading, Pennsylvania, has found a way to divert the flowers, candy and magazines that often flow into sickrooms in an overwhelming flood into a more useful channel. Sympathetic friends of a sick person may pay for one day of the patient's hospital bill and a card is delivered stating: "This indicates that you are my guest in the Reading Hospital for the day. I wish you a speedy recovery."

—Hospital Topics and Buyer

¶ To be free, to be left alone, to leave everybody else alone —
that is the creed of the Finn

Patriotism—Finnish Style

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

T. R. Ybarra

"**S**UOMI!" You should hear a Finn pronounce that word — his own name for his native land. He puts his soul into it. Suomi, the motherland, is always present in his thoughts, his acts, his dreams.

But Finnish patriotism manifests itself in ways that seem paradoxical. The Finns are ardent lovers of the music of their grand old man, Jean Sibelius, and they are ardent fans for track athletics, particularly long-distance running as typified by their matchless Paavo Nurmi. Both enthusiasms stem from a valiant patriotic urge.

During the days when the Czar was trying to stamp out all national spirit and make Russians out of the Finns, one of the excuses for gathering in crowds was the athletic meets, and one of the ways to slap the Czar was for a Finn to win an event at an international track meet. To this day, Finnish athletes are out to win honors *for Finland*.

And during those dark days of persecution, Sibelius worked passionately for Finnish freedom. His great tone poem *Finlandia* expressed the soul and aspirations of

his country so explicitly that Finnish audiences were whipped into patriotic frenzy, and Czarist police finally forbade its performance.

Consumer coöperatives — today there are 6000 with a membership of 800,000 — were another means of teaching Finns to band together for patriotic ends, strengthening national solidarity.

Patriotism also expresses itself in another strange way. "National honor" — which has caused so many wars — is interpreted by the Finns in terms of national honesty. If you borrow money, you pay it back. Of the \$8,500,000 war debt owed the United States, Finland has to date repaid \$5,000,000.

Finland is just rounding out her 20th year as an independent nation. But the homogeneous people that dwell in this area between the Baltic on the south and west and the icy deserts of the Arctic have always thought of themselves as a race apart. United with Sweden for nearly 700 years, the Finns remained Finns. During the Napoleonic wars they fell under the stern rule of the Czar. Still they found ways to preserve their inner integ-

city, their proud identity. When the Bolshevik revolution struck, it was Finland's moment. In bitter fighting she resisted Russia's attempts to hold her, and on July 17, 1919, Finland was proclaimed a republic.

The patriots of this northland are a silent folk, hard and unsmiling. Ceaseless struggle for existence against a cruel climate does not breed levity. Even about the women there is a touch of iron.

The lust for hardiness carries over into their very indulgences. There is, for example, the *sauna* — the Finnish bath. Imagine a windowless hut, hermetically sealed except for a small opening in the roof, containing a lot of big stones, heated red-hot by a fire underneath them. Imagine a naked Finn blithely pouring dippers of water on those stones, until he and other Finns are enveloped in clouds of hot steam. All of them lie serenely on their backs in this stifling atmosphere or belabor each other with small branches until their skins are tingling. Then — if you can — imagine them racing out of the blinding, suffocating steam clouds, and plunging, with shrieks of joy, into an icy lake or snow bank!

The Finns think the *sauna* helps explain their athletic prowess. Even when they put modern plumbing into their homes, patriotism often makes them refuse to change the bathing arrangements — for fear they'll go soft.

There is a scenic grandeur about Finland's lakes and forests which helps to account for the bubbling pride the Finns show in their country. Yet this is only background. The Finns are just as proud that only one percent of their population is illiterate as they are of their scenery. In Finland the world of physical beauty and the world of the mind are merged.

About 90 percent of the people stubbornly cling to the Finnish language, a tongue weird and unspellable. The rest, near the coast, use Swedish — but are none the less fiercely Finns.

Helsinki, the capital, is spacious, clean and self-confident. The architecture is modern, bold and original — something distinctly Finnish, not imitated from other lands.

The 300,000 residents of this spick-and-span metropolis are as innately democratic as their brothers of the hinterland. There is complete lack of class distinctions and no difference in the status of men and women. Long before independence, girls were enrolled at Helsinki University, were employed in business, and did other kinds of work which women weren't yet doing in other countries.

In rural districts some are still partial to the old native costumes — high bodices, full sleeves, bright-hued, ample skirts. Others adopt foreign styles with much good taste. They have a passion for cleanliness — many Finnish homes seem to

undergo a scouring once an hour or so — and their skins, as a result of years of indulgence in the steaming, freezing *sauna*, literally glow.

In his symphonies, masterpieces of somber mystery and tremendous power, Sibelius probes the very marrow of the Finnish soul. As they listen to his music, his fellow countrymen forget the ultra-modern concert hall in which they sit and are swept away in imagination to the very heart of the Finnish lake-land. Vast northern forests close in on them and in their ears is the ripple of broad sheets of water, shadowy by day, bathed, through the long hours of northern twilight, in ghostly hues.

They see busy little steamboats crisscrossing wide shimmering lakes — each a gem of solitude and beauty. They see immense rafts, made from hundreds of huge logs lashed together, manned by dour, brawny lumberjacks, lazing down silent rivers, on their way to one of the many sawmills dotting the shores. They see tumbling cascades, grim ridges covered with impenetrable masses of trees, and, majestically dominating some busy lake-and-

river highway, the thick walls of some scowling medieval castle.

As the musicians plunge deeper and deeper into the rumbling and majestic score, you begin to glimpse the depth of devotion the Finn has for his native land.

Yet the Finns never let their intense patriotism flare up into aggressiveness. In a world of rampant and aggressive nationalism, they don't want to conquer anybody, impose their political or cultural ideas on anybody. To be free, to be left alone, to leave everybody else alone — that is the creed of Suomi. It is the creed of a people, who, though peaceful, have no touch of softness or weakness.

The little nations are nervous today in a world where brute force makes the law — especially the new nations that won independence after the World War. One of them is being dismembered, and no friend raised a hand to save her; others not far from Finland are threatened. Finland watches — every Finn has vowed deep in his heart that never again shall foreign fetters be riveted on the sons and daughters of Suomi.



Cultural Note: New York's Museum of Natural History has boasted of the countless art-lovers who came to see its wonders. But when a comfort station was erected on a nearby corner, museum attendance fell off 100,000.

— Leonard Lyons in N. Y. Post

Q The world's greatest peach grower hires no transient pickers, gives year-round work to 700 families who live in model homes

The Merritt System

Condensed from *The Commentator*

Frank J. Taylor

TAGUS RANCH, 7000-acre duchy of the Merritts, father and son, straddles California's main trunk highway, 40 miles south of Fresno. It is, as huge signboards inform you, the world's largest peach, apricot and nectarine orchard. Yearly, it produces fruit, hay and cotton worth a million dollars. It is not only big, it's beautiful, with its gleaming white buildings and its long lines of fruit trees pruned into neat cones above a green carpet of alfalfa. But things that do not meet the eye make Tagus Ranch even more remarkable.

Thirty years ago this was cattle range, a bare plain, too dry for any other use. Now on a summer's day the ranch pumps from its 60 wells enough water to supply a large city. Once the ranch gave work to a small band of cowhands. Now 700 families — 2000 men, women and children — live on the place. Most remarkable fact of all, they work the year around.

Agriculture is traditionally a seasonal industry. But the California custom of hiring great armies of itinerant workers for the rush season and turning them off between times

irked the Merritts. They brought to farming the restless search for efficiency the elder Merritt had learned in the industrial world, and they have made Tagus Ranch a year-round producer. The result — families stay on the place year after year. Labor turnover is negligible, and there is a long waiting list.

The Merritt system of farming is a well-picked bone of contention. Other fruitgrowers in the San Joaquin valley respect the Merritts' ability, but they say, sometimes, that the Merritt "philanthropy" toward employes — model villages, model schools, paid vacations, and the like — is the hobby of feudal barons and it makes things tough for the neighboring employers.

"It's just good business," Clint Merritt replies hotly. And to refute the accusation of altruism, he cites the 30-year earning record of Tagus Ranch. It made money every year but one — 1932.

"We get 25 percent more work in a day from a crew of resident employes than we do from itinerant workers," he says.

To provide year-round work and to eliminate extreme peaks of rush

work has taken a lot of management. Much of the job had to be pioneered. They searched for different varieties of peaches, apricots and nectarines that would ripen at different times. As a result, Tagus Ranch now grows 16 varieties of the three fruits. Picking starts in early June and goes on until late September.

Then they thought of cotton, since in the San Joaquin valley cotton-picking runs from October into January. "We'd grow cotton even if it didn't make us a nickel," says Clint Merritt. "We'd grow it to keep our people working."

After cotton-picking, the spring tilling, pruning, spraying, crop thinning, cotton chopping, and haying fill out the year until the fruit ripens again.

The hay is alfalfa. It helps round out the yearly cycle of work, but its main job is to enrich the soil for the trees. Pruning the trees cone-shaped to make picking easier is a Merritt innovation, as is the system of running continuous tests of the soil for moisture, and for nutrient content.

Hulett C. Merritt was one of the discoverers and developers of Minnesota's Mesabi iron range. At 28, he sold his holdings for a fortune and retired to California. A few years on Pasadena's "Millionaire Row" was enough for him. He came from a family of Ohio farmers; he loved the soil; he had ideas he wanted to try. So, 30 years ago, he bought the parched Tagus tract.

He and his son, Clint, built up the productiveness of the ranch through a cycle including range cattle, and hay and grain, then alfalfa, dairy cattle, sugar beets, hogs and vegetables, to fruit and cotton.

Drilling tapped enormous water reserves. Sixty wells and pumps represent a \$300,000 investment; it costs \$50,000 a year to run them. Tagus is a big-scale operation.

The elder Merritt has now retired for the second time, leaving Clint to carry on. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Jr. — short, thick-set, good-humored but intensely serious — works all the time he isn't reading. Across the street from the spacious white office building where he spends most of his working hours is the spotless cash-and-carry store, selling groceries, meats and vegetables, dry goods and clothing at chain-store prices. The Merritts manage to lose a cent or two on every dollar of sales — purposely, just to keep it clear that they make money only out of farming and not out of the store — or the restaurant that serves 15- to 25-cent meals, or the garage, or the filling station.

Down the short street, surrounded by lawns, trees and flowers are the cottages of the owners and the several superintendents. Fourteen communities scattered over the ranch house the workers and their families. Each family has as much land for flower and vegetable gardens as it cares to keep up, and there's a monthly prize for the most attrac-

tive flower garden in each little village. Rent for these homes, including water, sanitary facilities and daily garbage disposal, ranges from \$2 to \$4 a month.

The six-room Tagus school was built by the Merritts and is leased to the county for a dollar a year. Any youngster whose chart shows malnutrition gets cod-liver oil until he is up to normal.

Many of the new workers had lived on corn meal and sow-belly all their lives. So, three years ago the ranch established a domestic science school for mothers, to teach them food values and cooking.

A revolving fund is administered by the superintendent of labor, who is authorized to lend to any family facing an emergency. The borrowers pay back a few dollars a month. It is not deducted from their pay and there is no pressure, but surprisingly few fail to pay up.

A Tagus Ranch family earns about \$1500 a year. Monthly income varies from \$80 when only the father is working to as much as \$400 when the women and older children join in the fruit or cotton picking. Two weeks' vacation with pay is provided. There is no docking of pay for sickness.

The Merritts never hire outsiders for the executive jobs on the farm. The superintendent of operations, his seven foremen, each an overlord of 600 to 1500 acres, and the 35 straw bosses — all have come up

from the ditches or down off a fruit picker's ladder.

There are two exceptions — the soil chemist, and the engineer in charge of the pumps. With operations so highly synchronized, the ranch is peculiarly vulnerable at several points. Shortage of water could ruin a crop. So could delay in spraying. Tagus trees bear so prodigiously that often a good half of the fruit must be stripped off when it is small and green. Delay here could be destructive. Most crucial time of all is the harvest, when Tagus fruits keep 6000 persons busy in seven canneries, and the fruit must be picked the day it is ripe.

A few years ago, at the height of the harvest, radical labor organizers, making a drive on all California farming, descended on Tagus Ranch, dragged fruit pickers from their ladders, and temporarily tied up operations. The trouble was quickly over. Two of the terrorists are still in jail. That was the ranch's one taste of labor trouble.

This buttresses Clint Merritt's contention that the good will of his employes is the most important asset of the ranch — the other two indispensables being fine soil and abundant water.

"Don't make us out altruists," he warned me. "What we've done at Tagus, we've done for business reasons. You can't force a man to give you a good day's work, but you can make him want to do it"

¶ The biography of an amiable, imperturbable,
100% American, who is grievously misunderstood

Meet Mephitis

From The American Mercury

Alan Devoe

THREE INDIANS call him *Sikak*; mammalogists label him *Mephitis mephitis*; and his pelt is apt to be camouflaged as *Alaska Sable*. Plainest and commonest name of all, certainly the most richly fraught with disparaging implication, is plain skunk. By that terse epithet he is known from coast to coast, and seldom do we speak it with affection.

But seldom, either, do we make any effort to know *Mephitis* better, or to understand him and his skunkly way of life. It is too bad, for we miss acquaintance with one of the most amiable and entertaining of all our wood-folk.

It is usually in late April or in May, when the veined green spathes of skunk cabbage are thrusting up in marshy places, that the baby skunk is ushered into life. He is one of a litter that may contain almost a dozen, and the place of his birth is most often a vault-chambered burrow in the frozen earth, patiently lined with dry leaves and matted grasses against the chill of spring nights.

Newborn *Mephitis* is a helpless mite no larger than a meadow

mouse. His babyhood is long. When he has reached the age of a month—an age at which wild birds are fully fledged, and the white-footed forest mice are nearly ready to beget progeny of their own—he still weighs no more than ten or eleven ounces, and has not yet ventured to peep out upon the sunny wonder-world at his doorway.

But already there are clear signs that he is a skunk. The downy black fur of his wedge-shaped little head bears a white stripe from between his eyes to his nose; and there are white stripes along his sides. He is beginning to develop a gait which will be characteristic of him all his life, very like a bear's.

By the seventh or eighth week young *Mephitis*, at last weaned, is ready for forays into the Great Outside. As he waddles solemnly in his mother's wake among the daisies, his small furry head is filled with an immediate consciousness that this is a world which holds no terrors for him. He stares at it with a kind of complacent acceptance and blurry affability.

He begins at once to earn his way. It is his good fortune to have an appetite almost uniquely catholic and comprehensive. He eats his weight several times a week in grasshoppers, crickets, June bugs, field mice and potato bugs, all enemies of the farmer. He likes tobacco and tomato worms; he is the best destroyer of army worms. He is, in short, the most valuable of all animals as a pest destroyer.

Mephitis, full grown, is as large as a house cat and weighs eight or ten pounds. Of his 28 inches from nose-tip to tail-tip, fully ten inches is tail. A superb and lovely tail it is, nearly as broad as it is long, and tipped with pure white. It trails behind Mephitis as an undulant feathery plume — a suitable tail for a creature so amiable and imperturbable.

For such is the character that Mephitis has developed with maturity. His bright black eyes show neither hostility nor terror, but have a kind of philosophic calm. His contentment is not even marred by that urge toward personal independence which so often makes young animals and young human beings fretful. With his mother and the whole full-grown brood he continues to inhabit the earth-burrow where he was born, and the whole family still goes on periodic hunting trips together. On these occasions they all proceed, by some curious ancient understanding, in single file. Sometimes, too, they play.

Not many men have witnessed the playtime of the skunks. It is usually in the early dusk that the little company forgathers for the game. Five or six or even more of them range themselves in a circle, noses pointed toward its center, and there ensues a kind of ceremonial dance. In unison the plume-tailed players advance by stiff-legged hops until their noses touch, and after a moment they retreat with the same prancing gait to the periphery of the circle. As many as a dozen times they act out this grave and grotesque ritual, each move as unvarying and precise as clockwork. Then quite suddenly the little gathering disperses on the nightly quest for bugs and salamanders.

There comes a time, of course, when Mephitis must undergo the experience from which no creature of earth is exempt: he must meet an enemy. The moment when Mephitis, lumbering placidly along a country lane, is confronted for the first time by a hostile farmhouse mongrel, is the moment when he achieves the full expression of his skunkhood. It is now that he follows, at the bidding of an instinct suddenly awakened, the immemorial behavior-pattern of all skunks.

Tranquilly, with neither fear nor malice, he eyes the mongrel in his path. So great is his reluctance to mar the peaceful tenor of his evening that he stands for a

moment quite still, hopeful that the din of barking will presently subside and the barker take his leave. Instead the dog advances in a growling rush. It is a serious error. Very slowly Mephitis lowers his furry striped head, delicately arches his back, and with grave earnestness thumps his forefeet on the ground. It is not a terrifying sound, this little pattering staccato, but the wild wood-folk understand it perfectly, and respond to it as quickly as to a rattler's whirr. But the dog sees Mephitis' gesture as only a silly antic, and he makes another charge.

Not yet does Mephitis respond to the challenge. There is a prescribed skunk-ritual for such times as this, and Mephitis follows it scrupulously. Standing stock still, he stares straight before him with unwinking eyes, and very slowly he shakes his head from side to side. It is an odd gesture—a fanciful naturalist might almost read it as a rueful one. It is Part Two of the three-part warning.

Still the uncomprehending dog gives no heed, and the time has come for the third and final caution. Gracefully Mephitis lifts his broad plumed tail. He raises it straight over his striped back, and the drooping white tip is gradually erected. Only for an instant longer does he hesitate, then abruptly wheels and presents his rear to the dog. His strong little back arches in a sudden convulsive movement.

A thin jet of liquid glimmers phosphorescently in the summer dusk.

As far as a rod from where Mephitis stands, the trees and grass are spattered by a burning spray. An acrid choking odor saturates earth and leaves, and drifts on the air for hundreds of yards around. Chipmunks scurry deeper in their crannies to escape the suffocating fumes.

From far away there reach Mephitis' ears the agonized yelpings of a running dog, who never again is likely to trifle with a skunk. His hide has been drenched by the sulphide that scientists call mercaptan, and the fiery spray has entered his eyes and been inhaled into his lungs. For a day or two, at least, he will be totally blind.

Such is the way of Mephitis when reluctantly he is forced to warfare. But such encounters are rare, and mostly he waddles abroad in the evening coolness, learning how to pinion the little green grass-snakes with his heavy flat-soled paws, and becoming adept in catching bees and wasps. He routs them out, as a bear does, by prodigious scratchings, and then as they swarm angrily around his furry head he beats them to earth with his strong forefeet. They often sting him on the inside of his mouth and lips and gullet but he does not feel the stings at all. He is totally immune.

All through the autumn Me-

phitis continues his nocturnal prowlings. Sometimes one of his tribe will raid a poultry yard, but such individuals are rare. As the first snows come sifting down, he hunts and eats with mounting ravenousness and his gait grows slower. Mephitis is very fat now. In the new-fallen snow his zigzag tracks show a furrow of dragging feet between. At last on a blowy winter evening he does not come out from his burrow at all. Snow chokes it, sealing out the cold, and Mephitis remains unmoving in his grass-lined nest. His mother and his brothers are there with him, and usually a friendly visiting skunk or two, and all of them lie curled together without sound. Mephitis has entered into his winter sleep.

He will stay there, dreamless and hardly breathing, until a subtle impulse warns him that mid-March of his second spring has come and that it is time for him to set out searching for a mate. After he has found her, he will remain strictly faithful. In keeping with the staid temper of his ways, Mephitis is an unwavering monogamist. He will beget his own striped progeny and he will resume once more his leisured quest for grubs and beetles. Year after year this will continue to be the unvarying cycle of his life.

Efforts are increasing to take Mephitis out of his fields and to domesticate him on fur farms. Some prudent skunk-farmers make a practice of depriving him by surgery of his musk glands, but others have discovered that this is needless. Mephitis takes to domestication with perfect equability. So long as he is gently treated he makes no effort to employ his formidable battery. Given a wire pen and a nest-box approximating the size of his natural home, he breeds and dozes as complacently as though he were no prisoner at all.

Mephitis remains unchangeably the same — a grave and friendly little fellow, who wants no more (but wants this much with inexorable insistence) than to be treated with civility.

It is good to know him not only because he is a valuable economic ally; not only because one of our great American cities, Chicago — Sikako — was named in his honor. It is good to make his acquaintance for the pleasure of meeting, in these distressed and war-torn times, one fellow creature who will use his weapons only for defense, and in whose simple earth-born philosophy the fragrant peace of a summer evening is cause enough for whole-souled contentment.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, asked to express briefly his idea of happiness, said: "Four feet on a fireplace fender."

***** B O O K S E C T I O N *****

ALONE

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

RICHARD E. BYRD



THIS is the book that Admiral Byrd was four years deciding whether to write: the account of an Antarctic experience so intimate that for a long time he could not bring himself to tell it.

"Alone" has been a nation-wide best seller since publication. "One of the most intense and moving dramas of our time," says the New York *Herald Tribune*. "A great and living book."

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2 W. 45 St., N. Y. C.

ALONE

BOLLING Advance Weather Base, which I manned alone during the Antarctic winter night of 1934, was planted on the dark immensity of the Ross Ice Barrier, in a line between Little America and the South Pole. It was the first inland station ever occupied on the world's southernmost continent.

My original idea was that three men — two weather observers and a radio operator — should man the base. But by the time we reached Little America it was the middle of March and winter was coming on. Increasing cold and darkness, and the hidden crevasses in the ice pack, made travel into the interior hazardous. A group sent ahead with tractors to set up Advance Base, 123 miles farther south, encountered mechanical difficulties. The supplies needed for three men could not be transported in time. It had to be one man, and that one myself; I couldn't ask a subordinate to take the job.

Apart from this, Advance Base had been my baby from the beginning. During my expedition to the South Pole in 1928-30 it had occurred to me that weather observations taken at a permanent inland

post, when correlated with data gathered simultaneously at Little America, would throw revealing light on atmospheric conditions in the Southern Hemisphere.

Moreover, I wanted to go for the experience's sake. After many years of the crowding confusion of various expeditions, I was conscious of a certain aimlessness. I wanted to taste complete quiet and solitude, and sink roots into some replenishing philosophy. As for the practical matters of existence, I felt that my experience as an explorer had made me self-reliant. That I miscalculated is proved by the fact that I almost lost my life.

I was flown to Advance Base on March 22, and the pilot returned immediately, hurrying lest the cold congeal the oil in the engine and make it impossible to start again. I found the tractor party busy digging a pit 15 feet long, 11 wide and 8 deep — big enough to hold my specially constructed shack. Sunk in the snow, it would be out of reach of the wind and drift, which there on the Ross Ice Barrier, less than 10° from the South Pole, mounts with the speed of the tide around any raised object. The Bar-

rier is as flat as the Kansas plains. Snow rolls on forever to meet the sky in a round of unbroken horizon.

The pit was dug overly long to accommodate my "veranda," created by projecting the roof two feet past the wall at the west end. This gave me access to two parallel tunnels, one to store fuel in, and one for supplies. At the far end of the food tunnel we dug a hole for a toilet — which was distinguished, as one of the men remarked, for "the open plumbing." In one corner of the roof projection a trap-door, reached by a ladder, led to the surface.

The shack was heated by an ordinary two-lid oil stove, the stack of which ran along one wall before passing out through a vent. We thought we were thus providing the equivalent of a radiator; but the scheme was a clumsy makeshift. Two or three pipe sections had been lost on the trail, and we had to use empty five-gallon tins as joints. This crude, inoffensive-looking heating plant held for me the power of life and death.

On March 28, as the tractor party started back to Little America, I instructed them emphatically that no rescue efforts were to be made on my behalf in the event of radio failure. "No matter what happens," I said, "remember that I'm better off in this shack than you would be on the Barrier, coming to my aid."

After the tractors had disappeared I went below; and what I saw was

good. The means of a secure existence were all handy, in a world I could span in four strides one way and three the other. It was not a bright world. The storm lantern hanging over my bunk burned dimly; and the gasoline pressure lamp, suspended from the ceiling, seemed to concentrate all its brilliance in one spot, making the shadows seem all the darker. However, this dimness gave a pleasing depth to the room. There was enough light for reading, and I had a portable phonograph for further recreation.

When I undressed that first night I cursed when my bare feet touched the cold floor, and after opening the door for ventilation I fairly flew into the sleeping bag before the inflowing cold blast overtook me. Remembering the toilet some 35 feet down the tunnel, I was glad my kidneys were sound.

During the next few days I discovered that the weather instruments were going to keep me on the jump. I had eight in continuous operation, and there was scarcely an hour of the day of which a part was not devoted to taking care of them or recording observations.

Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 o'clock I was to make contact with Little America by radio. My equipment allowed Little America to talk to me, but I could reply only in the dots and dashes of the Morse code. The fact that my first effort at sending code was successful, despite my inexperience, set me

up enormously. Somehow John Dyer and Charlie Murphy at Little America managed to decipher my messages.

APRIL CAME IN snowing and blowing. I felt as if I were the last survivor of an Ice Age, striving to hold on with the flimsy tools bequeathed by an easygoing, temperate world. Cold does queer things. At 50 below zero a flashlight dies out in your hand. At -55 kerosene freezes and the lamp flame dries up on the wick. Below -60, cold will find the last microscopic touch of oil in an instrument and stop it dead. If there is the slightest breeze, you can hear your breath freeze as it floats away, making a sound like tiny firecrackers.

Cold — even April's relatively mild cold — gave me plenty to think about. The novocaine in my medical kit froze and shattered the glass tubes. Two cases of tomato juice burst their bottles. I had to let canned food stand by the stove all day to thaw. Frost was forever collecting on the electrical contact points of the wind vane and anemometer cups above the shack; and cleaning them was a bitter job, especially on blustery nights. I seldom came down from that 12-foot anemometer pole without a frost-bitten finger, toe, nose or cheek.

The shack was always freezingly cold in the morning. Frost coated the sleeping bag where my breath had condensed. Even with the pro-

tection of silk gloves my fingers would sting and burn from the touch of the lamp and stove as I lighted them. The old flesh had sloughed off the tips from touching cold metal objects, and the new flesh was insufferably tender.

Until I started life at Advance Base I had always been somewhat casual, given to working at odd hours when the mood came. But now an orderly routine was the only defense against the brain-cracking loneliness. And I had to admit that I was lonely. Try as I might, I couldn't take my loneliness casually; it was too big. So in order not to dwell on it I tried to keep my days crowded with systematic duties.

As April moved along, the day began to die. For weeks the sun had been setting a little earlier, rising a little later. Now, with less than a fortnight of daylight left, it was just a monstrous ball which could barely hoist itself free from the horizon. It would wheel along a few hours, obscured by mist, then sink out of sight not long after noon. I found myself watching it as one might watch a departing lover.

Almost every day produced a reminder of the varied hazards of isolation. Rime was continually choking the stovepipe, the ventilating pipes, even the exhaust duct from the radio generator. And, although walking had always been my principal relaxation, I didn't dare get out of sight of the an-

moment pole — the only landmark for hundreds of miles.

In order to extend my walks, I marked a path about 100 yards long by driving two-foot bamboo sticks into the crust every three paces. But one dark day, in a fit of abstraction, I walked beyond my last stick. When I turned to go back there was nothing in sight on the Barrier, and I was overwhelmed by the realization that I had no idea of how far I had walked, or the direction in which I was heading. I scanned the Barrier with my flashlight; but my boots had left no mark on the hard surface. It was scary. My first impulse was to run, but I quelled that and took stock of the situation.

Since it was the one fact I had to work with, I scratched an arrow in the snow pointing in the direction whence I had come. Then I broke off pieces of crust and heaped them into a little beacon. After that I spotted two stars in line with the arrow, and with my eyes on them I went forward 100 paces and stopped. I swung the flashlight all around and could see nothing but blank Barrier.

Not daring to go farther for fear of losing the snow beacon, I retraced my steps. On the next sortie I swung the course 30 degrees to the left. And as before, after a hundred steps, I saw nothing.

You're lost now, I told myself. I was appalled. I realized I should have to lengthen my radius from

the beacon; and in so doing I might never find my way back to the one certainty. However, there was no alternative except to freeze to death where I was. So I decided to take 30 steps more in the same direction, after piling a little snow to mark the 100-pace point. On the 29th step I picked up a bamboo stick, not more than 30 feet away. No shipwrecked mariner, sighting a distant sail, could have been more overjoyed.

THE FIRST DAYS of May were among the most wonderful I had ever known. The wind scarcely blew, the cold moved down from the Pole, and opposite the moon in a coal-black sky the cast-up light from the departed sun burned like a bonfire. A soundlessness fell over the Barrier. I have never known such utter quiet.

Solitude is an excellent laboratory in which to observe the extent to which manners and habits are conditioned by others. I soon had no table manners whatever. I ate with my fingers, or out of a can, or standing up.

A life alone makes the need for external demonstration almost disappear. After a while I seldom cussed, although at first I was quick to open fire at everything that tried my patience. My sense of humor remained, but now when I laughed, I laughed inside; for I seemed to have forgotten how to do it out loud. I found, too, that if I spoke

aloud, the words sounded hollow and unfamiliar.

I let my hair grow, for it came down around my neck and kept it warm. I still shaved once a week — but only because a beard will ice up from the breath and freeze the face. Looking in the mirror one morning, I decided that a man without women around is a man without vanity; my cheeks were blistered and my nose was red and bulbous from a hundred frostbites. But how I looked was of no importance; all that mattered was how I felt, and aside from an occasional headache I felt very well.

One day early in May I had a narrow escape. On my regular afternoon walk outside the shack I suddenly found myself sprawled out full length in the snow with one leg dangling over the side of an open crevasse. I crawled away an inch at a time, and then edged back with a flashlight to take a look.

I had broken through the snow roof of a blind crevasse — one you cannot tell from the solid surface. At the top it was only three feet across; but a little way down it belled out, making a vast cave. The walls changed from blue to emerald green, the color of sea ice, and I could see no bottom. It must have been hundreds of feet deep. Good luck had carried me across the crevasse at right angles to its length; had I been walking in any other direction I might well have fallen

in. I marked the danger spot well with bamboo poles.

By May 17, one month after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the noon twilight had dwindled to a mere chink in the darkness, lit by a cold reddish glow. The Barrier became a vast stagnant shadow surmounted by swollen masses of clouds, one layer of darkness piled on top of the other. This was the polar night, the morbid countenance of the Ice Age. Nothing moved; nothing was visible. This was the soul of inertness.

Out of the deepening darkness came the cold. On Sunday, the 20th, the inside thermograph stood at 74° below zero. At midnight, when I clambered topside for an auroral observation, a wild sense of suffocation came over me the instant I pushed my shoulders through the trapdoor. My lungs gasped, but no air reached them. The bitter air was constricting the breathing passages. I bent my head, breathing into my glove.

Seldom had the aurora flamed more brilliantly. It ran across the sky from north to south in the shape of a great ellipse. Beyond the south end a gigantic drapery composed of brilliant light rays hung in enormous folds over the South Pole.

As I watched, the shape of the aurora began to change, and it became a great, lustrous serpent moving slowly across the zenith. At the same instant the folds in the cur-

rain over the Pole began to un-
ulate, as if stirred by a celestial
presence. Star after star disap-
peared as the serpentine coils cov-
ered them. It was like witnessing a
cosmic tragedy: the serpent, repre-
senting the forces of evil, was an-
nihilitating beauty.

Suddenly the serpent disappeared
and the stars returned. Over the
Pole the curtain lifted, as if parted
by the wind which at that moment
came throbbing over the Barrier. I
was left with the tingling feeling
that I had witnessed a scene denied
to all other mortal men.

For the rest of the month my life
became largely a life of the mind.
Thinking things out, alone on the
Barrier, I became better able to
tell what in the world was wheat for
me and what was chaff. I learned
what philosophers have long in-
sisted — that a man can live pro-
foundly without masses of things. My
definition of success itself changed.
I came to believe that man's pri-
mary objective should be to seek a
fair measure of harmony within
himself and his family circle. Thus
he achieves peace.

This was a grand period; I was
conscious only of a mind utterly at
peace, and yet I felt more *alive*
than at any other time in my life.
A man's moments of serenity are
few, but a few will sustain him a
lifetime.

I found my measure of inward
peace then; the stately echoes
lasted a long time.

THE BLOW fell on Thursday, May
31. In the morning I was talking
with Little America, when sud-
denly the gasoline engine in the tun-
nel, generating the electricity for
my set, started skipping. "Wait,"
I spelled out to Dyer. In the tunnel
I found the air thick with exhaust
gases. Thinking the mixture was
at fault, I bent over the carburetor.
That is the last act I remember.
The next thing I recall, I was on
my hands and knees, crawling pain-
fully into the shack. Through a
blur I saw the radio. I fumbled for
the key and signed off.

For a little while I lay in the
bunk, but the irregular beat of the
engine reminded me that I must
shut it off to escape asphyxiation.
When I rolled off the bunk dizzi-
ness seized me, and my heart turned
fantastic somersaults. Slowly and
painfully I crawled to the ignition
switch, then labored back to the
bunk.

The rest of this last day in May
seemed fantasy; the skyrocketing
pain in my eyes and head and
body, the nausea, the violent beat-
ing of my heart, the hot and cold
rushes of dizziness — somehow they
seemed unreal. Only the cold was
real: the numbness in the hands
and feet, creeping like a slow pa-
ralysis through my body.

That evening my mind cleared
enough to reconstruct what had
happened. The engine's exhaust
pipe must have filled with rime,
backing carbon monoxide into the

tunnel. Yet even in my stupor I recognized that the engine was not solely responsible for my plight. The leaky stove was the principal villain. Monoxide poisoning may be a gradual and cumulative process, brought about by intermittent exposure to the fumes.

I had escaped disaster in one form, but I had to prepare to meet it in another. I barely had strength to light the candle on the ledge over my head. What chance did I have of bringing in food and fuel from the tunnels? I could live many days without food, but I could not live long without heat; and the fuel tank had to be filled every two or three days. Even as I thought of this, the stove went out.

The nearest fuel drum was only 14 feet from the door, but between the pain and the weakness it took me a long time to reach it. And then, after I had filled the tank, I could not lift its 20 pounds. I had to drag it, a foot at a time, back into the shack. When I succeeded at last a feeling of relief possessed me for a moment. I could now hold off the cold for at least two days.

Sleep was the great hunger, but it would not come, so cruel was the pain in my head and back and legs. As I lay in the bunk, the intimation came that I would not recover. Carbon monoxide breaks down the hemoglobin in the blood and it takes the liver and spleen a long time to restore the oxygen-carrying material. Even with the best of

hospital care this is a matter of weeks. For me the worst of the cold and the darkest part of the night were yet to come. The sun was nearly three months away. I could not persuade myself that I had the strength to meet it.

The next day, June 1, was a Friday. A black Friday for me. I awakened from a dream of horror to find that I could hardly move. I realized that all I could reasonably hope for was to prolong my existence for a few days by hoarding my remaining strength; by doing the necessary things *very slowly* and with *great deliberation*.

My first need was warmth and food. The fire had been out 17 hours; I had not eaten in 36. Performing every act in slow motion, I edged out of the bunk and worked into my clothes. Faintness seized me as I touched the floor, and for many minutes I sat in the chair just staring at the candle. Then I gained enough strength to light the stove. The flame burned red and smoky from faulty combustion. This fire was my enemy, but I could not live without it.

My thirst was the tallest tree in a forest of pain. The tunnel where I cut ice to melt for water was a hundred miles away, but I started out. Soon I slipped and fell. My ice quarry was too far. I licked the tunnel wall until my tongue burned, and then scraped up half a bucket of dirty snow from the floor. It was still a soggy mass when I tried to

rink. My hands were shaking, and it spilled all over me. Then I vomited all that I had drunk. On the verge of fainting, I crawled up on my bunk to rest.

Death had confronted me many times in the air. But there things happen fast: you make a decision; the verdict crowds you instantly; and when the invisible passenger comes lunging into the cockpit, he is but one of countless distractions. Now death was a stranger sitting in a darkened room, secure in the knowledge that he would be there when I was gone.

Great waves of fear swept through me and settled deep within. It wasn't the fear of suffering or of death itself, but a terrible anxiety over the consequences to those at home if I failed to return. I had done a damnable thing in going to Advance Base, I told myself. Also, during those hours of bitterness, I saw my whole life pass in review. I realized how wrong my sense of values had been and how I had failed to see that the simple, homely, unpretentious things of life are the most important. At the end, only two things matter to a man: the affection and understanding of his family.

The only conscious resolve left was to write a message to my wife. Pencil and paper were on a shelf nearby, but when I went to reach out, my arm would not come free; my sleeve had frozen in the spilled water. I wrenched it loose. The

frenzy to write supplied its own strength. But I was too weak to write sitting up. My head kept jerking forward when I tried it. After I finished this letter I rested a long time and then wrote messages to my mother, my children and the expedition at Little America. I secured them all with a string to the nail from which the lantern hung.

June 2 was a prolongation of the melancholy events of the day before. Again I did what had to be done piecemeal, doling out my strength in miserly dribbles, creeping rather than walking, resting long intervals after each small effort. During the day I made three sorties into the tunnel after fuel. I relayed the fuel in a tin pitcher, since the stove tank was too heavy for me.

The next day was Sunday, which meant a radio schedule with Little America — and a lie about my condition which every pain-ridden fiber entreated me not to make. I have often been asked why I didn't tell the expedition what had happened. My answer is that it was too dangerous for the men to come to me. The intervening darkness, the cold, the rolling vacancies of the Barrier and the treacherous crevasses were immutable facts. It was unthinkable that the lives of willing men should be risked.

God knows where I found the strength to clear the rime from the choked ventilator pipe, and start the engine. But after that it took

only the pressure of a finger to work the key; I knew that code would not betray me. The camp officers took up certain aspects of the proposed spring operations. I answered Yes or No, and shut off the engine, utterly spent.

That night I may have been close to going out of my mind; I was in torment, and the notion that I was dying would not leave me. But I managed to down some milk and crackers, and the next morning I felt a little stronger. By afternoon I had strength enough to crank the portable phonograph, and played three records. It was magnificent to hear the sound of many voices throbbing in every corner of the shack. *You are on the mend*, an inner voice said; *you really have a chance. One in a hundred, perhaps, but still a chance.*

AFTERWARDS, lying in the sleeping bag, I tried to analyze the possibilities. For five interminable days I had been lost on a great plateau of pain where all the passes were barred. I had suffered and struggled, hoped and stopped hoping. Still, it is not in a man to give up; something animal and automatic keeps him going. Now I asked myself, What are your assets? What might be done that has not already been done?

The first necessity was that to survive I must husband my strength. Second, to avoid further poisoning, I must use the stove sparingly and

the gasoline pressure lamp — not one good light — not at all. And to build up my strength I must sleep and eat.

But if I depended on this routine alone, I should go mad from the hourly reminders of my own futility. Something more — the will to endure these hardships — was necessary. That must come from deep inside me. But how? By taking control of my thoughts and dwelling only on those which would make for peace. A discordant mind, black with confusion and despair, would finish me off as thoroughly as the cold.

That evening I made a desperate effort to fill my mind with the fine and comforting things of life. I surrounded myself with my family and friends; I projected myself into the sunlight, into the midst of green, growing things. I thought of all I would do when I got home, and a thousand matters which had never been more than casual now became surpassingly attractive and important. Ultimately, disorder left my mind, and when I blew out the candle I was living in a simple, uncomplicated world made up of people who wished each other well who were peaceful and easygoing and kindly.

The aches and pains had not subsided, and it took me several hours to fall asleep. But that night I slept better than on any night since March 31; and in the morning I was better in mind and body both.

BUT my improvement was more mental than physical. I was three hours preparing for the Thursday radio schedule: getting fuel, heating the engine and completing the other preparations. I moved feebly like a very old man.

From that day on I dreaded the schedules. The task of getting the engine ready, together with the ever-present fumes, emptied me of whatever strength and resistance I had accumulated meanwhile. Moreover, I was afraid that somehow I might betray my condition. I thought up excuses for stopping the contacts, but none made sense. And I couldn't just break them off, for despite my orders, any lasting silence on my part might tempt Little America into some rash action.

The hours dragged terribly during those first weeks in June. The pain in my eyes prevented reading. Energy to crank the phonograph had to be saved for the business of living. The hardest thing to put up with was the constant gloom. I lusted for light, but the gasoline lamp not only gave off fumes but required pumping with a small piston, which took more strength than I was willing to expend.

And then, on the 17th, my invisible enemy struck again. When I started the engine for the radio it ran so badly that I had to tinker with the mixture valve. The engine was just going nicely when I felt very dizzy and dropped to my knees. I shut the engine off and

crawled back to the bunk, just as sick as I had been the first four days of the month. That night I scarcely slept at all. I was racked with pain and literally shaken by the thumping of my heart.

The days that followed were hardening knots in the strands of time. I managed to keep up the inside observations, but this duty seemed to have no connection with reality. While one part of me groped about my tasks, another part seemed to be watching me from the bunk. You can't go on, a querulous small voice insisted. This is habit carrying on, not you. You are through.

But on June 28 I received wonderful news from Little America. Dr. Poulter, the Senior Scientist, proposed to bring a party to Advance Base to observe a meteor shower which was due early in August. I couldn't believe the words striking like pebbles in the earphones. Then Poulter asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

My mind was irresolute. Only once before — during Scott's expedition — had anyone undertaken a major journey during the Antarctic night. With the best of fortune it would still be a struggle for men to make the distance between Little America and Advance Base. There must be no mistakes. Finally I told Poulter to make some short trial runs and let me know the result. Yet, even as I said this, I knew deep in my heart that I should never have the will to refuse him. I

had been through too much to cast aside any straw.

All that afternoon I lay considering whether the trail could be followed in the darkness of July. On account of the crevasses, this journey would be no straight compass run. The trail had been marked out the previous March by flags placed a sixth of a mile apart. Blizzards might have blown down or obliterated scores of them, leaving big gaps in the 123-mile line.

I really tried to be impersonal in my calculations, and so the difficulties confronting the journey began to loom larger. The great hope unloosed in the afternoon slowly died, and a reaction set in. I blew out the candle, depressed and infinitely weary.

JUNE went out with rising cold. A film of ice had crept up the inside walls of the shack to within three feet of the ceiling. Even when the stove burned 16 hours a day the ice did not melt. Canned food which had stood near the stove all day had to be broken out with a hammer and chisel. My fingers were burned raw from touching cold metal. And no matter how much food I forced into my stomach or how much clothing I wore, it seemed impossible to revive the heat-generating apparatus of the body.

When I went topside the sharp wind fairly sliced the skin from my face. Turn and twist as I might, I could never elude its numbing clasp.

Maybe my toes would first turn cold and then dead. While I was trying to flex them to restore circulation, my nose would freeze; and, by the time I had attended to that, my hand would be frozen. The wrists, the throat and the ankles pulsed and crawled with alternating fire and ice.

The Barrier shrank from the cold. One could almost feel the crustal agony. Snow quakes came with great violence. Sometimes the sound was like thunder, with one clap breaking on the other. It was evident that as the Barrier contracted, crevasses were opening up all around Advance Base.

And on July 5, fate dealt me another terrible blow. The gasoline-driven radio generator went out of commission — a broken drive-shaft which I could not fix. There remained the emergency hand-powered set. Ordinarily one man cranks to supply power to the transmitter, and another keys. I, who did not possess half the strength of a well man, would have to go it alone.

I started cranking with both hands. The strain was even greater than I had supposed, but I finally got the thing turning over and keyed KFY-KFZ.

I called for five minutes and then switched to the receiver. My fingers were trembling as I tuned in on the wave length Dyer had assigned for this set. I heard only the scraping of static. Then I went up and down the dial. Complete silence. I could

have wept from disappointment. After resting ten minutes in the bunk, I called again, although it was evident that my strength would soon be exhausted at this rate. When I switched to the receiver, I was almost too tired to care. Then Dyer's voice welled for a second out of the darkness. I lost it right away. Desperately I experimented with the tuning dial, trying to find the hairline paystreak.

"Go ahead, KFY. We heard you. Go ahead, go ahead, please. We heard you." It was Dyer. How wonderful, how perfectly wonderful, I thought.

I told Dyer that my engine was shot and I was having a hard time with the emergency set. "Radio uncertain from now on," I keyed. "Don't be alarmed by missed schedules."

Then Murphy came on. Speaking slowly, he said: "As you know, the journey to Advance Base is chancy. Therefore preparations are being made with the utmost care. If I were you, I wouldn't count much on the possibility of the tractors before the end of July."

For an instant I was taken aback. The thought struck me that they were going ahead with the trip merely to help me. Had I somehow given myself away? I protested sharply that if they thought the trip dangerous, they should give it up.

Charlie, still in the same even tone, said he was sorry I had in-

terpreted his statement that way. He went on: "All I meant to imply was that, appreciating how long the last three and a half months have been, I can also appreciate how disappointing it would be if the tractor were a long time delayed." He talked a long time, but I didn't hear much of it because my heart was thumping and my head had turned dizzy. I stumbled to the sleeping bag. It was my third relapse, and coming on top of five weeks of depleting illness, it very nearly did me in. Once again I was reduced to moving in slow motion. The pain was back, with the vomiting and sleeplessness.

The face that looked at me from the shaving mirror those days was that of an old and feeble man. The cheeks were sunken and scabrous from frostbite, and the eyes blood-shot. My ribs stuck out, and the skin sagged loosely on my arms. I weighed 180 pounds when I went to Advance Base. I doubt if I weighed more than 125 in July.

On the 15th Murphy radioed that Poulter's trial runs had been successful and he would attempt the trip the first good day after July 20. I keyed back: "Be absolutely certain not to lose trail or run out of fuel. Take no chances with the lives of men."

Murphy then said, "We'll look for you as usual on Thursday, and twice a day thereafter." I tried to frame an acknowledgment, but my strength was drained dry. In

the Little America log appears the following: "Byrd said then: 'O.K. listen ten minutes every day m hndh dolng k.' Dyer asked him to repeat . . . no answer."

Even now, after four years, the whole business sounds fantastic. I was lying, and at Little America they were lying, too. The difference was that they suspected I was lying and had concocted a fiction to fool me.

It seems that in the last week of June, Charlie Murphy began to feel that something was wrong with me. His suspicions grew as he noted my floundering with the hand-cranked set, the all but unintelligible code, and the long waits between words. But he and Poulter took excellent care that I should have no reason to suspect that they were planning a rescue trip, pure and simple.

On July 18 Murphy informed me that Poulter and four other men had started. No doomed man packing a cell in the hope of an eleventh-hour reprieve can possibly have endured more than I did then; for besides my own skin to think about, I now had the lives of five other men on my remorse-stricken conscience.

At 8 p.m. Little America advised: "They are 11 miles south. Evidently they are having trouble picking up the flags."

It was bitterly cold, and growing worse. The red trace on the temperature chart passed 75 below zero. The thought of five men on

the Barrier, trying to keep themselves and a motor alive in such cold, drove me frantic.

At midnight Murphy sounded discouraged. "The tractor is now 17 miles south. It's snowing hard, and apparently the flags are nearly under. When they miss one they have to keep circling until they find it. And some of the flags have blown down."

I framed a message to be relayed to Poulter, but my arms gave out before I could get it on the air. Nothing in life has ever given me such a feeling of utter futility.

The next morning, after a night of pain and nightmare, I seemed again to be suspended in that queer, truncated borderland between sensibility and unconsciousness. This was the coldest day of the winter. The inside thermograph tracing showed 82 below zero — so cold that, when I opened the hatch, I couldn't breathe. I tried not to look northward, knowing that I must only be disappointed; nevertheless, I did, on the chance that the tractor's headlights might be topping a distant rise. A wavering light set my blood pounding, but it was only a star on the horizon.

For five days I lived in a horror of suspense, unable to make contact with Little America. A dozen times a day I raised the trapdoor to peer into the north; and nearly always I was deceived by tremulous, winking lights which always turned out to be stars. Then, on the

26th, a mumbo-jumbo of words, distorted by static, came through the earphones. Finally I made out that Poulter, after three days on the Barrier, had lost the trail completely 52 miles out and had returned to the main base. There was nothing to do but wait for better weather.

Thus ended July. When I folded the sheet back on the calendar, I said to myself: "This is the 61st day since the first collapse; nothing has really changed meanwhile; I am still alone." And all around me was the evidence of my ruin. Cans of half-eaten, frozen food were scattered about. Books had tumbled out of the shelves, and I had let them lie where they fell. And now the film of ice covered the floor, all four walls, and the ceiling. There was nothing left for it to conquer.

But now the day was heaving ponderously into the north, pushing back the darkness a little bit more each day. In the noon dawn-light the flag-marked trail was lifted a little out of black obscurity. And if I had one incorruptible hope now, it was to see the sun and the daylight marching over the Barrier. That much, at least I must have; the will to live would concede nothing less.

On Saturday, August 4, Poulter made another start. He had reduced his party to three men in the hope of making a dash to Advance Base.

Sunday was a day I should like

to rub from my memory. I awakened too sick to eat and too tired to lose myself in any passing task. And the noon schedule brought bad news. Poulter's car had fallen into a pothole crevasse; he was even then trying to extricate it. My nerves broke. Why wasn't something being done to help him? I jerked at the key: "Charlie, what in God's name is the matter? Won't another tractor help? Use all resources."

Charlie answered gently. There was no cause for alarm; Poulter had declined offers of help. Then he said: "Dick, the truth is that we are more worried about you. Are you ill? Are you hurt?"

I tried to dodge the question by saying I understood the whole tractor situation. But at this point I could crank no longer. The message was left dangling in midair. In the Little America log Dyer observed that "Byrd's strength seems to peter out after every few words." My evasions fooled nobody.

In my diary, under date of August 6, I find the following: "It maddens me that after 66 days I have given myself away in a fit of impatience. . . . But I wish to heaven the matter were settled, one way or another. I can't go on like this, raised one minute by hope and dropped the next by failure. . . . I shall go to bed now supported by the hothouse fiction that tomorrow night will find them here."

EVER SINCE the first start I had been preparing flares and fire-pots. Without a light to fetch them in, Poulter's party might pass within 100 yards of the shack and never see it. The next morning, making one trip an hour, I hauled half a dozen cans of gasoline and six magnesium flares to the surface. In a sense I was preparing for a last stand.

These simple preparations, by taking me out of myself for a while, did me good. I remembered that the sun was only three weeks distant now, and I tried to imagine what it would be like. But the conception was too vast for me to grasp.

Poulter started again on August 8. At four o'clock the next afternoon I learned that he was 37 hours out and 40-odd miles on his way.

When I went topside in the morning I swore I saw a light in the north. I dragged out the signal kite and made a tail of antenna wire and pieces of cloth. Then I soaked the tail in gasoline, lit it, and jerked the kite into the air. The sight of it swaying against the night, dangling a fiery tail, was very satisfying. It was my first creative act in a long time. But no answer came from the north. I fired two charges of gasoline in quick succession. There was no response. The frenzy passed and I stumbled from exhaustion.

Back in the shack I climbed into the bunk and dozed intermittently. Several times I thought I heard the

crunch of tractor treads, but it was only creaking noises within the Barrier itself. At noon I went topside again with my field glasses. Nothing moved.

That evening Charlie Murphy called in great excitement. "Poulter is 93 miles south," he said, "and pretty certain he'll make it. Good luck to you, Dick. Keep the lights burning." I didn't reply, dreading what would happen if I cranked the generator. It wouldn't do for me to collapse now. Signal lights had to be set.

At six the next morning I was again at the trapdoor. And dead in the north I saw a searchlight beam sweep to the vertical and fall; then rise again, touch a star, and go out.

I was inexpressibly happy. With a flare in my hand I made for the kite, half falling in my eagerness. I made the flare fast to the tail, lit it, and jerked the kite 75 feet into the air. The flare burned brilliantly for five minutes. All the time I watched the north, but in vain. For half an hour I sat in the snow, just watching. I knew I had seen a light, but after all my disappointments I was ready to mistrust anything. I had to have a clear-cut decision. I had endured as much uncertainty as I could bear.

When I tried to rise, my strength was gone. I crawled to the hatch and slid down the ladder to my bunk. At 8 o'clock Charlie told me Poulter hadn't been heard from in four hours. The earphones fell from

my hands. I was unspeakably disheartened. My mind turned vague; when I recovered my faculties I was sprawled half in and half out of the bunk.

Realizing that I must tend the signals, I drove myself to the ladder. The best I could do was to get halfway up. Obviously I needed a stimulant. I had tried alcohol once, with disastrous results. This time I found in the medical chest a hypophosphate containing strychnine. I took a triple dose, and on top of it three cups of the strongest tea I could brew. I felt lightheaded, but my strength seemed to come up.

Thus strengthened, I climbed through the hatch and set off a flare. When it died out, the finger-beam of a searchlight moved slowly up and down against the dark backdrop of the horizon. It might be another hallucination. I sat down, resolutely facing the opposite way. When I looked again, the beam was still fanning up and down.

In a miraculous instant all the despair and suffering of June and July fell away, and I felt as if I had just been born again. After lighting my next to the last flare I went below and heated a couple of cans of soup for my guests.

When I went topside again, I could see the bulking shadow of the tractor. As a greeting I set off the last cans of gasoline and the last flare. They were just dying when

the car stopped and the three men jumped out. I did not dare walk forward. I remember shaking hands all around, and the men insist that I said: "Hello, fellows. Come on below. I have a bowl of hot soup waiting for you." If that is really so, I can only plead that no theatricalism was intended. The truth is that I could find no words to transport outward what was really in my heart. It is also said that I collapsed once more at the foot of the ladder, but I have only muddled impressions of it all.

TWO MONTHS passed before I was able to return to Little America. They were pleasant months, even though, with four in the shack, we couldn't move without getting in each other's way. I was long regaining my strength, but the darkness lifted from my heart, just as it presently did from the Barrier, with a tremendous inrush of white light.

Part of me remained forever at Latitude 80° 08' South: what survived of my youth, my vanity, perhaps, and certainly my skepticism. On the other hand, I took away something I had not fully possessed before: appreciation of the sheer beauty and miracle of being alive, and a humble set of values. All this happened four years ago. Civilization has not altered my ideas. I live more simply now, and with more peace.

Pro } Should Post-Mortem Examinations and } Become Common Procedure? Con }

Mr. Pro and Mr. Con argue the desirability of sharply increasing the number of post-mortems performed in the United States. Under present laws, hospitals can perform them only with specific consent from the deceased's next of kin. Some states also permit them if the deceased has requested it in his will. Otherwise autopsy may be performed only when the coroner or medical examiner requires it to establish the cause of death or investigate possible crime.

MR. PRO: "Doctor, let me make this clear: If worst comes to worst, there is to be a post-mortem." According to Dr. Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation, that is what every intelligent patient should say to his physician when serious trouble looms.

Mr. Con: That's a morbid thought.

Mr. Pro: It's no more morbid than making a will or taking out life insurance — both based on the assumption of death. Specifying a post-mortem may actually give me a better chance of living on. It works this way: post-mortems are the only conclusive check on a doctor's diagnosis and treatment. Since they prevent him from burying his mistakes, they are, as Dr. Gregg says, "the terror of the casual guesser." They put the doctor on his mettle — the best possible protection for the patient.

Mr. Con: Evidently you don't think much of doctors.

Pro: On the contrary, even your doctor will tell you, if he's honest,

that most diagnoses are guesses, that any physician's batting average is far from perfect. Post-mortems prove that diagnosis is partly or wholly wrong in almost half of lost cases, even in first-class hospitals. So anything that makes your doctor think harder, test more exhaustively, consider more possibilities, is all to your advantage.

Con: In other words, you would threaten him into doing a good job.

Pro: It isn't a threat. If he's a good doctor, he'll take it as a great favor. For post-mortems are his only resource for confirming, illuminating and correcting his previous conclusions. If he was wrong, he wants to know it, so the same conditions won't fool him again. If he was right, he wants to study the exact effects and complications of what ailed you. In either case he will be a better doctor *afterwards*. And, if he makes too-hasty conclusions, as even good doctors do sometimes, the fact that his patient has specified a post-mortem will

make him a better doctor *beforehand*.

Con: Not much comfort, when I'm dead.

Pro: It won't matter to you. But it can be a great comfort to others — your family, for instance. Only an autopsy can answer questions that haunt surviving relatives. Did your death, tragedy that it was, spare you inevitable suffering? What was the actual cause of death, and was it irremediable? Was everything possible done for you?

And autopsies can even save lives immediately and directly.

Con: That's a paradox if I ever heard one.

Pro: Not at all. A little girl was taken violently ill on a southern motor trip. After her death, an autopsy disclosed a heavy infection of trichinosis, caused by eating undercooked and parasite-infested pork. The infected pork was traced to a roadside stand where the family had eaten. If there had been no autopsy, that stand would have gone on selling bad pork and infecting motorists after motorists.

Not long ago a brilliant specialist was completely puzzled by a case of a ghastly bone disease usually caused by a tumor in the parathyroid gland. (A cause discovered in autopsies, by the way.) Seven times he operated without finding any tumor. Just as he — and the patient's family — were giving up hope, he read of an autopsy performed in Sweden, in which the tumor was found far out of place

behind the breastbone. At once he went to the same spot in his patient — and there the tumor was.

Con: Still, isn't that sort of thing too rare to make up for the repugnance of the idea?

Pro: Is appendicitis rare? Autopsy discovered it. Is heart trouble rare? Autopsies have taught medicine much of what they know about it. Cases of coronary thrombosis now live five to ten years longer, thanks to information gained from autopsies. Much crucial knowledge about internal cancer comes from the same source. Hardly a detail in modern medicine does not owe something to such first-hand investigation.

So, even if it did him no personal good, the patient would owe the right of autopsy to medicine, because every time he consults a doctor, he is drawing dividends from the medical knowledge resulting from past autopsies.

Con: But that's all water over the dam. Can't I be grateful to the past without having to prove it in this way?

Pro: In this case the future outranks the past. Medicine is just beginning to learn what autopsies can teach. Because there are so few performed in this country, because "cause of death" on the certificate usually represents only the physician's unchecked guess, our vital statistics, the basis of all public health work, are anything but reliable. Take cancer, for instance.

Without several generations of wholesale autopsies, we will never have a sound basis for determining whether or not cancer runs in human families. We have no real idea of how much cancer there is, because we don't know how many people dying of other ailments also have cancer — or how many deaths due to cancer are mistakenly diagnosed.

Other dividends — perhaps even more important to you as a patient — result from the role post-mortems play in training doctors. The skill you count on to make you well again was developed in the hospital "clinico-pathological conference," where pathologist, physician, surgeon, students and internes all study the significant facts brought out by thorough, honest examination. Such conferences, absolutely dependent on autopsies, would be worth while on psychological grounds alone. To see that even the greatest diagnostician in the hospital is occasionally wrong and to know why he erred is invaluable for the young interne. It is even more worth while because it gives him an indispensable chance to compare the X-ray photographs with the actual conditions in the body, to correlate what he heard through the stethoscope with the actual appearance of the heart or lungs.

No wonder that the American Medical Association approves for interne training only those hospitals that do autopsies on at least 20

percent of their deaths. Or that the nation's most highly considered hospitals, such as the Mayo Clinic, have autopsy rates close to 90 percent. It is no accident either that such immortal medical wizards as Sir William Osler and Dr. Harvey Cushing were proud of never missing an autopsy.

Con: But why not leave the responsibility to the individual doctor? He will know when autopsy is needed.

Pro: Ah, but the law gives the family control. And the average American is so squeamishly afraid of the idea that his doctor often hesitates to harrow his feelings by asking for consent when a loved one has just died. Unfortunately, the autopsy tradition has not yet struck deep root in America. Intelligent doctors regard it as a national disgrace that our hospitals perform only about a sixth as many autopsies proportionately as do European hospitals. Our hospital equipment and research facilities are probably the best in the world. But our doctor training will never match our facilities until autopsies are a matter of course to both doctor and layman.

Some doctors are so eager to put American medicine abreast of European in this respect that they want laws requiring an autopsy before the death certificate can be signed.

Con: Can't I have any privacy, even when I'm dead?

Pro: Because lots of people would

feel that way, I agree that any such legal compulsion would be most unwise. The doctor who said "Public coöperation must *follow* public understanding" was right. There is far more sense in projected laws allowing hospitals the right of autopsy whenever they see fit — provided the next of kin does not object on his own initiative.

Con: Suppose the next of kin doesn't realize objection is necessary? That's a little too slick.

Pro: I agree — it might amount to railroading in some cases. The difficulty, however, is twofold: on one hand, the public is ignorantly reluctant about autopsies; on the other, rising professional standards are forcing hospitals into more and more autopsies. That whipsaw occasionally tempts doctors into questionable ways of getting consent. Some require a signed consent of the relative before they will admit the patient — which takes advantage of the probability that a worried relative won't read everything he signs.

Con: But look here — why shouldn't the public be "squeamish?" For one thing, you know and so do I that undertakers usually oppose autopsies.

Pro: Skill and coöperation are already remedying that. A properly conducted autopsy leaves no visible mutilation. Several embalmers' associations have recently begun active coöperation with medical soci-

eties and acknowledged the great value of autopsies.

Con: Yes, but think in terms of the individual — the body of your wife or daughter.

Pro: While she was alive, I had no objection to an operation in order to remove a septic appendix, or save her from death in childbirth. The only difference is that, if operated on while alive, she was suffering both grave risk and pain. When dead, she is beyond both.

Con: You might sing a different tune if faced with the actual situation. And anyway, what about the notion that implicit faith in the doctor is one of the most important factors in a patient's recovery? If doctors sell the public on autopsies, they will have let the great mass of patients know how often a doctor can be wrong.

Pro: That's outmoded too. If society is to get the most out of its investment in medicine, the doctor must be accepted simply as a competently trained expert who is nevertheless always willing to admit that he must keep on learning from experience. And if the medical profession points to autopsies as the way to increasingly accurate diagnosis and cumulative discovery, who are you and I to object?

Con: Who am I? I'm the guinea pig. Or the goat.

Pro: Oh, no. You're still alive. You're the fellow who gets the dividends.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for February

A HIGHWAY TO ASIA, by John D. Greene — Years ago, Donald MacDonald, Alaskan highway engineer, had an idea.

And now "Let's drive to Paris!" isn't as fantastic as it sounds, for MacDonald's dream of a road through Alaska connecting America with Siberia is coming true.

WASHINGTON'S BACK-SEAT DRIVER, by Beverly Smith — Felix Frankfurter, brilliant and energetic Harvard Law School professor, has put much of the pepper in the New Deal broth. He has countless friends, conservative and liberal, and exerts a stimulating influence in legal circles everywhere.

RINGMASTER OF PARIS, by Jerome Beatty — Europe's greatest promoter of amusements is Jefferson Davis Dickson, Jr., of Natchez, Mississippi, who went to France with the A.E.F. and stayed on after the war to introduce hockey, basketball and other American sports in Europe. He's been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor because he has interested French youth in athletics, and became a bull-fighter for a day to promote a prize fight in Spain.

WHY WAR IS SO POPULAR, by Harvey S. Ford — The great majority of men in all countries are ever eager to march off to war. This phenomenon is explained, says the author, by the fact that war permits a man to be a hero and at the same time to enjoy himself.

THE HOMESTEAD MURDERS CASE, by Stewart H. Holbrook — The story of a famous double-killing in Oregon in 1900, which resulted in the hanging of a man for murder despite the fact that the bodies were never found.

American

CITY DOCTOR, by Joseph Ambrose Jerger, M.D. — After years of experience in country practice, a doctor returns to

the city. He encounters many unforeseen difficulties, such as the attitude of hospitals toward doctors without "pull," and finds much to criticize in urban medical methods, particularly the fad for "specialists."

HOW'S YOUR UMPH? by William A. H. Birnie — Al Siegel looks like a wrestler, but he's a glamour expert. He teaches girls like Carole Lombard and Dorothy Lamour how to put a song across. "It isn't your voice," he says, "but what you do with it . . ."

WHEN IS A BARGAIN? by Valentine Fischer — If you want to get your money's worth and do your part toward upholding decent working conditions and helping to reduce relief rolls, watch out for the trick "sales" promoting sweatshop products and cheap foreign merchandise.

HOW I BECAME A HELL-DIVER, by John Charles Thomas — A Metropolitan Opera singer succumbs to the lure of a boat and finds life at sea exciting.

The American Mercury

THE CALENDAR IS OUT OF DATE, by Anthony M. Turano — Our present calendar is termed a "chaotic jumble of

theological fiction and lunar caprice" which hinders accurate bookkeeping and business planning in an age demanding speed and precision. The new World Calendar, already approved by the representatives of 14 nations, removes the worst faults of the prevailing system.

OUR NATION OF WISHFUL THINKERS, by Lawrence Dennis — Our past security against invasion and revolution together with the

abnormal population growth and industrial revolution of the 19th century have given us a lot of illusions which we must get rid of if we are to survive as a people.

MEXICO'S RUNAWAY NEW DEAL, by Roberto Pina — Tinkering with the social structure in Mexico has resulted in a fantastic situation. No one can foresee what the final outcome will be, but this author interprets the attempted agrarian reform as an abysmal failure which has not improved the lot of the peons.

THE MILLION-WORD-A-YEAR MAN, by Fletcher

Pratt — Those amazingly prolific pulp writers have disappeared. Many couldn't stand the strain of turning out a short story every two days, year in and year out. Others had to give up when the pulp magazines improved their quality or cut their rates in the face of competition from tabloids and picture magazines.

THE SAGA OF MODEL T, by Karl F. Zeisler — When Henry Ford stopped making stem-winding Model T's, the lusty era of he-man motoring, which required a wrestler's muscle and a mule-skinner's vocabulary, came to an end.

SLUM CLEARANCE: A FLIGHT FROM REALITY, by Robert F. Marshall — Pointing out that nation-wide slum clearance by

present methods calls for more public money than is possibly obtainable and that many needy families can't pay the rents charged in the buildings which the government is now erecting, Mr. Marshall suggests that the upper income limit for eligible families be cut from \$1500 to \$1000 and that costs be reduced.

MONEY WASN'T EVERYTHING, by Ruth Gordon — A well-known actress turns author to recall from her childhood a fortnightly family scene. Father, an ex-scafaring man, did the family shopping by buying in bulk, and always expressed his astonishment, dismay, and premonition of doom at Mother's unnecessary local grocery bill.

LET THE LEAGUE LIVE, by J. C. Smuts — With Europe once more divided into two camps and all major states involved in a bitter race to rearm, a reformed League of Nations, with a fuller membership of great powers and a smaller Council, is the most practical means toward an ordered society of free and equal nations, says this South African statesman.

FORUM

UNSOCIAL SERVICE, by Mary Bishop — An ex-social worker points to the extravagance and lack of coherent organi-

zation among small private welfare agencies as evidence that many of these outdated institutions are not only a waste of time and money, but an obstruction to human progress.

WHAT A SUICIDE LEAVES BEHIND, Anonymous — Reflections of a widow whose husband's suicide has erased all tender memories of the past, put up an impenetrable barrier between herself and her children, and isolated her from her friends.

THE PRESS CAN DO NO WRONG, by H. L. Smith — The public's confidence in the press is being undermined, asserts Mr. Smith, because newspaper publishers are too ready to shout about "freedom of the press" when their pocketbooks are threatened, because they appear to suppress certain news for fear of losing privilege or profit, and because they can't take outside criticism.

IS GHOST-WRITING DISHONEST? — A debate between Raymond Clapper, Washington correspondent, and J. George Frederick, writer.

Harpers MAGAZINE

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, by John Gunther — A famous journalist interprets the relationship of the man-god to his people and points out the political forces behind Japan's announced plans to spread her particular brand of culture.

BEFORE HITLER CROSSES THE ATLANTIC, by Henry C. Wolte — Two factors make German armed aggression in South America unlikely: she can't spare her army from Europe, and the raw materials she needs are more easily available nearer home.

THE WISCONSIN BROTHERS, by Elmer Davis — Bob and Phil, militant sons of old "Fighting Bob" LaFollette, do not always see eye to eye, but stick together through family loyalty and political expediency. Though now in partial eclipse, they are still young and by no means politically finished.

BLACK MONEY, by Martin Proctor — Though Hitler prohibits removal of large sums from Germany, ingenious smugglers, at the risk of their lives, are doing it on a scale that is bleeding the country of cash.

THE SOCIAL SECURITY "RESERVE" SWINDLE, by John T. Flynn — Attacking the government's use of its huge social

security reserve fund to pay current expenses, Mr. Flynn outlines a pay-as-you-go plan which, he claims, would give comparable security at a fraction of the cost.

EVELYN THE TRUCK-DRIVER, by Leland Stowe — The story of an American girl who drives a truck for the Loyalists through the carnage of the Spanish Civil War.

LABOR'S TWO HOUSES, by Edward Levinson — The AFL, says Mr. Levinson, has long since burnt out its crusading zeal. For vigorous leadership, workers must look to CIO, and differences between Green and Lewis make fusion of the two organizations improbable.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, by George R. Leighton — The stormy history of a lumber town. In this first part, the author tells how the lumber and rail kings looted the public domain to "build" the Northwest.

Scribner's

BUY AS YOU GO, by John T. Flynn — A well-known economic authority explodes some fallacious criticisms of installment buying and points out that, although there is a growing demand for regulation, this is a field which the reformer will do well to enter gingerly.

HUGH A. DRUM, by George Fielding Eliot — The army officer whom Pershing appointed as his right-hand man during the World War and who now stands a good chance of being named Chief of Staff on the threshold of the Army's greatest peacetime development, portrayed by the author of *The Ramparts We Watch*.

I PICK 'EM UP by Bergen Evans — Though he admits the practice of picking up hitch-hikers is risky, Mr.

Evans feels that the vagrants, adventurers and youngsters he has met, and the stimulating conversations he has had with them, far outweigh the dangers to which he has exposed himself.

SELLING GEORGE VI TO THE UNITED STATES, by Josef Israels, II — The strategy and tactics of a hypothetical publicity program to "sell" the good will of the British Empire to the American people during the coming visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to the United States.

Are You Weather-Wise?

Answers to questions on page 47

1. *False.* The shortest days are December 21, 22, and 23. Until late in January, the earth continues to give out more heat than it receives from the sun, thus warming the atmosphere. The coldest weather is usually experienced after the balance has been struck.
2. *True.* The halo around the moon results from the presence of high cirrus clouds, composed of minute snow crystals, in the path of the moonlight. These clouds generally presage unsettled weather.
3. *False.* The significant thing is not whether the barometer is high or low, but whether it is rising or falling. A steadily falling barometer — even though it shows high pressures — almost invariably means bad weather approaching.
4. *False.* It's sleet that is frozen rain. Snow falls directly as snow from snow-clouds, the flakes being formed by the condensation of moisture at temperatures below freezing.
5. *True.* The heavier cold air creeps into the lowlands, frequently bringing temperatures 5 to 10 degrees below those on the hilltops.
6. *False.* There is no basis in fact for this belief.
7. *True.* When the humidity is high, the air, already saturated with water, cannot absorb body perspiration.
8. *True.* Hail never forms unless a thunderstorm is going on; and the conditions producing such a storm are rare in winter.
9. *False.* This is one of the commonest of mistaken weather beliefs. All records show that changes in barometric pressure — which bring changes in the weather — go on regardless of the state of the moon.
10. *True.* Scientists have never found two snowflakes exactly alike.
11. *False.* Dew never falls, but forms where it is found. When moisture from warm air is deposited on something cold enough to condense it, dew is formed.
12. *False.* Although most tornadoes occur in the Middle West and the South, they have blown in almost every state of the Union.
13. *True.* Statistics indicate that during every instant an average of 1800 thunderstorms are bellowing over the earth.
14. *False.* The extreme dryness of very cold air renders the likelihood of a heavy fall rather remote because of the lack of moisture to form thick snow clouds. But that's all there is to support this common belief. A 2-inch fall has been recorded while the thermometer registered 24° below zero.
15. *False.* We are nearest the sun on January 2nd. We fail to get full benefit of its heat, however, because the winter days are shorter, the sun's rays slanting, and as much as 80 percent of the heat may be reflected into space by snow lying on the ground.
16. *False.* Hot, humid weather — a condition favoring thunderstorms — likewise favors bacterial growth, which causes milk to sour. The thunderstorm is entirely innocent.
17. *True.* Static is caused by weather

- disturbances. Because thunderstorms are so frequent in summer, the annoying type of static caused by lightning is heard more often then.
18. *True.* The lunar rainbow was observed as far back as Aristotle. Generally speaking, rainbows are formed by the passage of light rays through water-drops. Moonlight, which is only reflected sunlight, will serve the purpose.
19. *True.* No records indicate anything to the contrary.
20. *True.* When objects upon which dew is deposited are so cold that they can freeze the liquid deposit, frost is formed.
21. *True.* Solitary trees are struck by lightning much more often than trees in a group.
22. *False.* Quite the opposite is true. Weather in this country generally proceeds from west to east, traveling faster in winter than in summer. When the Ohio Valley is in the throes of a heat wave, New Jersey can expect to sizzle the next day.
23. *False.* A red sunset presages clear, dry weather. The dry, dusty atmosphere which is almost always associated with good weather in the U. S. transmits the red rays of the sun in greater measure than the blue.
24. *True.* On cloudless nights the earth loses its heat more rapidly, and a heavier dew results. Such clear skies, which make for a heavy dew, likewise mean no immediate rain. Similarly, heavy frosts are generally followed by fine, clear weather.



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Eighteenth Year

MARCH 1939

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Fewer youngsters, more old folks, a smaller population,
will make America a strange new land by 1960

Population Going Down

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Stuart Chase

Well-known economist; author of "The Economy of
Abundance," "Rich Land, Poor Land," etc.

THERE ARE more than a million empty desks in our elementary schools this year. The 1930 enrollment was 21,300,000; it was 20,000,000 in 1938. If present trends continue, by 1960 there will be 10,000,000 empty desks in schools and colleges. But the army of people over 65 will be 8,000,000 greater than it was in 1930. Our population curve, after 300 years of unprecedented rise, is now rapidly leveling off, cutting down the proportion of children and expanding the proportion of old people — a massive, irreversible trend which affects all the Western world. Empty desks are only one indication of the drift. Why has the

Townsend Plan received such mammoth popular support? Why do millions of farmers suddenly demand crop controls? Why have there been so few opportunities for new capital investments in recent years? The population curve by no means answers these questions in full, but it offers some clues. When an economic system built on three centuries of steady expansion encounters a population curve which is rapidly ceasing to expand, it is bound to buckle and crack — until adjusted to the new conditions.

Twenty years ago, students of population estimated huge increases — as high as 300,000,000 Americans by 2000 A.D. But early in the

1920's, although population was increasing by 1,900,000 a year, statisticians collecting facts on the four fundamental rates — births, deaths, immigration and emigration — began to distrust earlier estimates as to the future. Their figures were met with skepticism. Promoters were then racing to see who could put the most stories on a skyscraper or a holding company pyramid. But slowly the facts began to penetrate. By the early 1930's, the annual population increase had fallen to 900,000. And all experts now agree that instead of population shooting steadily upward for hundreds of years, its crest is only a few years off.

The American birth rate has been falling. In 1875 it was, roughly, a new baby in every fifth family each year. In 1935 it was down almost to one in 12, and still falling. Our death rate has also been falling. In 1900 it was 18 per thousand; in 1934, 11. Hence, as we have seen, our population has steadily been getting older.

Finally we come to migration rates. From 1900 to 1913, net migration into America averaged close to 1,000,000 persons a year, mostly young persons. We now show a net movement *out* of the country of 50,000 persons a year.

In the summer of 1938, the National Resources Committee released the most authoritative report on these trends. The consensus

of expert opinion expects a peak by 1960 of 140 to 150 million. We are close to 130 million today. That gives us another 10 to 20 million and 20 years to go before a decline in total numbers sets in. Crests in most countries of western Europe are expected sooner — in England during the 1940's.

Assuming low fertility, medium mortality and no immigration, the number of youngsters under 19 will fall from 48 million in 1930 to 22 million in 1980. Oldsters over 65 will increase from 6.6 million in 1930 to 22 million in 1980.

This trend has begun to do strange things to us already, and promises stranger. Fortunately, it moves slowly and nothing need happen very suddenly. If, however, we pretend it is not there and one day suddenly wake up, some unpleasant things may happen very dramatically. Let us look ahead, mingling known facts with prophecy.

A curious population wave is passing upward through the schools with a heavy undertow of empty desks behind it. The wave was caused by the large number of children born immediately after the war. The undertow is caused by the sharply declining birth rates which set in around 1925. The United States Bureau of Education estimates a peak high-school enrollment of 6,135,000 in 1938-39, then a recession as the wave rolls on to the colleges.

Overcrowding is ceasing to be a problem in many elementary schools. Cleveland reports its teaching staff reduced by more than 600. Orders for textbooks and supplies are declining. School building programs in the elementary grades are no longer so urgent as they were. School boards can halt their upward march. Teachers' colleges must re-evaluate their plans. Contractors, builders, supply houses, publishers, will be deeply affected.

The smallest effect will be felt in the sparsely populated districts of the South where the birth rate is still high, and where schools are most bitterly needed. "Our future population is coming from states least able to provide adequate education." Hence they are already hearing a demand for a federal subsidy to equalize school facilities.

Since children consume 50 per cent more milk than adults, the milk industry is in for some painful adjustments. Manufacturers of boys' and girls' clothing — and presently men's and women's clothing — shoes, bicycles, perambulators, kindergarten equipment, must prepare for a slackening demand.

All industries catering to the aged will be stimulated. When government budgets are relieved by a decline in school outlays, they will be burdened by an increase in old-age pensions. We can be sure of a sharp ascendo in demands for social security — the Townsend Plan and California "Ham and Eggs"

referendum are only the first faint chords. Publishers who lose in the textbook department stand to gain in the general trade department. Older folks like to read. Golf will expand, as more violent games contract. Real estate in southern California and Florida, contrary to real estate generally, is likely to be in brisk demand. Manufacturers of clothing should prepare to offer warmth, durability and conservative styling, while dealers in armchairs, earphones, canes and poodle dogs will do a land-office business.

As population ages, firing at forty will tend to be modified, and special provision made to retain older industrial workers. The mobility of labor may decline, also labor turnover, when personnel is drawn from persons with settled habits. Political opinion may drift more to the conservative side — except in the matter of government pensions. Church memberships may grow. Esoteric cults may become increasingly popular. We catch a hint of the trend already in the metaphysicians of southern California.

The housing industry presents a curious future. When the wave of post-war babies gets through high school and college, it ought to send the marriage rate up for a short time and create a brisk demand for homes, say along about 1942. It will not last. The undertow is right behind it.

Population pressure is the chief determinant of land values. Few

real estate operators have studied the reports of the National Resources Committee. They have often discounted the future on a curve which no one will ever see. What is going to happen to these capitalizations of future expectations when they are found invalid? What is going to happen to mortgages, bonds, savings banks, life insurance companies? Some, of course, will be all right; some may be very, very wrong.

Yet houses may not follow the population curve. The *number of families* may increase long after the curve passes the crest. There will be fewer children, but more families. We have about 33,000,000 family units today. The National Resources Committee calculates 43,000,000 by 1960. More families require more houses. Fewer children per family require smaller houses. Perhaps the construction and house furnishings industries will about break even.

We can be reasonably sure cities will lose population at the center, while surrounding areas gain. Tenements, business buildings, will be wrecked for parks and parking places. Cities ought to be pleasanter to live in, but the general property tax will be knocked galley-west. Perhaps it will disappear altogether, to be replaced by income, luxury and nuisance taxes.

This brings us to what I believe will be the most important effect of all. We must prepare for a whole

new set of economic arrangements.

If 10,000 people live in a region and their numbers do not increase they do not need any more houses, more farms, more stores, no more mills. They need *better* houses, no more efficient farms and stores, new machinery in the mills. Their problem is not one of *expansion* but one of *replacement*. As scientific advancement makes the farms, stores and mills more efficient, the people can enjoy either higher standards of living or shorter hours of work, or both. Meanwhile savings pile up, and workers who formerly produced capital goods lose their jobs.

The outstanding economic problem of the next few decades will be to remodel an economic system geared for expansion, so that it can operate in a community which grows slowly or not at all. Business activity grew almost automatically in the past. More customers walked at the counter every year. Thousands of citizens became rich simply by buying in at the 50 million population level and selling out at the 100 million level. You could lose. Those carefree days are over.

The trouble is that we have no experience with an economic system which does not expand in numbers. Apparently the government must take the lead in finding a new formula. The whole financial mechanism must be re-studied and eventually overhauled. Millions of citizens must be protected during this stormy transition period. Savin

and investment outlets must be found in public works, as the demand in the private field slackens. *It must* slacken as we approach a replacement basis.

Such public investments need to compete with private investment. They can be devoted rather to producing and conserving wealth outside the normal field of private enterprise, in such projects as conservation, public health, highways, parks and recreation areas, rural electrification, and housing for low-income groups.

Many people want to return to the good old days of automatic expansion and little government interference. When they realize—say a few years hence—that the Republican party cannot give it to them, and that the population curve has to do with it, we must brace ourselves for a terrific outburst of wild schemes to reverse the birth-rate trend. Congress will swarm with lobbyists for taxes on bachelors, fines for twins, penalties for the use of contraceptives, guaranteed jobs for bridegrooms. Pulpits will shriek; statesmen will thunder about the suicide; generals will ask where the future defenders are to come from. The hullabaloo will be shattering—and the population curve will go serenely on its downward

course. If Mussolini could not turn it, what chance has a democratic state?

There is, however, a definite bright side to this picture. With immigration greatly restricted in the future, the American people for the first time in history will have a breathing spell to become more integrated and homogeneous. Educational standards can be lifted all around, as pressure on the schools relaxes. What we call "democracy" can be brought nearer.

The population curve promises to remake our economic system as we pass from an era of growth to an era of maturity. Industrial changes will be profound, and to a degree painful. The outlook for higher living standards and a more integrated democracy—provided we do not lose our heads in the transition period—is bright. In the long run, the good effects ought to outweigh the bad.

One last prophecy, and I am done. The reproductive index will move up again when children are wanted so badly that parents are at last ready to sink their prejudices and really safeguard the community against insecurity, unemployment and war. Will the instinct for survival take care of this in due time? I think it will. It is a tough instinct.



The best way of answering a bad argument is to let it go on.

—Sydney Smith

Revealing facts of Nazi air power that make
Germany master of Europe beyond challenge

Hitler's Aerial Triumph

Condensed from *The Forum*

Marc A. Rose

THE TRUTH about Germany's power to rain destruction on Europe from the skies is more terrible than has been told. All published estimates, even the most extreme, have understated the facts.

When rumors at the time of the Munich conference put Hitler's air fleet at 10,000 planes, the figure was derided by experts in this country and England as fantastic. They assured us that Germany had only some 3000 fighting planes. Confusion still exists. Senator Gerald P. Nye publicly wonders if Lindbergh wasn't fooled by seeing dummy planes drawn up on German fields to impress him. Recently published estimates by military authorities range from 3000 to 10,000 planes.

The actual facts can now be presented: At the time of the Czech crisis, Hitler had 12,000 military planes. Today this fleet is between 16,000 and 18,000 planes. Of these, 60 percent are fighting planes, 40 percent are for observation, transport, communication and training — the normal proportion in any air force. These figures are based on information from the most reliable sources; they represent care-

ful checking and cross-checking of evidence from technical journals and from expert observers — some here named and some anonymous — who have made personal investigations in Germany, Italy, France and England.

In September, Germany had three times as many planes as Britain, ten times as many as France. Italy had as many planes as Britain and France together. Give Russia, the enigma, as many planes as Germany, which is highly improbable and the air equation works out with Germany and Italy more than a match for Britain, France and Russia combined.

The disparity steadily grows greater. Germany is building planes at the rate of 1000 a month. Output will rise 100 each month, as new factories are completed, until it reaches 1600 a month before autumn. What this continued production? Because the German ambition is to store two reserve planes for every active first-line plane. Already the reserve is better than 100 percent. The planes are stored in 750 airdromes many underground.

The new planes are being turned

by factories which are working on one eight-hour shift a day. At Britain is pouring out money freely — spending more than Germany on planes — and working her factories 24 hours a day under what amounts to an industrial dictatorship. Yet British plane production is but slowly above the 200-a-month level it had achieved in late 1938. French production cannot much exceed 75 a month at present. Under no foreseeable circumstances will either country begin to catch up with Germany. Some authorities think that within a year, by some effort, Britain might reach minimum defense standards.

Numbers do not tell the whole story. The German air fleet is better than its rivals; faster, better armed, newer. Said General Vuillemin, head of the French Air Force, after a recent visit to Germany: "Germany is turning out the most powerful war planes in the world, with speed and raiding range and bomb-carrying capacity in excess of anything hitherto known."

Military authorities estimate that 90 percent of fighting planes crashed in the first month of a major war. Germany's unmatched ability to replace her plane losses is the final word in her mastery of the

These facts explain much recent history and are likely to explain other events yet to be unrolled. Hitler is not bluffing at Munich. He has irresistible power.

If the facts on German aviation are now obtainable, it is because the Nazis want them known. It suits Germany to impress the world with the miracle of its creation of an irresistible air arm in three years. Beginning last spring, visiting experts were bewildered by the cordiality with which they were permitted to study Germany's air establishments. That was the experience of Igor Sikorsky, of Glenn L. Martin, of Lawrence D. Bell, who looked at the amazing airplane factories with expert eyes; of Lindbergh and Al Williams who saw and flew German military planes; of D. W. Tomlinson of TWA and George Grant Mason, Jr., interested in civil aviation particularly, and of S. Paul Johnston, editor of *Aviation*.

Both the performance of German planes and the organization of the factories that turn them out make a strong impression on all qualified observers. Germany's crack pursuit plane is the Messerschmitt, a single-motor, single-seater, firing a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch cannon through the hollow hub of the propeller and carrying two machine guns. This plane won a world's speed record of 379 miles per hour, and the record for climb — from field to 9000 feet and back in 2 minutes, 5 seconds. England's best fighting planes are comparable in many respects. But England at present has only a handful. Germany had 2000 Messerschmitts in September, and they still are pouring out of six factories.

S. PAUL JOHNSTON, in *Aviation*, made up his own rating of the relative strength of the air powers. Here it is — qualified by Mr. Johnston's warning that the Russian figures are a mere guess:

	Germany	Russia	Italy	Britain	France	U. S.*
Planes (total).....	10	10	5	3	2	3
Quality.....	10	5	8	8	4	10
Production rate.....	10	7	4	4	1	2
Production capacity (present)	10	8	6	6	3	4
Personnel.....	10	10	6	3	3	2
Morale.....	10	6	9	6	2	6
Total Points....	60	46	38	30	15	27
Rating.....	10	7.6	6.3	5	2.5	4.5

The principal objection to this table raised by qualified experts is that the Russian and French ratings are both too high. They do not believe that even counting obsolete planes of which France has too many, she rates better than one to Germany's ten, and they seriously question morale in the French factories.

"The Messerschmitt plant," says Lawrence Bell, an American manufacturer of planes for the Army and Navy, "is, like all the newer German airplane factories, broken up into several buildings, set among evergreens, 1000 feet apart and never in a straight line. A bomber could not get a row of them in one pass. [Compare this with British plants, acres under one roof — supertargets.] The roofs are painted green; no skylights are used; all windows are set at an angle that never will reflect moonlight. Each building, with its own power plant, is linked by radio to the others."

The Heinkel works at Oranienburg, near Berlin, is less than two years old; Germans boast it produced planes six months after the ground was broken. It manufac-

tures the Heinkel 111, a two-eng high-speed bomber capable, on safe overload, of carrying a ton bombs a thousand miles, dump them and returning to base — two tons for a shorter range. They probably are the fastest bombers in Europe, unless it be an Italian model. Germany has an estimated 2000 Heinkel 111's.

The plant, as described by D. Tomlinson, TWA official, is "the finest airplane factory in the world." Al Williams comments upon its bombproof, gasproof shelters to accommodate underground all of 8000 workers. Each shelter has its own kitchen, dining room, sleep rooms, shower baths and toilets.

"There are even underground offices where work can be carried on uninterrupted during an air raid."

As S. Paul Johnston. "I took the hospitals underground, the chickens, in my stride, so to speak. That finally got me down, I think, this: On every one of these neat underground desks, ready against the Tag, were three sharpened pencils in a tray . . . soft, medium and hard. The last touch!"

About 400,000 men are employed in the German industry: 160,000 build planes, the rest motors, propellers, armament and parts. Just to show scale, 36,000 men built 100 planes, all types, in the United States in 1938.

Where did Germany get the raw materials to create this enormous fleet? She has plenty of aluminum, the principal material used in aircraft. Research has developed new materials; for example, magnesium, in the utilization of which Germany leads the world. Synthetic rubber serves well enough. Laminated wood, almost as hard as iron, is used in German planes. Since the life of a fighting plane in warfare averages only 30 flying hours, the Germans see no need to build the ten years of service expected in commercial transports.

Germany has the planes. Has she the men to keep them in the air? Her air-force personnel totals 100,000. Compare this with 87,950 in Britain, 64,650 for France. For a reserve of pilot material, the National Socialist Flying Corps gives training to every German youth who shows aptitude. In its ranks

today are 65,000 young men between the ages of 18 and 20. Below that age are 100,000 members of the Hitler Youth who are definitely earmarked for aviation training.

Great Britain's lavish expenditure on aerial rearmament has had disappointing results. Her new factories are two years late in getting into production. "The British have the Spitfire plane which is as fast, probably as the Messerschmitt and comparable to it. At least, it is the British answer to the Messerschmitt," says Lawrence Bell. "Both planes were developed something like two years ago. Germany had built 2000 Messerschmitts by August. In August, I saw the sixth Spitfire come off the production line in Southampton."

British factories are absurdly conspicuous. Captain Liddell Hart, famous British military commentator, says, "British factories engaged in the manufacture of aircraft, engines, and other military requirements continue to put many acres under one roof, offering an excessively large target to air attack. An essentially unmilitary habit of mind pays regard to peacetime manufacturing convenience rather than to wartime vulnerability and makes no attempt to diminish vulnerability by camouflage. The newly constructed military airdromes also are much easier to detect from a distance than the German airdromes, owing to the distinctive pattern of their buildings and omission to con-

ceal the outline of their landing fields."

Germany takes the air threat seriously. Air defense authorities actually evacuated several villages in northeast Germany and subjected them to an intensive bombing and gas raid. The only human beings left to endure this strafing were observers in specially constructed steel shelters, designed, if they survived the test, to be erected in German streets all over the Reich as observation posts. From this experiment, and from experience in Spain, air defense measures have been developed with characteristic thoroughness. Some millions of Germans are enrolled in air defense forces. Every building has its captain. Everyone drills. It has been boasted that Berlin streets can be emptied into shelters in two minutes. Preparation for air raids is as thorough as Britain's is sketchy.

And what does all this mean? It means that Germany, supreme in the air, is supreme over Europe. While experts in the democracies were still theorizing about the role of an air force, Germany built one that left no room for theory. Stalemated on land, checked on the sea, she turned to a third dimension and forged the most terrible weapon the world has ever faced.

Nothing that has been demonstrated in Spain or China even hints at the horrors that would follow the bombing of large cities by a

really strong air force. The large number of planes reported on Barcelona in a day was 54. There is an unverifiable report that Hitler told Chamberlain he was prepared to send over London 50 bombers an hour, each with two tons of bombs, every hour for 24 hours a day. He could have done it.

Spain has been a test-tube experiment, that is all. For example, just eight of Germany's newest bombers have been dropped on Barcelona. Each killed everyone within eighth of a mile, produced casualties a quarter of a mile away. Studying the possibilities, London authorities asked the city's hospitals to work up a plan for handling a million casualties the first week of war. Of course, no city can handle million casualties.

Would Germany launch attack on London? No military man doubt it for an instant. The ruthless German militarism that slaughtered English civilians in 1917 could make a shambles of London today; it would not hesitate to do so, for the simultaneous smashing of civil morale and of military and industrial power would be the way and the only way—to the quick and decisive victory which has always been the keystone of German plans.

So long as Britain and France cannot match Germany's air power, their freedom of action as great powers is definitely in eclipse.

Despite today's despots, a distinguished historian sees hope for the future in the light of the past

But All Is Not Lost

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

David S. Muzzey

Professor of American History, Columbia University;
author of "History of the American People," etc.

THE SCORE of years which have passed since the Treaty of Versailles have been a dismal period in the history of mankind. Efforts of men of good will to substitute coöperation for conflict have been thwarted at every turn.

Primarily to buttress their military strength, the nations have adopted "autarchic" devices. High tariff walls, import restrictions, quotas, embargoes, and currency manipulation have wrought havoc with international trade, in an era in which the autarchic nation is as anachronistic as the feudal manor. Science, technology, rapid communication, mass production, and the demand for ever-widening markets have made of the world a vast economic complex in which political isolation can only react as a boom-bang against the nation which attempts to practice it.

Obviously, we are facing a crisis. But facing crises has been the lot of man ever since civilization began its long, painful, and oft-interrupted upward march from the palolithic age. This is in no wise to minimize the seriousness of the

present crisis. We must face without blinking the dismal facts: the League of Nations deserted by nation after nation; democracy derided by its foes and doubted by many of its friends; the ideal of collective security yielding to an intensified reliance upon national self-sufficiency; hate, greed, persecution and war erected into boasted national policies; instead of a world made safe for democracy, democracy desperately seeking to make itself safe in the world.

The atmosphere in which the present generation lives has been a miasmatic one, propagating pessimism and fear. The burden of our dinner conversation is the hopelessness of the present outlook. We "speak of the coming war as of the coming winter." Our courage dwindles, in the simile of Lord Morley, to a puny hope that things may be better, shivering beside the gigantic conviction that they are bound to be worse. The multitude, unfortified by calm reason or historical perspective, falls into the fallacy that we are living in the worst possible of worlds. They talk freely of the

"return to barbarism" and the "collapse of civilization."

Yet, no setback, however serious, to any particular political reform or economic recovery is so disastrous as the weakening of faith in the worth-whileness of the effort. For faith, which is but another name for courage, is still "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen." All great ages, said Emerson, have been ages of faith. For faith, or courage, is creative, while despair is always destructive.

Nor is this faith mere wishful thinking, except it be divorced from a frank recognition of the realities of our situation and an honest effort to better that situation. "Faith without works is dead" because it is out of work that faith is born. When value is denied to human endeavor all other values turn to naught.

History offers us many a sad example of such letdown in social morale. Take the period following the death of Alexander the Great to which Professor Gilbert Murray applies the apt slogan of "the failure of nerve." The Greeks' creative work in the centuries from Thales to Aristotle is a priceless heritage. But, when their creative faith bogged down into the Hellenistic age, reason gave way to superstition, fickle Fortune was enthroned as a goddess, the standards of culture were debased, and there followed one of those dips in the

curve of human progress which have always waited for upward rectification upon the recovery of social morale.

Here let us not put the cart before the horse and confuse cause and effect. Our history textbooks speak of the barbarian invasions, for example, as a cause of the "fall of Rome," whereas, in truth, the fall of Rome (its loss of civic virtue, its social corruption, its financial demoralization) was the cause of the barbarian invasions. So individuals and nations lay the flattering unction to their souls that the failures are due to the very "circumstances" which their own moral apathy has engendered.

Can any sane man doubt today that the depression under which we have been suffering is no visitation of inscrutable Fate, but the result of an orgy of materialistic intoxication and reckless speculation that will forever brand the Nineteen Twenties as one of the most disgraceful decades in American history? The pendulum swings from the fatalism of inevitable progress to the fatalism of irremediable disaster; and both are equally unjustifiable by the experience of history. Life is conditioned, to be sure, but it is not fated. Every moment, no matter how heavily weighted with the inheritance of past follies, is a new start. And it is a craven attitude to let the follies of the past paralyze the initiative of the present.

Let us face the worst. What has been done is irrevocable. Not a line of the past can be erased. Manuria, Ethiopia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia — the dismal record is there. But it is because of the ignorance, timidity and faithlessness of men that we are afflicted with our present evils, and we shall be delivered from them by the wisdom and courage of men.

If the prospect for peace looks dark, there is all the more call for doubling the efforts for peace. If our complicated economic and social structure puts a heavier strain on the girders of democracy, that is no reason for abandoning democracy, but the most cogent argument for strengthening the girders. We believe that, with all its faults, democracy is the best form of government that the world has known and the only one that holds the promise of the free development of human personality and the realization of the "great society" of peaceable and progressive nations.

Certainly, we are not going to abandon the noble experiment of democratic government at the bidding of bullies who have no more understanding of what democracy really means than to call it, as Hitler does, "a ludicrous chicken farm where everybody cackles," or to shout with Mussolini that "the plain truth is that men are tired of liberty," and that the hardy youth of today want to "pass over the decayed corpse of the Goddess of

Liberty" to "order, hierarchy, war and glory." That is not "the plain truth," but an outrageous lie, devised to throw dust in the eyes of the multitude, so that they may blindly follow the "pied pipers of hysteria" and support the inordinate ambitions of tyrants.

Now just because life is conditioned (though not fated), a certain amount of adjustment to the conditions facing us is necessary. Ideals may move in the upper air of theory; but policies must be executed to meet the situation of the moment. Hence we have to do many things, from a short-time point of view, which, from the long-time point of view of our ideals, we deplore.

Compromise is a word of unpleasant connotation: but Lincoln was a wiser leader than Garrison in a former great crisis of our nation. To take the most conspicuous example of this enforced compromise, we vote a war budget of a billion dollars, while we abhor war as a relic of barbarism. From the point of view of our ideals it is sheer folly; from the point of view of the conditions with which we are confronted it is a stern necessity.

Is the crisis after all worse than many a former one through which mankind has fought its way back to sanity and progress? Are there not assets in the present situation which we have overlooked?

In the first place, the United States and those nations of western

Europe which still strongly hold to the principles of democracy far outweigh in resources the dictatorships east of the Rhine. It is not in the countries which have had a long experience in democratic rule that the totalitarian tyranny has prevailed, but in lands where the irresponsible autocracy of Czars, the politico-military discipline of Hohenzollerns, and the clamorous pseudo-parliamentarianism of an always disunited Italy have kept the people from developing their capacities for self-rule.

Moreover, no country enjoying a fair amount of economic prosperity and security has given itself over to the dictators. They are the product of misery, jealousy, bankruptcy and desperation — adventurers whom civil disorder and social confusion have thrown to the top to strut for a brief time as heaven-sent deliverers. If history has any lesson at all, it is that their day will be short. Even wise Thales, more than twenty-five centuries ago, declared that one sight the world would never see was "a tyrant growing old."

Napoleon, with more political and military genius in his little finger than the "sawdust Caesars" of today have in their whole bodies, lasted about twenty years. When the first cracks appeared in the edi-

fice of despotism which Napoleon had raised, the people from Spain to Russia rose to demolish the edifice and send its architect to die in exile on the barren island of St. Helena. Drunk with power which breeds ambition for more power, he had dared to challenge the historic process of the emergence of political, religious and economic liberty. For all his great gifts, he failed. And are we to believe that his feeble imitators fighting with the noble weapons of purges, persecutions, confiscations, concentration camps and castles will succeed where he failed? If not, what triumphs against the majestic march of history!

Finally, even if the situation were ten times worse than it is, we should not despair. Defeatism will get us nowhere. To throw in our hands and quit the game is sheer cowardice. Who knows how soon the dawn may succeed the dark? It will be all the sooner the greater the number of courageous souls whose only fear is that fear may seize their people. A Washington and a William Tell could lose every battle and still win the war. If we cannot have the superb courage of such as these, we at least can have the pluck of Milton's Satan, who surveyed his fallen host and cried: "What if the field be lost, all is not lost!"



A clever man tells a woman he understands her; a stupid one tries to prove it.

motorist who takes a chance on hitchhikers — and learns about others' lives:

I Pick 'Em Up

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Bergen Evans

WHEN a boy of high-school age was sentenced in St. Louis last year for the murder of five different people from whom he had begged rides, many of whose stories of horror were substantiated. You hear them everywhere: X has his pocket picked by a hitchhiker, Y was sued, Z now sleeps in an old churchyard! And then there is the seductive girl in saffron who her Duesenberg had broken down, and begged a lift to the next town. Overpowered by her charm, a simple Samaritan forgot that the next town was just across the state line and just under the Mann Act, and now he is the victim of blackmail. And there is the fragile lady from beneath whose petticoat peeked the cuffs of a man's trousers or from whose knitting bag protruded the muzzle of a machine gun. She's become quite legendary, a dear old menace.

The narrator of all such incidents gallantly warns: "Don't pick 'em up. Don't pick *any* of 'em up!" But till, I go on picking them up. All the stories are myths, but I have picked up scores of vagrants who have driven the car for me and

helped me with the tires, and not one has ever threatened me.

That is, I think not one. There is one experience about which I am still uncertain. On a California road I picked up one of the toughest mugs I have ever seen. There was an alarming friendliness about him, too, a tendency to thwack me on the back or dig me in the ribs at critical moments on hills and curves. But as the day wore on, my concern vanished; he seemed to be a simple-hearted bear, boisterous and boastful, but innocent enough. After dark, however, on a dirt-road detour, he said suddenly, "What'd you do if somebody stuck you up, some guy you'd picked up maybe?" Startled, I exclaimed, "I'd probably be so scared I'd step on the gas and go over the cliff." And then, having regained composure, "There's a lot of insanity in my family."

He didn't say a word, simply kept on his side of the seat with his hands plainly in view, until we came to the first street lights of Los Angeles; then, asking me to stop, he hurriedly scrambled out.

I pick them up because I am sorry for them; they are footsore

and hungry, and it's a little thing to let them sit in the car a while. But chiefly I pick them up because they are amusing and interesting. Strangers have none of the middle ground of talk; there is nothing between the weather and the stuff they live by. You'll find everything from rebellious boys ("Anything to get outa *that* dump!") and quiet, bewildered men reduced to vagabondage by some swift change in production methods, to those who are wanderers because they like the life and can support themselves by various ingenious occupations. Once I encountered a tattooed sword-swallower. The tattooing, he told me, was to hold the interest of the crowd until enough people had collected to make it worth his while to swallow the sword. He showed me the short, dirty saber and the dirtier poker which he was accustomed to thrust into his vitals, and even offered to teach me the art. Since it required, however, years of practice with polished ivory rods on an empty stomach, I declined with thanks. Later I had the queasy satisfaction of watching him perform. He recognized me in the crowd, honored me with a salute, and insisted I was not to contribute.

More pleasant to remember is a little boy I picked up one summer evening in Utah. I had been crawling all afternoon at about five miles an hour through great herds of sheep that were moving north toward Provo. Finally I came on this boy,

a child of about ten, trudging along with a lamb in his arms. He did not ask for a ride, but he seemed tiny, so alone in the vastness of the hills and the twilight, that I stopped and asked him if he would like to get in. He said yes, that he would, because a lift would get him home in time for supper; he had ten miles to go and was hungry.

Seated in the car with the lamb in his lap, half hidden under his jacket, he explained that it was a *lostling*, one whose mother had died. Ordinarily, he said, the sheepherders feed them from bottles or find a sheep whose lamb has died and use the dead lamb's skin around the orphan—for the ewes, though they will not feed a strange lamb, seem to know their own solely by smell. But during migrations there is no time for such attentions and the lostlings are left to die.

And so he had taken to walking along behind the herds waiting for a chance stray. It was hard work for a child. The day I picked him up he had followed the herds 15 miles and had carried the lamb five miles the way home. He had started early in the morning, and if I had not given him a ride he would not have reached home before midnight. The possibility did not alarm him; he had often walked that far before. His father, a farmer, staked him to skim milk to feed his lambs. The year before, he had acquired a flock of 34 and this year already had 11. At the mention of such numbers

came more respectful; I had picked up a man of substance.

I don't generally pick up boys in their teens, but I make an exception of CCC boys. I like their energy and enthusiasm for the camps. I have picked them up in all parts of the country, and have yet to find one who was disgruntled or bitter. One I picked up invited me to supper and was hurt when I showed astonishment. Of course he could have a guest. What did I think the camp was, a prison? I made floundering apology and stayed to a very good supper.

College boys, on the other hand, are rarely interesting. They spoil the natural charm of their ignorance by trying to be charming. They are little Dale Carnegies and proceed to put you at your ease.

They are too anxious to find out our interests, whereas it is the man with overmastering interests of his own who makes the way seem short. Give me a crank or a crackpot every time, a fellow who can't wait to get into the car before he starts to expound or argue. Communism or some crazy diet, it's all one with me so long as he is excited about it.

One of my most vivid recollections is of a man whom I did *not* pick up. His name was Brother John, and I saw him in Prescott, Arizona, one morning several years ago. A rodeo was scheduled for the afternoon, and the streets were gay with ten-gallon hats, bright shirts

and all the paraphernalia of the professional West. A microphone had been set up on the steps of the courthouse, and now and then the man at the mike would ask some local celebrity to say a word or two. Several politicians had assured the crowd of their undying devotion to its interests when Brother John appeared. He was a prophet, he said, and his ruddy face, magnificent white beard and flowing locks bore him out. He was barefooted and dressed in a sort of toga. In his hand he held a staff to which a banner was attached, and around his neck was hung on a red cord what seemed to be the nozzle of a fire hose.

He mounted the courthouse steps with dignity, and, applying the small end of his fire nozzle to his lips, blew a fierce blast into the microphone. And then, in a voice scarcely less terrible, cried out the single word: "Repent!"

That were a man to pick up. Someday I will overtake him along the road and offer him a ride. And then — with his bare feet on the dashboard and his trumpet clearing all before us — what brave things I shall learn! He will tell me of God's wrath, of Judgment Day and all the hardships of a prophet's life. He will speak of Beulah and of Signs to Come, and justify the Amish Brethren because they use no buttons!

What a poor thing is safety compared to this!

Cosmetic Comedy

Condensed from The American Mercury

Lois Mattox Miller

ACCORDING to the advertisers, if a woman isn't beautiful it's her own fault.

If her skin isn't as the rose petal, if her hands have not the softness of an angel's caress, if her eyes don't shine, it's simply because she hasn't been buying the right brands of paint, powder, perfume, lipstick or skin food.

In answer to this appeal, the women of America put \$400,000,000 worth of cosmetics on their faces last year, thereby benefiting their souls rather more than their skins. They bought a staggering tonnage of promises few of which could ever be kept — 52,000 tons of cleansing cream, 27,000 tons of skin lotion, 20,000 tons of complexion soap.

To find out what the women are getting for their money, I consulted prominent skin specialists, and had a number of widely used preparations subjected to laboratory tests. The results show that the advertisers' version of skin health bears as much relation to facts as the green cheese fable does to the moon.

The dermatologists are not amused by the cosmetic comedy. They consider most cosmetics harmless, but extravagantly overpriced and with some exceptions incapable of the miracles claimed for them. They

object to the misconceptions created by the imagination of sales promotion experts — such as the deliberate fiction that the feminine skin is a delicate tissue which must be oiled and fed if it is to remain attractive. Your skin, they say, is remarkably waterproof, tough, resistant, and able to take an extraordinary amount of punishment. But — contrary to the ads — it won't take nourishment. It can be fed only from within; its appearance, sallow or glowing, reflects the individual's internal health. And they brand as useless the hundreds of creams or lotions which purport to feed vitamins or other "valuable" substances into the skin.

Dr. Howard Fox, Emeritus Professor of Dermatology of the New York University School of Medicine, maintains that cosmetic manufacturers have erected a fiction worth millions upon the little word "pore." Countless women have been led to buy "astringents" in the belief that the pores "open and shut like the mouth of a fish." Which of course isn't true — "the pores cannot be closed by any method." Of "muscle oils" and "wrinkle removers" Dr. Fox says:

"You are given to understand that you can oil up the voluntary

cles of the skin as if you had a
oil can. No preparation applied
the skin has any effect on the
cles of the skin. Nor will any
am do away with wrinkles,
ich are caused by disappearance
the subcutaneous fat and a less-
ng of the tension of the skin."

Though millions may be wasted
some cosmetics, others are uni-
nably as essential to the well-
ssed woman as her silly hats and
high-heeled shoes. She may not
the health of skin she paid for,
t from the adroit use of rouge,
wder and lipstick she gets peace
mind, and a "lift" when she
ks in the mirror. So the derma-
logists gladly accord to woman
se adornments. But, they add,
is being overcharged for some
ry simple compounds.

This is borne out by the tests
de in my investigation. Cosmet-
in general use were purchased
m five-and-ten, drug and de-
rtment stores, as well as from a
beauty salons. These typical
mples were analyzed by a well-
own laboratory in New York.
e findings show little relation be-
een the quality of cosmetics and
eir price.

The chief item in a woman's
auty kit is face powder. Good
ce powder should be easy to
read, should adhere well, a little
ould cover a wide area, and it
ould not readily absorb moisture.
ested for these and other quali-
s, a medium-priced brand at 47

cents an ounce proved best. The
most expensive was certainly no
better, though it cost 61 cents an
ounce. It contained starch which
caused it to absorb moisture and
become lumpy. Besides, certain
rare individuals are allergic to
starch. There was little to choose
between the cheapest brand at 18
cents and the highest-priced at 61.

Four well-known brands of lique-
fying cleansing cream turned out
to be physically and chemically al-
most identical. Yet they ranged in
price from 15 to 58 cents an ounce.
Except for the difference in per-
fume, they might all have come
from the same batch. Possibly they
did; manufacturers of paraffin and
petrolatum blends turn the basic
cream out by the ton, ready for per-
fuming and packaging under any
trade name. The effect of such
creams is largely mechanical any-
way; they lubricate the dirt so it
can be wiped off.

Tests of lipsticks were for melt-
ing point (which should not be too
far above body temperature); for
ease of removal with dry cloth and
with soap and water, permanency
of fabric stain after boiling in soap
and water, and uniformity of streak
under the microscope. Of the four
lipsticks tested, brand B, at a little
over a dollar an ounce, performed
quite as well as brand C, at over \$7.
Brand D (from a beauty salon),
performed as badly as brand A
(from the five-and-ten), though it
cost ten times as much.

The astringents or "skin tonics" tested consisted largely of plain water and alcohol. Their effect on the skin is exhilarating, but temporary — dermatologists say that the same bracing effect can be produced by cold water from the bathroom faucet. All four brands analyzed had about 23 percent of alcohol; all were substantially the same except for color and odor. Nothing shown by the tests warranted the spread in price from 6 to 26 cents per ounce.

Most cosmetics are compounded according to more or less standardized formulae available to every manufacturer. Many prominent cosmetic firms do not have even a single chemist in their employ. A surprising number of "manufacturers" do no manufacturing at all, but have their products made up by a manufacturing chemist. One manufacturer was found to be packaging under one label for the dime-store trade the identical cream he was putting up for a beauty salon to re-

tail under its own label, in slightly larger and more elaborate jars, \$6 a jar!

With simple raw materials from a common source, it is obvious that the "new discovery" and the "secret ingredient" must be set down as strictly ballyhoo.

But cosmetics have one ingredient which no tests can analyze. Call it hope. Beauty is partly a matter of feeling beautiful. Elegant jars at high prices can contribute to that feeling.

What woman would get a "lift" from going to the corner store and having her cosmetics dished out to her with a scoop, like lard?

The intelligent woman, however, will not pay too high a price for hope. She will realize that the cosmetician's claims are too lofty to be a reliable buying guide. Knowing that the best bargains seldom come in fancy packages, she will have a fair chance of touching up Nature's handiwork successfully and at not too great a cost.



It's All in Your Point of View

DURING gold rush days in California, a lady took her infant to the theater one evening and it started crying just as the orchestra began to play.

"Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry," called a man in the pews. "I haven't heard such a sound in ten years!"

The audience applauded the sentiment wildly, the orchestra was stopped, and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm.

— Quoted in *Indianapolis Sunday Star*

A story of labor union violence followed by
law destructive of labor unions

Oregon Strikes Back

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Richard L. Neuberger

THE DAY after the election last November, George H. Brown, president of Local No. 3 of the Lumberjacks' Union, ran a scarred hand through his sandy hair. "Gosh!" groaned he. "To think this could have happened in Oregon!"

The people of that commonwealth, weary of four years of labor strife and racketeering, had just opted by decisive referendum for the most severe legal restraint on the activities of labor unions ever enacted in the United States. Brown was particularly distressed because Oregon in years past had not allowed many of organized labor's activities. The state had legislated minimum wages and maximum hours, limited the industrial use of women and children, pioneered benefits for workmen injured at their jobs, and forbade injunctions in labor disputes. Organized labor

Oregon became big and strong. Now, Oregon's labor leaders lament, these gains have been lost and labor unions have been reduced to the effectiveness of the Campfire Girls. The Oregon Federation of Labor, which once proudly pointed

to its state as a citadel of social justice, now calls Oregon "the industrial black spot of the nation." Unless the United States Supreme Court, long the object of labor wrath, declares the law unconstitutional, both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. fear that the use of this new weapon against labor may spread to such great industrial states as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio.

The wrath of labor leaders is intensified by the fact that the mandate came not from legislators, on whom political retribution might be visited, but from the voters themselves.

The first section of this unique and bristling law outlaws any labor dispute not between an employer and a majority of his employes. A.F.L. leaders point out that if the truck drivers, numbering, say, 100 of the 2000 employes in a department store, decide their wages are too low, they cannot legally go on strike unless they persuade approximately half the other 1900 employes to strike with them. The A.F.L. contends that this provision renders their craft unions practically powerless to call strikes, be-

cause few craft unions ever include a majority of the workers in any particular plant.

The first section also limits legal labor disputes to issues directly concerned with wages, hours and working conditions. A strike over union recognition is automatically outside the law.

The law also forbids sympathy strikes, jurisdictional wrangles between rival labor organizations, and all picketing and boycotts not squarely connected with the restricted sort of labor dispute now permitted. It has become a crime to attempt in any manner to prevent a man from working for an employer who wants to hire him. Nor can a labor organization interfere, no matter how remotely, with manufacturing, harvesting or commerce. Unions are prohibited from collecting funds for other than "legitimate purposes," and any member of a union can demand at any time a complete accounting and record of all union money and property. The courts are given the right to enforce the law by injunction.

Dissatisfaction with the law is not confined to the ranks of labor. The Portland *Oregonian*, the traditionally Republican newspaper of the state, thinks the law contains "vengeful provisions restrictive of the rights of workers as American citizens." Charles A. Sprague, the newly-elected Republican governor, advised against the law because he considered it "too drastic."

How, then, did this proposition become the people's will? Back that vote lurks public disgust with strikes, racketeering, bombing closed sawmills, silent factories pitched battles between opposing union forces, and deals between union bosses and business men to maintain high prices at the expense of the consuming public. The story of the adoption of this law is the story of labor union tyranny that resulted in heavy votes for the scheme *even in localities populated overwhelmingly by working people*. It also is the story of a so-called "farm" organization promoted by such backwoods rustics as utility lawyers, Chamber of Commerce secretaries and lumber company owners.

The process started in 1934, which was the year of the big maritime strike and also the year when A.F.I. leaders on the Pacific Coast appointed Al Rosser to run the powerful Teamsters' Union. Rosser soon became the dominant figure in the state's labor arena. Trucking is the key to industry, especially in a region of vast distances like Oregon. No industry could survive without transportation. Rosser was able to determine which plants should and should not be unionized, and which businesses should and should not be allowed to function. The other unions squirmed under this halter but kept silent in order not to lose the support of the teamsters.

All Rosser had to do in defense of

s authority was to maintain a picket line through which no deliveries could pass. Among the equipment of the Teamsters' Union was an arsenal of tear gas. In a downtown Portland building the union rented a gymnasium, where an assortment of prize fighters and other athletes prepared themselves for duty on the picket line. In periods of labor trouble, they would report to Rosser's office for buttons indicating that their dues as union members "had been paid. Braving the blows of Rosser's picket lines became hazardous indeed.

Part of the contract between the truck drivers and Oregon bakeries was that the bakeries had to get "adequate prices" for their goods. The teamsters pledged themselves to help maintain such prices -- and did. A brewery insisted on charging \$8.75 instead of \$9.10 for a half keg of beer. The brewery hired union men, paid union wages -- but its drivers were beaten and its trucks bombed. A laundry with a price list 10 percent below prevailing prices had its wage scale for truck driversiked 20 percent above that of other underties. To the consuming public of Oregon, who paid for all this, Rosser's henchmen became known as "goons."

In 1937, when the big split came between A.F.L. and C.I.O., the lumberjacks went over to the C.I.O. hereupon the A.F.L. slapped a boycott on the products of the C.I.O. mills. A.F.L. carpenters would not

drive nails into this lumber and the teamsters would not truck it. The lumber industry folded up. The state lost \$9,000,000 worth of business in a few months. Thousands of lumberjacks were thrown out of work. The federal unemployment census of 1937 showed Oregon third among the states in the percentage of its people without jobs.

The "goon squad" helped make the boycott effective. Obstreperous C.I.O. lumberjacks got pummeled on numerous occasions. So did dissenting A.F.L. members. In this welter of violence and intimidation the C.I.O. had an opportunity to get public favor on its side. But Harry Bridges, boss of the C.I.O. on the Coast, rushed into the timber country and blurted out:

"We as workers have nothing in common with the employers. We are in a class struggle. If the employer is not in business his products will still be necessary and we will still be providing them when there is no employing class. We frankly believe that day is coming."

Could these words represent the C.I.O. goal? Sympathy for the harassed timber workers speedily vanished, a course hastened when Bridges, an alien himself, made Harold Pritchett of British Columbia, another alien, leader of the lumberjacks. The public of Oregon was confronted by a hard choice -- on one side Al Rosser, never elected by any union, ruling the A.F.L. with his "goon squad," and on the other, two men

not American citizens, one of them advocating the class struggle.

Then early last year the police moved in on Rosser. One hundred and twenty "goons" were arrested, and 76 were convicted of crimes ranging from arson to assault and battery. Rosser himself got a 12-year sentence for his part in the burning of a \$90,000 lumberyard.

With the "goons" locked up, an A.F.L. union not affiliated with the teamsters resolved "in favor of complete removal of racketeering and gangsterism from the labor movement." The resolution got wide support from other unions.

Two weeks later initiative petitions providing for the control of organized labor by law appeared on the streets and roadways of Oregon. More than 27,000 signatures were secured, and the proposal went on the ballot.

The official sponsor of the law was an organization called the Associated Farmers of Oregon. The scheme was presented to the voters as the brain child of outraged farmers whose crops had rotted in the fields because of strikes in the shipping and trucking industries.

The "farmer" in charge of the Associated Farmers' headquarters turned out to be W. W. Knight, at-

torney for the Industrial Relations Association. The "farmer" soliciting finances turned out to be George Baker of the Oregon Manufacturers' Association. But no matter who financed the promotion of the law, the slogan of the Associated Farmers, "Clean Up This Labor Mess!" found the people in a responsive mood. Thirty-three of Oregon's 39 counties, including even industrial Multnomah County, favored the law. Even where a worker voted against the law, in many instances his wife voted for it. Oregon's constant succession of strikes and labor wars has meant no pay checks at home — and no pay checks mean misery, and plenty of it.

And so the commonwealth that pointed the way to liberal industrial reform starts out on America's first attempt at governmental control of organized labor.

If the new law should destroy bona-fide labor bargaining groups, the pendulum of opinion might swing swiftly in the opposite direction. Some of the more dispassionate business men are hinting that the legislature should now modify the anti-union law. The people, these men believe, voted against labor racketeering and violence and not against legitimate unionism.



"WHAT a glorious garden of wonders this would be," I remarked to my American friends when I first saw the lights of Broadway, "to anyone lucky enough to be unable to read."

—G. K. Chesterton, *What I Saw in America* (Dodd, Mead)

A sanctuary where kindly monks care for those who want to
"get away from it all" and where money isn't mentioned

Oasis

Condensed from *The Catholic World*

Thomas E. Murphy

IN THE HEART of industrial Rhode Island, within eyeshot of the smoky textile mills which dot the Blackstone Valley, lies an oasis of religion where monastic hospitality is still practiced. The traveler has but to knock and the door will be opened to him. He may stay for a day or a week — and he will never hear money mentioned, unless he brings it up himself.

This strange hostelry at Cumberland, R. I., is the monastery of the Cistercian Order of the Strict Observance. This religious order, one of the strictest in the world, stems from the first Cistercian monastery, established in the uninhabited forest of Cîteaux, France, in 1098. Relaxation of some of the basic rules caused the founding of the reform order of the "Strict Observance" at the Abbey of La Trappe, in Normandy, whence these reformed Cistercians have come to be known as "Trappists."

The voluntary discipline which the monks undergo makes the ordinary mortal tremble. All except the Prior, the Guest Master and a few others who must come in contact with the lay public, live a life

of silence, transmitting messages only by sign language. They go to bed at seven o'clock at night and start the day's work at two in the morning. Sundays and holy days they rise even earlier. They eat from plain tin dishes, eschewing all delicacies and even meat, fish and eggs. They sleep on straw pallets and spend the day in hard manual labor, which is interrupted only by prayer.

But what they decline for themselves, they press on their guests, who have a choice of several meats at practically every meal, sleep in comfortable beds and get up when they feel like it.

A severe life these Trappists lead? Yes, but a healthful one. Not a single monk — and their ages range up to 93 — has the slightest heart disorder. Indigestion is unknown. When they die, they die of old age, not from the strain and worry of life. The present head of the monastery, a member of the Order for over 60 years, is hale and hearty at well over 80.

The approach to the monastery is through a characteristic New England mill town, down a rough,

cobbled street lined with tawdry restaurants, grocery stores and bar-rooms. Then a sharp turn up a narrow road and the gray-blue stone buildings of the monastery loom before you. If you are fortunate enough to visit in the springtime, the fields bordering the road will be white and the air fragrant with apple blossoms, for the monks have devoted a considerable portion of their 500 acres to raising fruit.

As you drive up the graveled road, you become aware of the brown-clad brothers and white-cowled priests working in the fields, among the fruit trees, grapevines and vegetables, giving a strange, medieval atmosphere to the scene. None of them pays the slightest attention to you or to any of the rest of the world that goes speeding past their gates.

Only the Guest Master speaks to you, but he more than makes up for the silence of the others by his cheerful volubility and good humor. You marvel at the way he runs upstairs with your bags, although you protested that they were too heavy for him. After seeing you comfortably settled, he tells you that you have an hour or more before the evening meal, and suggests that you wander around and make yourself at home.

Behind the monastery you see a black-bearded fellow walking behind a herd of cows, but his pleasant smiling eyes peering out at you from under the cowl belie the sin-

ister appearance of his beard. Farther on, a group of white-robed priests are busily felling trees. They look up and smile, but they do not speak.

Then as you emerge from the woodland you come upon a strange sight: silhouetted against a huge cliff of gray-blue stone is a large steamshovel, its controls manned by a brown-cowled figure with long white beard. Even as you look, the man's beard is carried straight out in front of him by the wind so that he looks for all the world like one of the prophets out of the Old Testament astride one of the fiercer creatures of the Apocalypse.

The world seems very far from you that night as you drop off to sleep, the droning chant of the centuries-old ritual which has seeped through the walls of your room still ringing in your ears. And only the far-off screeching of automobile brakes and a shrill train whistle make you realize that this discrete particle of human society is actually hemmed in on all sides by a civilization which makes not the slightest impression on the lives of the men who live here.

And they have been men of the world too: some have been members of the learned professions, once was a World War ace, another member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, another a successful bridge engineer (he of the steam shovel); still others business men or industrialists. The varied occupational backgrounds of its mem-

ers make it possible for the monastery to be practically self-sufficient, even to the quarrying of stone and the construction of its buildings. Some have even roamed the seven seas as soldiers of fortune. But each now, for reasons of his own, has finally sought this sanctuary.

Looking from your window in the morning, you see outside a queue of slouched and beaten-looking men, with coat collars up and hands in their pockets. These men will be brought in and the monks will feed them as though they were honored guests. For the rules of the Order require that whatever the monks produce over and above their own needs must be distributed freely among the poor.

The odor of delicious coffee comes to you from the dining room downstairs, and the Guest Master peers anxiously into your room to see if you are awake.

"Breakfast is ready if you are," he says.

And so — for seven days.

When, at the end of my visit, which I had intended to be only an overnight stay, I asked, "How much do I owe?" the Guest Master shrugged his shoulders. "We do not discuss money. It is not important."

But if these monks do not seek things, material goods do come to them. Grateful people who come there actually force gifts on them.

The guests of the monks are from all walks of life and all creeds.

Some come to find spiritual consolation. Some, like myself, come out of curiosity. Others to pull themselves together after a "bender"; even these are welcome, for the monks are aware of human frailty and weakness. In the dining room one is apt to find interesting companions: the busy physician who confides that he's just sick and tired of the telephone bell and the ceaseless demands of his patients; the stockbroker who comes down regularly from New York for week-ends; a prominent politician, a newspaper man, a police official. There are Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics, rich and poor, cultured and illiterate. Three prominent business men, all Protestants, meet here every year to spend a week together.

Most of them come just to "get away from it all" for a few days, to get reoriented in this funny process of living. You may come as often as you like and be welcome, the only limitation being that you are permitted to stay only a week at a time.

And, of course, the monastery gets more than its share of unstable individuals who, in the sudden stress of misfortune, turn to the monks and want to "join." I saw one young man who had been recently disappointed in love and in the throes of his tragedy had sought admission to the Order.

"He'll be all right in a few days," the Brother assured me. "We'll just let him simmer for a while and

then he'll be ready to go home again. We get lots like him and they usually calm down."

The monastery does not accept crackpots or morons or other emotionally unstable persons. For it takes a sturdy mind and a sturdy body to stand up under the grim regime of work and prayer.

Besides offering a pattern of simplicity to a mixed-up world, these monks have, in centuries past, made valuable contributions to civilization. During the dark days of the

Middle Ages they kept alive its tiny flickering flame. None of the cruelty and stupidity of the world is allowed to pass over the threshold of the monastery, except as it may be embodied in the person of a temporary visitor. Here is only kindness, patience, and hard, coöperative work.

Now, in a world living in anticipation of its destruction, one wonders if there is again to be a need for such a sanctuary as this for the preservation of our culture.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

HER LOOK hung a price-tag on every object in the room (Dorothy Hirschfeld) . . . She is vogue on the outside and vague on the inside (Helen E. Anderson) . . . No more initiative than an echo (Robert Quillen) . . .

I'd have to print my opinion of that man on asbestos paper (Dorothy Dix)

GIVING HER one of those person-to-person looks (Frances M. Howard) . . . Trying to wrap myself in the vanishing skirts of a dream (E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross)

HER SMILE was something to find your way with in the dark (Margaret Halsey) . . . The nurse, crisp as a spike of white hyacinth (Henry and Sylvia Lieferant) . . .

*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

He rides as though the horse had been tailored under him (George Agnew Chamberlain) . . . With her clinging draperies and pageboy coiffure she contrives to look beautifully drowned (Cecil Beaton)

HE TIPSY-TOED upstairs (J. Arthur Henderson) . . . Stores neon-nouncing themselves (Richard T. Baker)

THE TIDE spread its fans upon the shore (Van Wyck Brooks) . . . The rain threw hoops in the puddle (Edith Zittler) . . . Dead leaves turned handsprings on the lawn (F. B. Tarpley) . . . A sky so clear you could see infinity (Louise Redfield Peattie)

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The Self You Have to Live With

Adapted from the book

Winfred Rboades

ASELF is not something you are endowed with at birth. It is something you are continually creating as you live your day-day life. Whether that self shall be vapid or virile, barren or productive, a source of misery or a source of power — that depends upon the interests you cultivate, the thoughts you permit, the ideals you reach out after, the reactions you let yourself enjoy.

Life's greatest achievement is the continual remaking of yourself so that at last you know how to live. "Ye must be born anew" is as true in modern psychology as in traditional theology. Every resentment that you encourage, every grudge, every despondency, every smug conceit — and, on the other hand, every self-mastery, every high fortitude, every facing of naked truth — makes either for breaking down the self or for building it up.

When the mood of "What's the use?" comes over you, turn to the pages of biography whose splendor is made by the stories of great souls who set out to make the spirit supreme and the body its subservient instrument. Recall the words of Epictetus, who said, "In every feast remember that there are two guests

to be entertained, the body and the soul; and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains forever."

It is one of the world's great treasures, that story of Epictetus. An ex-slave, lame, utterly poor in the things that make life comfortable, he asserted the power of spirit over body, made himself one of the royal souls of all time, and gave to the world thoughts by which willing men and women have made themselves more truly masters of life.

And remember also this letter written by Robert Louis Stevenson after one of those bouts with disease when it was "a toss-up for life or death": "Yet I did not wish to die. I felt that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honorable discharge; that I had taken up many obligations which I had no right to put away from me; and that for me to die was to play the cur and desert the colors."

Stevenson's gallant words are typical of great souls throughout history. Was it Helen Keller who said "although the world is very full of suffering it is also full of the overcoming of it"? She was talking quite in Stevenson's vein. Sir Walter Scott's amanuensis reported that

when his dictation was "mingled with groans extorted from him by his pains," he refused to stop working, but requested only that the doors be shut "so that the expressions of his agony might not reach his family." Scott was living out the idea that Stevenson later put into a vivid phrase: "true health is to be able to do without it."

These are people whose names are known to the world. But in dark little tenements, on hardscrabble farms, in plodding offices, on city streets doing queer odd jobs, and among people whose lives have been turned topsy-turvy by adverse fortune you can find their worthy mates. "Sometimes I am glad that I have had my trials; for I have gained peace of mind, understanding and tolerance of others," said a recent letter to me. Brought up in luxury, the writer now has sometimes to borrow carfare to visit a clinic. But she is learning that it is the self one develops inwardly, rather than the fortune one has outwardly, that determines whether one shall live in serenity or in gloom — and to a great extent also whether one shall live in physical well-being.

For mental self-command — the habit of constructive thought-direct-

tion — is more important for wholesome life than physical soundness. The emotional energy with which your thoughts are empowered may either lead to havoc or it may be creative. Yours is the choice whether it shall exhaust itself in mere sentimental enjoyment of feeling, or drive you on to courageous and aspiring action.

The drifter lets himself think any thought that turns up in his head and yields himself to any emotion that comes along. But the man who is set for the building up of a self that he can live with in some kind of comfort continually checks idle thinking habits and never dwells emotionally upon resentments, animosities, criticisms, disappointments. He deliberately cultivates emancipating emotions. Wanting for his inner companion a self that has poise and strength and adventurous aspiration, he keeps under his hand some book that stimulates to greatness; he teaches himself to live his daily life in communion with the great souls who, like Epicurus and Scott and Stevenson, rose superior by force of mind and spirit to difficulties that might have wrecked their lives. He makes growth, and ever more growth, the desire of his heart as long as he lives. ✓



WHEN KING JAMES called St. Paul's Cathedral "amusing, awful, and artificial," the architect was pleased. In those days, amusing meant amazing, awful meant awe-inspiring, and artificial meant artistic.

— Tracy York in *This Week Magazine*

Profits increase with profit-sharing under
M. L. Joslyn's plan to make his workers partners

Tim's a Capitalist Now

Condensed from Survey Graphic

William F. McDermott

TIM is a warehouse truckman. For 19 years he has worked in the Chicago factory of the Joslyn Manufacturing & Supply Company, makers of electric light and power line equipment. Tim is on the threshold of 60 and is counting the days until he can spend all his time on his three-acre "patch" beyond the city limits.

"I'm a capitalist, now," he says.

Tim started on his way up by sucking away \$1.50 weekly for 50 weeks each year, telling the company to take it out of his \$30 pay envelope. For the first 11 years, the company's profit-sharing plan matched Tim's dollar four to one. The slump reduced the company's contribution for a time, but even so, with compound interest, Tim now has a credit of \$15,200. That's about \$11 for every \$1 he has put in. He can invest it, if he wishes, in referred stock of his company, or he can take the principal in monthly payments, with interest on the balance. Or he can collect a lump sum.

Another employe who this year reached 60 died a few weeks ago; his widow got one of the company's profit-sharing checks for \$17,700.

A machinist has paid in \$97 a year since 1923. His contributions of \$1452 in a little over 15 years have produced for him a credit of \$11,200. A foreman soon to "check out" will receive \$29,106, and another executive \$36,278.

The Joslyn Company had its plan in operation for 18 years before the public found out about it. Then a financial editor who chanced in at a stockholders' meeting printed the story. Since then 6000 corporations and individuals have asked for details. A group of industrial relations experts recently pronounced it among the best of 165 profit-sharing and pension systems minutely studied — the 165 being chosen out of 4000 now in operation.

Employees "chip in" five percent of their wages; the company appropriates 10 percent of its net profits to the fund. It is controlled by a board of three officers and two elected employes. Factory workers number 85 percent of the members. When an employe reaches 60 or is disabled by accident or ill health, he receives the entire amount to his credit. A worker may retire at 50

or 55 if his health is not good. He will be regarded as disabled and receive the full amount. If he quits his job, he receives all that he paid in with half of what the company deposited to his credit and compound interest on both. The other half of the company contribution reverts to the fund.

At the end of three years' service, an employee must join the plan or resign. The company frankly says, "If a man can't see the advantage for him in this plan, he isn't the kind of man we want working for us."

On the other hand, a board of three executives and two employees governs labor relations and a man cannot be discharged without approval of one of the labor votes.

When M. L. Joslyn was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1896, he received a present of \$5000 with which to tour Europe. He was gone three months, spent \$1600. The \$3400 he had left is the only capital he ever had.

The practice of law did not appeal to him. He took charge of a tottering concern, made it pay, became a "business doctor," and within a year after graduation, he was in 11 different kinds of business, including the ownership and operation of a telephone exchange. He bought a factory to manufacture equipment to extend his telephone system. When power lines began to develop, he expanded again, organized the present company in 1902.

In the meantime, the young industrialist was trying to work out his profit-sharing ideas, on the theory that you must get people to work *with* you, not *for* you. He held that if you want workers to defend capitalism, you must make capitalists out of them. He believed the easiest pushover for the political crackpot — they had plenty of them in those days, too — is the toiler who looks forward to a penniless old age.

Joslyn evolved a business philosophy: "Pay capital enough to keep it interested and pay management ability enough to keep it functioning, then give the rest of the profits to the workers."

So for 20 years, Joslyn tried on plan after another. He gave workmen stock certificates which brought generous dividends at the end of the year. He found that not one in ten had a nickel of the extra money left in 60 days. The bonus system was next, but its benefits were transitory. He figured the average pension system was but "a crust thrown to an old dog in the corner." He decided then on a profit-sharing plan which should be cumulative so that a man would think seriously before throwing up his job, and so remunerative that an employee would be relieved of all worries about the future, thus releasing energies for more efficient work.

The Joslyn plan was launched January 1, 1919 when all industry was suffering from the postwar

turnover of labor. At first it met suspicion that it was designed to offset low wages.

"We promptly announced that as in the past, our wages would be as high always as those paid by our leading competitors," said Mr. Joslyn. "The plan would be a sham otherwise. At the end of three years, all abnormal labor turnover was ended and every foreman reported that increased efficiency more than offset the cost of the plan. This has been true ever since, so capital has been satisfied. The plan has satisfied the public; we have produced better material at lower cost. Our executives have been satisfied; we have not lost a manager, salesman or office man of any standing in the 19 years. And we never have had one moment of labor trouble."

Joslyn lists other things the plan has achieved: High morale and loyalty; capital and labor antago-

nism eliminated by making workers capitalists; better production, because employees work for themselves as well as for the company; no loss of trained men to competitors.

The firm has averaged 13.3 per cent net profit for 19 years. Yet the company is in a highly competitive field and enjoys no patent monopoly or other special privilege. Mr. Joslyn credits these results to efficient production.

He believes that any profit-sharing scheme superimposed on labor without effort on its part is worthless. He thinks it is a partnership enterprise — not a matter of beneficence, but of engineering, requiring good technique as well as good intentions if it is to succeed.

Nineteen years of successful operation during which the plan has survived a major boom and a major depression seem to prove the point.



Odd Things That Get in the Papers

❶ **SITUATION WANTED** — By young woman 21 years of age. Unusual experience includes three years Necking and Stripping. Address Dept. O-2, Shears.

(From *Shears*, a journal of the box-making industry, in which "Necking" and "Stripping" are innocent technical terms)

❷ **IMPORTANT NOTICE** — Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice here in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people, and before I chase my heifers all over the country again, all the sinners can go to hell. (From a small Mississippi paper.)

— Column in Wilmington (Delaware) *Star*

☛ An American aviator brings back this story
from his war experiences in Spain

My Air Duel with Bruno Mussolini

Condensed from *For Men*

Captain Derek D. Dickinson

As told to Edwin C. Parsons

FOR MORE YEARS than I like to recall I have made war aviation my profession, and have naturally been near death many times. But I never came closer than on the day I fought a prearranged air duel with Mussolini's oldest son.

For 16 months I was a pilot for the Loyalist forces in Spain, the last 10 months as captain in command of the *Esquadrilla Alas Rojas* (Red Wings) stationed at Castellón de la Plana. Opposing us at Palma de Majorca was a strong detachment of enemy planes under Bruno Mussolini. It was late August, 1937.

One night my superior, Colonel de los Reyes, brought me the news that a challenge had come via Insurgent headquarters radio from Bruno himself, offering to meet any five Loyalist planes in single combat. Probably Bruno never expected anything to come of it and was just hoping to build up morale in his own force.

I exploded. "Colonel, he can't get away with that! Get a message back. Tell him he doesn't need to fight five planes. I'll accept his challenge."

The message was sent. Impatiently we waited a week, two weeks, repeating the message frequently. There was only silence from the Insurgent side. We might have given up, but American newspaper men egged us on to continue sending the messages and, I believe, sent goading messages of their own.

Still there was silence, and it was not until thirty days had passed that the answer came, in substance about like this:

I will accept the offer of the American Captain Dickinson and will meet him in single combat at noon, September 28, midway between our two air fields at an altitude of 15,000 feet. I will bring two observation planes that will remain at least 1000 feet above us and will under no circumstances take any part in the combat. I shall expect Captain Dickinson to bring two observers who will follow the same procedure. As soon as we sight each other at the designated point, we will make a complete circle followed by an Immelmann turn which will be the signal to begin combat. Should I become incapacitated and wish to acknowledge defeat, I will throw over my glove attached to my scarf as a sig-

nal of surrender. I expect Captain Dickinson to do the same.

BRUNO MUSSOLINI

› [The scarf referred to is of silk, over six feet long and three feet wide. Attached to an object the weight of a gauntlet glove, it will spread out like a parachute, easily visible in the air.]

I made no special preparations for the combat, except to see that I had a full load of ammunition for my four double-barreled Vickers guns (synchronized with the propeller) and the two electrically operated wing guns. I was flying a Mosca monoplane, the Russian-built copy of the Boeing P-26, with a 1050 h.p. Wright motor.

The two observation planes left the field about 15 minutes before I did. In them were four of my closest comrades from the Esquadrilla. They had strict orders to act merely as witnesses to our combat.

The next quarter-hour was the hardest. But finally I shoved off and streaked for the rendezvous.

I had covered nearly half the distance toward Palma de Majorca when I spotted four ships well above me, two by two, making fairly tight circles.

I hit the rendezvous exactly at noon; simultaneously from the direction of the enemy's stronghold a tiny black speck drew near. It was Bruno Mussolini, flying a Fiat Romeo monoplane with a 1300 h.p. Hispano-Suiza motor (which gave him a 250-horsepower advantage over me).

We both made a wide circle and an Immelmann, as agreed, and then headed directly for each other in a tremendous surge of speed. I saw flames belch from his motor guns and, above the roar of my motor and the hammering of my own guns, I heard the shrill whine of lead past my ears and sensed rather than felt the dull thud as bullets ripped through the wings and spars of my ship. The duel came within inches of finishing then and there. Neither of us would give way and a collision seemed inevitable.

At the last split second, our wings almost touching, we both pulled into a half loop-and-roll so close that I could distinguish every feature of Mussolini's face. My breath let go with a whoosh at the narrowness of the escape. Then standing on wing tips in the tightness of our banks, we whipped back into the struggle.

The next 15 minutes are still a nightmare. I can hardly recall any single voluntary action — it all happened so fast. Instinctively I pulled every acrobatic maneuver I knew. But for every one I pulled, Mussolini had one as good or better. His additional horsepower gave him just that added surge of speed at the right second that was so important.

My plane was vibrating terribly, for the Russian engineers had failed to provide additional bracing to compensate for the added weight and horsepower on a ship designed for a much lighter engine. It affected

my aim. Frequently when I thought I had him at point-blank, I found I was firing into empty space.

Up and down, around and around we zoomed, dived, looped, and rolled, one second on our backs, the next standing on our heads, slicing in and out at a speed that drained the blood from arms and legs. The pounding of air against my body was like a continuous beating from a rubber hose. The roar of the motor and constant hammering of machine guns crashed against my brain till I actually shrank from the sound.

Never again do I expect to be sprayed by so many bullets and escape alive. I was hosing lead at him at every opportunity, but apparently ineffectively, for his guns worked unceasingly. Down and down we fought — fourteen, eleven, eight thousand feet.

Meantime, above us, the observation planes circled and spiraled, watching for the climax, at no time making any attempt to take part.

Suddenly, in the middle of a particularly wicked burst from Bruno, I felt a searing pain shoot up my left arm. Blood spouted from a nasty gash on my hand. Momentarily stunned, I pulled out in a full power dive. It was an almost fatal error. Bruno was on my tail like a flash, pouring lead.

I pulled the old skid trick, leveling off, retarding my motor, at the same time giving full left aileron and full right rudder. Crabbing

through the air, I slowed as if I had hydraulic brakes.

Mussolini, at full speed, was on and past me. As he passed, I had chance to give him a full blast. Some of my bullets must have gone home, for I could swear that I saw his ship quiver from the shock. If actually wounded him, tearing his leg muscles as we heard afterward (although we were never able to authenticate this), I imagine it was then. But in a second he was back and we were at it again.

Five thousand, four, three. Eighteen minutes, then twenty, of combat and the devil's tattoo of barking guns continued.

Then my toes curled and my stomach became a vacuum. I felt the blow as a slug crashed through the instrument board, leaving shambles of dangling springs and tubes. Splintered glass from the shattered instruments struck back into my face. I thought all was over.

I resolved to take a last desperate chance, but I also began to unwrap the white scarf from my neck. If I failed I would have to surrender.

I pulled up as if starting a loop, then went into a hammerhead stall half rolled, and came out on my back. I expected to get it in the stall, for in that brief instant I was a broadside target almost impossible to miss. I tried to squeeze my body into the smallest possible space, in anticipation of the mushrooming slug that would tear me to shreds. But it failed to arrive.

As I came out on my back, I found my gamble had been successful. Mussolini's ship was full in my guns as big as a house. This time I couldn't fail to get him. My fingers were just closing down on the trips of my guns when my heart leaped. I saw my enemy's arm go up and a dark object hurtle over the side, followed by a fanlike white tail which blossomed out as it slowly sank. The scarf and glove!

I'm glad he didn't know how close I was to doing the same thing.

As I rolled up into level flight, he waved his arm, dipped the nose of his plane in salute, and sliced off for his field. Completely spent, I pointed my nose for Castellón de la Plana.

We had fought 22 minutes. I had gotten off with only a flesh wound, for which I was thankful, considering the 326 separate bullet holes that my mechanics counted in my ship. I hadn't brought Bruno down, but he was subsequently removed from command of the Palma de Majorca air forces.



¶ Herman Wells of Indiana, youngest state university president, is carrying culture to every crossroads

This College Campus Is the Whole State

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

INTO the office of the president of Indiana University there recently breezed an athletic youth. "You're too fat, Hermie," he remarked. "Give me two evenings a week and I'll train 70 pounds off you."

If this is an unusual way for an undergraduate to address his college president, the explanation is that Herman Wells is an unusual president. At 36, he is the youngest

state university head in America, and he has held the job two years. At a time when most colleges require even an assistant professor to be a Ph.D., Wells has no doctor's degree; he hasn't had time to get one. He knows thousands of Indiana citizens by their first names, and more than half his 6000 students call him by his. Fat, energetic, good-humored, he combines the earthy background of Midwest

small-town upbringing with the politician's capacity to make and keep friends.

But the *most* unusual thing about him is his belief that a modern state university should not be a stay-at-home; that it should go out and aggressively carry its message to *all* the people. Through forums, music, drama, movies, radio, he is pushing the influence of Indiana University to the farthest corners of his state. As a result, housewives, steel workers, farmers, with no thought of diplomas, are getting a cultural education at home. "I'll not be satisfied," Wells says, "till we have a symphony orchestra in every county, singing societies and art classes for all who want them, a little theater group in every town hall."

In part he is carrying on, with a crusader's zeal, the program that was under way before he became president. When mill-workers in industrial Gary asked the state university for help in forming an orchestra, they got it. The Calumet Symphony was the result. When the amateur singers of the district sought aid, the university formed three large choruses, built around existing societies which had been struggling to keep music alive amid industrial din. Members range in age from 18 to 60, speak 20 languages, include stenographers, teachers, laborers, chemists, engineers, housewives. The university provides sheet music and directors, public schools furnish practice rooms.

Meanwhile, groups in the same region were asking for a place where they could draw, design, paint, model in clay. Like orchestra and choruses, it sprang from the creative yearning of common citizens. Wells immediately furnished a director, arranged with public school for studios. Drawn by a 15-week course which cost but \$8, 50 men and women from smoky Hammond, Whiting, and East Chicago were soon going into Gary three evenings a week to study art.

To help these beginners, as well as teachers and clubwomen, miners and farmers all over the state, the university recently finished a feature-length film called *Water Color*. Captions explain each move, as Eliot O'Hara, a leading American water-colorist, creates a painting. Any interested group may borrow the film at a small rental, run it and re-run it while they study technique. Twenty Indiana communities asked for it in the first month, and high schools in Cleveland, Toledo, New York and Baltimore are on the waiting list. Rental fees will pay its cost in one year. A second such film is in production.

The university has also launched a traveling art collection which, like two others to follow it, consists of 12 small canvases. "Most exhibitions," Wells explains, "are the privilege of the few." This exhibit often hangs in schoolrooms in dingy neighborhoods, in country churches, in labor union halls.

But thousands of people are interested in other subjects than music and art. "What about drama?" citizens wanted to know, "and economics? Why can't we take up nature study?"

"Why not?" Wells repeated, and told his extension divisions to make the new services self-supporting. This winter, taxpayers in 12 scattered counties are taking part in social and economic forums. Chambers of Commerce, women's clubs, farm granges are sponsoring the groups. As leaders, President Wells sends advanced students from his campus; from the university library, free of charge, goes literature needed for the discussions.

But Wells' program does not stop at taking the university out to the people. Just as vigorously, it brings the people to the university. This winter, for example, 250 Indiana bankers accepted Wells' invitation to a three-day conference on the Bloomington campus, with professors, Federal Reserve officers and banking experts as instructors in credit analysis, investment policies, taxation and personnel. Hardly had the bankers gone when a hundred newspaper editors came to brush up on history, government, economics, physics and law.

Perhaps Wells' educational philosophy is best stated in his invitation to these editors: "The University fulfills its true purpose," he wrote, "not only in the classroom, but also by affording facilities and

trained personnel to cooperate with all citizens in the solution of their particular problems. It is in this spirit Indiana University invites you."

Mortgage lenders, retail merchants, prosecuting attorneys, high school principals, and leaders of women's clubs have accepted similar invitations. To catch up with the latest developments in their special fields, doctors, dentists, policemen, safety supervisors and radio announcers will gather on the campus before spring. There will be short courses devoted to education, school bands, state planning and business.

Specialization, however, never entirely overshadows the broader cultural values which can — and which Wells insists must — come out of such conferences. To the surprise of the bankers, for example, Wells introduced an eminent biologist from Johns Hopkins University to lecture on "The Biological Basis of Sociality." Every man or woman who attends these conferences will return home with at least a taste of scholarship in some field unrelated to his own.

It is in this welding of business and erudition, art and economics, that Indiana University is believed to be pioneering. Where other schools reach out cautiously in a few directions, Wells is seeking to widen the cultural front until every taxpayer gets some intellectual return from his state university.

Indiana is very likely to go along with him. Hoosier-born, product of the public schools, he graduated in 1924 from the university he now heads. After two years as cashier of a country bank, he returned to the university to teach economics. The governor then drafted him for a commission to rewrite the banking laws. That done, he went back to the lecture hall and in less than two years was appointed dean of the business school. Enrollment in that school doubled in the two years he headed it. When the university president retired, it was he who suggested young Wells as his successor. Students cheered the choice. They knew that every one of the 1500 graduates of the business school, under Wells, had a job waiting for him as soon as his diploma was dry!

When the enthusiastic state legislature appropriated \$2500 for his inaugural ceremony, Wells sent the money to the research departments. "No need for pageantry," he said, and ordered a brief program which cost the state nothing. Then he traveled 33,000 miles to pick the dozen men who would replace elderly faculty members retired under a new state law.

Once back on the campus, he launched his whirlwind campaign to make this state university the people's own. It developed on many unexpected fronts. To pave the way for a broadcasting station, the university radio workshop partici-

pated in a state-wide survey to determine Indiana's radio tastes and coverage. University workers undertook a school-to-school study of the speech and hearing difficulties of children. Financed jointly by a \$10,000 grant from women's clubs and the university, this study will reach every child in the state. Parents will be told how to guard against increased deafness, how to improve the speech of lispsers and stutterers.

Again, Wells imported designers from New York and made plans for a great center of the arts on the Indiana campus, with theaters, radio studios, workshops and recital halls. "Before long," he says, "I hope we'll have district contests in drama, with plays written, directed and acted by Hoosiers, and each year a great drama festival right here on the campus."

Thus functions the dynamo of Indiana culture, the man who is striving to bring culture to the crossroads. When writers like Tarkington, Ade and Riley, statesmen like Beveridge and Marshall, lived and labored on the banks of the Wabash, Hoosiers called their state the Athens of America. The giants died or moved away; the torch of Hoosier culture dimmed. Coal, corn, steel and gasoline took precedence, and for years no cultural leader emerged to guide Indiana to a renaissance. Today many Hoosiers think they have found one. His name is Herman Wells.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

Speaking of Television —

TELEVISION will be upon us in no time at all, with full-time broadcasts, and receiving sets priced for every purse. Remembering that the advent of radio found the populace verbally confused, we asked a television man what words the layman ought to know. It seems that "telecast," for television broadcast, is frowned upon by the television people but it may catch on with the public. The audience are "lookers-in." A "dead show" is made up of material recorded on a film; a "live show" one in which performers appear in the flesh.

Borrowed from the movie technicians is "blizzard head" for a blonde; blondes reflect the light and acquire a sort of halo. Knowing people will refer to the sound and visual portions of a television program as the "audio" and "video," respectively. The iconoscope, vacuum tube which is the essential part of a sending set, is familiarly known as the "ike."

There are evidently many things that can go wrong in a television receiver. A "ghost" is a double image. "Noise" is the visual equivalent of static — spots on the picture. When your set is out of synchronization the image sort of bobs and weaves; it is then "out of sync." A "bloom" is a flare of light on the picture; in the opposite condition, when there isn't enough light, the picture is "in the mud." The terms "small down payment" and "repair man" have been taken over unchanged from present-day broadcasting.

Man-God

IN SOUTH WINDSOR, CONN., Lawrence Tenney Stevens is carving what he thinks is the largest wooden statue in the world. All his life he has wanted to carve a statue out of a whole elm tree, and when he submitted a model to the Board of Design of the World's Fair he let himself go. It took the Board only 15 minutes to decide that a statue six stories high would be exactly right for the Fair.

The elm, six feet in diameter and 60 feet high, will be a man-god, wearing a beard, a hat — for the sake of dignity — and a nimbus. Getting the giant to Flushing will be a problem, as it will weigh 25 tons and must be handled delicately. Stevens thinks he'll drop it into the nearby Connecticut River, float it into the Sound, and thence to the Fair.

Very Posthumous

SCIENCE, never content to let well enough alone, is now at work on a scheme by which a man might have a child 10,000 years after his death. This indelicate miracle would be accomplished by keeping the male cell in a state of suspension and would merely require that posterity find a young lady willing to have a child by a man old enough to be anthracite.

The purpose of this is to preserve present talents for future generations. The result, we fear, might not be fortunate. The race is still evolving, and it is probable that the perfect man 10,000 years from now will look as different from Robert Taylor as Mr. Taylor himself varies from the Neanderthal

ideal. We respectfully suggest that the whole project be abandoned, out of deference to the feelings of some unknown girl of 1940 who may otherwise be in for a rather peculiar experience.

Platinum Hoarding

PLATINUM DISCS are being sold to nervous investors by the Platinum Corporation of America. Mr. G. G. Serkau, the president, tells us he has long felt that a little platinum in the average investment portfolio should give its owner a sense of security. His company sells discs the size of a half-dollar for \$36 apiece. A thousand dollars' worth is the least they like to sell.

While it's illegal to hoard gold, it's all right to keep platinum in your safe-deposit box. It isn't bulky, will not deteriorate, and is readily salable. Mr. Serkau doesn't think the solution to an investor's worries lies solely in platinum, "but it's a minor aid."

Mother, Inc.

SO FAR as we have been able to learn, Lamont, Corliss & Co., makers of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Nestlé's Chocolate, have the strongest corporate maternal instinct of any firm in the city. A couple of years ago a company official got the conviction that the organization should provide rubbers for its 175 female employes on rainy days, and since then it has done so, with a firm hand. A monitor, with an assortment of sturdy, high-sided rubbers that could have stocked a shoe store, was assigned to pass through the offices and equip the girls when the weather was inclement. It was her duty to make certain that the girls were wearing rubbers when they ventured out. Now the

firm has placed the girls on the honor system. Lamont, Corliss & Co. are confident that the rubbers have paid themselves many times over in few colds, and hence higher efficiency and less absence from duty.

Two Kam

THERE ARE soon to be two new editions of Hitler's autobiography *Mein Kampf*—the unexpurgated edition, and the unauthorized unexpurgated edition. Stackpole Sons are the proud sponsors of the unauthorized translation and intend to base their sales campaign on the fact that Hitler won't receive a penny in royalties. On the other side are Reynal & Hitchcock who intend to pay royalties. They don't like Hitler any better than the rest of us do, but think everybody ought to abide by the international copyright laws. Their edition will sell \$3, and Hitler will get 22½ cents copy.

Stackpole think their lawyers have found legal backing for their publication. The Constitution says the purpose of copyright laws is to promote, not restrict, the arts and sciences, and they consider the present setup a restriction. When this country and Germany made a copyright treaty in 1892, it was reciprocal, the same rule being in force here and in Germany. Now, while any German can publish almost anything he wants to over here, the German censorship doesn't leave much of an opening for American writers. The Stackpole legal staff holds that this invalidates the whole treaty.

Both Stackpole and Reynal & Hitchcock say they'll give at least five percent of their profits to a fund for German refugees.

The Emperor of Japan

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

John Guntber

Well-known journalist; author of "Inside Europe"

EVEN the Emperor of Japan is a human being. He eats, sleeps, and has an individual life like the rest of us. He was born; he begat children; he will die. But his human characteristics are overwhelmingly outweighed by the factor of divinity. The Emperor of Japan is considered virtually a god.

Being divine, he is more than the head of the state. He *is* the state. The veneration, the indubitable awe, in which loyal and patriotic Japanese hold the Emperor is a phenomenon unique in contemporary politics. Yet very few Japanese ever see him. When the Emperor travels, every window blind along the entire route must be drawn. People in the streets are supposed to cast down their eyes when he approaches — though doubtless some bold spirits peek.

No one must look down on the Emperor. The tower of the new police station in Tokyo has never been completed, because it was discovered that windows therein might give a view of the imperial gardens.

Never do the Japanese refer to the Emperor by his name. In fact, they try to avoid all mention of him. When they must, they refer simply to the Throne, or say "Sublime Majesty" or "Son of Heaven."

Details like these indicate both the brightness and the impenetrable opacity of the aura which surrounds the Emperor. We must try to define this aura, for the Emperor is the living symbol, the personification, of Japanese destiny; and the destiny of Japan may be the destiny of much of Asia.

His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, 124th Emperor of Japan in an unbroken dynasty, was born in 1901 in Tokyo. He was educated by tutors, in the Peers' School, and on a trip to Europe. He became regent in 1922, when his father was overcome by illness, and on Christmas Day, 1926, he ascended the throne.

There have been three Emperors in the modern period, i.e., since the "restoration" in 1868, when Japan, after 251 years of complete isolation, re-entered the world with such a rush and push as the world has seldom seen. The Emperor who was "restored," that is, transformed from shadow into substance by being liberated from control by the shoguns (hereditary dictators), was Mutsuhito, the present Emperor's grandfather and one of the great men of Asia. He ruled from 1868 to 1911 — 44 tremendous years. His son, the present Emperor's father, was a lesser man.

But the family of Hirohito goes back considerably further, back indeed 2599 years to 660 B.C. when the first Emperor Jimmu founded the dynasty. And Jimmu himself was a fifth-generation descendant of the Sun Goddess, the chief Japanese deity.

The dynasty has never died out. One reason is a fertility natural to the Japanese. Another is that in Japan the process of adoption is legal equivalent of actual kinship. Another is that in the old days many Japanese emperors were not monogamous. The remarkable thing is not so much that the imperial line survived, but that it was never overthrown. During many centuries the Emperors were shadows, utterly without temporal power, but no Japanese tyrant or shogun ever quite dared to change the dynasty.

Shinto, the national religion, is difficult to define. Its distinguishing mark is a combination of ancestor worship and patriotism: all Japanese have a common descent from the Sun Goddess, and they all venerate their ancestors; all may be said to be members of the same great family, with the Emperor at its head. There are 80 million gods in the Japanese pantheon. Every soldier killed in battle is enshrined, revered by his descendants, and becomes, if not an actual god, at least a definite figure in the general religious structure.

The chief point to make about Shinto is its comparatively recent

revival as a political force. Like the temporal power of the Emperor, Shinto was in eclipse until the restoration in 1868. Gradually the architects of the restoration discovered that this religio-patriotic symbolism could be made to serve an extremely pertinent political aim, namely the conception of indissoluble unity of the state. Japanese worship of the Emperor has existed since the earliest times, but latterly it has been much re-emphasized. The divinity of the Emperor is a political weapon of great potency in the hands of those who rule Japan.

The Emperor lives today in the inner, hidden halls of Kyujo Palace in the center of Tokyo. One of the most formidably picturesque buildings in the world, it symbolizes the austere and magnificent phenomenon it houses. A broad outer moat with water of iridescent green, reflecting the gnarled pines alongside, bounds a tremendous granite wall some miles in length. Inside are the green lawns, the gardens, the villas, the palace. Entrance, except to specially invited guests, is forbidden.

The Emperor's official occupations are determined by ancient custom. Twenty-one times a year there are ceremonies of worship to conduct. Once a year he attends services at the Yasakuni shrine, where the Japanese military dead are enshrined; he attends the graduation exercises of the military and naval academies, and the opening of the Diet. He is consulted by the

prime minister and the army chiefs. He receives newly accredited ambassadors, and, occasionally, other distinguished foreigners.

The Emperor is up at six as a rule, and retires early. He neither drinks nor smokes. His health is stated to be good, though as a boy he was frail. He plays tennis and golf, is an excellent swimmer, and rides occasionally. He is, as everyone knows, short-sighted. One curious item is that he never wears any clothes twice, not even underwear. The used clothing is given to minor officials, and is a precious gift. When he leaves the palace he is driven in a maroon limousine, a color reserved for the imperial family. Extreme precautions are taken to guard him. Streets are shut off; every building on the route is rigidly inspected.

The Emperor, it is recorded, showed marked talent as a school-boy; one of his early enthusiasms was Aesop, and before he was 10 he was composing fables in the Aesop manner. In 1921 he went abroad — something no Japanese royal prince had done for some 2500 years.

Highly earnest and conscientious, the Emperor continues with his studies even today. His chief hobby is marine biology, with photography second in interest. Lecturers on art, economics and foreign literature come to the palace regularly. The names of the professors and the details of their teaching are, however, a strict secret.

Cautiously — very cautiously — attempts are being made to “humanize” the Emperor. He has never spoken on the radio, or been photographed inspecting workers’ dwellings. But statements were recently issued by the imperial household — an unprecedented occurrence — mentioning the arduousness of His Majesty’s inspection of troops and describing in “warm and human” terms his daily routine.

From one point of view the Emperor is beyond doubt the richest individual in the world. This is because he owns Japan. But this conception, though acknowledged by Japanese law, is not rigidly adhered to; much of the forest land is the property of the imperial house, and is exploited as such; but the agricultural land, theoretically belonging to the Emperor, is in practice the property of individual landowners.

Hirohito is almost unique among emperors in that his marriage was a love match. At a reception in Tokyo the youthful Crown Prince met Princess Nogako, an exceptionally pretty girl. The Princess was not directly a member of the great Fujiwara family, which, by tradition 1300 years old, was the sole family group from which empresses might be chosen. Nevertheless Hirohito fell in love with her, and despite very serious opposition the marriage was arranged.

Six children have been born to the throne. The first four were daughters. Vast pleasure surged through

Japan with the birth of a boy, the Crown Prince Tsugu, in 1933.

The Crown Prince, by ancient custom, left the palace at the age of three. He visits his parents constantly, but does not live with them. Technically he has his own establishment, but actually he resides in the palace of the Empress Dowager Sadako, his grandmother. She is a remarkable member of the imperial household, with keen political sense and wide knowledge of Western languages and Chinese classics. She is still a power, though she is no longer conspicuous in public affairs.

By terms of the Japanese Constitution promulgated in 1889 the Emperor has legal powers far exceeding those of a normal "constitutional" monarch. He has (like most heads of states) supreme command of army and navy and is empowered to declare war and make peace; but also he may "determine the organization and peace standing of the army and navy," he may convoke or prorogue the parliament, he may initiate or veto emergency legislation, and in a crisis he may suspend the entire Constitution.

But the point is also severely established in Japan that the Emperor is outside politics. When, for instance, the military *coup d'état* in 1936 threatened the existence of the state, many people thought the Emperor should step in. But he did not. Even at such a moment, it was inconceivable that the Emperor *himself* should do something.

Thus a paradox. Japan is ruled, not *by* the Emperor, but in the name of the Emperor. As *Fortune* says, the object of political struggle in Japan is "control of the means of access to the Imperial Person." The Constitution, written by Prince Ito on the advice of Bismarck, would make it easy for any strong and ambitious Emperor to become a legal dictator; but it hasn't happened yet. The Emperor is the State; but other people run it in his name.

The Japanese have, of course, an almost fiercely perverse love of indirect government. I had not been in Japan 20 minutes before I heard a strange use of the word "They." "They," I was told, had determined to fight the war to a finish. "They" had suggested recent changes in policy.

A recent premier, General Hata, went to the palace to obtain the seal of His Imperial Majesty on a routine matter. He came back to tell his cabinet that the cabinet, including himself, was out. "They" had been to Hirohito.

Who are "They?" This is the most difficult question in Japan. No one knows precisely who "They" are, because "They" themselves do not precisely know. The ruling clique is fluid and elastic, though its policy retains a constant, predictable quality.

The dominating factor of the "They" today is of course the army. But close to the Emperor is still a group of civilian officials and advisers.

rs, who, though they often see eye to eye with the army, are yet a check on exclusive army domination of policy.

In this palace group, the veteran elder statesman Prince Kimmochi Saionji comes first. This old gentleman — he was born in 1849 — has been three times prime minister. He is the last of the Genro, that original council of elders who helped make the restoration and became the unofficial advisory council to the Emperor. As members died, successors were not appointed. The army wanted the Genro to die out. Saionji's career telescopes the feudal age and the 20th century in one lifetime. One of his earliest public acts was to advocate the training of troops with guns instead of bows and arrows! He is a profound liberal and democrat, at least by Japanese definition. Though he is consulted still, he no longer is in a position to influence affairs directly.

Another influential man at the palace is Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, the president of the Privy

Council, an extreme nationalist.* The character of Hiranuma's ideas may be gathered from the following statement:

Rumors to the effect that the national policy of Japan is imperialist and aggressive should be deplored. . . . The policy is benevolence directed to the well-being and *development of all*. We wish to extend this spirit to our own citizens first, secondly to the Far East, and *third to the rest of the world*.

Last year an institution known as "Imperial Headquarters" was set up as a permanent advisory council to the Emperor during the present period of crisis. This may be said to be the crystallization of the "They" who rule Japan. Every really important decision nowadays comes from this group. But — the point is significant — no one, even now, knows formally and finally just who all the members are.

*Hiranuma became premier on January 4, 1939. The Emperor consulted Prince Saionji before asking Hiranuma to form a new cabinet. For nearly a decade Saionji had blocked Hiranuma's aspirations for the premiership; but this time the militarist-nationalist pressure was greater and the Elder Statesman yielded.



Human Nature

I WAS WALKING with Sir Herbert Tree one day when my hat blew off. I was about to hurl myself into the thick of traffic in pursuit when Tree restrained me: "My brother Max says," he told me gravely, "'Never run after your hat. Someone is sure to bring it to you'."

True enough, a moment later a passer-by dashed up breathlessly and restored my hat to me.

— Valentine Williams, *World of Action* (Houghton Mifflin)

❧ A famous naturalized American asks why new citizens can't be welcomed with ceremony instead of being coldly "put through the mill"

Our Citizenship Factories

Condensed from Current History

Louis Adamic

Author of "The Native's Return" and "My America"

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MY FRIEND B., well known in the eastern city where he lives, had just served as a witness at the naturalization of his friend Dr. K., a refugee scientist from Germany. "I've never seen anything so sloppy!" B. exploded. "It was like getting a liquor permit or driver's license. No dignity. No suggestion that the citizenship which these immigrants sought had any cultural or spiritual value. I was ashamed before Dr. K. and within myself as an American.

"Though the courtroom was already crowded with aliens and their witnesses, attendants kept herding more in — *berding* is the word — arranging them in alphabetical order. To the bored-looking judge, all this was obviously something to get over with by lunch-time. The oath of allegiance was administered by an unshaven man in a sort of rat-tat-tat manner, in a language which might have been English.

"Dr. K. came up. Rat-tat-tat, and we were shunted to the rear, just in time to hear a bewildered ex-alien inquire, 'When do I become a citizen?' — and the re-

sponse: 'Whatsamerra wichya? Ya just became one!'

"Finally, studying his clasped hands, the judge made a speech in a low, spiritless voice — the same speech he had delivered scores of times before: a string of hollow phrases — and so to lunch, and the United States had a bunch of new citizens.

"Think of it!" B. went on. "To most of these people, the attainment of American citizenship was a dream, a fine and glorious dream that in many cases took years of hard work, perhaps actual peril, to reach fulfillment. And to have that dream come to its final realization in *this* — this banal, dismal, ill-tempered display of bad manners, squalor and boredom! What I want to know is: was this typical of naturalization in the country generally?"

His experience is not wholly typical, but, unfortunately, neither is it unique. Naturalization is a long-neglected problem, particularly worthy of scrutiny at a time when American citizenship is something more and more precious to growing

numbers of people. Despite reduced immigration, over 150,000 aliens are being naturalized annually, and close to a million have declared their intention of seeking citizenship.

Naturalization is nominally under direction of the Naturalization Service and the Secretary of Labor, but the final naturalization procedure is by law made the "exclusive jurisdiction" of the federal courts and those state courts of record which want to assume that jurisdiction. The Secretary of Labor has no control over these courts. The judges are free to make the naturalization ceremony as dignified and inspiring or as humdrum and "sloppy" as they like.

There are now slightly over 200 federal courts which naturalize approximately two thirds of the applicants for citizenship, and about 1800 state courts which naturalize the other third. From my investigation I estimate that of these 2000 courts, a few score are nearly everything one can desire with respect to making naturalization dignified; about a thousand, including some of the federal courts which turn out the highest number of new citizens, are so-so — at best marked by a cold, businesslike efficiency; the rest are between "pretty bad" and "awful."

In most cases the judges who permit careless naturalization procedure in their courts are not to be blamed too harshly. Many judges

are overburdened with their regular duties. To nearly all of them naturalization is a sideline duty which comes up in the midst of a crowded calendar. Some naturalize thousands yearly and it is understandable if they look upon the nervous and nondescript aliens before them as if they were unimportant units in some mass-production process calling for brusque efficiency rather than gracious and patriotic ceremony.

Yet the naturalization ceremony need not be so wretchedly squalid. It can be conducted with dignity and beauty. A few years ago, for instance, Judge Robert A. Inch and his colleagues of the Federal Court in Brooklyn undertook to conduct more inspiring ceremonies. Their idea was not to kill but to kindle more warmly the well-nigh religious light in the eyes of many aliens as they approach naturalization. The large courtroom was pleasant. There were no unnecessary noises. The would-be citizens were considered the important people in this drama. The climax came when they were grouped in the room by nationalities and asked to renounce allegiance to their respective old countries and swear loyalty to the United States. This done, the several groups converged into one group, all Americans now, in front of the judge, who then delivered a thoughtful, brief address in which he went into the meanings of American citizenship, and con-

gratulated both the country and the new citizens on the step they had just taken. It was a distinct pleasure to watch the faces of those new Americans as they walked out.

In Cleveland I visited the Federal Court where Judge Paul Jones conducts the ceremony with fitting dignity. In contested or dubious cases he is habitually solicitous of the applicant's rights. In contrast to the cold, challenging attitude that in many a court makes the applicant feel almost like a law-breaker, Judge Jones shows kindly and democratic patience.

Cleveland is fortunate, too, in having the Citizens' Bureau, which holds excellent courses in citizenship in a score of neighborhoods, and an annual Fourth of July picnic to give new and would-be citizens public recognition. Last year 5000 attended the picnic. Mayor Burton and other prominent citizens spoke. The next day, as usual, the *Cleveland Press* issued a special edition including the roster of the new citizens.

A noteworthy naturalization ceremony was held last year in South Bend, Ind., under the chairmanship of Circuit Judge Dan Pyle. The previous month, 350 aliens had been examined and sworn in; now a great, well-publicized occasion was made of giving them their final citizenship papers. One of the city's large auditoriums was jammed. The band from nearby Culver Military Academy played.

Many foreign-born wore their native costumes. A representative of each national group carried a flag of his old country. The new citizens received their documents, whereupon Colonel Ralph H. Mowbray, educator, delivered an address the keynote of which was: "We need you. You can help us. The more you feel a pride in what you have been and what you can be, the more you can contribute to your adopted country, and the more you can help make America the best country for all of us." In conclusion, while the band played a few bars of each national anthem, the foreign flags were taken to the platform and exchanged for American flags; our own national anthem was played, and the new citizens filed out amid the cheers of the community.

Elsewhere the American Legion or one of the service clubs, or the local school system or public library sponsors a dinner or reception for new citizens. In the spring of 1937, a civic group in Omaha, Neb., which included the local naturalization examiner, sponsored an impressive Reception for New Americans. On the printed program appeared the names of the newly naturalized. Some towns form similar committees, usually headed by the mayor, which issue to the ex-aliens embossed documents welcoming them to citizenship.

All of which is well-intentioned. But it is also very haphazard.

The core of the trouble unquestionably is the split of the naturalization function between the Naturalization Service and the courts. Persons deeply interested in naturalization problems favor taking naturalization out of the courts which now have "exclusive jurisdiction," and placing it entirely in the hands of the Naturalization Service. The most ardent advocate of this idea is Harold Fields, of the National League for American Citizenship. His plan would facilitate the uniformity in procedure which the Constitution calls for. It would center responsibility; it would relieve the crowded courts of an extra chore and permit them to perform better their regular duties.

But there is no reason why we should continue to tolerate the

present appalling condition until a new system is perfected. There are many organizations in this country which profess to be interested in a higher type of citizenship. Let them take over part of the job of welcoming the new citizens with a gracious and colorful ceremony, a ceremony that would make the bestowal of citizenship seem impressively significant. For a citizen is either an asset to his country or a liability — there is no compromise status. Most new citizens want desperately to be assets. It would be such a little thing, but would help so much, if we could send them forth with their final papers with a feeling that they are important to us, instead of in the mood of bewildered disillusionment in which so many of them go forth now.



Navy Day at the Vatican

IN JUNE each year, First and Third classmen at Annapolis make a ten-week cruise to Europe. Schooled to the technique of returning social courtesies, they were posed a stiff problem when invited to the Vatican for an audience with the Pope. After His Holiness had made his ceremonial entrance into the hushed hall, had solemnly addressed his young guests in Latin, and was about to withdraw, his appreciative guests wanted to do something. But what? Well, there was something they could give His Holiness — something peculiarly their own. With a sudden leap the cheerleaders signaled for the treasured "4-N" yell, and the midshipmen responded with a roar that echoed through corridors unprofaned by such sounds through the centuries:

NAVY! NAVY! NAVY!
N-N-N-N-A-A-A-A-V-V-V-V-Y-Y-Y-Y
NAVY!

POPE! POPE! POPE!

His Holiness appeared vastly amused and entirely delighted.

— Kendall Banning, *Annapolis Today* (Funk & Wagnalls)

Magic Casements of the Mind

WE SHOULD CULTIVATE the power of seeing plain things in a kind of sunlight of surprise; the power of jumping at the sight of a bird as if at a winged bullet; the power of being brought to a standstill by a tree as by the gesture of some gigantic hand.

I know of no better exercise in this art of wonder, which is the beginning of the praise of God, than to travel in a train through a tunnel. At last, after a long stretch of darkness, the wall will suddenly break in two, and give a glimpse of the land of the living. It may be a chasm of daylight showing a bright and busy street. It may be a flash of light on a lonely road, with a solitary figure plodding across the vast countryside. Sometimes the darkness is broken by the lighted windows of a house, and for an instant we look deep into chamber within chamber of a glowing human home.

That is the way in which objects ought to be seen: separate, illuminated, and above all, contrasted against blank night or bare walls; as indeed these living creations do stand eternally contrasted with the colorless chaos out of which they came.

— G. K. Chesterton, *The Colorful Lands*
(Sheed & Ward)

MY FATHER went slowly down the way of life; not because he was indolent, but because he did not want to miss the wonder by its wayside.

"Every time you hurry to get to a place," he used to tell me, "you run the chance of missing more than you gain. The wild things in nature rarely hurry unless they are in danger. How can life be rich for us if we dash through

it? Speed will take you somewhere, but when you say you have arrived, that's about all you can say. Speed often takes us away from the very things that would do our souls the most good — the beauty of a tiny green fern, the dreamy spring-song of the warbler."

— Archibald Rutledge, *My Colonel and His Lady* (Bobbs-Merrill)

I FIND THAT a great part of the information I have was acquired by looking up something and finding something else on the way.

— F. P. A., *Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys*
(Simon & Schuster)

THERE IS no more useful precept in one's personal self-discipline than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much what we feel. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, look around cheerfully, and act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. To feel brave, *act* as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and courage will very likely replace fear. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab, and silently steals away.

— William James, *The Gospel of Relaxation*
(Henry Holt)

The Other Germans

Condensed from *The Commentator*

Edwin Muller

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THERE'S ONE story that the newspaper correspondents don't send from Germany.

It's surprising how much they *are* allowed to send. Stories of violence against the Jews, of priests and pastors sent to prison without trial, are passed without question — because the Nazis sincerely believe that those things are right.

But one topic is absolutely forbidden. Anything that suggests the disapproval of a part of the German people for their Nazi rulers, the increasing openness with which these discontented Germans say what they think — you can't write about that.

Even as to the persecution of the Jews after November 10, 1938, a hundred corroborated stories were never sent. Some would have got the correspondents expelled. They were cases of brutality that even the Nazis were unwilling to admit. American indignation boiled over from a very mild account of what really happened. The anger of the President and of the State Department seemed more intense than the public's because the State Department had access to more facts than the public did.

But where the newspaper accounts lacked most was in reporting the reaction of the German people. It may turn out that the most important thing that occurred on and after November 10th was not what happened to the Jews but what happened to the Germans.

I was in Germany during the Jewish persecutions and their aftermath. I lived in big cities and in villages, in north and south. I talked with many Germans of all classes, with well-informed and trustworthy foreign observers, with members of the diplomatic corps, with representatives of American firms in Germany. I came away with the conviction that the unorganized but outspoken opposition to the Nazis is a story that needs to be told.

To begin with, there is economic discontent. It is true that there is no complete destitution in Germany. But almost nobody is allowed to get much above the bare level of subsistence. The man who had a job before Hitler — and he outnumbers the others three to one — knows that his job isn't worth as much as it was before. Prices have gone up, pay has been cut, and it is subject

to all kinds of new levies for the Party and for the Government.

In grocery stores I've seen the quiet despair on the German housewife's face when she hears that the price of flour has gone up another ten pfennigs. Her "woolen" coat doesn't keep her warm enough because much of it is wood fiber. The children's rubbers wear out quickly because they aren't really rubber. The wheat flour has all sorts of things in it besides wheat. Butter, eggs and fresh fruit are a rare luxury. You can't buy the kind of meat you want for dinner, but must take what the butcher has.

Now people will endure privation if they know that their rulers are enduring it with them. The Nazi leaders have always posed as Spartans, despising luxury. Maybe they were at first, but not any more. The Party leaders are building themselves big estates, buying custom-made cars, enjoying luxury. The people don't like it.

Dr. Goebbels bought a large island in a lake near Berlin. He made a fine estate of it, with hothouses and riding horses. Then he decided that it would help his popularity to show a motion picture of his home life on this estate.

That was a mistake. A dark movie house, even in Berlin, is a fairly safe place to express disapproval. One low hiss inspires another, quickly others join in and the volume grows. Presently that movie house in Berlin sounded like steam escaping from

a hundred pipes. The film was never shown again.

It is significant that you hear stories like this: A local leader in the provinces built a house that cost fifty thousand marks. One night a neighbor painted a sign on the house: "Hermann, where did you get the 50,000?" The leader offered five hundred marks' reward for the apprehension of the rascal. But the next morning another sign appeared: "And, Hermann, where did you get the 500?"

When Admiral Horthy visited Berlin a lavish supper was served for him at the opera. A big crowd assembled in the square. The collation arrived in trucks from the Hotel Adlon, was unloaded and carried through the crowd. When case after case of champagne, hampers of food were carried past, the crowd began to growl. The police had a job moving them on.

Discontent with the regime extends even into the ranks of the Nazi party. Many of the early storm troopers were jobless men who wanted a radical change and expected fat jobs when The Day arrived. Most of them got nothing. Some took it meekly, some grumbled, and some who conspired were shot in the Purge of June 30th, 1934.

Since then the ruthless younger men of the Black Corps have been given the real power, and the typical storm trooper of the older vintage has been bewildered and disappointed.

Lately there have been some efforts to benefit him. One reason for the Terror of November 10th was to turn over Jewish shops and other small businesses to deserving storm troopers. And sometimes the luckier Nazis try to cheer them up, as with the "Hundred Marks Party." A well-to-do member contributes a hundred marks. That provides a private room in a beer hall and entertainment for a hundred or more troopers and their wives — a liter of beer for each man, one cup of coffee and one piece of cake for each lady. I went to one such gathering in Munich last fall. They ate and listened to pep talks, sang the old marching songs — without any great spirit. It was the atmosphere of a college reunion that hasn't come off.

The strain on the people's loyalty increased as Hitler brought his country step by step to the edge of war in September. Ever since the Nazis came into power in 1933 their great propaganda machine had worked night and day to build up the war spirit. Yet, now that The Day visibly approached, the mass of the people showed that they wanted peace. A high official of a foreign nation told me this: Two of the Nazi leaders came to him privately. They were not of Hitler's small inner circle but close to it. They were near to panic. "Can't your nation do something about it?" they pleaded. "There *must* not be war."

I asked this official whether the German people would have gone to

war if there had been no "Peace" of Munich. Yes, he thought, they would have marched — but puzzled and desperately reluctant. Even in the army there was dissatisfaction. Army officers have protested publicly against actions of the Nazis. They actually stopped street outrages against the Jews during the Austrian Anschluss and later in Germany. They protected Czech officers from Nazi mobs during the occupation of the Sudetenland.

At the other end of the social scale is the Communist activity, the "Underground Movement," said to be well-organized, to maintain contact with Russia, to be distributing quantities of anti-Nazi literature to the working man.

After the occupation of the Sudetenland the Nazis made a superb propaganda film. It showed the meetings at Berchtesgaden and Godesberg — Hitler well in the center of the stage, always photographed standing a step or two above Chamberlain. You saw the might of the German army poised at the frontier; the Triumphal Entry — Hitler riding into Sudetenland over carpets of flowers. A grand piece of showmanship.

I saw that film once in Munich and twice in Berlin. The reactions of the three audiences were precisely the same. There was no reaction. Correspondents say that is typical of German audiences nowadays. No great, spontaneous enthusiasm, even when Hitler appears in person. The

Germans attend public propaganda meetings because they are paid to. That is, they are given time off from work with pay, on the understanding that they go. They go, but, apparently, most of them don't feel that they have to cheer.

Early last fall one sensed anti-Nazi feeling, in all classes and in all parts of the country. Yet it was almost never expressed in open talk — until after November 10th, when the anti-Jewish raids began. The procedure was the same in Munich, in Berlin, in Vienna, Hamburg — down to the smallest villages. The raiding parties went from store to store, led either by a storm trooper, a Black Corps man, or a Labor Front leader. Under him was a group of boys of fourteen to eighteen. They wore the standard boots of the Hitler Youth but had left their uniforms at home. They did their work with hammers and torches quickly and efficiently, as if well-drilled for the purpose. There was no mob violence, no spontaneous action. Here are some stories of what happened that have been authenticated:

Jews were arrested by the scores of thousands, crowded into concentration camps where they had to sleep on boards so close to each other that it was impossible to turn over. Their treatment was such that many walked out into the forbidden zone and were shot down by the guards, or threw themselves into the charged barbed wire and were electrocuted.

Meanwhile their homes were invaded. All over Germany the women and children were turned out to spend the November night on park benches or in the fields. In Leipzig the women and children were driven into the shallow river where they had to stand for hours in the cold water. In Karlsruhe all the children in the Jewish Children's Home were put into the street. Other known cases where that happened were Frankfurt, Königsberg, Mannheim. In New Isenberg the patients in the Home for Nursing and Pregnant Mothers were turned out without warm clothing.

Many Jewish men were called to their doors by storm troopers and shot down — in Polzin, Düsseldorf, Chemnitz, Küstrin, Mühlhausen. One rabbi was thrown into the fire of his burning synagogue. In Vienna, late at night, storm troopers rounded up a large number of Jews, marched them naked through the street, then made them lie down and trampled on them.

And what did the German people think of it?

It was the first time that most of the crowds in the streets had seen such things with their own eyes. Almost none of them took any part in the smashing. Some of them watched with approval. They were the sort you'd find in any country, the potential Ku-Kluxers. But not the majority. Most of the men and women in those crowds were shocked and stunned. Many of them gave

one look and hurried off, their heads turned away. Some of them stayed and said what they thought of it. Nearly every correspondent says that someone in the crowd would come up and say:

"It is not the German people who are doing this."

Few of them interfered with the raids — not while the uniforms were there. But afterward I saw an old Jewish woman come out of a store which had been raided and go doggedly to work salvaging the goods scattered in the gutter. Then a man stepped out of the crowd and helped her pick up the stuff, in spite of the boos of the Ku-Kluxers.

In the following days more of the Germans began to say what they thought. Only one vehicle of public opinion was left to them, the oldest, and, perhaps, the most potent of all — one person tells another. The decent Germans talked — thousands of them. They were shocked out of their fear of the Gestapo. I can testify at first hand how openly they talked and so can any other observer who was in Germany in November. One American resident told me that on November 11th he was stopped by a traffic policeman with whom he had often exchanged a word or two. The policeman said to him: "Today I am ashamed of being a German."

Men told their neighbors in restaurants what they thought. Salespeople told their customers. Taxi drivers were frank in expressing their

opinions. And, of all the statements that one heard, the most frequently repeated was: "It was not the German people who did this."

The Nazi leaders were amazed. They took action. By noon of November 11th one heard specific accounts of Germans who had been sent to concentration camps for saying that they were ashamed of what had happened. But it would have been impossible to arrest a tenth of those who spoke out against the government. There were too many of them.

So the great propaganda machine was turned on. For weeks after November 10th the newspapers of Germany devoted more than half their space to justifying the raids, to attacks on Jews and their supporters. Some of their material would be unprintable in most countries. Anti-Jewish mass meetings were held — twenty of them in one day in Munich alone. At the Munich meeting which I attended the people sat through all the speeches, but only a minority applauded.

The propaganda hasn't won — not yet. Freedom of speech hasn't been crushed. There's more of it since November 10th and it may be cumulative. When one man boldly speaks his mind he may inspire his neighbor to do likewise. Men of good will begin to recognize each other.

There is a battle being fought in Germany today. On one side is the greatest machine that was ever built for controlling men's minds. On the

other side are the Germans who are unconvinced and protesting. How many of them are there? I don't know. But, on the other hand, neither does Hitler. Every day the Führer proclaims that his nation is solidly behind him, but his actions show that he doesn't believe it. He hurries his people from crisis to crisis, giving them no time to think, as if he were afraid of waiting for public opinion to catch up with him.

What can these other Germans do about it? Some pessimists say the opposition can do nothing. Others are not so sure. One of the most astute and experienced observers in Germany told me that he stays there for one purpose, to see the collapse

of the Hitler regime. How it will come he doesn't predict — whether by war or economic disaster or by the revolt of the army — but that it will come sooner or later he is sure.

In this battle Nazi propaganda has won two preliminary engagements. It has convinced the German people that the democracies threaten to crush them. And it has convinced the democracies that the Germans are all united behind their government. Neither is true.

The protesting Germans need encouragement. If there were some way in which their friends in the rest of the world could get through to them . . .



‘Rugbymen Américains’

FROM PARIS to the Pyrenees recently Frenchmen were reading fantastic accounts of a troupe of 22 giant “rugbymen américains” who were invading the provinces of France, “dressed in gold helmets like Roman emperors” and leaping at one another “like fighting cocks.” More than 25,000 curious Parisians watched them play. “The giants knelt down and tried to frighten one another with grimaces, then rushed headlong at one another. . . . Legs and arms got so mixed that the field, strewn with wounded players, looked like a battleground after the charge.”

The part of the game the Parisians

liked best was the huddle, “when they gather to cheer before each play.”

These “rugbymen américains,” led by a one-time Notre Dame Horseman Jim Crowley, had been imported by the *Paris-Soir* to demonstrate their outlandish game — “a game so brutal that it was banned in the U. S. by the first President Roosevelt, and finally universities were allowed to play it, but only between October and January, like a sort of hunting season.”

Sportswriters agreed that “rugby américain” would never catch on in France because it was “too much like an autobus collision.”

— *Time*

❏ They battle cold and blizzard to forecast
the stream-flow that means life to western valleys

Snow Surveyors of the High Sierras

Condensed from Scientific American

Myron M. Stearns and Blaine Stubblefield

LAST WINTER, at 682 different locations in the Rockies and high Sierras, more than 30,000 exact measurements of snow depth and water content were taken, in order to estimate how much water mountain snow fields would supply in the summer run-off. This survey cost more than \$100,000. On it was predicated the spending, and saving, of millions.

The science of surveying snow, ridiculed at first, is increasing rapidly in extent and importance. To grasp its significance, picture in our western states a series of snow-covered mountain ranges with dry intervening valleys. In such regions, where no rain falls from spring until late fall, stream-flow from the high snow fields is the measure of life and prosperity. Abundant snow means abundant water, electricity and crops. Dearth of snow means dry river beds, idle machinery, thirsty cattle, dying plants.

Power companies build plants only where they can be assured of enough water, season after season, to turn their turbines. Western cities need to know, far in advance, whether or not the water supply for

their great aqueducts will meet demands. Cattlemen turn stock into valleys where they know grass will remain green and springs will not dry up. Flood control and soil conservation districts alike need to know how much water to expect. And there are other uses of snow-knowledge few would think of: how large the culverts should be under new highways across the Utah deserts; how deep the water will be in navigable rivers; how far upstream salt tidal waters will force their way, making the current unfit for irrigating delta orchards.

To make the snow survey, state, federal and private agencies join hands. Some of the work is supervised by the United States Forest Service, some by the National Park Service, some by power companies, cities, irrigation districts, and lumber companies. The U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Engineering coördinates all the different reports into a single survey for the entire mountain area from Mexico to Canada, and with Canadian coöperation, even beyond our northern boundary.

In April, forecasts based on the snow surveys go onto news-service

wires. Many newspapers print them in full, and radio stations broadcast them. Ranchers, hotel keepers, orchardists, salesmen, storekeepers, dwellers along the great sand rivers of the Southwest, all take note and make their plans accordingly.

In 1931 the residents of the Humboldt Basin, in Nevada, were told that only 51 percent of the normal snowfall had been found at the source of their streams and that, owing to lack of spring rainfall, they could expect barely 10 percent of the normal run-off. No use planting any late-maturing crops *that* year.

In 1934 the Utah Coöperative Snow Surveys forecast a severe drought in the Utah area. To forestall a part of the shortage, diversion ditches were hastily dug to bring water from Bear Lake on the Utah-Idaho border. It is estimated that, through the timely snow survey, a saving of nearly \$4,000,000 was effected.

The leading snow scientist in this country is Dr. J. E. Church, of the University of Nevada, who is oddly enough a professor of classics, although endowed with the flaming scientific spirit of an Audubon. For many years he has been intensely interested in geology, in exploration in the mighty Sierras, and in snow.

In 1904, the problem of the value of forests for conserving snow was being bitterly debated. Dr. Church, because of his knowledge of condi-

tions in the Sierras, volunteered to procure data. The result was a small weather station on the 10,000-foot summit of Mt. Rose, in Nevada. There was little besides hardship in the undertaking, but it added to his snow-knowledge — which most people still thought utterly useless.

Then came a winter of deep snows — 1906-07. Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras between Reno and the California plains, rose far above its normal level. The power company called in Dr. Church to aid in guessing how much water would descend the following spring — and modern snow surveying was born.

It is not only the depth of snow but its weight that determines how much water will run off when it melts. As early as 1900, mountain snow-samples were being weighed in Maine and New York to forecast springtime depths of rivers used to float out logs. But these early estimates had not been accurate. Dr. Church devised the "Mt. Rose snow sampler" — a long pipe, slotted along one side so that you can look into it. The depth of snow is measured by driving the pipe down through the snow. Then the core of snow that has been pushed up inside the tube is carefully weighed. Together, the depth and weight tell how much water there is in the snow field.

But many other factors are taken into account. The condition of the mountain soil on which the first

snow falls makes a difference. A succession of clear, windy days during the run-off may mean some loss of snow-water through evaporation. A heavy thaw in April or a cold, late spring may alter the run-off materially.

The men who make the actual surveys are foresters, water men, mountaineers. There are more than a thousand of them. They have to be tough. The snow courses are located at altitudes ranging from 6000 to more than 11,000 feet. Climbing the snow peaks of the Alps, in summer, is hazardous enough; climbing over the snow fields of our western mountains, in the dead of winter, is more dangerous still.

Survey men are never allowed to make their trips alone; a slip might mean that even their bones could not be found until spring. They work in pairs or threes, traveling on skis or snowshoes over snows that lie 10, 12, sometimes 20 feet deep. A record depth was reported in 1911 at Blue Lakes: 36 feet, 2 inches. Snow banks 30 to 50 feet deep are not uncommon, and in Oregon one drift was found to be 110 feet deep.

Winter temperatures on the mountains are formidable. In Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, 50 degrees below zero is often encountered. In the Nevada and Utah mountains, swings of 70 degrees in a single day are fairly frequent: from 30 above at noon, to 40 below at

night. Climbing steep slopes with heavy packs, the men sweat even when the mercury is below zero; then, stopping to rest, they have to be careful not to freeze their hands or feet.

Shelter cabins are built for the surveyors high on the ranges. They must be strong, in order to carry the great weight of snow that may pin them down. To help locate snowed-up cabins, shovels are tied in nearby trees. Chimneys through which a man can descend are built to save the work of digging down to the cabins.

Before a survey trip is ordered, weather maps are studied as carefully as for a transatlantic flight. When conditions seem favorable, the men start, going as far as they can by auto, and sometimes a few miles farther on horseback. Then the real climb begins on foot.

So important has snow-surveying become that an International Commission on Snow was formed in 1933, under the presidency of Dr. Church, with more than 170 scientists representing nearly every country in the northern hemisphere and a few from below the equator.

Our own Department of Agriculture estimates that through snow surveys and the development of all possible water conservation, the 18,000,000 irrigated acres of our western states can eventually be increased to at least 50,000,000 acres.

¶ An inexperienced woman triples the business of a Fifth Avenue store through her knowledge of the ways of women shoppers

Let's Talk Shop

Condensed from The American Magazine

Hortense McQuarrie Odum

President of Bonwit Teller, New York

+

WHEN, four years ago, I was made president of a large women's store, I was about zero in business experience. But as a customer I had run the gamut: in the early days I had had to save and plan for months in order to make a single dress purchase; later, the great shops of New York and of Europe had courted my custom with a flattery which was often oppressive. And just as to every other woman shopper, there had been many things that seemed to me unnecessarily annoying. One of my pet dislikes was the saleswoman who said, "You certainly don't want a checked blouse. *Nobody* wears anything but stripes." Or, "Moddom, it simply *isn't* being sold." I resented the different treatment accorded to modest and well-to-do customers, the quick change from frown to fawn, based on bank roll. One of my first acts was to make discrimination against the modest purchaser an unpardonable sin.

I knew that, to women, shopping is a vital and perilous business. Besides the approval of husband and friends, the right clothes mean self-respect and inner content, a lift to

the personality. In a sense they mean much the same as prestige and position mean to a man. If a woman buys wisely, her world is rosy. Grudging congratulations from her husband, the admiration of her friends. But if she loses her head and spends too much there may be tears and recriminations at home, and weeks of scrimping. If she buys an unbecoming costume, she must face her husband's mute displeasure and the ineffectually concealed pity of her bridge cronies. Indeed, success in shopping closely affects woman's emotional and social life.

Because I, as customer, had been through all that, I decided I would show every customer the same hospitality I would show a guest in my home. I would never let customers be urged to buy what they did not want or could not afford, and would offer expert advice toward making each shopping trip a successful experience.

When I moved to the other side of the counter, I found that the saleswoman, too, has her woes. Her work is hard. She is on her feet for long hours. Her customers often seem haughty and unreasonable.

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That is why the relation between tired salesperson and dissatisfied customer often develops into a masked feud. But when the saleswoman realizes that the customer's haughtiness may conceal an inner doubt, that the irritability may grow from a real worry, the feud evaporates. Sympathy and helpfulness replace browbeating and the upturned nose.

I did not rise to be president of the store; I just happened to fall into it. My husband and his associates had acquired control of the establishment, which had somehow fallen behind the times. They hadn't the foggiest notion of how to run a women's store, and one of them suggested that I shop around there a bit, and see if I had any suggestions to make. After visiting the store daily for several weeks I worked out some ideas which seemed so obvious I was afraid there was some catch in them. I remember I suggested that the millinery department be brought down to the first floor. Women strolling through often like to try on a hat, and if they find a fetching one it encourages them to go on to other purchases. (This change, made later, tripled our millinery business.) My suggestions were so successful that the directors finally asked me to take the presidency. All I brought to the job was horse sense and the customer's viewpoint.

My first determination was to find out why, as a customer, I had

received less prompt and courteous service when I shopped with cash than when I shopped with a charge account. The best answer I could get was: "Well, the cash purchasers are just transients. We may never see them again."

If they are transients, why not try to make them regular customers? I issued strict orders that every kindness be accorded cash customers. One night I had another idea, and drafted an informal thank-you note to be sent to each cash customer. The response was surprising — both in acknowledgments from pleased recipients and in repeat business.

Also I gave great attention to the Complaint Department, where it had been the store's habit to put up an argument — which often grew into a quarrel, and the customer was lost. I reasoned that in most such disputes the store must finally give in anyway. Why not make every reasonable concession at once, with courtesy? It would cost money, but it would make friends and more business in the long run.

Many women customers would rather not be asked by the saleswoman how much they want to pay. It is better to bring out three selections, one high priced, one low, and one medium. Then let the customer indicate her preference. The good saleswoman does not ask, "What size, please?" She should be able to guess. If she is not sure, she should make the woman happy by guessing a bit under.

The sensitive woman shopper may become angry over a trifle, but by the same token she is generously delighted by little kindnesses. One of our best saleswomen showed us that. When a woman comes in who looks upset, she invites her to sit down and offers her a drink of water before she begins to show any merchandise. This almost always puts the customer in a more receptive frame of mind.

Our customers also appreciate such little conveniences as these: The doorman always has \$10 in change for customers who arrive by taxicab and are annoyed by the New York taxi driver's chronic shortage of change. Needle and thread are available in every part of the store for the quick and cheerful repair of a loose button or seam. Luncheon is served in the fitting rooms and the beauty salons. In fittings, hair nets are provided to protect a cherished coiffure. A desk has been established where women can obtain information, get change

for telephoning, and leave messages for friends whom they expect to meet.

So that I would not lose the customer's viewpoint, I set up a Consumers' Advisory Committee. Every month I invite to a meeting four different customers, selected to represent a cross section of our clientele. Informally, we have luncheon in my office, discussing clothes and shopping problems.

To help the woman who doesn't know what she wants, we offer a clothes counsel service. Many women who do not know how to dress well are shy about asking for advice. But it is a common failing, and nothing to be ashamed of. Women shoppers should ask for all the advice they can get. More frankness is also in order with the woman with a limited budget. In the long run, it is just as bad for us as for the shopper if we sell her more than she can afford. We want no woman ever to leave the store with a purchase unless she is entirely happy.



Up in the Air with Fountain Pens —

THE January Reader's Digest quoted a statement that the air traveler should fill his fountain pen only half full, to avoid expansion and leakage of ink at higher altitudes. Various authorities promptly pointed out that leakage is caused not by expansion of the ink, but by expansion of air in the pen which forces the ink out. They therefore advise plane passengers to fill the pen full, empty it entirely, or better, "to leave it at home."

❖ Don't treat the symptom with commercial painkillers,
but let a doctor find the cause

It's Your Headache

Condensed from Hygeia

Milton MacKaye

OVER HALF the people who enter doctors' offices describe headache as one of their symptoms; personnel directors in industry list it as the cause of 20 to 25 percent of employe absences; in thousands of homes it is the enemy of efficiency and happiness.

Our most common error in dealing with it is that we try to treat the headache itself instead of the condition that produces it. The result? Our family medicine cabinets are full of pills and powders, some of them harmless painkillers, others dangerous drugs which should be used only with a doctor's approval. All of them have this in common: they do not cure; they merely suppress a symptom that may be an important warning of trouble. For the cause of a headache may be anywhere but in the head.

It is a quirk of physiology that many of the vital organs of the body are not sensitive to pain. The stomach, liver, lungs, even the heart, can be incised without local sensation. These organs, however, relay their complaint to the very center of the nervous system — the head.

Some medical books list as many as 203 causes of headache. They may be divided into three broad classifications: *mechanical*, *toxic*, and *functional*. Many headaches must be placed in two or all of the groups.

Mechanical headaches are produced by diseases of, or damage to, the head itself. The headache which accompanies your cold, for example, is probably due to a swelling of the mucous membrane lining the nasal chamber, which closes the narrow passageways to the sinuses — those bony cavities in the front of the skull. A partial vacuum results which sucks on the mucous membrane of the sinuses, stretching the nerves and causing a dull pain. Physicians relieve this condition with solutions which shrink the membranes and permit air to enter. Also classified as mechanical are eye headaches, which may be caused by even a slight error of refraction. Close work and reading in bad light are contributing factors. A suitable pair of glasses is of course the remedy.

Major headaches of the mechanical type are so painful that they

may rouse the sufferer from sound slumber. Such headaches may indicate concussion, tumor or abscess of the brain, diseases of the cranial blood vessels, or meningitis.

To understand the anatomy of headache, some knowledge of the cranium is necessary. The skull is filled so compactly with brain and cerebrospinal fluid that even a slight rise or fall in pressure of this fluid can produce pain. The outer covering of the brain, known as the dura, is a tough, white membrane interlaced with nerves. The dura can be cut with a surgeon's knife without pain, but is extremely sensitive to stretching. This stretching process is important in the second classification of headaches — those due to toxic causes.

Toxic headaches are produced by poisons from outside the body — alcohol, gases, drugs, tobacco — or by poisons manufactured within the body. In kidney ailments, constipation and all diseases accompanied by fever, poisons are generated which may alter the circulation in the blood vessels of the brain, or affect the nutrition of cranial nerves. The webwork of blood vessels in the brain covering may expand, the dura is stretched, and pain results. Sometimes the headache is caused by contraction of the small blood vessels in the dura, as in the morning headache of the man who has smoked too much the night before. An obscure poison in tobacco impoverishes the tiny blood vessels

of the brain. But the caffeine in a cup of breakfast coffee dilates the collapsed blood vessels and clears away the headache.

The functional headache, to which no organic cause can be assigned, is a catchall for many of the puzzling debilities which the medical profession cannot yet entirely explain. Headaches produced by high or low blood pressure, anemia, excessive mental strain and menstruation belong in this class. Also included is migraine, a mysterious periodic complaint that often begins with distortions of vision, flashes of light before the eyes, and sometimes produces loss of memory, or, stranger still, psychic visions as convincing as desert mirages. The victims suffer nausea and excruciating pain.

Migraine is attributed to a variety of causes: allergic reaction to certain foods, endocrine disturbances, heredity and psychic factors have all been blamed. Until recently, little help could be given the sufferer; lately however, medical research has produced a substance called gynergen, a derivative of ergot, which, when injected into the muscle, offers relief to approximately 50 percent of migraine victims. The drug is not a cure, however.

Another ailment which bewilders the experts is the "psychogenic headache," which seems to be a by-product of the emotions. It is literally true that you may have a headache because you have uncon-

sciously hated your Uncle Elmer for 20 years. No one knows the basic mechanical explanation; the most careful examination usually discloses no physiological abnormality. Such a headache sometimes encompasses the cranium in a tight band, or fits like a helmet over the front of the head. Depression, worry, unhappiness, repressed and unworthy impulses can also express themselves in headaches. The therapy? Hobby, a captivating interest, or, best of all, an acceptable outlet for the repressed impulses.

Fortunately the least dangerous headaches are the commonest. One large hospital listed causes in this order of frequency: fatigue, hunger (both of which affect the nutrition of the cranial nerves), constipation, indigestion, alcohol, eyestrain, infectious diseases (with their attendant fevers), menstruation, nervous disorders, kidney disease, nose abnormalities, sinus infection, neuralgia, and migraine.

Occasional headaches of low intensity may be of no importance at all, but chronic headache is something else again. The individual who habitually doses his headache with self-prescribed remedies is downright stupid. Constipation is an accompanying symptom of many maladies; a purge may relieve the constipation and not cure the headache. It is unwise, in any case, to rely entirely on laxatives. Painkillers effectively relieve discomfort, but not all of them are harmless. Acet-

anilid, a common ingredient of headache remedies, depresses the heart and is a poison if taken in sufficient quantities. The phenobarbitals should be used only under medical supervision. Rather than seek relief with commercial preparations, try one of the following remedies first:

For that end-of-the-day dull throb, which may be caused by a combination of fatigue, hunger and overstress, take a small quantity of light food, loosen your clothing, and lie down in a darkened room for half an hour. A cold compress over the eyes and forehead is often effective. A brisk walk, an invigorating shower may speed up your circulation sufficiently to relieve the headache. If the headache is due mainly to congestion of circulation in the head, a hot foot bath may draw the blood away from the congested regions and relieve the headache without drugs.

Happily, the outlook for relief from chronic headache is growing more hopeful. In such grave maladies as brain tumor and meningitis there has been a great advance in surgical technique. Medicine has devised means for reducing intracranial pressure, for dealing with germ infection and for quieting pain while the source is hunted. Relief of headache caused by allergy runs as high as 70 percent.

In any event, if your headache persists, the wisest course is to let your doctor look you over.

The Man In

¶ The story of John Wilkes Booth and his part in one of the most tragic episodes in our history — based on elaborate and painstaking research



Tuesday, April 11, 1865

LEE HAD surrendered two days before and the North was sure the war was over. The dimly lighted streets of Washington were filled with a Yankee mob gone mad with victory.

Far back on the sidewalk John Wilkes Booth stood, silent and brooding, watching a parade of government clerks marching down Pennsylvania Avenue. Light from their moving torches flickered on his handsome, sullen face. He had gathered his long cloak around him in his favorite theatrical pose, for even in his misery he was still the actor.

Booth hated the smug Yankees around him. For two days he had wandered the streets, unable to sleep. Minute guns had been fired in an endless salvo of rejoicing, and their thunder had beaten like hammer blows against his brain. He had tried to get drunk, but no amount of liquor could make him forget that his beloved South was being crushed in defeat.

Crowds were hurrying past him toward the White House, for Lincoln was going to speak. Booth nodded to his tall companion and followed them, his mouth set in a grim hard line. He wanted to see his enemy face to face.

Booth hated Lincoln with a hatred that passed all reason. To him the plight of the South was the result of Lincoln's malevolent persecution. For months he and his little band of conspirators had been planning to capture the President and take him to Richmond as a prize of war.

People by the hundreds were pushing their way into the White House grounds, trampling down the spring flowers in their haste to get near the building. Booth leaned against a tree, grimly watching the house in which Lincoln dwelt. There, he thought, my enemy is waiting for his triumph.

Booth snorted aloud with disgust, turning to look at the companion who was standing behind him. But this man paid no attention to Booth's gesture. Four years of warfare had stamped out of him everything but primitive lusts. He was 20 years old and he had been educated only in killing. Booth had picked him up when he was starving and attached him to himself by giving him food and a master to follow. Lewis Paine was the name this incurious giant had adopted since deserting the Confederate Army, and he was Booth's bodyguard, ready to do whatever he was told.

Killed Lincoln

A condensation from the book of the same title

By Philip Van Doren Stern

SUDDENLY a light appeared in one of the White House windows. The people began to shout. A brass band struck up; the window swung open, and a tall gaunt figure appeared and began to speak.

In the flat monotony of Lincoln's tired voice, Booth heard the North speaking. It was the voice of a trader; behind it the avarice of men who thought only in terms of money. He had heard that the man had once actually tended a store somewhere in the wilderness. The sparse shaggy body of the man was the body of a peasant, grotesque and brutalized by toil. A fine sort of person to lead the destinies of a country that had once been ruled by gentlemen!

Lincoln was discussing the problem of the conquered State of Louisiana: "It is unsatisfactory to some that the elective franchise has not been given to the colored man. I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent, and on those who serve our cause as soldiers. . . ."

The muscles on Booth's face tightened. So what he had heard rumored was true! Lincoln was not satisfied with freeing the slaves — he actually wanted to give them the right to vote, the right to have

a say in the government of the white South.

By God, this must be stopped! Abduction was no longer possible, with the territory south of Washington in the hands of the enemy. There was only one thing left to do now, no substitute for that stark necessity. . . .

He saw himself as the man appointed by destiny to slay his country's enemy. And with Lincoln the others who held the power of the North in their hands must be swept away. Grant, Seward, Johnson — they all must go. He wished now he had a regiment to fling against them instead of his pathetic handful of conspirators.

Of these only Paine was outstanding in devotion and fearlessness. But Booth had confidence in John Surratt who, though hardly more than a schoolboy, had carried dispatches regularly from Richmond to Montreal for the Confederacy. Surratt's widowed mother, an ardent Southerner who ran a boarding-house in Washington, had willingly lent her home as the headquarters for the conspirators.

Surratt had told him that he could enlist the services of certain unnamed men in government positions who were secretly supporting the South. These men had prom-

ised their help during the abduction plot. They would arrange to have telegraph wires cut, the pursuit confused.

Two other conspirators were good-natured fools who liked to fancy themselves desperate characters. One of them, David Herold, a young unemployed Washington boy, was eager to do anything Booth asked, but he was shiftless and irresponsible. George Atzerodt, a German carriage-maker from Southern Maryland, was a coward and drunkard who had been taken into the abduction plot solely because he knew the Potomac River country and owned a flatboat which could be used as a ferry into Virginia.

This was the cast of Booth's characters. When they would enact their tragedy, Booth did not know. But enact it they must.

Friday, April 14

ON TENTH STREET, only a few blocks from the White House, a morning rehearsal was being held in Ford's Theater. Word had been received that General Grant would attend the performance that night. The actors of Laura Keane's company, dressed in their street clothes, were rapidly running through their parts in *Our American Cousin*.

Far back in the orchestra John Wilkes Booth was sitting reading a letter from John Surratt, who was in Montreal. Booth had come to the theater to pick up his mail. At

the box office he had been startled to learn that Lincoln would also attend the evening's performance.

The news had hit him like a blow. Surratt would return to Washington that very afternoon. His other men were ready. And a more perfect setting could not be had, Booth thought. It would be easy for him to jump from the President's box, ten feet above the stage, and make his exit from the wings to the rear door. He had often made more spectacular leaps in his stage roles.

And here the deed could be done in the grand manner before an audience that would see him make history! It would be hard to give up his career. Although his reputation was not so great as his brother Edwin's, he was making \$20,000 a year and had thoroughly enjoyed the acclaim that comes to a leading actor. But what an exit he would make from the American stage! And he would escape to Mexico or Spain, which had no extradition treaties with the United States.

Booth rapidly worked out his moves. He would use the weak Atzerodt against Vice-President Johnson, the least important of the men he would attack. He would send Paine against Secretary of State Seward, who was laid up in bed with a broken jaw as the result of a carriage accident. Davy Herold would go with Paine to hold his horse, and guide him out of the city. Booth reserved Surratt to help him at the

theater, for Grant would be in the box with Lincoln.

As Booth planned his night's work, it struck him that he must write down for publication a justification of his deed. Everyone must understand that he was not acting for himself, but for the South. Although he had not fought in the ranks, Booth had already done everything in his power to help the South. In his passage from city to city as an actor, he had often carried secret information across the border. He had smuggled badly needed quinine through to the blockaded states. He had exposed himself to arrest, imprisonment and death by his activities.

He rode to Grover's Theater and, in the manager's office, wrote his proclamation to the world: He explained that this deed alone could give the South another chance for freedom. He said that he expected censure for his act, but some day, when wartime anger had cooled, posterity would surely justify him. And then, without consulting the others, he signed the letter boldly: "Men who love their country better than gold or life — J. W. Booth — Paine — Atzerodt — Herold." Out of consideration for Surratt's mother he omitted the name of her son. He gave the letter to an actor named John Matthews to deliver to the editor of *The National Intelligencer* the next morning.

About five o'clock Booth learned that General Grant would not at-

tend the performance, as he was taking the evening train for Philadelphia. Quickly he sought out Surratt and persuaded him to follow Grant on the train.

Friday, April 14. Evening

BOOTH had been drinking heavily. Long ago he had learned that alcohol's sharp stimulation caused him to forget all thought of failure; it changed him into a reckless, nerveless creature, afraid of nothing.

He opened his trunk and took out a single-barreled derringer pistol. The feel of it gave him added strength. The simple pressure of his finger on the trigger would send thunder crashing into the world to obliterate the monster Lincoln. This one small weapon might have a greater effect than all the cannon fired during the last four years. His single shot would start their mighty voices roaring again. . . . He would snatch victory at this last moment. . . . He heard the entire South acclaim him. No actor in history had ever had such an ovation.

He carefully went over the lines from the play that he had chosen for his own entrance cue. They came at a moment when only one actor was on the stage. He could see himself standing in the box, holding the pistol to Lincoln's head. The shot would freeze the play into sudden silence, and then his mo-

ment would come. What could he say in that brief instant about tyranny? How had they phrased it in Latin when Brutus struck great Caesar down? Suddenly it came to him: "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" "Thus always to tyrants!" That was the motto of Virginia, the capital state of the Confederacy. It was an apt phrase. He mouthed it over, rolling the *r*'s under his tongue.

Outside, he heard the metallic clangor of the bells. It was eight o'clock. The curtain at Ford's theater had already been raised.

Two hours later Booth was standing in the back of the crowded theater, his eyes intent upon the President's box. He was consumed with a vast impatience as the play dragged wearily along. Second by second the clocks of the world were eating away the life of the man he was going to kill. His heart leapt when he saw that the soldier guarding the passageway leading to Lincoln's box had left his post.

At last the time he had chosen drew near. Booth exulted. Paine and Herold were moving at this very minute toward the Seward residence. Somewhere in the dimly lighted corridors of his hotel Johnson was being stalked by Atzerodt. Surratt, miles away, was on the train with Grant. All would strike at exactly the same moment—10:15. And while the North lay paralyzed by this fourfold blow, the South would snatch victory from defeat.

Booth started for the President's

box, his face rigid, his jaw muscles set. As he approached the outer door a man seated nearby suddenly rose and faced him. Booth calmly drew from his card case one of Senator Hale's calling cards, which he had secured through his friendship with the Senator's daughter. The man backed away, apologizing.

Inside the passageway Booth stands alone in utter darkness, his heart pounding, his breath coming in short spasmodic gasps. Far away on the stage he hears a voice speak the lines he has chosen for his fateful cue. The hand which grips his pistol is hot with sweat. His breath rushes into his lungs—can they hear the terrible sound of it? He opens the door to the box. The President's party, intently watching the stage, does not notice him. He steps forward, raises the deringer close to the hated head.

And then the report, sharp and loud—the pistol almost seemed to go off by itself. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he cries. He has done it! He has killed Lincoln! The man in the chair never moves. While he sits there, his head sagging forward, smoke billowing around him, Booth jumps over the box rail and lands heavily on the stage, his left foot crumpling under him. But he forces himself up and, striking out with a dagger at those who seek to bar his way, escapes to his waiting horse.

AT TEN MINUTES after ten Paine and Herold rode up to the Seward

house. Every window but one in its imposing brick façade was dark. Paine rang the bell and announced that he had been sent by Dr. Verdi with some medicine which he must deliver to Mr. Seward in person. When the servant said Mr. Seward could not be disturbed, Paine brushed him aside and rushed up the stairs. At the top he met Seward's son Frederick, who asked angrily what he wanted. Paine pointed his pistol at the young man's heart and pulled the trigger. It clicked dully with a metallic snap. Paine swung wildly with the heavy weapon, hitting Seward on the head. Seward fell to the floor.

Knife in hand, Paine dashed into the sickroom. Secretary Seward was half sitting up in bed, his neck swathed in bandages. Paine lunged at him. The blade struck something hard. Paine slashed again at Seward's throat but someone jerked his arm from behind. The blow went wild.

Two men tried to pull Paine off the bed. While they struggled, Seward managed to roll over and fall to the floor out of their way. Paine, slashing desperately with his knife, finally managed to fight his way out of the house. His horse was still standing where he had left it, but Davy Herold, alarmed by the disturbance in the house, had fled.

ATZERODT had been drinking all evening to steel himself for his night's work. At quarter after ten

he had to enter the room of Andrew Johnson, Vice-President of the United States of America, and stab him to the heart. The liquor only made him feel sorry for himself.

This was no part for him to play. Capturing the President and whisking him away to the South was something his small-town training in horseplay could appreciate. But killing was quite different. He had agreed to it only after dire threats.

He rode up to Johnson's hotel cringing from the deed which faced him. Perhaps more whisky would fix him up. He entered the bar and looked at the clock: five after ten.

Each drink seemed to call for just one more. . . . When he looked again at the clock he started: it was too late! He had failed to time his actions with the others and it was too dangerous to act now.

He headed his horse toward Ford's Theater, curious about what was happening there. As he drew near he saw that the street was filled with a wildly shouting mob. Some cried: "Burn the theater!" Others: "Shoot the actors; they let him get away!" Out of the darkness behind him he heard the furious hoofbeats of a cavalry patrol.

Atzerodt saw a knot of milling, howling men trying to string someone up to a lamppost. The man was a stranger to him. He had done nothing, apparently, but the mob had seized him simply because they believed he was a rebel. Atzerodt wheeled his horse and galloped away.

THE SENTRY at the Navy Yard Bridge heard hoofbeats on the dark road leading out of the city. He sprang up, bayoneted rifle in hand. Sergeant Cobb, in charge of the post, came out of the sentrybox and challenged the rider.

"My name is Booth," the horseman answered. "I'm going to my home in Charles County."

"No one is allowed to pass here after nine o'clock," Cobb said.

"I never heard of any such ruling," Booth answered. "I've been detained in the city and I thought I'd ride home by moonlight."

The sentry whispered something to Cobb, who hesitated and then said slowly, "I guess it's all right. You can pass through."

Booth's injured leg pained him excruciatingly. But his mind was filled with one great thought. He, John Wilkes Booth, had thrown into confusion the plans of 20,000,000 Northerners rejoicing at the prospect of victory. He had done more for his country than Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Every footprint his horse was making would be recorded in the hearts of his countrymen forever. Some day they would mark with golden horseshoes the path he was now taking.

Tuesday, April 25. Midnight.

BOOTH had been lying for hours on a pile of hay in the Garrett tobacco barn near Port Royal, Va., unable to sleep. He had sought

refuge at the farm the day posing as a wounded Confederate soldier. Herold, who had joined outside Washington the night of escape, was snoring gently now. At no time during the past 12 hours had Booth felt the chase so close, not even when cavalrymen in the Maryland had ridden within a few miles of where he was lying in the bushes. Now the government had traced him across the Rappahannock. Federal cavalry had been seen near the Garrett farm that very afternoon, and several persons in the neighborhood knew Booth's whereabouts. And, most bitter realization, the faith he once had in his high destiny was crumbling.

He had not met with the help he had expected from Southern sympathizers along his line of flight. Those he had approached refused to harbor him, although they gave him food and newspapers, and grudgingly refrained from betraying him.

For 11 days Booth and Herold had made their furtive way southward, hiding out in swamps and thickets. Most of the time Booth was wracked with fever. He hobbled along painfully, his body wearily sagging down on improvised crutches. At first the agony of his broken leg kept him from mounting a horse. When he regained some measure of strength the countryside so swarmed with troops that the fugitives shot their horses, lest they neigh to the mounts of the pursuing cavalry.

In the newspapers Booth had

ad how badly the conspiracy had been bungled. Seward's life had been saved by a steel collar which the surgeons had placed on his neck to support his fractured jaw. He could find no mention of an attack

Surratt on Grant. Probably the general's car was too well guarded.

His own escape seemed fantastic. The government had delayed unbelievably long in getting an organized pursuit under way. As Surratt had promised, the telegraph lines leading from the city were out of commission for two hours after the assassination — until it was discovered that wires in the main batteries had been crossed. Perhaps Surratt's mysterious allies had done more than cut telegraph wires. Booth had told Surratt that he was going to use the Navy Yard Bridge. The sentries had let him cross after he had given his name and a poor excuse. They almost seemed to have been expecting him.

But now the whole country was in the frenzy of a witch hunt. His friends had been arrested — Mrs. Surratt, Paine, Atzerodt. A reward of \$50,000 had been posted by the government for his capture.

He read that men had been beaten and hanged for being incautious enough to remark that Lincoln had met a just death; that mobs everywhere were hunting down people whose sympathies for the South were only suspected; that newspapers whose policies had been directed against the President had

had their offices sacked. The North was striking out blindly in its rage.

The National Intelligencer had not printed the proclamation Booth had sent to its editor. He was furious at being considered a common murderer. On April 21st he had again stated his case in his diary — so that if he were shot it would be found on his body:

I am being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods with every man's hand against me. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for — what made William Tell a hero; and yet I am looked upon as a common cutthroat. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and for her alone. A people ground beneath this tyranny prayed for this end, and yet now see the cold hands they extend to me!

All Booth's hopes for a resurgence of the Southern cause were blasted when he learned on April 24th that Johnston's army, the last formidable Confederate force, had surrendered to Sherman. He saw then that Lincoln's death made no difference — if anything it would only make the North more vindictive in its terms of peace; and it put into power those Northern statesmen who had opposed Lincoln's policy of moderation toward the South. He had not only failed to save his country — he had done her irreparable harm. At last he came to see himself as the country saw him — a fool and a murderer. And now, here in the dark recesses of Gar-

rett's barn, he felt the forces of vengeance close in upon him.

Wednesday, April 26. 2 A.M.

BOOOTH AWOKE from a restless sleep with a start. He felt the skin on his body tighten as he heard the snapping of a dry branch in the darkness outside. There was a whispered curse. A voice commanded silence in another whisper.

This was the end. He could never permit himself to be taken back to Washington as a prisoner with 20,000,000 people howling for his life. Across his mind there flashed the image of John Brown's body, hooded and bound, swinging in the December sunshine. Better to die now fighting. His hand tightened on Herold's shoulder.

"They're here, David," he whispered. "The barn is surrounded."

Voices outside were speaking plainly now. Someone kicked thunderously against the barn door.

"Wake up in there!" a man's voice called. "We warn you that it will be useless to resist. Open this door and come out unarmed!"

The officers outside waited. They heard voices within the dark barn but there was no answer to their repeated demands for surrender. Finally the door opened and Herold emerged alone. He began to cry hysterically as he was led away.

Almost immediately a faint glow appeared at the side of the barn. There was a crackling sound. The

flames swept with terrible speed up the dry boards and curled out under the eaves. In the fierce yellow light Booth saw a circle of soldiers standing with raised guns.

This was his last great moment. He had to carry the affair off with a flourish, as Macbeth had done, and Hamlet — and Othello.

The heat from the flames was becoming unbearable. He backed away from it, still supporting himself on his crutches. There must be no self-pity now. Better to perish quickly by the hand that had killed Lincoln and changed the fate of nations, than to be riddled by a gang of Yankee hoodlums.

His hand felt the smooth grip of his pistol. There was a sound behind him — a sharp, metallic click that he heard even above the crackle of the flames. He whirled and saw the muzzle of a gun coming through an opening in the barn wall. Quick now, or they will have you!

The pistol against his skull — and then, with a roar, his world collapsed.*

Epilogue

THE GREAT conspiracy trial which had begun on May 10th was over. The eight prisoners, hooded in canvas bags, stiff-shackled, and

* It was never positively established whether Booth was killed by his own hand or by the shot that Boston Corbett, a member of the troop surrounding the barn, claimed to have fired. A careful weighing of the evidence would seem to indicate a more probable verdict of suicide. — The Author

THAT BOOTH had other unknown accomplices has long been suspected, and certain unexplained occurrences on that fatal night lend support to this belief. In addition to the mysterious failure of the commercial telegraph service, there was the unaccountable absence of the sentry from his post at the President's box, despite numerous rumors of plots against his life. Another curious fact is that Booth was not only allowed to pass easily across the guarded Anacostia Bridge, but that no one was even sent in that direction during the night of the assassination to check up on this most obvious of all southern exits from the city.

It is doubtful whether the complete story will ever be known. But Emanuel Hertz, in the preface to his book, *The Hidden Lincoln*, states that some years ago Robert Lincoln was about to burn some of his father's private papers, which he said contained documentary evidence of the treason of a member of Lincoln's Cabinet. He was finally prevailed upon to deposit them, instead, in the Library of Congress, with the reservation that they would not be consulted until 1947. If these papers are made public, we shall find out whether some man sitting at the Cabinet table was betraying the President. — From a pamphlet accompanying *The Man Who Killed Lincoln*

foot-chained to 75-pound irons, were housed in the old penitentiary in the Arsenal grounds. Besides Paine, Herold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt, there were Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, who had been involved in the abduction plot but not in the assassination; and Samuel A. Mudd, the Maryland country doctor who had set Booth's broken leg the first day of his flight. John Surratt had escaped to Canada.

The Military Commission con-

ducting the trial was determined to brand the Confederacy forever as a desperate effort that had included murder in its plans as well as rebellion. So the trial had been made a trial of the Rebel Government, and the charge named Jefferson Davis and other Southern leaders. Many days were taken up with secret ciphers, details of rebel cruelty to prisoners, and accounts of rebel attempts to burn, plunder and spread disease into the cities of the North. In all, 265 witnesses testified for or against the eight prisoners, but the prisoners were never allowed to utter a word.

On July 6, four of the accused — Spangler, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Dr. Mudd * -- were sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor. On July 7 the sentence of the other four was carried out.

Under a blazing, pitiless sun the hooded prisoners, Atzerodt, Paine, Herold and Mrs. Surratt, were hanged in a row on newly-erected gallows in the prison yard.

Under one of the buildings of the Arsenal Prison the body of John Wilkes Booth, wrapped in a soldier's blanket, lay secretly buried. In 1867 the body was removed to the Booth family plot in Baltimore, and placed in an unmarked grave.

* For Dr. Mudd's story, see *The Reader's Digest*, August, '34, p. 74.

Tots at the Typewriter

Condensed from *School and Society*

Albert Edward Wiggam

Author of "The Marks of an Educated Man,"
"The Fruit of the Family Tree," etc.

IN A downtown street of a southwestern city, not long ago, traffic was blocked when the board of education found it necessary to locate a group of first-graders, temporarily, in a storeroom with a plate-glass front. What held the crowd spellbound was a roomful of little tots happily doing their school work *on typewriters*.

If the crowd had known the story behind this unusual sight, interest would have been even more intense. For these youngsters were among the 14,000 involved in an experiment which had been quietly carried on for the past few years by two of the nation's ranking psychologists, Drs. Ben D. Wood of Columbia and Frank Freeman of Chicago. The experiment has led to this interesting educational discovery: old-fashioned methods of teaching your child to write longhand first are unnecessary and may actually retard his rate of school achievement.

The significance of this may escape you unless you think it over. Why do you hate to write letters, and put them off as long as you can?

Why does a child learning to write screw his face into such painful expressions? The answer is that the process of putting thoughts down on paper calls for an actually arduous coördination, which is difficult for the child to acquire and which leaves us, even as adults, a subconscious distaste for writing.

A few years ago Drs. Freeman and Wood decided to test a theory that the typewriter would help children to learn. Four leading manufacturers agreed to furnish the money and to lend 2100 portable typewriters, which were distributed to 30 schools in eight widely separated cities. In each city, some schools were selected as Experimental schools, where typewriters were used, and some as Control schools, where they were not used. The experiment lasted two years, and a third year was consumed working up the results. Children from five to twelve participated. The Experimental and Control groups were matched as evenly as possible in age, ability, class standing and home backgrounds.

The children taught themselves

to typewrite by the hunt-and-peck method. Incidentally, pupils who had had one year of typing by the hunt-and-peck method learned touch typing much more rapidly than pupils of the same age and grade who had never used the typewriter. Significantly enough, while the Control children showed no eager enthusiasm for their writing lessons, the Typewriter children clamored for their turn at the machines.

The teachers were instructed to save all the written work — both handwritten and typewritten — *except in arithmetic*. Any fool would know that the typewriter could not help children in arithmetic. But this was just where everybody was fooled. It was soon found that the children, without being told, were doing their arithmetic problems on the machines. So, from then on, all their number work was saved; and it was found in the end that the improvement in arithmetic was in many classrooms greater than in any other subject — in some cases as much as 30 percent.

Tests at the end of the first year showed the average percentages of gains of the Experimental children over the Control children to be roughly as follows: Reading 9; Literature 14; Geography 19; Spelling 23; Language Usage 38; Arithmetic Computation 31.

But the cold figures tell little. The first question always asked is, "Doesn't this method injure the penmanship of the children, and

cause them to dislike writing by hand?" The answer is a resounding "No." The Typewriter children enjoyed writing by hand more than the Control children, and they wrote fully as well.

Let us hear from Dr. Wood himself the general conclusions from the experiment. "I think," he said, "that there were two results even more important than the improvement in the mastery of school subjects: first, the release and stimulus which ease of writing on the machine gave to the child's powers of expression; and, second, the improved attitudes toward school work in general."

During the first year the Experimental children in grade one averaged a total of 3000 written words per pupil, of which nearly 1500 words were handwritten, whereas the exclusive handwriting children averaged less than 500 words per pupil. In grade two the Experimental children averaged 5500 words, whereas the Control children averaged only 2500 words. This suggests that a lot of the practice in penmanship we impose upon children under 10 or 12 years of age probably does no good. It may be that we force it on them before their muscles and nerves are mature enough to make the complex coördinations that are necessary.

Both directors of the experiment feel, however, that the high point of the whole inquiry was the extraordinary amount of voluntary

writing done by the Experimental children. They wrote many times as much *original creative composition*, such as stories, poems and letters as did the Control children. This increased tendency of the children to write out their own thoughts, due partly to the ease of writing them, is the crucial evidence of the benefit of the typewriter in the education of children.

All this makes us realize in a new way the suffering we put children through in learning to write with pencil and pen. Just consider the ordeal a little tot has to go through in learning to write the word "good." He begins by copying from a model. First he laboriously forms the upper part of the *g*. He is gripping his pencil for dear life, sitting in an awkward position, straining his eyes, and most of his muscles down to his toes are taut with eagerness to do it right. By the time, however, he has the upper part of the *g* formed, he has forgotten how the rest of it looks, and has to look back on his copybook for the model. Again, when he gets the entire *g* formed he has forgotten the rest of the word. If he wants to write the phrase, "Good-day, Mr. Rabbit," by the time he has written "Good-day," the "Mr. Rabbit" has vanished from his thoughts.

You see the process of coordinating all the muscles and getting the letters correctly formed is so absorbing that the child forgets what he started to write. The

thought itself is one mental hurdle and the problem of writing it correctly is both a nervous and muscular hurdle; so he has to negotiate two or three hurdles at once.

Now contrast this with the ease of writing the word "good" on the typewriter. At the first tap the *g* is finished and is *perfect*. No break in the child's thoughts, and only the delight of success. These children would almost shout, "Why, it looks just like the book!" In this thrill of success, psychologists know, lies an encouragement to progress that the child who is conscious of awkward bungling cannot achieve.

This helps explain why practically all of us dislike so to write down our thoughts with a pencil or pen. It is doubtless largely a carryover from the discomfort we went through in childhood learning to write. People talk all day long to each other without any effort. Our thoughts flow naturally through our tongues. But when it comes to writing them, that is another matter. A pencil at the end of a child's fingers is an obstacle to expression. But when we equip the child's fingers with a typewriter, he can express his thoughts almost as easily as with his tongue. Such facility in expression enlivens the whole learning process.

Among other phases of the experiment it should be mentioned that the Experimental children learned punctuation, the correct use of capitals, correct indentation at the beginning of paragraphs and all

the mechanical features of good writing much more readily than did the Control children.

Incidentally, voluminous testimony of teachers indicates that the backward, shy and noncoöperative children — always a classroom problem — found a new sense of power at the typewriter, and hence gained self-confidence, general scholastic improvement, and better adjustment to the group.

Summing it all up, the experiment abundantly demonstrates that the typewriter can be made a distinct aid to fundamental education, starting with kindergarten days. It can be introduced in any schoolroom. One machine for every four or five pupils is sufficient.

Over ninety percent of the teachers stated that the use of the typewriter by several children, each waiting his proper turn, and watching each other's work, tended "to develop coöperation and mutual helpfulness," and that the care of the machine, books, papers, etc., used with them "increased the sense of personal responsibility." Over three fourths of them expressed the belief that "it widened the child's interests and understandings," "developed self-reliance in making and executing plans," "gave practice in the use of tools, implements and material, useful in later life," and gave a "greater opportunity for the exercise of the best of the child's natural tendencies."



HER CLOTHES are so designed that she is always seen in the best places.
— Ora E. Anderson

The chairman replied in a few appropriated words.

— Cecil Hunt in *This Week Magazine*

Patter

Motion pictures have ruined a lot more evenings than they have morals.

— Ted Cook

Wife, to husband inquiring why they never have any money:
"It's the neighbors, dear. They're always doing something we can't afford."

"Can I lead a good Christian life in New York City on \$15 a week?" a young man once asked Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

"My boy," was the reply, "that's all you can do."

— Walter Winchell

Money Wasn't Everything

Condensed from The Forum

Ruth Gordon

Distinguished actress, star of "Saturday's Children,"
"Serena Blandish," etc.

"HIGHWAY ROBBERS!" my father used to call the merchants of our little town. "They got to be, to keep alive," he'd say, and sometimes add, darkly, "dog eat dog," which did not seem quite to follow on. But, at any rate, ours was definitely not the trade by which they kept alive. All the village might patronize the local stores but our trade was aimed at the larger marts, in Boston. On Saturdays, my father would go to Sprague Brothers and purchase our entire butchering for the week. On Thursdays he would forage once again, to "T" Wharf this time, for a "good fresh fish." Then, every fortnight, he and mother ordered, from the S. S. Pierce catalogue, our groceries for the following two weeks.

But the problem of our groceries had never been quite solved, and every Sunday evening my father catechized my mother on the local grocer's bill. He would first want to know why there should be a local bill at all. "It don't take education," my father would declare, "to know that if you buy things in bulk it's a lot cheaper than if you go crumb-ling your money away in small doses."

His questioning as to each item elicited a somewhat scattered set of replies from my mother, who always found it hard to stick to the point. Sitting in the dining room, half listening, half reading, I sided with my father against our trading at Backus' Grocery Store, for it was I who had to "run up to Mr. Backus' like a good girl" when my mother ran short of things.

"Now what about this butter?" my father would demand. "I thought Ruth got that from the Brighams."

"She started to, Clinton, but climbing up that hill and all, Ruth says it hurts her back."

"She climbs up there all right to go coasting, don't she?"

"Well, it's carrying *butter* that tires her out."

"We don't take but three pounds, once a week. To hear you talk, you'd think she was tugging a supply to stock up the Nazarene's Home."

"Now, Clinton," my mother's voice dropped to a delicate whisper, "she's just at the growing age."

"Lazy as a louse," said my father. "How old is she anyway, fourteen, fifteen? At that age I'd had six years before the mast. What's this cat meat? Was that the steak we had last night?"

"Of course not," my mother sighed. "That was called Louisiana steak. It was a recipe I got out of the *Boston Globe*. You ate it like you liked it, too."

"Well, if it was so good, whyn't you give some to Punk? Why's he got to have special cat meat? What's good enough for me is good enough for him."

"You've got it all wrong —"

"You mean it *ain't* good enough for him?"

"If you'd just let me finish what I was going to say. You got the dates all wrong. The day I bought the cat meat was the day *we* had baked beans. You can't feed a cat *beans*. And when she's hungry she's doleful and it makes *me* feel bad."

"I don't care if she's doleful as hell, there's no call to lay out money on a cat. Dribble, dribble, dribble, that's where the money goes. Every two weeks we get that box from Pierce's and then each week a bill from Backus comes along."

"I'm not a wizard, Clinton. I can't tell two weeks ahead just what I'm going to need."

"Why can't you? A cook on a vessel can. If you're in the Straits of Singapore and you want lard there's just two things you can do: have it with you, or go without."

"I know it, Clinton."

"Why've we got to have a cat anyhow? It don't do nothin' but eat his head off. A cat's an animal ain't any use to man."

"Now, Clinton, a cat does keep

away mice. And Punk's a lot of company. Mrs. Claflin thinks she's a *bright* cat. And she loves you, Clinton."

"Who, Mrs. Claflin?"

"Clinton, if anybody heard you! Punk loves you. And beside, look how Punk does her trick for you. You showed her that. When you persevere, Clinton, you can do just about anything you want."

Somewhat mollified, my father studied the cat. "Come here, for God's sake, and do something to earn your keep. Jump over." Punk tacked diffidently across the kitchen floor to my father's outstretched leg, and jumped over.

"There!" exclaimed my mother. "Where could you get a cat to do that?"

"Don't like cats," said my father ungraciously. "Germ carriers, every one of 'em. Layin' in at Singapore one time, bubonic plague broke out and everyone said it was brought aboard by the second mate's cat. Malay cook tossed him overboard."

"Whatever did the poor thing do?"

"He *swam*, of course. If you mean *where* did he swim, that I can't say."

"I declare, men are heartless, treating a dumb animal like that."

"Don't know what's dumb about 'em. Don't do no work, gets a fair to middlin' place to live, and from three to forty square meals a day just accordin' to how often you forget. Damned if I don't wish I was a cat." My father's eye drifted de-

spondently back to the bill. "What was we doin' with four tangerines?"

"Well, now, Clinton, the child took one a day to school in her lunch."

"Can't she eat plain oranges, like the rest of us?"

"It was just for a change."

"And these bills need a change. Last week it was a dollar ninety-eight and this week it's two twenty-two."

"Oh dear! Well, I know I manage a lot better than the Claflins do. I *know* their bill is bigger than ours."

"I don't give a — *what* Claflin's bill is. Claflin may be a millionaire, for all I know. I ain't and never will be, so long as I got bills, bills, bills."

"Money isn't everything, dear."

"Well, poverty is! Poverty's everything in my whole world. Seems like there isn't *anything* I can afford. We live on hash and stew and Louisiana cat meat, when I got a taste for oysters, and curry like they make it in Bombay."

"Oh, I don't know what to do. I really don't."

"Don't trouble," said my father, with a world of meaning. "I'm going out."

"Why, Clinton, you can't. It must be nine o'clock."

"Don't try to stop me," thundered my father. "I been out at every hour of the night that there is."

"Oh, Clinton, don't do anything rash," pleaded my mother. "Please

don't, Clinton, for all our sakes." I was listening intently, dreading the worst.

"Nothin' rasher than to lay down on the railroad tracks," my father said, so convincingly that, as many times as I had heard this, I really believed he might.

"Oh, Clinton, you wouldn't. Think of Ruth, Clinton, think of me."

"And I'm going to take that cat right with me! You come here, Punk," and my father bent down to drag her out from under the stove. "I'm damned if I'm going to be a foreman *all* my life, just so's I can support a striped cat."

"Oh, Clinton, I'll never give her anything again," my mother pleaded. "I don't care *how* she looks at me, I won't. Only don't go out, Clinton."

My father hesitated, stared balefully around the kitchen, and then graciously decided to give in. "Drop it," he growled, "it's just like everything else I can't afford. I can't even afford that. The railroad'd sue you, for me clutterin' up their tracks. Come on, put out that lamp. It's been smokin', like it nearly always is. I don't know why *no* one around here ever thinks to trim a wick."

With relief I heard my father open the door to the back stairs.

"I don't know," he murmured, disappearing up the stairs, "I don't know what the answer is. God save us all from the kick of a lame duck."

Young America in Action

THE MODERN steel mill town of Lorain, Ohio, has adapted to its own uses the ceremony with which ancient Athens welcomed new citizens to the world's first democracy. On the Sunday nearest September 17, Constitution Day, the sons and daughters of Lorain who have reached the age of twenty-one within the year are guests of honor at a public meeting. A distinguished speaker talks to them of the duties and responsibilities as well as the honor of their new estate. A choir sings; an orchestra plays. A priest, a rabbi and a Protestant pastor offer brief devotions. To each new citizen is presented a copy of the Constitution and an American flag.

MANITOWOC, Wis., will celebrate on May 21 its first Citizenship Day for 1200 21-year-olds of the county. The ceremony is the climax of a series of group meetings and discussion forums in which the prospective new voters were addressed by jurists, educators and public officials, and studied the practical workings of democracy in ward, city, county, state and nation.

HARNESSING one of boyhood's strongest fascinations, the Junior Fire Fighters' Club of America was organized a few years ago and today is country-wide. Clubs are started in schools and playgrounds. In Akron, O., firemen teach fire-prevention courses in the schools.

Each Junior Fire Fighter signs a pledge

to keep his home and playground free from rubbish and fire hazards. Junior Fire Marshal badges are awarded after the youngster passes a ten-question examination at the fire house. — Adapted from *Recreation*

EIGHT YEARS AGO the Canadian Forestry Association founded the Junior Forest Wardens — boys pledged to save the forests of the nation. Today some 10,000 Junior Wardens, uniformed in red shirts, green berets and scarfs, patrol forests from coast to coast, reporting forest fires and warning travelers to extinguish campfires, lighted matches and tobacco. They have extinguished hundreds of incipient forest fires, and have started reforesting waste areas. — *Free Press Prairie Farmer*

YOUTHS in Las Cruces, New Mexico, can be real cops with uniforms and a salary of \$17 a month. A Junior Patrol assists the regular police in handling crowds and in protecting merchants and car owners from shoplifting and petty thievery. Eighteen candidates have been selected after competitive examinations, and put through a training course in traffic laws, first aid, tourist information and game laws. "Junior Police" report law violations; they have no power to make arrests. Not a single accident involving a school child has occurred since the plan's inception, and shoplifting and thievery have been greatly reduced. — Alice Lee Sawyers (Adapted)

JOSEPH DALEY, 14, is judge, and Fred Dunham, 12, is prosecuting attorney, in the recently instituted Juvenile Traffic Court in La Porte, Indiana, where 4000 bicycles in a city of 17,000 had created a serious

traffic problem. Under the law, bicyclists had to be treated the same as automobile traffic violators, but police hesitated to act against boys and girls. So last summer Mayor Alban M. Smith selected two outstanding Boy Scouts to conduct a weekly juvenile court, giving them authority to inflict penalties varying from the imposition of essay-writing on traffic rules to the impounding of bicycles from one day to a week, and fines of 25 to 50 cents.

SOME OF the thousands of acres of open sunlight and unused space of the flat roofs of New York City are now being used for camps for children. An Adirondack lean-to has been built on the roof of a church, amid tubs of privet and boxes filled with woods plants. There is a rock fireplace, with logs nearby, and a rock garden. There are campfires and cooking daily.

One East Side house has a lake on its roof, with tents nearby where boys sleep overnight and cook their breakfasts all the year round. In the spring real grass grows around the little lake, and a waterfall is fed by a hose. Log-rolling, baseball and pole tilting are among the sports attempted, and there is even a ski-slide.

—Recreation

PANTHER Hollow Lake in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, well stocked with catfish, carp, perch and sunfish, is turned over to the children every Saturday, and Wednesdays, too, during summer. For a five-cent fee, any child under 16 is given a license button, and allowed to catch five fish. Children come with tackle ranging from broomsticks with fake reels made from tin

cans to the latest and most expensive gear. There are 3000 permits issued during the year; 300 of these young anglers are out every fishing day.

The scheme was started in 1937 by the Pennsylvania Sportsman's Luncheon Club. Next year another lake will be stocked. Discipline in Schenley Park, which had been something of a problem, is now maintained by the youngsters themselves.

THE INITIALS of the Police Athletic League of New York City, PAL, symbolize the organization's objective — friendship between the children of the city streets and their ancient bogey, the police. Started about three years ago, the League now includes 75,000 boys and girls. Juvenile delinquency has declined sharply in neighborhoods where the League is strong.

PAL began by organizing games and tournaments on play streets. Now its regular activities include hikes and visits to museums and industrial plants. There are 108 outdoor centers in the city, 73 in vacant stores and lofts; and 15 large centers completely equipped for all types of recreation. Parent Nights have been established, and home-made equipment placed along the sidewalks of play streets enables the fathers to have their own tournaments. Bantam boxing bouts, refereed by patrolmen, were staged on busy corners in every precinct last year. Twice every Saturday a radio program is broadcast by boys and girls.

"Around the Clock," a big show staged annually at Madison Square Garden by PALs, which in 1938 raised \$123,000, finances the major part of the League's work.

Your Nature Hobby

Condensed from Natural History

Donald Culross Peattie

Naturalist; author of "Green Laurels," "Singing in the Wilderness," "An Almanac for Moderns," etc.

A FEW YEARS AGO I lived through some of the darkest hours of my life. My wife was desperately ill; I had no money and many creditors. My old relaxations were impossible — I had no time to go bird-hunting or collect wildflowers between hospital vigil and labor at my desk. But every evening I made myself take a walk for exercise.

As I walked I wondered about the stars and their slow, majestic turning. I thought how comforting it would be if I knew the constellations and could read the heavens as they change each month. So I got a book on the stars out of the library, and by the flame of my cigarette lighter I would read the charts as I tramped along. Then I would stand and stargaze until my neck ached.

A policeman, suspicious, came over to talk to me. He, too, had wondered about the stars. He was delighted when I showed him Orion the hunter, and the Dog trotting at his heels. Other people gathered curiously; I made a lot of friends, and it seemed to do them good, as it did me, to think of the incredible candlepower of Sirius, or the distance of Fomalhaut.

I believe that stargazing saved my reason. Today, the happiest of men, I never step outdoors at night without looking first at the sign-board of the sky to see what stars are performing. And wherever I go, I can take this hobby with me. To be at home in the heavens has added immeasurably to my pleasure on earth.

Nature hobbies are open to everyone. There is no place where you cannot practice some of them, even in a great city. They need cost next to nothing and can be entirely self-taught. What little I know about ornithology, for instance, I found out for myself, and it was all new and exciting. I would rather go "birding" than almost anything else.

The bird hobbyist learns to name all his friends, not only as adult males but also the immature, the females, and in autumn plumage. Or he may make a specialty of identifying bird song, and every sort of call and alarm note. The time to start is March, when the first birds are coming back. The beginner will want binoculars: you can buy them secondhand, but be sure the lenses aren't scratched. The best magnifi-

cation is 8-x; less is usually not enough, and more cuts down the field so that it takes too long to find the bird.

Many city dwellers specialize in making birdhouses and feeders for attracting birds. Specifications can be had from the Department of Agriculture. Most birdhouse fanciers sooner or later try the most difficult type — a home for purple martins. These birds are 100 percent useful to man, friendly, tuneful and pretty. And they have now decided not to nest at all unless men put up houses for them. In return, they make war on mosquitoes and other bothersome insects.

Not without value as amateur research is bird photography. You can, for instance, set up a photographic collection of every type of nest, from the hummingbird's, no bigger than a penny, through the oriole's basket, the swallow's pottery work, to a crow's great lookout.

Or you can join the Audubon Society's nesting census, taken by amateurs and professionals in May and June. Science and human economics are both deeply interested in getting actual counts of the nests per acre in all parts of the country. To learn how to make your work really useful, write to the Audubon Society, 1775 Broadway, New York City.

Butterfly collections are beautiful, but difficult and expensive to house properly. Instead of collecting dead butterflies, two women with very small means and space

decided to raise living moths, through all the different stages, experimenting in what they ate, watching their exquisite emergence. They discovered facts which were then new to science, and the book they wrote is still a classic.

You can raise ants in observation cases, too, and study their curious ways.* Every ant is different in its "civilization." I am such an ardent ant fan that I stop on city pavements to watch my Lilliput friends. They are to be found wherever one may live or travel.

If you long for a collection of outstanding beauty, endless variety, and durability, why not try shells? There are 50,000 species to keep you busy, and we have thousands of miles of sea coast and lake coast where shells are to be had for the picking. The rivers of the Middle West have exquisite shells in them; and I have even seen a conchologist dig up unsuspected mollusk life in an Illinois timothy field.

Before long the shell collector is likely to become even more interested in the living mollusk, for there are some that fight, others that dive, swim, climb. An aquarium which enables you to peer in upon their private lives is never-ending in delight. And it is virtually costless, if you make your own and don't buy fancy and delicate tropical inhabitants. At college a friend and I bought a glass case at a rubbish

* See "Fun with an Ant House," by Donald Culross Peattie, *The Reader's Digest*, July, '37.

sale for 50 cents and scooped up a variety of wonders from a nearby river. Besides mollusks we captured minnows, crayfish, water puppies, pollywogs, diving beetles, dragonfly nymphs and native water weeds. The fierce activities of this underworld became endlessly absorbing.

One of the best of city Nature hobbies is an amateur weather station. My small boy became interested in setting one up last year. At the hardware store I bought him a rain gauge, thermometer, weathervane and simple barometer. He made an instrument for measuring wind velocity at school, and has been keeping weather records ever since.

Of all my own hobbies, plant collecting came first and promises to last longest. There is undeniable pleasure in preparing beautiful specimens which will keep their natural shape and color. They are spread flat, taking care to crumple no leaf, in folded newspaper, which is laid between blotters; a pile of these is pressed between wooden frames to squeeze out the juices. When dry, each specimen is mounted with gummed paper on a stiff white sheet and labeled with name of plant, time, place and habitat.

One of my friends had a collection which, shelves in cases, rambled all over the house. He had different colored folders for collections from different continents. Of course such travels, such housing, mean a great outlay in money and time. But re-

member Thoreau, who "traveled a good deal in Concord." You can have a world of pleasure with a plant collection on a modest scale. In my 20 years of plant collecting I have spent about \$15 on equipment.

There is this to be said about collecting Nature objects: it is different, in spirit and meaning, from collecting first editions, autographs or postage stamps. Each specimen is a witness to evolution and the fascination of distribution. No Nature hobbyist worthy the name will, except under very special circumstances, consent to buy or exchange or sell a specimen. If he didn't procure it himself, it has no charm for him. Every one he has is a trophy, and a reminder of golden hours. When I turn over a sheet in my herbarium, of some Trillium taken years ago, I remember just how a wren sang, how the loam smelled, how the waterfall roared, that moment when I spied it.

The last thing I am going to pawn is my old-fashioned, secondhand microscope, for it sees things I never could. From a little pond just beyond my garden I can bring home, in literally a thimbleful of water, more strange life than I ever knew was on earth. I have seen plants that swim, animals that ceaselessly do dervish dances, the antics of the lowly amoeba, the eyes of ants, the lovely pollen grains of common flowers.

In stressing the small outlays in all these hobbies I do not mean that

it is not worth while to get the finest instrument and collect the most complete library, if you have the means and have learned how to use complicated tackle. But costly equipment is no substitute for close observation, skill and curiosity. It isn't an elaborate microscope that makes the man peering through it an adventurer in science; it's the inquisitive eye behind the lens.

I earnestly suggest that you keep

notes and diaries on your Nature hobbies. Memories fade, or play you false; a diary is the fact quarry out of which you can dig materials in later years.

A Nature hobby is a shield against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, a form of saving for your old age. It is a possession no one can take from you, and one to which you can add indefinitely, for to understanding there are no limits.



Fair Warnings

At the San Francisco World's Fair —

HUSBANDS and wives contemplating offspring may step up to the "heredity doll," push a number of buttons indicating color of their eyes, hair, complexion, height, etc., and out pops a doll which looks the way their own child will look.

—*Esquire*

A GIGANTIC talking wisdom tooth, electrically animated, will give lectures on tooth decay, tooth pulling and kindred subjects.

—UP

THOUSANDS of film stars' curls — masculine as well as feminine — done up in neat souvenir packages, will be on sale at \$1, regardless of whose head they come from. Every curl will be authentic.

—*Toronto Star Weekly*

A BATTLE ROYAL of germs will be staged under glass. Shown under a microscope and projected on a motion picture screen, they will appear to be as large as house cats.

A SPECIAL RECEPTION has been planned for all crooks visiting the Fair. There will be a display of life-sized photographs of known shady characters, and all those caught will be paraded eight times a day in a special "line-up" for the benefit of the visiting public, who will be urged to attend this living Rogues' Gallery.

Forgotten Inventor

Condensed from The Toronto Star Weekly

Harland Manchester

DR. RUDOLPH DIESEL was crossing the English Channel on the night of September 29, 1913. He was going to London to attend a meeting of manufacturers, and to confer with the British Admiralty.

It was ten by the ship's bell when he said good-night to his friends and went to his stateroom. The next morning he did not appear. He was never seen again. His disappearance became an international sensation. When the war broke out there was a rumor that Diesel had been killed by the Germans to keep him from giving technical secrets to the British.

The mystery, unsolved, was gradually forgotten, and the average man today has never heard of either the story or the engineer. There is no adequate account of his life in English. Yet Rudolph Diesel was one of the greatest of inventors. His name has become a common noun; diesel liners furrow the seven seas, diesel trucks rumble along the highways, diesel-powered planes criss-cross the skies, diesel tractors plow our fields.

Born in 1858, of a line of German

artisans, young Rudolph was trained by his father as a mechanic. With a quick, inventive mind, he dashed through the Augsburg Trade Schools, and won a scholarship at the Munich Technical Institute. When he had finished there, at the age of 20, he had broken every academic record, and the astounded faculty met him in a body and shook hands with him.

Two things more important than that happened to Rudolph Diesel at Munich. He listened to a lecture, and he saw a small gadget that looked like a popgun.

The lecture was by Dr. Carl Linde, famous pioneer in artificial refrigeration. He discussed the steam engine and pointed out that the best then in use wasted 90 percent of the energy in the coal. In a notebook which has been preserved Diesel scribbled: "Mechanical theory teaches us that only a part of the heat in the fuel can now be utilized. . . . Doesn't it follow that the utilization of steam, or any kind of go-between, is false in principle? The possibility suggests itself of putting the energy to work directly. But how can this be done?"

The popgun-like gadget was a cigar lighter. The air in the cylinder, heated by the compression of a plunger, ignites a bit of combustible material. This gave Diesel a hint as to how he could "put energy to work directly."

Married and settled in Paris as an agent for Professor Linde's ice-machines, Diesel worked nights on plans for the engine of his dream. Sometimes Mrs. Diesel found him in the morning asleep over his desk. His pile of blueprints and pages of figures kept mounting. He knew that the more you compress air, the hotter it becomes. (Put your hand on a bicycle pump in action and you get the idea.) Now why not build an engine in which the piston pulls in nothing but pure air in its loading stroke, and then drives back toward the cylinder head, compressing the air to about one sixteenth of its former volume, and, he computed, heating the air to 1000° Fahrenheit? At that point inject a drop of oil into the cylinder. The hot air will ignite the oil, and its combustion will drive the piston down. There would be no complicated ignition system.

Many men would have gone into the machine shop at that point and proceeded by trial and error, but that was not Diesel's way. Everything about that engine, down to the last bolt, had to be figured out and put down on paper.

He was 35, and had been transferred to Linde's office in Berlin

before he had his manuscript ready for the printer. He had already taken out patents. In January, 1893, the work was published. *Theory and Construction of a Rational Heat Motor* is a slender pamphlet, but it belongs on that small shelf of books which have changed the world. Diesel knew that not more than a score of men on earth would grasp its significance, and was prepared for coldness and ridicule. He got both. Scoffers called it a "paper engine," for it existed only in a book.

But Krupp agreed to finance the invention, and in August, 1893, Diesel's first motor was ready for a test. We see the inventor in an Augsburg machine shop, anxiously watching an upright, pumplike contrivance with a slowly revolving flywheel. No engine like this has ever been seen before. The outlandish thing needs outside power to push the piston up and down. Diesel waits impatiently. At last, eyes blazing with excitement, he pulls a lever and the vaporized fuel spurts into the imprisoned, fiery-hot air.

There is a blast like a cannon shot, and chunks of metal bombard the room. Barely missed by death, Diesel leaps to his feet with a shout of triumph.

"That's what I wanted to know!" he cries. "It proves I'm on the right track!"

He toiled four more years on that track. Then one day the world's most famous engineers flocked to

Augsburg to see a 20-horsepower "dieselmotor" that amazed them with its efficiency.

Among the pilgrims was Colonel D. C. Meier, New York engineer. Adolphus Busch, St. Louis brewer, was in Paris, on the point of sailing for home. Meier told Busch about the new engine, and Busch jumped on the next train, wiring Diesel to meet him halfway. At Cologne, they came to a rapid-fire agreement giving Busch the sole right to manufacture diesels in the United States. Within a year a two-cylinder diesel was set to work in St. Louis.

But, fuel being cheap in this country, diesel development languished. In 1912, when the inventor visited the United States, he was famous all over Europe as Dr. Diesel; he lived in a palatial house in Munich, and money was flowing in from diesel plants in five countries.

"Nowhere in the world," he told the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, "are the possibilities of this prime mover so great as in the United States." Yet he admitted that it might be years before this development took place.

Now Diesel's prophecy has come true. Nowhere in the world is there greater activity in harnessing diesel power than in the United States. More than 50 American firms are making diesel engines. The volume of diesel horsepower installed in 1937 was 20 times the total of five years before. Diesel power drives the streamlined trains; last year,

125 diesel buses began service on the streets of Chicago and New York. In New York City alone, more than 90 big establishments like the Public Library, Columbia University, the Hotel New Yorker, and Macy's and Altman's department stores, develop light and power from their own diesel plants.

Ever since C. L. Cummins drove his diesel coupé from Los Angeles to New York at a fuel cost of \$7.63, big motor firms have been working behind closed doors, and innocent-looking cars on the road today are unobtrusively testing diesel engines. American makers of aircraft motors are conducting similar experiments. In Germany, diesel-powered Junkers transport planes have been giving daily service for years.

The diesel engine's advantage is that it uses the cruder and cheaper forms of petroleum. True, the price may go up as the diesel boom increases demand. But the Augsburg genius thought of this. His engine will run on almost anything. At the start, Diesel tried powdered coal. It worked, but it scored the cylinder. Diesel also used castor oil, palm oil, fish oil, cottonseed oil and peanut oil. Tar and melted asphalt have been used. Even buttermilk will turn over a diesel, although engineers don't recommend it.

Tragedy was only a few months away when Dr. Diesel returned home after his American visit in 1912. Two friends crossed the Channel with him on the night of his disap-

pearance. One was Georges Carels, head of the diesel factory at Ghent. The trio dined cheerfully, and then strolled the deck. When they went below, Diesel left the others as they passed his cabin. A moment later, he tapped on Carels' door, shook his hand heartily, and wished him good-night. It seemed a little unnecessary.

"I will see you in the morning," he said, and those were his last words. They found his nightshirt on his pillow, still folded, and his watch carefully hung on his bag.

Over a week later, a Dutch boat pulled a body aboard. It was battered beyond recognition, and after removing the contents of the pockets, they dropped it overboard. Later a coin purse, a pocketknife, and a spectacle case were identified as Dr. Diesel's.

But with international tension at fever heat, and diesel-powered submarines straining at the leash, melodramatic stories quickly arose. It was rumored that he had been pushed overboard by German secret agents. In a newspaper article a man who said he had served on a German submarine told how "the traitor Diesel met the end he deserved." These stories are still printed now and then.

The truth was revealed recently

in Eugen Diesel's biography of his father, so far neglected by English translators. Behind the façade of Rudolph Diesel's confident manner, his big house in Munich, and his position of world renown, he was at the end of his rope. All his property was heavily mortgaged; he faced bankruptcy, to him an intolerable disgrace. Wanting a fortune to push his engine ever further into popularity, he had speculated in Munich real estate, and had lost heavily. After his death it was found that he owed \$375,000, while his assets came to only \$10,000.

"If my friend Diesel had only said one word to me!" exclaimed Adolphus Busch. There were a dozen other men who would have helped him, but his stubborn pride forbade.

He had discussed methods of suicide with his son, Rudolph, Jr., and the boy, never dreaming that his father was serious, said that he thought the best way was to jump off a fast-moving ship. When he left for England, his farewells were unaccountably affectionate.

Channel crossings are dismal affairs at best. He was alone after an evening of forced cheerfulness, and impending disaster loomed before him with double force. He went back on deck, and before him lay the dark, oblivious sea.



Merely having an open mind is nothing. The object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid. — G. K. Chesterton

☾ Lunar caprice and mundane stupidity have made
our method of marking time a chaotic jumble

The Calendar Is Out of Date

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Anthony M. Turano

WHEN Great Britain adopted the Gregorian Calendar in 1752, making that year shorter by 11 days, irate Cockneys threatened a revolution to compel Parliament to "give us back our fortnight." We recognize today that no government can curtail a citizen's life by a stroke of the pen; yet the same affection for time-hallowed antiquities prevails. An absurd hodgepodge of months and days, invented by the Romans 2000 years ago, still regulates our activities.

If the housewife wishes to balance her budget or resolve a personal question of progeny, she must pause to recite a stupid little rhyme about "Thirty days hath September." Grave legislators cannot fix terms of court except through such pitiful circumlocutions as the "first Monday after the first Sunday" of a certain month. Without employing an expert to prorate and average his books, the shopkeeper who pays weekly wages is never sure whether he is in the black or red — a month with five paydays will change his profits to liabilities. An even greater annoyance is that Easter may occur at any time from March

22 to April 25. Nobody clearly understands why the Lord's Birthday recurs on a definite date, while the anniversary of the Resurrection varies with the moon. Nevertheless, merchants must annually fit their activities to lunar caprice, never knowing, when Easter comes frigidly early or torridly late, to what degree shopping customs will yield to common sense. Similar speculations are necessarily made by transportation companies, to accommodate holiday travel.

Statistical prevarication is inevitable under the prevailing calendar. For example, all departments of the federal government render quarterly accountings to the Director of the Budget. But the quarters contain respectively 90, 91, 92 and 93 days. Consequently, it has been officially stated that errors "in existing government statistics may be found in every department."

It is not surprising that, in response to a United Press questionnaire, business leaders voted 37 to 3 in favor of calendar revision. The same dissatisfaction with the present system has been voiced by the American Labor Conference, the

International Labor Office, the National Education Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Our present calendar is the result of cosmological accident, aggravated by mundane stupidity. Ancient man, naturally ignorant of the fact that the solar year contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 45.51 seconds, tried to compute a solar year by the phases of the moon. What makes lunar calendars unavoidably lunatic is the fact that a 12-moon period is about $11\frac{1}{4}$ days short of a solar year; and the accumulating lag eventually causes the winters to arrive in summer. The orthodox Jews, who still use a lunar calendar, synchronize their seasons by intercalating an extra month every two or three years.

The early Romans struggled along on a 10-month year of 304 days until the seventh century B.C., when Numa Pompilius added January and February. But the length of the year remained so uncertain that the high priests habitually shortened it when their political opponents were in office, and lengthened it to please their favorites.

In the meantime, by studying the shadows of their pyramids, the Egyptians had agreed upon a solar year of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, which they divided into 12 months of 30 days, with five extra days for non-calendrical jollification, and a leap year in every four.

This system was adapted to the

Roman world when Julius Caesar decreed that the year 46 B.C. be prolonged to 445 days, in order to catch up with the sun. Because of the current superstitions in favor of odd numbers, the five feast days were distributed among the months. A day was clipped from *Februarius* and given to *Quintilis*, which was renamed *Julius* in honor of the calendar-maker. A second amputation was later performed on *Februarius* by Augustus, who gave the day to his own birth-month of August.

Subsequently, in 325 A.D., the Council of Nicaea established a seven-day week, which began to travel in utter independence of the months and years. It was further ordered that Easter must be celebrated on a day to be fixed partly according to the first full moon after the vernal equinox, and partly to prevent the holiday from coinciding with the Jewish Passover. In 1582 Pope Gregory corrected Caesar's astronomy by ordaining that three leap years be dropped every four centuries.

The result is a chaotic jumble of time units that is utterly incompatible with this age of precision. The confusion is rendered even worse by the fact that some nations have adopted the Gregorian calendar for international purposes, without enforcing it in their internal affairs. At present, there are different New Years for Armenians, Moslems, Coptics, Hindus and Hebrews. And a plane leaving London on January 5,

1939, reaches Belgrade, Yugoslavia, the same day, but on a date designated as December 23, 1938.

The need for a new calendar is widely recognized. When the question was first considered by the League of Nations in 1923, the delegates came forth with 185 different proposals, each claiming some superiority over the prevailing system.

This babel of voices has since piped down to two plans of practical merit. One is the Positivist Calendar, dividing the year into 13 months of four weeks each, with an unnumbered extra day between December and January, and a Leap Day every four years at the end of June. The new month, "Sol," would be inserted between June and July. But a 13-month year would be a total stranger to its Gregorian predecessors, to the added confusion of historians and accountants. And the superstitious would pale at a calendar with an unlucky Friday falling regularly on the 13th of each month, 13 times a year.

The bulk of international support has gone to the World Calendar, a 12-month scheme that would remove most of the faults of the present system, without drastically upsetting established customs. The year would consist of equal quarters, each having a month of 31 days followed by two months of 30 days. Every quarter would have 13 even weeks, and would begin on Sunday and end on Saturday. The 365th day of

the year would be observed as a supernumerary Saturday, known as Year End Day; and there would be a quadrennial "Leap Day" between June and July. By introducing the reform at the close of 1939, or 1944, the year would invariably begin on Sunday; and any given date would fall on the same day of the week each year. Thus the bookkeeper could compare one quarter with another, without adjustment; and the months would all contain 26 weekdays. An incidental advantage is that Christmas and New Year's would always be week-end holidays, a welcome phenomenon that now occurs at rare intervals.

The World Calendar has already been endorsed by the representatives of 14 nations; and favorable action by the United States may be inferred from the friendly attitude of our Central Statistical Board, which is composed of four cabinet members. France and England have postponed action, pending ecclesiastical agreement on the position of Easter; but there seems to be no religious obstacle. According to the pronouncement of the Holy See, "no question of dogma" is raised by proposed calendar reform, or a stationary Easter. Most of the Protestant denominations agree in substance with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who finds it "impossible to resist the pleas of reform" which come "with practical unanimity from trade, industry and commerce throughout the civilized world."

Low Bridge!

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

David O. Woodbury

A CIRCUS GIRAFFE, thrusting his bean-pole neck through the top of his special crate-car, recently held up a trainload of animals at an overhead bridge 50 miles from the next show-town. The giraffe was three inches too tall to pass under the bridge. The conductor, baffled, phoned headquarters. It was a new problem, but the freight clearance expert was equal to it. "Drop a carrot into the giraffe's crate," he advised. The carrot was dropped; the giraffe ducked down to get it, the engineer jerked the throttle, and the train went under the bridge.

This little by-play is typical of the clearance experts' ingenuity in solving "low bridge" hazards. Every railroad bridge (the New York Central alone has over 2000) is a potential menace to freight revenue because it limits the height of objects that can pass under it. The clearance expert has to be a combination of lightning calculator, trouble-shooter and handcuff king. His bible is a huge volume which tabulates every bridge and side clearance in the U. S. and Canada, Mexico and Cuba. More than a million obstructions are listed. This information, gathered by the railroads themselves, is constantly be-

ing rechecked. The Pennsylvania for example, has a "clearance car" which travels over 10,000 miles of track a year. A frame erected on the car carries a bristling array of wooden "feelers" marked off in feet and inches from a point midway between the rails. As the car pushes past a tunnel wall or bridge girder, these rods are bent backward, indicating the exact amount of clearance. Thanks to the accurate data thus provided, the Pennsylvania handles 2500 close-clearance shipments a month.

When the fate of some revenue-producing giant hangs in the balance, the traffic specialist may have switchstands and watertanks taken down or station canopies lifted. Sometimes he digs under a track, sinking it as much as a foot or two, or he may have tracks actually pulled up and moved. If all this is futile, the clearance man goes to work with maps to see how he can route the shipment around immovable obstructions. A railroad would rather share a big freight job with a rival than refuse it altogether. The Boston & Maine, for instance, has a main-line connection with the west through the five-mile bottleneck of the Hoosac Tunnel. Shipments are often accepted which

cannot pass through the tunnel, and it has been the practice to surrender them to the Rutland Railroad for a short by-pass to the north.

The most difficult shipping problem ever offered to an American railroad was the glass disk for the gigantic Mt. Palomar telescope.* The original specifications for the disk called for a 300-inch mirror, but traffic experts warned the manufacturers that such a tremendous piece of glass, 25 feet high, would stand nearly eight feet higher than the average bridge. Regretfully, the scientists had to drop their figures to 200 inches.

Before the fragile glass could be shipped from Corning, N. Y., to California, approximately 1000 bridges were carefully "cleared" in advance. The narrowest squeeze was at a low bridge in Kansas City; but even here, the blueprints showed that the disk, standing 17 feet 7 inches above the rails, would have a margin of safety about the thickness of a pocket Bible. When the train arrived, however, it was found that frost had heaved the tracks just enough to destroy even this tiny margin! Only a tortuous detour over a rival railroad solved that one.

America lives by huge machines, vast dynamos, turbines and steam shovels that grow larger all the time. But railroad bridges have not expanded with the rest of our mech-

anistic world. To gain the few necessary feet in the dimensions of their machines, large companies like General Electric and Westinghouse now build their own special drop-bottom flatcars—so constructed that a large object can be slung between the wheels, barely clearing the ties and thereby increasing head clearance by several feet.

When freight is handled by electric trains deriving power from an overhead circuit, a 9-inch spark gap must be preserved between large shipments and the trolley wire; otherwise, the high voltage current may jump from wire to cargo and cause a ruinous short circuit. But to pass through bridges and tunnels, the trolley wire dips down perilously close to the train. The clearance expert is prepared for this difficulty. When a tall shipment leaves a main terminal, he sends copies of its time schedule to all power directors along the route. As the shipment approaches an underpass, current is shut off along that section of the line. The train coasts past the danger point, and the power is turned on once more. Experts have coördinated this system to such a degree that a hitch is virtually impossible.

Boats in transit by rail often give the clearance expert headaches. A 50-foot yacht on its way to Boston failed by half an inch to clear the side of the Hoosac Tunnel. It was found that in rounding a curve the yacht had shifted an inch off cen-

* See "The Glass Giant of Palomar," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '39, p. 38.

ter. Properly fastened, it went through without any trouble. During the flood emergencies of recent years, the Coast Guard often shipped large boats overland to the Middle West. Ordinarily this would have been an all but impossible job, but by derailing the boats over bridges, the railroads got every vessel through.

But when the Eldorado Mining Company asked the Canadian Pacific to transport the 100-foot river steamer *Radium King* from Montreal to the banks of the Mackenzie River on the other side of the continent, innumerable obstructions along the 3000 miles of single track proved insuperable. They had to cut the *Radium King* up in sections, ship her on flatcars, and weld her together at the end of the trip.

Occasionally the clearance experts are completely baffled. The gigantic pipes that are now a part of Boulder Dam *had* to be 30 feet in diameter. No railroad in the United States could deliver them, so a pipe-casting factory had to be erected on the spot. A New Jersey manufacturer recently made a large oil tank destined for a refinery in Illinois. No railroad could touch it, although every line going west was canvassed for clearances. Finally the maker had the tank moved to Hoboken, dumped into the Hudson, and towed by tug some 1500 miles through the Barge Canal and the Great Lakes. The journey took ten times as long as it would have if the tank had been a few inches smaller and could have gone by rail.



Brave Trains of Old

THERE HAS never been a time of such inherent romance in railroad-ing as in the '50's and '60's. It was the period of the American type locomotive, with its diamond stack, its four high drivers, its brilliant lacquer-work and such balance of design that the makers signed their product as an artist does. Engineers owned outright the great storm lanterns that served as headlamps for their locomotives, embellishing them with antlers, and having their side panels engrossed with portraits or pastoral landscapes.

In winter, when the sound carried

clearly, the engine bells ringing across the hillsides of New England were so beautiful of tone as to be loved like the church bells, and so familiar that the country folk in villages many miles from the line would say, "There is the General Putnam," or "The Minerva is behind her time today." The conductors were known as "Captain"; railroading was a country affair, innocent of the grim necessities of urban commerce. To many this charm and flavor have never been entirely lost amid the urgency of a later industrial age.

—Lucius Beebe, *High Iron* (Appleton-Century)

¶ When Academia exchanges Cap and Gown
for Cap and Bells — *stand from under!*

Those Campus Cutups

From The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Henry Morton Robinson

Y^E OLDE-TYME college prank had all the subtlety of a tomato flung at a high silk hat. A generation ago, no semester was complete until some college comic tethered a cow to the chapel bell-rope, or balanced a bucket of white-wash over the door of the Dean's study. The college prank persists, but it has lost its bumpkin warts. It is suaver than of yore; in fact, it is often quite bright.

One crisp October morning a small band of outdoorish looking chaps appeared on the broad lawn of the president's house at Amherst. There they set up a surveyor's transit and began to squint through it with much shouting and waving of hands. Aroused by the hubbub, Prexy ambled out to ask the men what they were doing. "Making a survey for the new aqueduct," mumbled the chief surveyor.

"What aqueduct?" queried the astonished Prexy.

"Why, from the Berkshires to Boston. It passes right across this lawn. In fact, it cuts off the corner of your sun porch."

"But they can't *do* this!" protested the president.

"Sorry sir, but you'll have to go to headquarters about that." The survey went forward.

Prexy began telephoning high officials. Nobody seemed to know anything. Meanwhile the clamor outside increased as the surveyors bent their lines plumb across Mrs. Prexy's rhododendrons. Then they withdrew, leaving broad lines marked diagonally across the lawn.

The silence they left behind has never been broken. No one knows exactly who the surveyors were or where they went, but that very night a crew of Williams students were seen surveying the hard cider situation with a battered transit at a low tavern in Williamstown.

In 1930 two editors of the *Cornell Sun* made national news when they sent letters to Republican leaders throughout the country inviting them to a dinner commemorating the sesquicentennial of "Hugo N. Frye, founder of the Republican Party in New York State."

Vice-President Curtis telegraphed in reply: "I congratulate the Republicans on paying this respect to the memory of Hugo N. Frye, and wish you a most successful occa-

sion." Secretary of Labor Davis bumbled: "It is a pleasure to testify to the career of that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in this region of the country. Were he living today he would be the first to rejoice that our government is still safe in the hands of the people." From Representative Ruth Pratt: "Greetings and all good wishes to you who are gathered to pay tribute to the memory of Hugo N. Frye."

Not until the Cornell *Sun* pointed it out did the victims notice the strong phonetic resemblance between Hugo N. Frye and "You Go and Fry"!

Recently, some incipient engineers at Massachusetts Institute of Technology dragged two long steel rails into the room of an absent brother. They wedged the rails diagonally from ceiling to floor, then electrically welded them together. How the rafters shook with laughter as a wrecking crew was called to dislodge the wedged steel with sledgehammers and acetylene torches!

What hath the mighty Dartmouth mind conjured up? Well, the townspeople of Hanover, N. H., once decided to levy a poll tax on Dartmouth students. The latter retaliated by attending the annual town meeting where, greatly outnumbering the townsfolk, they passed a law requiring that Hanover build a town hall an inch square and a mile high; also a sidewalk with a

canopy over it to Colby Junior College, a girls' school 40 miles away. The second year they put through a law calling for a subway to Smith and an eight-lane concrete highway to Skidmore. In desperation the town of Hanover begged the state legislature to annul these laws. The students thereafter went untaxed.

A few years ago there flourished at Columbia an amazing character best known as O'Grady Sezz. O'Grady's mind was a fantastic labyrinth through which practical jokes chased each other grinningly. Once while waiting for a conference with Professor Brander Matthews in the latter's book-lined office, O'Grady killed time by autographing scores of works by English masters. On the flyleaf of *Don Juan* he wrote, "To my friend Brander — without whose help this book could not have been written. Affectionately, Lord Byron." In *Sonnets from the Portuguese* he inscribed, "In memory of our nights in Capri. Yours in letters of fire — Elizabeth Barrett Browning." (After Brander Matthews' death the books were snapped up by collectors at an enhanced value.)

O'Grady was once supposed to hand in a term paper in philosophy; he hadn't written a line. So he bound together several sheets of blank paper, typed a title page, "Schopenhauer's Unwritten Message," and was about to hand the opus to his professor when he burst into tears. "It isn't my best work,"

he sobbed. "I can't hand it in." Still weeping, he tore the manuscript to bits. Deeply touched by this evidence of conscientiousness, the professor gave O'Grady an "A" for the year. In a competition for a baccalaureate hymn, O'Grady won first prize; the hymn was about to be read, when the Chaplain discovered that the first letter of each line spelled out a sentence rich in Rabelaisian import. O'Grady swore it was the merest coincidence, and no one could prove otherwise.

Last year at Michigan some freshman students objected to attending a Saturday afternoon psychology lecture during football season. So they framed a petition that the lecture be given on Wednesday, and buttonholed prominent upperclassmen for signatures. Everyone signed. When the document and the appended signatures were published in the college paper, the signers were disconcerted to read: "We, the undersigned, hereby petition that the lecture in Psychology 2 be changed from Saturday to Wednesday afternoon. By signing this document without reading it we cheerfully disqualify ourselves as candidates for any degree conferred by this University. We furthermore declare that the freshmen are our superiors in wit and wisdom, and that our stupidity is surpassed only by the mental lethargy of the overpaid faculty that teaches us. Given this second day of November, etc."

Recently, college pranks have

taken on a political flavor. In California, famed for its economic ham-and-eggery, two State University students collected a pile of milk-bottle tops and started campaigning for a new pension scheme: "\$50 Every Friday for Folks under 50." Bill Brown and Bob Schiller, undergraduate sponsors, explained that the milk-bottle tops would be of \$1 denomination and weekly pension payments would be made with them. Every time one changed hands, the receiver would pay a penny and punch a hole in the bottle top. "Thus a top would be self-liquidating," the proponents of the new scheme explained. "By the time one changed hands 100 times it would have done away with itself, as well as paid for itself." Perfect all around!

Again, there were those Rensselaer Polytechnic undergraduates who quietly cornered all the pennies in town — 250,000 in all, collected from banks and stores. The students claimed the pennies represented "hidden taxes" levied by the government. Business was hampered for several days, with not a penny to be had. Suddenly hundreds of students descended upon the stores and began making purchases with copper coins. For at least a week merchants in Rensselaer and nearby Troy were acutely conscious of "hidden taxes" by seeing them piled in mountainous stacks around their cash registers.

Most memorable exploit of re-

cent years was the organization at Princeton of the Veterans of Future Wars for the patriotic purpose of collecting their bonus in advance. Their salute was "hand outstretched, palm up, expectant." The movement ran like wildfire through the undergraduate population of the United States, bringing approving chuckles from everyone but the American Legion. The Legion claimed that the Future Veterans were mockers and yellowbellies, aiming to discredit honorable military service. But Lewis J. Gorin, founder of the movement, disclaimed any such intention. "We merely want our bonus," he stated. "History shows that all bonuses have been paid long before they are due, and we are only asking for ours now."

One day in April, 1933, two Harvard youths carried off the Sacred Cod from the State House in Boston. How they got the six-foot emblem of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts off the wall and into a flower box is still a mystery. An hour later someone called up the State House police and told them their precious fish was gone. Quiet hell broke loose in Massachusetts. Telephone calls kept coming in reporting the fish in all parts of the state; the police went racing about the countryside. An anonymous tel-

egram warned state officials that the flag in front of the State House would disappear next. While the police were guarding that pole, a red flag was run up the pole in front of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

The next day the police got a tip that the fish was in a crate in the basement of an M.I.T. building. Investigation did indeed disclose a large crate. Ripping it open, the cops discovered a sardine. Later, atop the Lowell House tower in Cambridge, the police espied a great silver fish hanging from the weathervane. But when the fish was finally brought down it proved to be a silver paper counterfeit.

The Harvard *Lampoon* offered a large reward in a serious editorial. Finally the Sacred Cod of Massachusetts was dumped from a speeding car into the arms of a policeman in the wilds of Middlesex Park. To this day no one knows who was responsible. Some wicked people think it was the *Lampoon*; others believe that it was the little green men who live at the bottom of the Charles River.

It just shows that you've got to be good these days to figure out an original campus stunt. The old strong-arm stuff is out. College pranking has become mighty cerebral — they say.



America never lost a war or won a conference. — Will Rogers

Unique in America, but a model for other cities to follow, is New York's Commissioner of Investigation

City Watchdog

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Webb Waldron

"BILL HERLANDS is my eyes and ears," says Mayor La Guardia of New York, referring to his Commissioner of Investigation, whose job under the city's new charter is to keep close tabs on the doings of New York's 140,000 civil servants. And William B. Herlands — a chubby-faced, absurdly youthful-looking chap of 33 who once planned to be a concert pianist — possesses the sharpest eyes, the keenest ears and the most acute sense of smell for civic graft and inefficiency, of any man I have met in my journalistic adventures.

His job is unique in America. In a sense, he is the most powerful public official in the world's most powerful city. He not only makes investigations directed by the mayor or city council; *he can make any other investigation that may in his opinion be to the city's interest.* He has power to examine the bank accounts of any city employe and to question him under oath as to his personal affairs. He has power to go through the books of any company doing business with the city. He has power of arrest on formal charges. His reports are public accusations

which, unlike grand jury indictments, cannot be dismissed.

He looks into everything he thinks needs looking into. That may mean investigating colossal graft. It may mean poking around in a bureau where everything seems all right, just to see if that smooth exterior covers indolence and petty thievery. It means checking up ways of operating mechanical stokers in order to save a little on the coal bill for each school building. Such small economies multiply into astronomical figures when you're keeping house for a family of 7,000,000.

Herlands, brilliant graduate of Columbia Law School, began his public life at 22 as an assistant in the U. S. District Attorney's office. He did such good work there and later in the city's law department that Thomas Dewey picked him in 1935 as chief assistant in the famous racket prosecutions. Herlands handled the cafeteria rackets case — the first time that a complete industrial racket was fully exposed at one swoop. At the beginning of last year, La Guardia asked for Herlands as his first Commissioner of Investigation.

"Clean up Brooklyn!" was La Guardia's opening order. The Mayor had strong evidence that there was a too intimate relationship between certain borough officials and the underworld. Working secretly, Herlands compiled a thorough antisocial register of all important political and criminal figures in Brooklyn. The facts were so damning, particularly regarding the District Attorney's office, that Herlands petitioned Governor Lehman to appoint a special prosecutor to supersede the District Attorney. Lehman named John Harlan Amen, a distinguished attorney. One of Amen's first sensational accusations, based on facts Herlands had dug up, was that men with criminal records have been serving on the Brooklyn Grand Jury.

Hardly less spectacular was Herlands' investigation of the special sales tax for emergency relief. He discovered that the city was losing thousands of dollars through non-payment of taxes. One firm doing a \$500,000 yearly business, for instance, paid but \$50 in sales taxes. Herlands' report revolutionized the method of collecting the tax.

"This," he says, "illustrates the fact that bad systems are at the root of many of our governmental evils. With a good system, even a mediocre man can do effective work; but a bad system will tend to discourage even a good man." That criticism strikes direct at hundreds of American communities.

A bad system may actually tempt men into dishonesty. In one city department, it was customary to charge \$4 for filing real-estate papers at the county clerks' offices, though the proper fee was usually 50¢ to \$1 less. The excuse was that a margin was needed to cover possible extras. If not used, the balance was to be returned to the owner. But none had ever been returned; the money, which the clerks kept in a tin box, should have piled up into thousands of dollars. The other day when Herlands' men opened the box they found only \$500. Everyone in the office swore he knew nothing about the rest of the money.

Herlands has charged that the sheriffs' offices in New York City's five counties are outrageously over-staffed. The elimination of high-salaried, useless jobs in two counties, he says, would save the city \$155,320 annually. Herlands found incidental extravagances; the New York County sheriff's office, for instance, was using ledgers bound in vellum costing \$30 each, whereas books at \$1.50 apiece would serve quite as well.

The Mayor and Herlands favor abolition of the county governments in the city as historic anachronisms. When I remarked that it looked like a super-job to get rid of the counties, with all their rooted political power, Herlands said:

"Nothing is a super-job if you tackle it the right way. Make the citizens realize the waste of money

in maintaining these five counties, and they won't stand for it another minute."

There is a lesson here, too, for other American cities. Consider Chicago and Cook County, for example, and many other overlapping communities where there is an enormous duplication of offices and functions.

"It is easy to get excited when there is a gigantic steal from the city," Herlands continued, "but it is the small inefficiencies going on year after year that eat away a city's substance. Take the Board of Elections, for instance."

In New York there are 4000 election districts, which means a tremendous job of printing ballots, providing voting machines, repairing them, hauling them back and forth. There had been many an exposé of voting frauds but never a survey of the business side of the Board. Herlands found that there was no system of letting contracts, no check over the amounts paid. In 37 cases he found that the charter provision that any contract over \$1000 must be let competitively was being evaded by splitting up the contracts into open market orders of less than \$1000 each, and then awarding them to favored concerns. He now recommends a new system of purchasing that will save hundreds of thousands annually.

I wonder how many of our cities have a check on the *business* side of their election boards?

As news of what Herlands was doing became known, he was deluged with letters making accusations against city departments and job-holders. One complaint charged that in building a certain school the contractor was using grade B window glass instead of the grade A specified. Investigation proved the charge true. The builder defended himself by saying that improvements in manufacture made B glass acceptable for windows which had to be replaced frequently because of breakage. Herlands found this to be true, also, and that the city could save thousands of dollars a year by using B glass.

Another complaint charged that when a person came to the city morgue to claim a body, the clerks would steer him to certain undertakers, who slipped a percentage to the clerks. Investigating, Herlands' men turned up another more serious fraud. Five embalming schools were doing business in the city morgue and using the bodies of unclaimed persons for instruction! Now the schools are paying a substantial rent to the city.

A Brooklyn ash removal company sued the city for \$3,000,000 which it claimed was due under its contract. Herlands' engineers took photographs of the company's trucks, showing that the average load was underweight and that the city's liability had been greatly padded. The company settled for a small fraction of its original demand.

Investigation of the city real-estate bureau led to the filing of formal charges against four employes. One clerk who had been on the payroll since 1907 at \$2000 to \$2400 a year had banked \$192,000 from 1931 to 1938. Another, employed since 1907, had worked hardly a day for the past five years, but drew pay steadily. Someone else signed the time-book for him.

On the Mayor's request, Herlands looked into the private night patrol agencies which pretend to offer special police protection to stores. Herlands found that there were 123 of these concerns in New York with 452 employes and over 56,000 customers, but that practically none of the stores had asked for the "protection." They paid because they were afraid to refuse. A large proportion of the so-called "protectors" had criminal records.

Because of the devastating nature of his reports, Herlands is meticulous in checking his facts. He is a refreshing example of power tempered with responsibility.

The heads of many departments call Herlands in as a trouble-shooter, an efficiency expert. Whether he is invited in or invites himself, the procedure is to make a chart of the department. What are its purposes? What does it do? Endeavoring to convince everyone that the object is not to get anybody's job but to

promote the interests of the city, Herlands' men encourage everybody to talk freely without fear of consequences. How can the books, the methods, the equipment be improved?

Herlands is carrying this constructive side of his job even further. "We need not only better systems of doing things," he said, "but also better-trained people on the job. I think it is the duty of a city to help build up a new generation of skilled, honest and enthusiastic men and women to run its affairs."

Herlands has set up a system of student internes from the various New York City colleges. These young people, selected by their teachers as keen, outstanding students interested in public service, are being assigned to the study of long-range problems of city government — such as juvenile delinquency, the relation of housing to crime, budgeting, unemployment relief. They are getting college credit for their work, while in intimate touch with government at first hand. Soon there will be 130 of them at work. The beginnings of that new generation of trained civil servants who will serve the New York of the future.

Yes, Herlands' job is unique. But as his accomplishments become known it's likely that many another city will find a Bill Herlands and put him to work.

Wilderness Mother

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Mary E. Matbeson

THE SUNWAPTA was flooding. John and I both welcomed the excitement for it was happenings of this kind — a storm, a forest fire, a river in flood — that alone broke the monotony of our existence. We were the sole occupants of a valley in the Canadian Rockies, 50 miles from Jasper, Alberta. Sometimes we wished that there were neighbors; and always we wished that we had children.

In the afternoon, when we found that the Sunwapta was rising six inches to the hour, we knew we were in for a real flood. After supper, without waiting to wash the dishes, we hurried down to the riverbank.

John and I stood fascinated. The water, yellow and thick, roared past us. Uprooted trees rushed by, like great broken battleships, toward the falls and canyon below; from that canyon, we knew, they would emerge torn and frayed to matchwood.

John pointed across the river. A cow moose and her calf had come out of the bush and were standing on the steep bank directly across from us. Both looked back, as if they feared pursuit; possibly a cougar had been after the young one. The calf was all legs; John says it

could not have been more than three days old.

Though she must have seen us, the cow moose paid us no attention. For a minute she seemed to be studying the current. Then she leapt from the bank into the yellow flood and struck out for our side, with never a backward glance toward her calf. It was but a second or two before the baby moose plunged in too and disappeared from our sight, completely submerged; when it came up, it had been swept several yards downstream. It set out gamely to follow its mother, but for every foot of headway it made it was carried four times as far toward the falls. Only its mother could help it now — but the cow moose, ignoring her calf, was continuing straight across the river.

"You brute — you wicked, cruel mother!" I cried. (John told me afterward.)

Although a powerful swimmer, the cow had to battle hard against the current to come almost squarely across the river. She reached the bank a little below where we stood and — still without looking to see what had become of her baby — crashed headlong into the forest.

John and I started to run along the curving riverbank. We had no

hope that we could save the calf, but we simply had to keep that little dark head in sight. It was bobbing up and down like a forlorn cork. Trees were missing it by a hairsbreadth. Sometimes it was sucked under by the current, to emerge farther downstream. Always, however, it continued to make some headway toward our bank; it had passed midstream when John and I had to take a path through the woods where brush made the bank impassable.

We reached the river again at what ordinarily was a quiet pool of backwater. Now there was a great current sweeping around within the curving bank. As we reached its edge, we spotted the baby moose — it was being carried into that maelstrom, to be whirled around and swept out again into the stream.

Then we stopped dead, for out of the bush down the bend from us crashed the cow moose. She stopped as if to gauge the speed and course of the current, then hurled herself down the bank and out into the

river. Finally, with perfect timing, she turned about to face the shore and braced herself against the current, just as the calf, still swimming, was swept against her flank.

Quickly the mother changed her position ever so slightly, so that the pressure of the current, if it should sweep the calf away, would carry it closer to the bank. There she stood, waiting till her little one ceased to struggle and discovered that it was now in shallower water and could find a footing. Both then moved toward the bank, slowly and carefully, the mother still buttressing the calf against the thrust of the current. Soon the calf was only knee-deep in water. It wanted to stop there and rest, but the mother — now that she had overcome one hazard — no longer was contemptuous of our presence. She nosed her baby up the bank, and mother and calf disappeared in the woods.

Slowly John turned. Then — "What are you crying about?" But his voice wasn't very steady, and I knew I didn't have to answer.



The Follies of 1777

IN 1777, when ladies wore headdresses loaded with powder and pomatum and so elaborate that they were designed to last at least three weeks without being "opened," a London newspaper announced:

"The many melancholy accidents which have happened lately in consequence of mice getting into ladies' hair have induced the Society of Arts to offer a premium to the person inventing the neatest bedside mousetrap."

The winner was Mr. Moses Martingo, with a silver mousetrap which sold for three guineas. —Mrs. Herbert Richardson in *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts*

DOCTOR—
HERE'S YOUR HAT!

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

JOSEPH A. JERGER, M.D.

THIS is the refreshingly frank autobiography of a successful Chicago physician who believes that the family doctor is indispensable to the community, but is being "given his hat" by the superspecialism of modern medicine. When the book appeared serially in *The American Magazine* recently, it aroused widespread discussion.

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70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

DOCTOR, HERE'S YOUR HAT!

I HAVE BEEN a family doctor for over 30 years. I have practiced in the city and in the country. I have traveled widely, and have studied medical practice in many countries. My story might be called a case history in defense of the family doctor. My experiences have led me inevitably to the following conclusions: that the family doctor is indispensable; that nine times out of ten he is as well able to handle a case as the specialist is; and that if the profession does not take care, the family doctor will vanish, to be replaced by the evils that the profession so heartily dreads.

Specialism makes adequate medical care too expensive for great numbers of our people. The Rosenwald majority report says, in substance, that one third of the nation receives good medical service, one third poor medical care, and one third receives either wretched service or none at all. This state of affairs will lead inevitably to state medicine and all its attendant evils. I am mindful of the importance of research by specialists; I realize that a certain amount of specialization is necessary. But the medical profession, by its drift toward spe-

cialization, is handing the family doctor his hat and showing him the door. We, the general practitioners, are needed by the community. Something must be done if we are to survive the economic competition with superspecialism.

IT IS no wonder people mourn the passing of the old family doctors — men like "Old Doc" Fullerton, for whom I first worked — direct, upright, generous, tolerant, sympathetic, laconic, humorous and, above all, unselfish and courageous. His knowledge of human nature was profound; pretensions and affectations he had none. I owe a great debt to Dr. Fullerton, as did all his patients. He was my teacher, colleague, counselor and friend for many years — a rock of refuge and a pillar of strength.

He practiced in Waterloo, Iowa, and fresh from my internship I had been sent to him by a Chicago surgeon. I appreciated his worth the first time I saw him.

His 74 years had dealt kindly with the old doctor; he looked scarcely 50. Though of heavy build, he was straight as an arrow. His turquoise blue eyes were of X-ray

intensity; his hair was silver, crowned by a soft black hat. He wore a cut-away coat, unpressed trousers, and elastic-sided boots. Across his spotless white vest stretched a mammoth gold cable watch chain, from which dangled an immense elk's tooth, and his outside breast pocket bulged with pencils, a thermometer, and a prescription pad. And yet, in spite of his somewhat fantastic appearance, he had tremendous dignity and distinction of bearing.

After my first supper in his home we drafted a contract. Doc was to give me \$25 a week and ten percent of the gross revenues; he was to pay all expenses; if, after one year the contract was terminated by mutual consent, I was not to practice within a radius of 50 miles.

I arranged to sleep in his office on a davenport, and took my meals at a nearby boardinghouse, getting them free for a long time in payment for an operation. Waterloo was a prosperous city of approximately 18,000, and Doc's practice included not only the town but also a great deal of the surrounding countryside. He seemed to have a corner on confinement cases; there were rarely fewer than three a week. The fees were very low. Office visits were 50¢ or a dollar, calls in town \$1.50. Baby cases ranged from \$10 to \$15 and major operations were seldom above \$50. Much to my surprise, the first month netted over \$600, and this increased until

collections at the end of the year showed over a thousand a month. With the meager fees this meant a tremendous amount of work.

Doc gradually turned over all the night calls and long country trips to me. "Son," he would say, when patients insisted that he himself come, "tell them they must get used to my successor while I'm here to direct his course." At first his patients merely tolerated me because of their veneration for Old Doc, but when later calls came for "the young doctor," I felt that I had arrived.

I was sometimes impatient of what I thought were Doc's old-fashioned, unscientific ways. But as he silently proved, by brilliant results, that the enormously complex variations in human reactions cannot all be measured by purely scientific creed, I began to have greater respect for his almost intuitive methods of healing. And, of course, in addition to insight, he had a profound knowledge of disease.

As a teacher, Old Doc was incomparable. He let me learn my own lessons, whenever possible without danger to patients, by the best method of all — bitter experience. One of the first and most impressive lessons I learned was that of the importance of meticulous attention to detail. It was the case of a young farmer — about 30 and apparently strong as an ox. He came into the

office with his arm in a sling, announcing that he had ripped his hand with barbed wire. He had applied home remedies for a week, but it was rapidly growing worse. His hand and arm looked like a Bologna sausage; his fingers were almost obliterated by the swelling.

Old Doc glanced at it and mumbled, "Bad, very bad. What are you going to do about it, son?"

"Incision and drain, followed by surgical wet dressings and elevation."

"Right." Doc gave a few whiffs of chloroform while I sterilized the instruments. I prepared the arm, made multiple incisions into the pus pockets, and applied dressings. Then Doc said, "Are you through with him?"

"Yes. It's merely a bad case of local blood poisoning, with complicating septicemia."

"Perhaps you are right, but I wouldn't dismiss him without a going-over. He looks sicker to me than he is entitled to be with a bad arm. He might have typhoid."

"Of course he's sick," I scoffed, "with such a tremendous infection." And I asked the farmer to come back in two days.

The next night a hurry-up call came from the young farmer's wife. I reached his home two hours later, to find him dead — of an overwhelming hemorrhage from typhoid ulceration. It would be impossible to tell how guilty, humiliated, heartbroken I felt.

Old Doc met me in the morning with his customary smile. "Well, how did you find your patient?"

I told him the story with wet eyelids. He grabbed my shoulders and spoke firmly: "None of that, son. You must have courage. Greater men than you have made mistakes. That young farmer was doomed — nothing could have saved him — or I would have interfered."

I was humble. "Tell me how you knew he had typhoid."

"Didn't you notice his widely dilated pupils, the foul tongue, the sores on his lips and teeth, the distended abdomen, and the slow pulse, all out of proportion to his high fever? You just looked at the babbling brook in the landscape and missed the roaring rapids."

This was a bitter lesson, but it must have benefited my future patients beyond measure.

One of the most humiliating lessons I learned was one of elementary caution. Doc had sent me to a distant farmhouse where I examined a 19-year-old girl for "a pain in her stummick." She was timidly suspicious of my attentions and refused to remove her fleece-lined union suit. When I palpated her abdomen for possible disorders I could feel nothing but union suit and distension until I reached the appendix. When I poked at this point, she winced; the harder I poked, the more she winced. I arose and confidently addressed the anxious parents.

"Your daughter is afflicted with a fulminating subacute appendicitis and should be operated upon without delay."

"What!" the astonished father exploded. "Does the appendix grow twice? We had it out last year."

I made what apologies I could, left a few pills and made an ungraceful exit.

Doc laughed uproariously when I told him the story. "Adhesions and misplacements in the abdomen sometimes follow an operation," he told me, "causing symptoms exactly like appendicitis. Always look for a scar before making a diagnosis. After this," he concluded, wiping his eyes, "always remove the union suit!"

OLD Doc set me a fine example of tact also. He never discouraged the use of his patients' favorite home remedies unless these were actually injurious. "They believe skunk oil and goose grease will cure a cold," he would say. "All right. Why destroy a time-honored faith in a harmless remedy? As a rule people are not satisfied by medicine alone; they want to be doing something of their own accord. If they aren't, then give them something to do, if it's only plastering on some smelly ointment. You will be thought a wiser doctor."

As time went on and I was able to test many of the simple home remedies, I modified my notions of them considerably. I have yet to

see anything better for an infection than Old Doc's flaxseed poultices sprinkled with calomel; a steeped-tea pad for sore eyes; a brown paper bag to inhale and exhale into for hiccups; a mash made from scraped potato to take the fire out of a simple burn; kerosene applied with a feather for sore throat; equal parts of whisky, honey, and butter for bronchitis; alcohol compresses for ivy poisoning; formaldehyde for athlete's foot.

It wasn't only ignorant country people whom Old Doc cajoled successfully with his particular brand of common sense. One day an intelligent middle-aged woman came in for an examination. Doc discovered a fibroid tumor and insisted on an operation. But she was disturbed by the risk of such an operation; she had apparently investigated, and was well informed about the mortality rate. Doc assured her that she would come through all right.

"How can you be so positive?" she exclaimed. "I am told that 14 percent die undergoing such operations." Doc replied firmly, without a quiver, "My dear lady, the reason I am so positive is that my 14 percent have already died."

The patient sighed with relief. The operation, as Doc had predicted, proved eminently successful.

Despite my respect for Doc's healing methods, his office routine exasperated me. I replaced his old horsehair chairs and settee, threadbare rugs and dingy curtains, and

engaged an office assistant. Doc merely regarded these changes as mild nonsense. But when I wanted to install a reasonable system of bookkeeping, to replace his astonishingly primitive one, he demurred.

"But how do you know how much your patients owe you," I protested, "if you don't make a definite charge and send monthly statements?"

"Now, son," he answered, "don't worry about statements. Health and life cannot be bought and sold. Just put your day's work in the book, and enough money will dribble in to satisfy your needs."

Old Doc knew what he was talking about, as usual, and the money did dribble in, faster than I had dreamed possible.

Doc's old-fashioned attitude toward medical machines taught me an invaluable lesson. He always insisted that I make a diagnosis first *without* the aid of mechanical devices. Otherwise, he said, the doctor's analytical centers become subservient to tangible evidence, and ignore the intangible, non-recording symptoms of pathology. Of recent years it has become impossible to take a firm stand in an opinion unless backed by a blood chemistry analysis, cardiograph, gastro-intestinal barium meal and enema, fluoroscopy, gastric content examination, and needling. These are invaluable gadgets to eliminate doubt, but used as routine they destroy

faith in one's ability to reach a satisfactory conclusion. And the interpretation of graphs, X rays and charts is still subject to the frailty of human inaccuracy.

I have watched genito-urinary specialists operate for a kidney stone to find that the shadow on the X-ray plate was a gallstone. I have been in consultation with heart specialists whose findings indicated coronary occlusions, when in reality the gall bladder was diseased and not the heart. I have heard radiologists diagnose ulcer of the stomach when an operation revealed its absence. I operated upon a subphrenic abscess demonstrated by an X-ray expert and found nothing. I was almost persuaded once by an eminent pathologist, because of his microscopical findings, to remove a young female's entire generative organs for cancer when none existed. The woman still lives 15 years later, without mutilation. I could go on indefinitely reciting proofs that the machines are not foolproof. The doctor who is trained in diagnosis will not depend entirely on machines; and their development in recent years has not shaken my belief in Old Doc's wisdom.

I must admit, however, that if Old Doc had been more scientific in his methods, he would have been far more successful in a worldly way. Twice, had he but known it, he had fame and fortune within his grasp.

Pasty-looking children, led by worn-out mothers, were common visitors to our office. Doc would listen to the mother's tale; the youngster was fidgety, irritable, restless at night, losing weight. After ruling out the presence of worms or organic ailments, he would pull out of his medicine cabinet a black, unlabeled bottle. He invariably instructed the mother to give the child a gulp of the medicine whenever she thought of it.

After a few bottles of Doc's "blood crutch" — as he called it — the children would regain their appetites, energy, and high spirits. Neither of us realized how valuable a tonic it was. Fourteen years later an eminent investigator was awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering that liver could save the lives of sufferers from pernicious anemia.

Old Doc's bottle contained a watery extraction of liver, to which he added cascara and sarsaparilla. He just had an idea, put it together, and it worked. How or why did not concern him.

In my early days with Doc another case came along which taxed my faith in him to the utmost, and eventually proved him to be more right than he knew.

Jake Wirt, a farmer, fell off a silo, smashing the distal bones of one leg, some of which pierced the skin. A neighborhood doctor treated him and a week elapsed before we were called. The dressing on the wound had not been changed, and

when I removed it, the odor was almost unbearable. The sight of it both shocked and frightened me, for the whole exposed, deeply lacerated surface was alive with squirming maggots!

I prepared to clean up the mess immediately, but Doc stepped forward and said calmly, "Wait a minute, son. Don't get nervous over a few maggots."

I stood dumfounded. But he went on to explain that the maggots were harmless and that they tended to eat up the infective germs and clean up the wound.

I was not at all convinced, and thought I should have to sign Jake's death certificate in 24 hours. Doc took pity on my consternation, assumed all responsibility, and suggested that I wait a while before I criticized the incomparable defense forces of nature.

"And don't think I'm gambling with a man's life, son. Maggots have saved a lot of legs for me, and they will for you."

Months went by, and one day I was speechless when Jake walked in, as normal as anyone. His leg had united firmly, and a small skin graft made a complete cure.

Twenty years later the cure of osteomyelitis (bone infection) by maggots was reported in medical literature.

Old Doc had his theories about confinement cases too. Nearly all of our deliveries were made at home, and when I would hint that

it would be nice to have an expectant mother sent to the hospital, to save miles of driving in zero weather, he would reply: "Now, son, you're not having the baby. Your patient must have contentment, encouragement, confidence, and these may be more easily obtained in familiar surroundings. Again there is the question of puerperal sepsis (childbed fever). In all my long years of practice, I have never lost a mother or child through infection, regardless of the condition of the birthplace. You know the mortality statistics in large cities." He would shake his fine old head. "It's a grave mistake to make childbirth more hazardous for the mother and easier for the doctor." The soundness of Old Doc's theory is attested by the disquieting mortality statistics of present-day hospital obstetrical cases.

Doc — alas — was growing old. He gradually relinquished more and more practice to me, and at the end of the third year, decided to retire completely. But he continued to advise me when I needed it and remained always my last court of appeal — a true guide, philosopher, and friend.

Meanwhile, I had married, and my wife and I had come to realize one of the chief difficulties of the family doctor — the constant drain upon the emotions. To stand helplessly while relentless organisms destroy a beautiful mother, a fine

father, or a beloved child, creates a terrible emotional distress; and this feeling is increased by the necessity of suppression. That is probably why the average lifetime of family doctors is 55 years, most of them succumbing to functional impairments.

The case that distressed me most was that of a 32-year-old wife of a railroad brakeman. The couple had four children and I met them at the bedside of their mother who, though desperately weak, had to be operated. She came through the operation all right, seemed to rally, then a few hours later slipped into death.

Evidently the loss sustained by the four small children, and the remorse that darkened my days, were not sufficient to appease the Fates, for three weeks later their father was killed on the railroad. The four orphans were left alone.

I asked the court to let my wife and me direct their destiny. This was granted, and we induced relatives to take the two boys. We were unable to finance the education of both girls, but found a wealthy sheep rancher who placed the younger in an excellent boarding school, while we sent her sister to the same school. We have felt real satisfaction that through our efforts the four children were spared passing their formative years in loveless orphanages.

As my reputation grew I began to be called in consultation, or

for operations, anywhere within a radius of 50 miles. I established a small private hospital in Waterloo, and I intended to stay there as long as Old Doc remained. But one day he boarded the train for California, hoping that an equable climate would refresh his tired heart. He rests now in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, after having simply and faithfully served humanity for half a century.

After Old Doc's departure I grew restless. The hardships of a country doctor's life were taking toll of my health, and in 1916 I secured a capable successor and emigrated to Chicago.

I felt confident of building up a city practice, but my old friends and professors said that it would take at least five years to make even a meager living. "Go back to the country before it is too late," they chorused.

But I could not turn back. My pride was involved — a more powerful motivating force than ambition.

I began my city career in an office over a corner drugstore. The druggist, if he is friendly, can refer cases to the doctor, and such a drugstore is often the center of the neighborhood. I fitted up my two small, dark rooms with modest equipment, had my name painted on the window, and waited for patients.

The first month my gross receipts were \$3. After six months,

my fees still did not equal the office rental. Most of my practice was unpaid emergency work, or dead-beats who had worn out their welcome in other doctors' offices. But I took it gracefully because it was at least something to do.

I WAS PREPARED for the long months before I could build up a practice, but other obstacles I encountered were unexpected and more disheartening. I discovered later that my experience was not uncommon.

My first obstetrical call came from a rooming house, where a young mother, her husband, and two small children occupied two squalid rear rooms. Ordinarily, like Old Doc, I prefer to deliver mothers at home, but in this case, the small space, the two children underfoot, the flies, filth, and disorder were too much to cope with.

I called a large downtown hospital to secure a room for my patient. After getting my name, the office manager said courteously, "Hold the wire a moment."

I have since learned that those words were ominous. After a considerable delay, the voice said, "Sorry, there isn't a vacant bed in the hospital." Other approved hospitals told me the same thing. There was nothing I could do but go ahead with the risk of delivering my patient in her tenement.

I realized that I was up against a medical autocracy, one of the

most deplorable situations in the medical profession — closed rings of hospital doctors whose definite intention it was to keep outside doctors from breaking into their preserves. No matter how great the patient's needs, no matter how many vacant beds in the hospitals, the charmed circle was impenetrable.

I had to learn through bitter experience that Class A hospitals — those approved by the American Medical Association as suitable for training internes and nurses — discriminated against doctors not on their preferred lists, irrespective of their standing. Even today it is practically as difficult for outside doctors to get their patients into one of these institutions as it is for a non-Aryan to open a store in Berlin.

This medical dictatorship is an unmerciful two-edged sword: it disregards the interests of the patient; and it prohibits the family physician and capable younger doctors from obtaining lifesaving devices and assistance, and throttles their livelihood as well.

Some young doctors become discouraged when they run up against these discriminations, and they remain forever in the lower class hospitals. But I did not intend to be suppressed. Old Doc had often surmounted greater handicaps in his practice, and the memory of his courage and infinite resourcefulness brought out my fighting spirit.

My opportunity came at last. The

manager of a large insurance company asked me one day about my recurrence statistics in hernia cases. When I said about eight percent, he remarked: "Better than ours by two percent. Would you be willing to take some of our cases?"

I was more than willing; but when I was asked with what hospital I was connected, I had to answer very carefully. I explained that I was a newcomer and would try to make suitable arrangements if he would give me a few days.

I left with a light heart, and a determination to settle the hospital racket. I appealed to a former professor of mine, an eminent physician, who sent me to a Class A hospital where he had influence. I told my story to the chief of staff. He did not subscribe to my opinion of the profession's attitude toward a newcomer, but perhaps he silently agreed with me, for he said, "I see no reason why you should be denied the privileges of any hospital, provided you are capable."

I fully realized, however, that it was only by "pull" that I was able to make this connection so promptly.

A few days later my first Chicago hernia patient was sent to me, and I had no trouble making hospital arrangements. That case was followed by several hundred more.

Slowly my practice increased until my office over the drugstore proved inadequate. I decided to move to a downtown skyscraper.

When I applied for space in the building, the manager asked what my specialty was. It seemed foolish to say none, so I answered that I was a sort of general specialist. He looked surprised.

"I have never heard of a general specialist," he said. "But that's nothing, because a new kind of specialist turns up here every day."

PRACTICE in a large city differs in many respects from country practice. Back in Waterloo Old Doc and I were practically father confessors to family after family. Old Doc treated countless patients from birth to death, and they were not to him just so many impersonal cases — as patients often are to city doctors. Although I have been living in the same neighborhood in Chicago for 20 years, I have but few patients within a radius of one mile from my own home. Somehow, city people seem to distrust doctors within their own social sphere. They want to go to the man with the palatial offices, the chromium plated gadgets, the expensive manner, and often take exterior trappings for a badge of superior ability. Many inferior doctors fit out their offices with this failing in mind.

Country people, living close to nature, are much more patient than city dwellers in accepting the inevitable. Daily they see nature's impersonal cruelty to farm animals and its inexorable effects on their crops. Death and pain are as nor-

mal to them as the morning sunrise.

But city people shut themselves off from the processes of nature. They have air conditioning, central heating, eat hothouse vegetables, decorate with forced flowers, and even send their cats to a veterinarian to have kittens. The result is that when nature does assert itself — when illness, pain, and death loom over their petty barriers — your city dwellers are surprised and annoyed. Their attitude seems to say, "This is all a mistake and tomorrow it will be over" — as though it were as simple as turning on a radiator to make a room warmer.

Whereas country patients bring a good deal of plain horse sense into the sickroom, the city patient is likely to be a faddist. He reads about a new treatment — and sometimes even a new disease — and immediately he wants to have it himself. He is likely to be led by friends, relatives, or new physicians away from the doctor who has treated him for years.

The case of Aileen shows what the city doctor sometimes finds himself up against. She had been coming to me for minor ailments, and I assumed that her confidence in me could not easily be dislodged. When she became pregnant, I outlined the usual safeguards and procedures.

"Howard and I want to pay you a little every month to make the final settlement easy," she said.

"Could you tell me how much the whole expense will be?"

"Well, your hospital bill will be \$75 and my fee \$50. That would be \$125 all told."

She smiled and left, a satisfied patient. But when her wealthy mother learned that I would handle the delivery for \$125, she told her daughter indignantly, "You shall go to the highest-priced obstetrician, and not to a man who values his services so cheaply."

The obstetrician charged Aileen's mother \$500 — and robbed those youngsters of the independence they would have enjoyed if they had paid for their own baby. Incidentally, I wonder if this obstetrician's statistics are any better than mine? In over 500 baby cases, including Caesareans, I have lost less than one percent of both babies and mothers.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR who has faced the incredible variety of problems of the country practitioner — and perforce learned common sense — often has a marked advantage over city specialists. For example, a mother from Chicago's Gold Coast once called and told me that her 12-year-old son was about to be operated. She asked me to examine him before he was taken to the hospital. I found two specialists in attendance, who told me that the boy had a loose cartilage in one knee which must be removed. X-ray pictures of the knee did, in-

deed, reveal an apparently abnormal condition.

"There is really no point in delaying this operation," one of the specialists said, with the hauteur that specialists usually adopt toward lowly family doctors.

A phrase from Old Doc's unwritten book of wisdom came to mind — "Don't be in a hurry to call something abnormal. A condition that looks abnormal may be perfectly normal."

"Let me see a picture of his other knee," I said.

"We haven't taken any," the specialist replied. "There's nothing wrong with the other knee."

I insisted on photographing the other knee before subjecting the boy to a delicate operation, and the photograph revealed a condition exactly as "abnormal" as in the first one. His knee joints weren't formed quite according to Hoyle, but they functioned perfectly.

"Why don't you," I said to the specialists, "operate on the other knee as well? There's just as much cause to."

They withdrew from the case and I was left free to treat the youngster by the simple expedient of putting a special instep in his shoe.

The family doctor is apt to be resourceful, for he has been trained by necessity to act quickly in emergencies. There was the case of Mrs. Kanes, who was going to have twins when she was 39. They were so large that the obstetricians advised

a Caesarean section; but I advised against it, prevailed, and took the case alone.

As soon as the twins were born, the mother gasped for air, as she was having a hemorrhage, and became blanched and pulseless. The sudden evacuation of the enormous pressure on the great vessels of the abdomen caused them to bulge and fill with blood. Pressure had to be established, or she would bleed to death within her own blood vessels, as it were, because circulation was impeded by the engorgement.

Sandbags had been placed at my feet to prevent me from slipping on the wet tile floor. I grabbed a bag, which weighed about 20 pounds, and placed it upon her abdomen to replace the lost weight. Resuscitation was given, and slowly she came back.

To remove the bag without repeating the engorgement, I made two small holes in the sides, and allowed the sand to trickle out as if from an hourglass. Two weeks later the sandbag was empty, and kind old Nature went merrily on its way; the vessels, having become slowly accustomed to the release of pressure, were again assuming their vasomotor control.

SINCE I began practice in Waterloo, medical research has made the family doctor's work much easier for him; in technique, diagnosis, prevention, and cure. Diagnosis particularly has been made simpler by

innumerable gadgets, tests and machines. Once every lump in the breast was considered either cancer or potential cancer, and all of the breast was removed. Now we can test the lump for malignancy by taking out a small piece with a hollow needle; and if the growth is benign, it alone is removed, without mutilation.

I no longer have to talk myself hoarse to convince a patient that he has an ulcer or a gallstone. All I have to say is, "Here is the picture of your innards." I don't have to say, "You have a goiter." The basal metabolism machine proves it; and so on *ad infinitum*. But the profession will eventually pay dearly for the disregard of its five senses if it places its reliance solely upon devices, for these can never supplant the interpretive ability of a trained mind.

I am convinced, too, that there is a dangerous overemphasis on specialization today in medicine. A woman appeared in my office recently who was a victim of what I might call "specialitis." She was being treated by a heart specialist for heart trouble, an internist for rheumatism, and a gastroenterologist for ulcer of the stomach. Actually she had none of these ailments. Gas pressure on the diaphragm simulated the heart trouble. A marked misplacement of the uterus caused pressure on a nerve center, producing pain in the back that suggested rheumatism, and nerv-

ous dyspepsia gave rise to the apparent symptoms of a stomach ulcer. Once I convinced the patient that she was suffering from none of those troubles, she was well on the road to recovery.

I do not mean to say that the specialists consciously misled this woman, but it is difficult for a specialist to see beyond the range of his own field, and easy for him to believe that his own particular services are required.

MEDICAL ECONOMICS are not running smoothly. People say that the cost of sickness is prohibitive and unreasonable. The government says that about one half of the nation is suffering from lack of adequate medical care, and that the states will soon be compelled to take over the equitable distribution of medical service.

There are several reasons for the high cost of being sick, one of the most outstanding being "exorbitant" hospital rates. That hospital rates are high is indisputable, but under the present set-up, with the vastly raised standards of skill, technique, equipment and service now demanded, they cannot be lowered.

A hospital must have extraordinary safeguards against fire and tornadoes; it must be built of the finest materials and its furnishings must withstand fumigation. The approved hospitals are compelled to have teaching facilities for internes and nurses, such as lecture rooms,

libraries, diet kitchens, laboratories, record rooms and isolation chambers. The personnel to run it all is extremely expensive. The equipment has no grade — it is always of superior quality. X-ray machines cost from \$10,000 to \$100,000; radium is costlier than diamonds. With all their expenses, hospitals would be self-supporting if everybody paid; but, as it stands now, in approved hospitals about 40 percent of the beds are occupied by charity patients.

A patient's upkeep averages a little over \$9 a day, regardless of what he pays, and the average pay received is \$6; consequently hospitals are \$3 in the red for every patient admitted. If it were not for the splendid people backing such institutions, they could not continue.

The only solution, I think, is compulsory hospital insurance for all. For you cannot have second- or third-rate hospital service, as you have second- or third-rate hotels. We cannot reduce costs to match the purses of those who cannot pay more. But statisticians say that if every family paid \$10 a year for hospital insurance the whole nation could receive adequate hospitalization.

Another, less defensible, cause of the high cost of sickness is the current wave of specialism, which has resulted in an expensive price system, far beyond the reach of most of the nation. It is this, I am convinced, which makes our posi-

tion so vulnerable, and which actually invites state medicine. Regardless of what can be said in support of specialism — and it is of course indispensable in research — there is much more to be said against its practical application. All family doctors have many experiences in their files to prove this contention. I am willing to concede that six or seven of the innumerable specialists are indispensable to the afflicted, but the rest are superfluous and menace the security of organized medicine.

IF THE profession thinks specialism should replace the old order of things, then specialism must be made available to the poor as well as to the rich. How can that insoluble problem be answered?

Take for example the following:

I was asked to attend the fractured ankle of the mother of a large family. I climbed up broken stairs over a filthy saloon, and entered a pitiable room, and stood speechless before the human derelicts I found there. I reduced the woman's fracture, applied a temporary splint, then took an inventory of the surroundings. The father shook with palsy. The oldest daughter was pregnant, and had two children hanging to her shredded skirts; their features were almost blotted out with scabs of impetigo. A younger daughter lay in a rickety bed, at the foot of which were her two infants with tonsillar-adenoidal expressions. Her right arm and leg were limp

and powerless; she had been paralyzed since the birth of her youngest child. The youngest daughter, sitting quiet and blanched, I learned had pus tubes. The ugliness in that room was beyond exaggeration.

I took it upon myself to clean up the sordid mess. Eventually the pregnant woman was delivered, the scabs were stopped, the infected tubes were removed from the youngest daughter, tonsils and adenoids were taken from the children, the father and paralyzed daughter treated and made more comfortable.

Now if I had complied with the trends, I would have called in an obstetrician, an orthopedic surgeon, a neurologist, a dermatologist, a pediatrician, a gynecologist, an otolaryngologist, and an internist. Not only would it have been inhuman to submit this unfortunate family to examinations by seven or eight specialists, but the expense would have made it out of the question.

The same degree of efficiency supplied to industry by specialization cannot be, and is not being, supplied to the human body by specialists in medicine, although people are being led into this false belief, which belittles the old family doctor. Family physicians feel this injustice, but they are sawing wood and complaining very little. When the present batch of family docs is gone, state medicine and the specialists will have the field to themselves. Which of the two will survive is a foregone conclusion.

I am tired of hearing specialists say that nothing is being done to interfere with family doctors. For I know that we are being handed our hat on the way out. We are never called into consultation by a specialist. We are denied a professorship on university faculties.

Suppose a stranger in a city wants to locate a doctor. A likely step would be to call several hospitals, with the idea of picking one of the men listed on their staffs. That would assure him of locating a capable doctor, but would that doctor be a family doctor? No, indeed. He would be a specialist of one sort or another.

We family doctors are seldom listed on hospital staffs, and when we are, it is generally under the heading of "surgeon."

We are tolerated, but not mentioned. The very universities which were responsible for our training legislate against us in selecting the staffs of the hospitals they control.

All this despite the fact that one family doc succeeded in doing what no specialist has ever done. Dr. Alan Roy Dafoe brought five young ladies into the world in a remote Canadian hamlet, and started them off in life with five "goshes" and a little stimulant for their intestines.



Newspaper Tales — X —

Ogre into Hero

Announcements in the "Moniteur" of France in March, 1815, on Napoleon's march from Elba to Paris:

March 9: "The monster has escaped from the place of his banishment."

March 10: "The Corsican ogre has landed at Cape Juan."

March 11: "The tiger has shown himself at Gap. Troops are advancing on all sides to arrest his progress. He will conclude his miserable adventure by becoming a wanderer among the mountains."

March 12: "The monster has actually advanced as far as Grenoble."

March 13: "The tyrant is now at Lyon. Terror seized all at his appearance."

March 18: "The usurper has ventured

to approach within 60 hours' march of the capital."

March 19: "Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches, but it is impossible that he reach Paris."

March 20: "Napoleon will arrive under the walls of Paris tomorrow."

March 21: "The Emperor Napoleon is at Fontainebleau."

March 22: "Yesterday evening His Majesty the Emperor made his public entry and arrived at the Tuileries. Nothing can exceed the universal joy."

— Frederic Hudson, *Journalism in the United States*

Lessons in English — II —

By Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

THAT MAN should be mentioned favorably in the prayers of the republic who, on surrendering his native tongue at the edge of the grave (it being a set of tools for which he will presumably have no further use) can say that at least he is turning it back in as good condition as it had enjoyed when it was entrusted to him in the nursery.

Sanskrit, I understand, has not altered much of late, but any living language undergoes ceaseless change. If, with the hardihood of a Canute, we are nevertheless to take any thought about ours at all, we might better save what little strength we have for resisting those changes which are clearly changes for the worse — changes, that is, which leave our tongue a less exact instrument of communication. In that spirit, let us consider the fearful things which have been happening of late to poor "flair."

This noun came over from the French — a derivative of the verb *flairer*, "to smell." It suffered no sea-change on the way and got into trouble at all only after it had been staying among us quietly and almost unnoticed for several years. On the lips of anyone who cares enough about his vocabulary to keep it in good working condition, "flair" still means — and can only mean — a capacity to detect. You have a flair for news when you have a nose for news. Yet within the past five years there has spread like the flu the foul habit of using it interchangeably with "knack" or "aptitude" or "gift," as if a man with a flair for painting were one who could lightly toss off a landscape instead of merely one who knew a good water color when he saw it. In no time at this rate it will have lost its edge and all those who speak or write fastidiously will have to cast it aside as no longer fit for use.

Wherefore, it is here suggested that we now form a society of which the members agree to shoot — and shoot to kill — all persons caught misusing the word "flair." If a really zealous member does not hear quite enough of the context to be sure he has a clear and flagrant case of misuse to avenge, he is unofficially advised to take a chance and blaze away. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the testimony at the inquest will justify him.

Pro
and
Con }

Should We Act to Curb Aggressor Nations?

"War in Europe this year or next" was predicted by Ambassadors Kennedy and Bullitt before a Congressional committee in January. A recent Fortune Survey shows that three quarters of the American people believe the Ambassadors were right. But are the American people right when, on the same authority, over half of us (56.3 percent) believe that the United States should join other democracies in standing firm against further territorial encroachments by Hitler and Mussolini? Or do our best interests require a complete withdrawal from transoceanic affairs? Hence the question:

Should the United States join in action with the other democracies to curb aggressor nations?

Mr. Con thinks we should not. He leads the discussion because the issues appear more clearly when the isolationist position is stated first.

MR. CON SAYS NO:

"REMEMBER the Maine!" rushed us into war in 1898. Only 'Remember 1917!' can keep us out now. Once again warmhearted but short-sighted Americans are crying a crusade to make the world safe for democracy — despite the fact that our last effort to enforce civilization on the world resulted in at least 15 dictatorships replacing prewar constitutional governments.

"Europe and Asia are racked by age-old, bloody-minded hatreds and dislocations. The less we involve ourselves in such transoceanic hysterias, the better chance our own institutions have to survive. And the better chance that, with democ-

racy still vigorous in America, the world may eventually learn the democratic way of life. With no liberties to lose, the dictator countries can play dangerous games. But we must not gamble with our precious heritage by repeating the mistakes of 1914-17.

"Our disgust with the international thuggery of Germany, Italy and Japan comes from generous impulses; and the urge to *do something* is understandably hard to resist. There would be a great psychological relief in a policy of 'peaceable' punitive measures — 'sanctions,' 'international quarantine.' Such projects sound good even to many people who would be unwilling that we enter another war. But such gestures actually amount

to overt hostilities, serious side-taking. They exasperate rather than calm strained situations.

"For the efficient prosecution of the last war, all participants, the United States included, had to suppress civil rights and individual liberties. Afterwards, some democracies succeeded in righting themselves. But next time democracy will not stand a chance of surviving. The necessity for rearming under mere threat of war is already forcing even England and France into disguised dictatorship. Chaos after another big war will make it impossible to get the dictatorships out of the saddle — unless by new dictatorships. Dare we risk our democracy in that whirlpool?

"Several bills now under Congressional consideration would automatically create a military dictatorship the moment we declare war. So stringent are these bills that Japan used one of them as a model for her own wartime emergency measures.

"We can avoid self-strangulation of our liberties, says Major George Fielding Eliot (see *The Reader's Digest*, February, '39), only if we refuse to join transoceanic suicide pacts and concentrate on the defense of our own bailiwick — the Western Hemisphere. Because of our two wide oceans, we can efficiently safeguard the two Americas with a small, tough army and a large, tough navy.

"We cannot afford to allow any

European nation the illusion that we might come to her rescue. The hundred billion dollars and thousands of American lives we wasted in the last war brought, with Allied victory, the harsh, unworkable treaties that spawned Hitler and Mussolini. If we had not butted in, sheer war-weariness might finally have produced a more reasonable settlement. We should serve notice here and now that, if Europe's squabbles again end in war, we are to be counted out. To avoid entanglement, we must build up an economic self-sufficiency that is independent of foreign trade.

"By great good fortune, such self-sufficiency is practical for us. We have all essential raw materials except rubber, tin and a few minor items — most of which South America can supply within our protective cordon. We could jettison our entire foreign trade — although much of it, lying within our own hemisphere, could be safely retained — and still lose only 7 percent of our total business. A drop in the bucket compared with what that last world war cost us. Revamping our economy, while expensive, would still be cheap insurance against the hideous costs of involvement in another European mass-duel. The Johnson Act already shrewdly prohibits loans to foreign governments in default on debts to us. To renounce important buying and selling outside our own hemisphere would finish the job of safeguarding us.

"Outraged by Nazi barbarism and Japanese megalomania, we are already emotionally drifting, as in 1914-17, toward the same maelstrom. Since Munich, American anti-dictatorship sentiment is just as hot as anti-German sentiment in 1916. England is again casting sheep's eyes at us — witness Churchill's short-wave radio appeal to America, Eden's recent visit, recent English mutterings about maybe paying a little on the war debt. In the name of saving freedom our liberals are again deserting anti-military principles. In sum, we are already hard at what Charles A. Beard, most distinguished of American liberal historians, calls the 'demonology' of naïvely splitting the world into blacks and whites and letting our emotions warp us into betting everything on the side of the angels. They were queer angels in 1919 — witness the peace treaties they drew up. Also in 1931, when they ran out cynically on American efforts to get Japan to respect the Kellogg treaty outlawing war. Also when they permitted the rape of Ethiopia.

"Nevertheless our government is briskly readying to dive into chaos. A few weeks ago it called home our Ambassador to Germany, lent \$25,000,000 to China as a deliberate slap at Japan, officially endorsed Mr. Ickes' public denunciation of Nazis — not to mention the indiscreet threats in the President's January message to Congress. Un-

less we are definitely planning war, such gestures are unscrupulously risky. As the editors of *Life* recently wrote: 'Tough talk by a government is not only dangerous. It is worthless unless the government is willing to back up its words with bullets.'

"It is significant that the proposed Ludlow amendment — requiring a national referendum before war can be declared, unless actual invasion is imminent — is being cried down because it would 'tie the Administration's hands' in the international poker game. Every day, as the *Fortune* poll shows, fewer people are still cool enough to ask what business we have in that game anyhow.

"By gratuitously acting tough, we are tempting fate to give us the war we are risking — and then we shall be gambling democracy at home on the pathetic chance of preserving it elsewhere. We didn't solve Europe's problems last time; there is even less chance of our solving them now. But we can stay out of war — and protect democracy too — if only we have sense enough to keep ourselves to ourselves and take out our natural moral indignation at other nations' hideous behavior in stronger efforts to fight the social wrongs in our own territory.

"Have we sense enough? Or is it to be another case of '... the burnt fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the fire'?"

MR. PRO SAYS YES:

HIDING BEHIND a Chinese wall of self-interest, callous about whether the rest of the world degenerates into a new Dark Ages, is both shameful and impractical.

"Since Munich we have come to see that international blackmail under threat of a civilization-destroying European war must be stopped before it grows any stronger. Since last fall's wholesale pogroms in Germany and Austria, we know that only strenuous foreign protest can stop such barbarism.

"Privately sponsored boycotts, private utterances of outraged opinion, mean little to Hitler, Mussolini and Japan. To be effective, protest must come from the United States Government, protest with teeth in it. That was why the Ickes and Welles statements and the President's threats of economic action in his January message were so approvingly received — they spoke for the millions of us who have no axe to grind but just plain loathe viciousness and evil.

"That public frame of mind is the greatest reason why any isolation scheme is absurd. Even if isolation were possible, the American public would never stand for a rabbit-like policy, fearsome of what might happen if we took a strong stand for human decency.

"Parallels with 1914-17 are miserably misleading here. Immature

sympathies, Allied propaganda, interests with a financial stake in the Allied cause, had a lot to do with involving us then. Now the hard core of the matter is a natural horror at the bloody rape of China, the sadistic persecutions in Germany. There is no need for artificial propaganda against dictators. The brute facts of their behavior are an irresistible call to action.

"It is not true that to take strong economic and diplomatic measures against dictatorships means inevitable participation in war. There is a real possibility that if the United States makes its position grimly clear to gangster-nations, it will prevent war. Every isolationist sound-off from timid souls further convinces Hitler, Mussolini & Co. that the United States will sit placidly by while European democracy is blackmailed and crushed. On that basis, Hitler may overplay his hand and push England and France into a war of desperation.

"The dictators would be far more likely to haul in their horns if they knew for certain that the most powerful nation in the world — the nation that swung the balance in the last war — was lined up solidly against their brutal greed. 'Isolation,' says President Baxter of Williams College, 'encourages aggressor nations to pursue courses which in the end will provoke a war from which we shall find it difficult if not impossible to abstain.' By failing to take a definite stand, the United

States is inexcusably imperiling the safety of the world.

"Naturally there is some risk of war in aligning ourselves with the European democracies. But more horrible risks lie in deliberate isolation: danger of gradual decivilization of the whole world-environment of which we are so intimately a part; danger of the collapse of Europe and Asia, as European democracies go down in bloody shreds — with either a fascist or a communist dictatorship scavenging the pieces; danger of a hard-fought war, begun without us, into which we are grudgingly dragged without policy or plan.

"As to Mr. Con's fears of an American dictatorship resulting from our decision to help other democracies: A war we stumble into will certainly mean a super-1917 and a dictatorship to match. A war we do our best to prevent by making our position clear may never occur. If it does, we shall have planned for it, we shall have arranged a minimum of necessary control, and we shall have stated beforehand that, although we can help on the sea, in the air and on the economic front, we will send no more huge armies abroad.

"Isolation, even if we wish it, is impossible. Try to imagine, for a moment, that American sentiment has permitted the adoption of Mr. Con's ostrich-like policy. Suppose we have jettisoned our large European and Asiatic investments. Wrecked

the whole hopeful structure of pressure-relieving trade treaties that Mr. Hull has worked out these last four years. Abruptly cut off the cotton-growing South and our other farmers from world markets. Kicked jobs from under workers making our large exports of motorcars, machinery, chemicals, petroleum products, luxury consumers' goods.

"So here we are in the storm cellar of a self-sufficient Western Hemisphere. Isn't it a bit leaky? Since our naval defense is helpless without the Panama Canal, since certain South American raw materials would be indispensable to our economic existence, we must have undisputed hegemony over Central and South America from El Paso to Cape Horn. Mr. Con cheerfully assumes that all that can be arranged. But — how will the Latin-American countries feel about being thus hemmed in by our little world?

"Mexico, for instance, which has just deliberately confiscated huge American oil properties and is selling oil from them to Germany and Italy. Argentina, which almost wrecked the recent Pan-American conference at Lima by hypersensitive suspicions that the United States was putting something over. Recently we have been trying to persuade Latin America that 'dollar diplomacy' is a thing of the past. Our singular lack of success is a bad omen for any scheme that requires making the Monroe Doctrine into

an economic and political strait jacket.

"In racial and cultural traditions, Latin-American countries are much closer to the Mediterranean than to us. They are abjectly dependent on selling Europe wheat, meat, hides, copper, cotton. To keep our Latin-American protégés from smothering economically inside our little fence, we would have to engineer and finance a forcible, huge-scale economic conversion to self-supporting industry all over South America — meaning that, willy-nilly, the whole continent would have to mortgage itself to Uncle Sam, hand and foot. Would these suspicious neighbors of ours tie themselves to our chariot-wheels just because it might be a good idea for us?

"With huge minority populations of Germans and Italians, South America is already shot through with the Nazi-Fascist fungus — right at our back door. 'We cannot ignore the possibility,' said the British Foreign Office recently, 'that in event of war in Europe a series of uprisings may take place in South America against democracies.' A few days after Uruguay signed the

Lima agreement for closer economic coöperation among the Americas, she announced a treaty of much closer commercial relations with Fascist Italy. At the Lima conference, swastikas and Italian and Japanese flags far outnumbered American flags in the popular decorative scheme.

"Already dictatorship's festering poison is eating China away; England and France are weakening, Spain is falling apart; Austria has disappeared, Czechoslovakia is crippled; the Balkans are showing serious symptoms; even the Western Hemisphere has felt the first twinges. If dictatorship triumphs in Europe and Asia, extends its influence over South America, democracy hasn't a chance anywhere in the world. In our own midst anti-Semitism, Nazism's entering wedge, is growing daily, whipped up by Nazi-aided propaganda and the Nazi example. This world-wide penetration of the hate virus is already too close home to make a Western Hemisphere quarantine against it practical. Our greatest protection against this pestilence is to take a firm stand with the other democracies against its further growth."



WHEN the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, retired Justice of the Supreme Court, was 90 years old, Congress cut his pension. On being informed, he remarked with a twinkle: "I have always been a prudent man, so this pay cut will not hurt me; but I am distressed that I cannot continue to lay aside as much as usual for my old age."

—Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, *The Washington Merry-Go-Round*

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for March

UNCLE SAM'S HAREM, Anonymus — A small-town girl, one of thousands who have flocked to Washington to work in government bureaus, describes the kaleidoscopic life and the unexpected problems the "government gals" encounter — not the least of which is the fact that women at the capital far outnumber eligible men.

OUR BILLION-DOLLAR JUGGERNAUT, by Arthur Grahame — The United States is already spending a billion a year on armaments. Is further outlay necessary, or are we becoming victims of war hysteria?

NEW LIFE FOR OLD WINGS, by Edwin J. Strong — A few years ago Charles H. Babb of Los Angeles began to buy and recondition old planes, selling them abroad. Now ancient but sturdy American airplanes are performing all sorts of duties in every corner of the globe.

BRINGING ROOSEVELT UP TO DATE, by H. L. Mencken — A vitriolic critic looks at the New Deal's 1933-1939 box score and finds a row of zeros. Nothing tangible has been accomplished, says Mr. Mencken, and now the President is attempting to cover up his failures by frightening us with European "bugaboos."

I AM A REACTIONARY, by Channing Pollock — A well-known writer and lecturer argues that radical innovations do not necessarily mean progress, pointing out that in recent years nations have moved rapidly ahead into the darkest pages of history. He prefers the "unenlightened" prewar era, when governments were conservative and good steak was 12½ cents a pound.

The American
MAGAZINE

FLIERS' GOLD, by Winston Norman — A modern gold rush at Yellowknife, a new boom-town just below the

Arctic Circle in Canada's Northwest Territories, where all supplies and equipment must come by air and even prospectors use planes to hunt for gold.

RADIO GETS THE JITTERS, by McClellan Patten — Many seemingly harmless radio programs offend a hypersensitive few on moral, religious or political grounds. Protests by this minority have frightened the broadcasting companies into a rigid self-censorship which seeks to avoid all material even faintly controversial, with resultant boredom for the average listener.

DEBUTANTE'S DELIGHT, by Earl Sparling — Meyer Davis's dance orchestras have successfully withstood the challenge of the swing bands. The soft Davis music is still much in demand at coming-out parties.

The American
Mercury

DICTATORS INTO GODS, by Eugene Lyons — Since an authoritarian regime cannot tolerate a spiritual or moral

authority above its own, it tries to destroy established religion and substitute worship of the leader of the state. Mr. Lyons here demonstrates with documents and quotations how both Hitler and Stalin have been deified.

I PICKET FOR A LIVING, Anonymous — As a professional picket, the author earns 50 cents an hour by parading up and down with angry signs. He has no interest in the dispute, he belongs to no union, and has even picketed for the CIO against the A.F. of L. and vice versa. He estimates that one picket in every ten is a professional.

THE HIGH COST OF LAWING, by Victor C. Cormier.—Many legal actions involve trouble and expense out of all proportion to their importance. Often the facts in dispute could be ascertained more quickly and fairly by a group of disinterested experts, somewhat as workmen's compensation cases are now settled.

HANDS OFF JAPAN! by William Henry Chamberlin—Will we be pushed into a crusade against Japan to make Asia "safe for democracy"? The Soviet Union hopes so. England, too, would like it. But a war with Japan would cost us more than we could possibly gain, and it is our cue to mind our own affairs.

FORUM

THE WPA—LOAFERS OR WORKERS? by David Cushman Coyle—For those who complain that relief has turned good workers into shiftless paupers, Mr. Coyle cites the results of painstaking investigation in both cities and farming areas, showing that less than one percent of the job refusals reported have been due to laziness or unwillingness to leave the WPA.

GERMAN JUSTICE, by Madeleine Kent—A British woman who married a German relates the fantastic Nazi trial to which she was subjected for having called her landlord a "savage" when he threatened to kill her cat.

THE WALL STREET DREAM MARKET, by Fred Schwed, Jr.—Out of 10 years' experience in Wall Street, Mr. Schwed offers illuminating observations on some of the nonsense that goes on in our great financial circles under the name of Heavy Thinking.

HIGHER TAXES, PLEASE! by John Forsythe—Mr. Forsythe earns \$3400 a year, yet pays practically no taxes. He pleads

for a revision of the tax structure whereby all those earning \$2000 a year will contribute a reasonable sum to the operation and recovery of this country.

THIS IS KNUDSEN, by Christy Borth—A profile of big, warm-hearted William S. Knudsen who, as president of General Motors, has lost none of the common touch or sense of humor which characterized the Danish immigrant boy who arrived in this country in 1900 with \$30 in his pocket.

THE RAILROAD EMERGENCY—Three points of view, presented by John J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads; George Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks; and Elliot Janeway, economist.

Harpers MAGAZINE

HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO, Part I, by Milton S. Mayer—The president of the University of Chicago, a "permanent revolutionary" who, at 40, is called "the most dangerous man in American education," mystifies his faculty and his board of trustees, but has his students with him.

DOING BUSINESS IN GERMANY, by Gunther Reimann—Harassed by the Party, dogged by State Commissars, worried about present and future, the German business man can gain freedom of economic action only by "living dangerously."

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HOUSING? by Thomas Humphries—Appraising what has been done and what has been

learned, Mr. Humphries predicts that the current decentralized low-rent program of the U. S. Housing Authority will not be a failure. There is need, however, for better housing education in schools and less duplication of effort by national and local organizations.

IN AN ERA OF UNREASON, by Nathaniel Peffer—America can stay out of the threatened European war, Mr. Peffer agrees, but,

because of emotional circumstances beyond our control, it *won't*. Therefore it is wiser for us to arm on a grand scale against any possible contingency.

SULFANILAMIDE, by John Pfeiffer — The century's greatest medical discovery, a white powder extracted from coal tar, whose miraculous healing powers have

aroused medicine to world-wide experimentation with related compounds.

NEW TOOLS FOR DEMOCRACY, by Peter Van Dresser — Today's applied science paves the way for a rebirth of decentralized industries, a restoration of independent security and the rights of the individual, declares Mr. Van Dresser.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Mar. 1 —, by Frank J. Taylor — Making use of the new picture *Union Pacific* as an illustration, Mr.

Taylor gives us a behind-the-scenes demonstration of how the movie studios feed the gossip and "made news" to columnists and editors, at a cost of some half-million per picture.

FAST FREIGHT, by Gilbert H. Burck — The railroads answer the competition of trucks by short trains, as fast as passenger fliers, which are doing a spectacular job without fanfare.

Scribner's

"BIG BROADCAST OF 1938,"

Anonymous — A small-town woman, selected to be interviewed on a radio program,

describes her bewilderment at the way the script was prepared, the way she was entertained, and finally the way the program was put on.

CLARE BOOTHE, by Milton MacKaye — The career of the ex-magazine editor, now the wife of the editor of *Time* and author of *The Women* and *Kiss the Boys Good-bye*, those sharply satirical plays which have the smart set all agog.

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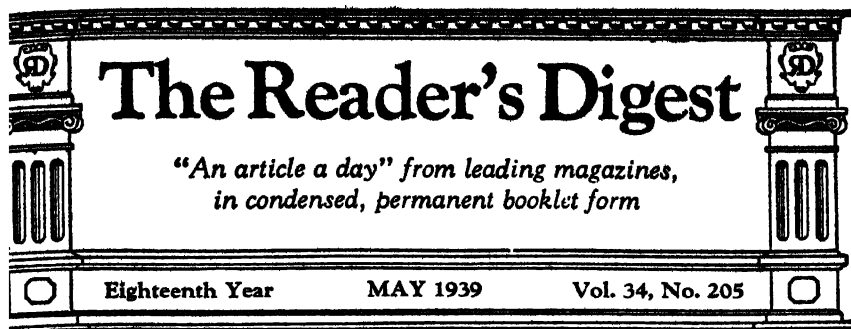
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¶ By eliminating nonessentials, this family lives luxuriously on a small income

How to Live Beyond Your Means

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

H. Thompson Rich

FOR YEARS my wife and I have been living on a \$10,000 scale with a \$3000 annual income — and not running in debt, either.

No, we haven't been robbing any banks. Nor have we any rich relatives who help us out. We have simply learned that by eliminating a lot of the things that really don't matter and concentrating on a few that do, we can get a surprising lot for our money. We have found, in short, the means to live beyond our means. And our formula applies whether your income is \$1200 a year or ten times that.

Travel, for instance, is usually an expensive luxury. But not the way we do it. Several years ago we

went to Europe on \$1600, stayed six months — and came home with \$200.

We didn't go on the *Queen Mary*, of course. We went on a freighter. It cost us \$75 each and turned out to be one of the finest trips we ever had. There were only a dozen passengers and we had the run of the ship — the bridge and the engine room as well as the decks. The food was good, too. It had to be, for we ate with the officers and they were fussy. And with it we were dished out huge portions of political opinion by the various nationalities represented, and interesting debate on international affairs.

Two weeks in Antwerp were equally gay and inexpensive, and we saw Belgium before we entered France — with \$1200.

Then Paris! In a roomy Left Bank apartment, we bought our own food, cooked it, made our own beds and had the time of our lives. We stayed three months, being good tourists as well as Bohemians. We saw the Louvre, the Trocadero, Notre Dame, had cocktails at Harry's American Bar, sipped coffee in sidewalk cafés, sang chansons on Christmas Eve in a Montmartre *bistro* — did innumerable exciting things we'd read and heard about.

But meanwhile the abominable Paris winter had come. So we left for the Riviera, still with \$800.

At a little fishing village between Cannes and Nice we found a sunny room in a clean little pension right on the beach, where for about \$10 a week each we had an option on three excellent meals per day. But sometimes we missed them, roaming about the countryside. Nice at Carnival time, the perfume industry at Grasse, the ancient walled ruins of Antibes, the posting of the toy Guard at Monaco, and of course the Casino at Monte Carlo — all these and many other fabled sights we saw for a song that magic spring.

Sometimes we fancy we might be living there yet, if an urgent family matter hadn't dragged us home. Back in the States, with that incredible \$200 still left of our origi-

nal \$1600, we concluded that traveling abroad had been cheaper than staying at home! Yet thousands could have been spent without getting as much real joy.

Similarly we have made trips to Florida, the West Indies and California, always at small cost simply because we've learned how to make our money go further, in the direction of the things we really want.

But travel, after all, is only an occasional truancy from normal living. And living, as we see it, involves first a decent roof over your head. We've been fortunate in this respect. Once, for instance, we managed to lease an entire 20-acre estate for \$50 a month. That is to say, we leased a six-room cottage on the estate. The owner's house was vacant.

All summer and fall we had free run of that beautiful estate. The sun baths we took in the meadow! The wild strawberries we picked on the hillside! The walks we had through the woodland! You may say it was pure luck, but somehow we think that when the time comes to look for another such place, we can find one. We have confidence in our system, you see.

For the past few years we've had to live in New York City. You wouldn't know we pay only \$40 a month for our apartment. "An attractive apartment," you'd probably say. "Unusual."

Well, if it's attractive, it's be-

cause we've made it so. And we recognized its "unusual" possibilities before we took it — rooms on different levels and little half-flights of stairs going up and down. Furniture? Yes, it's nice, but you'd be surprised what you can pick up nowadays at auctions for next to nothing.

Then there's food. My wife is a good cook, but she can't doctor a tough steak into something that tastes like a tenderloin. Besides, we don't like tough steak, no matter how well doctored. So we go short on meat and long on vegetables.

The best places for these, we have found, are the pushcarts. My wife visits the nearby "pushcart alley" almost daily in pursuit of the luxurious broccoli, the furtive alligator pear or the timid mushroom, as well as such homely garden friends as potatoes and tomatoes, beans and carrots. This of course is strictly a cash-and-carry proposition. You can't telephone a pushcart! But it's fun to buy stuff and lug it back. I've done it.

Clothes are another item that can run into a lot of money if you let them, which we don't. I've often bought as good a suit for \$25 as some shops sell for \$50. My wife dresses extremely well on about a quarter of what most of her friends spend. And since our son wears out expensive clothes just as fast as cheap ones, we outfit him in the nearest thing to cast iron we can find, usually corduroy.

Then there's recreation. Whatever we manage to save elsewhere, we spend here. But we concentrate on the week-ends. Rarely in the past few years have we stayed in New York on a Saturday or Sunday. Instead, we've piled ourselves into our roomy old car and headed for the country.

That car cost \$2000 when it was new, but we bought it for \$200. It isn't any beauty, I'll admit, but it has always taken us where we wanted to go and brought us back safely — and that's better than staying in New York until you can afford to buy a new one.

Often enough we had no idea where we were going; we only knew we weren't coming back the same night. We'd keep to one of the main highways until some particular by-way took our fancy. Then we'd follow it, and perhaps another and another, until at length we came to some country inn or farmhouse, where for a dollar or so we could get a clean room with comfortable beds, and a variety of meals that was an adventure in itself.

That was fun! In fact, we thought for a while that it was more fun than anything we had ever done. Then came the "yacht" — since when we've had to revise all our ideas about pleasure.

It was in March of 1936 that we found the *Prelude* — a motor cruiser 32 feet overall and powered with an 85-horsepower motor. What the owner wanted for her is his business,

but he finally agreed on \$600. There must be a hitch somewhere, we thought. So we had an expert look her over. He couldn't find the hitch and we're now going into our fourth season with the *Prelude* and still haven't found it.

True, she's 20 years old. True, she hasn't exactly modern lines, and was shabby looking when we bought her. But she's built in that solid-ribbed, heavy-planked way that outpoints appearance by long odds when it comes to heavy weather, and we've painted her until her white topsides and green decks glisten in the sun, while her cabin is a cool luxury of cream paint and varnish, with gay chintz curtains over the portholes.

She'll take us anywhere that a millionaire's brand-new yacht would. But it isn't in this alone that the *Prelude* gives us so much pleasure. She's opened up a new world to us, a more relaxed, less hurried way of living. Many of our happiest weekends have been spent in quiet harbors perhaps only a few miles from home.

If we want to swim, all we have to do is dive off the side. If we want

to sun, we just stretch out on deck. If we want to fish, we merely throw out a line. If we want to go adventuring ashore, we have only to get in the dinghy and row. And our little galley meets all the requirements of three large appetites.

All very expensive, you might think. But actually it costs us no more than those week-ends of vagabonding in the car. Last year we used 300 gallons of gasoline, which took us 1000 miles for \$50. For oil and incidentals, we spend perhaps \$5 a season. Repairs? They are negligible, and I do most of the work myself. With yacht club membership, winter haul-up and spring outfitting, our total cost hasn't exceeded \$300 a year — a cheap investment for six months afloat, particularly when you count your dividends in health and happiness.

Anyway, we manage to afford it as we manage to afford whatever we choose to do, by eliminating a lot of things that don't seem so important. For the art of living as we see it, is to do the few things you want most to do — and never mind the rest. Even a millionaire can't have everything.



THE BEST insurance against old age and disability is an interesting mind. In my life of professional teaching, I have never endeavored to make young men more efficient; I have tried to make them more interesting. I like to hang pictures on the walls of the mind; I like to make it possible for a man to live with himself, so that he will not be bored with himself.

— William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography* (Oxford University Press)

If You've a Mind to Be Fat

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Samuel Hochman, M.D.

+

TWO MEN sit down at the same table and eat the same meal: steak, baked potato, string beans, tomato salad, apple pie, cheese and coffee. To one man the 3000-odd calories merely supply energy. To the other, they mean fat.

Two women at their bridge club confront a plate of cream cheese and nut sandwiches. Says one, "My dear, I daren't. Not one of those. . . . They put pounds on me. . . ."

What is it that makes one man's meat and macaroni another man's obesity?

In seven cases of obesity out of ten, the underlying answer is mental, not physical. Worry yourself thin? You are much more likely to worry yourself fat! Some set of thinking habits, some emotional disturbance, creates an inner compulsion which drives people to overeat. The discovery is important, for obesity isn't funny; it is a disease which is always serious and often fatal. Death certificates frequently read "hardening of the arteries," or "high blood pressure," or cite some disease of the heart, liver or kidneys, when the real

murderer is fat. Every physician in general practice nearly every day has to tell some patient to reduce weight because of overtaxed heart or kidneys. It has been estimated that one third of the population is too fat for health. The life insurance companies are deeply concerned and recently have been doing valuable work in educating the public to the dangers of being overweight, especially in middle age. What is more, they are increasingly reluctant to insure men with a waistline bulge.

These are the reasons why the medical profession today is studying obesity as critically as it studies those ailments that nobody ever thought were humorous. There are, we have discovered, two types of overweight persons, the endogenous — those who show a tendency to put on weight no matter what they eat; and the exogenous, whose overweight is due to excessive food consumption. The endogenous suffer from some disorder of the endocrine glands and a breakdown of the normal processes of metabolism. Such cases are in the minority. No less an authority than Dr. R. M. Wilder of the Mayo

Clinic said recently, "The rôle of the endocrine glands in the production of obesity is astonishingly overestimated."

But you still are going to hear a great deal about glands and fatness for the simple reason that any woman would rather attribute her bulging contours to some mysterious ailment of the thyroid than admit she stuffs at table.

Do not judge the lady too harshly. She knows she should eat less. In the present state of scientific knowledge of food values, it is a simple matter to tell her just what and how much to eat. And when science reached that point, some of us actually believed the problem of obesity was solved; we should only have to determine the food needs of each individual, then write out a formula which the patient would gladly follow. That dream vanished the moment it came out of the laboratory and collided with the harsh facts of life.

The plump lady honestly cannot help eating too much. For the life of her, she could not tell you why she nibbles between meals. The truth is that she has turned to sodas and candy as other folk turn to alcohol, to seek a temporary solace from some itch or ache of the psyche which they usually cannot even identify.

Tell that 300-pound shapeless mountain of a man over there topping off a hearty lunch with a slab of lemon meringue pie, that he is

stuffing because he knows he isn't going to get a raise in salary this year and his wife is nagging him about their deprivations, and he will say you are crazy. But it is true.

Take this actual case history. Etta T— came from upstate. Desire to escape from a whining mother and a no-account father in a dingy house on a back street drove Etta to work her way through college and to seek a job in the city. She lived economically because she had to send money home, but she was independent, she was keen about her work, she believed she had a future. And her weight was normal.

Etta was 26 when one day a telegram called her home; her mother had suffered a stroke. Etta had to give up her job, nurse the invalid and keep house for her father for five years. She got fat.

Finally, released from her unhappy home, Etta came back to the city. At 31, and only 5 feet 4 inches tall, she weighed 187 pounds. She stayed fat. She was sensitive of ridicule, she avoided social life although she craved it, she found it hard to break her eating habits. Her physician, probing for the cause of her fatness, finally drew the admission, "I was so bored and unhappy at home, so discouraged, that eating was one of the few pleasures left, and it didn't seem to matter if I did eat too much."

The physician explained frankly to Etta, who is highly intelligent,

that her obesity had a psychological base. He led her to change her thinking and her outlook on life. That accomplished, she found the will power to follow a strict diet. The first 20 pounds she lost changed her amazingly — sent her scurrying for new and becoming clothes and a new hair-do, made people realize she was good-looking, gave her new pep. The rest was comparatively easy, and she is now back to normal weight.

Idle men are likely to get fat; and once they are fat, they are likely to stay idle. All of the normal processes of life proceed at a lessened pace in the obese. Overweight persons tend to be sluggish. There is a vicious spiral — their very obesity makes them too flabby of will to carry out a vigorous campaign to lose weight.

When obese patients are put on a diet, they frequently complain that the diet makes them sick. Of course, it isn't the diet; it is the neurosis which is objecting because it is being thwarted of its habitual expression. And a neurosis which doesn't get all the indulgence it craves can kick up a lot of trouble. The physician must also be a psychiatrist. The thing to do is to treat the neurosis, not change the diet.

Social workers accept it as commonplace that men on relief often get fat. The unemployed feel unhappy, restless, bored; they inter-

pret these vague gnawings as hunger, or at least as a craving that can be temporarily dulled by eating. They eat too much, and naturally they eat the cheap foods — bread, potatoes, macaroni and rice, all of them fattening.

The old notion that fat people are serene and happy-go-lucky is wrong. They are emotionally unstable. People who are at peace with themselves, who have other interests and pleasures, seldom overeat to a serious degree. It is the lonely, the dissatisfied, the unhappily married, those who feel themselves failures or inferior, who are the valiant trenchermen at table and the nibblers between meals. They are vaguely groping for some kind of satisfaction, some appeasement of the soul.

If you are overweight, watch yourself. Analyze your motives when you feel the urge to sneak a midafternoon chocolate soda, or to raid the ice box: Are you hungry, or are you bored? Are you, perhaps, trying to dodge for a little while a nagging something in the back of your mind? Would you eat so much if you had something really interesting to do right after dinner?

These questions are for the plump. To the genuinely fat, the best advice is to see a physician and tell him frankly you can't stop eating too much for your own good. It is likely he can dredge out of your soul the real reason.

❏ How the long-heralded miracle of television, now a practical reality, will come into your home

Before Your Very Eyes

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Denver Lindley

TELEVISION has finally come out of the laboratory and into the home. Sets are on the market, scheduled broadcasts are beginning, and 15 cities have television broadcasting stations either finished or in prospect.

Suppose you have bought a set. Experts have put an antenna on your roof — not the usual 50 feet of wire, but an insignificant affair that looks like two small curtain rods extending from an upright. The set itself, plugged into a regular electric outlet, is about the size and shape of a console radio. The top lifts up and on the underside is a mirror. Looking into this, you see the flattened end of a large onion-shaped bulb, the cathode-ray tube, on which the picture will appear.

You darken the room — it doesn't have to be pitch-black — and snap on the switch. Then you turn a knob until you tune in the sound. When you do that you automatically tune in the picture also. You fiddle with other knobs to get the picture contrast and brilliance to your liking.

The picture is not very big —

seven and a half by ten inches — but it is clear and it doesn't flicker. Half a dozen people can watch it comfortably from as close as three or four feet, without crowding. Move your hand near the end of the tube and you will see the picture tie itself into knots as the electrons from within the tube try to chase the charge on your hand.

Half a dozen manufacturers already have a variety of sets on the market. The television receiver in question would cost about \$350. You will be able to get a small "picture receiver" (without sound) for about \$125. The more elaborate sets cost a good deal more. One thing to be sure about is the reliability of the manufacturer: there are almost certain to be gyp sets on the market.

Let's look at the sort of program they're planning to give you — if you're within reach of a transmitting station. You'll find yourself, let's say, looking at King George inspecting the World's Fair. As he makes his way around the exhibits, you hold your breath for fear something will upset the dignity of the royal progress. If it does you will

see it happen. Television can't be edited.

Perhaps at this point there is a news flash from abroad, and an expert steps into sight with maps and diagrams to show you what it means. This may be followed by a puppet show, a bit of opera or a dancing lesson.

Then comes the play. We'll say it is *The Story of the Three Garri-debs*, a Sherlock Holmes item that was adapted by the National Broadcasting Company during their experimental work. It's an exciting play to watch. When the story is not hurrying you around, the television cameras are. You find yourself constantly close to the actors. In place of stage business, thought up to keep the actors moving, you go to them. You get the feeling that you are watching a brand-new form of entertainment being born, one that will take its place among the lively arts. Television can take you into the laboratory and let you look through microscopes, or up in the air for a bird's-eye view. Its possibilities are almost unlimited.

But they're not going to be realized all at once. In England, where they have television broadcasts for one hour a day, the costs run to a million dollars a year — paid by the government. Here in the United States television will have to pay its own way — that is, the broadcasting companies will have to shoulder the costs until it gets far enough along to interest advertisers.

New techniques have to be found for almost everything in television — for acting, script writing, selecting subject matter. The actors have to be letter-perfect in their parts from start to finish. They can't read their lines as they do in sound broadcasting and there's no chance for retakes as there is in the movies. The studio crew have to be drilled in exact shifting of the cameras, for the best way of compensating for the limited size of the television stage is by frequent changes in the point of view. This is accomplished by keeping two cameras trained on the subject while a third is being moved into position. A switch is made from one camera to another on an average of once every 20 seconds. All this requires painstaking rehearsal. For the Sherlock Holmes play, which ran for 40 minutes, six days were used in preparation.

Thomas H. Hutchinson, director of NBC's experimental broadcasts, foresees the possibility of television repertory companies, complete with producer and engineering crew, that would travel about the country, stopping for a few days wherever there is a transmitting station and working up new material as they go along so that they can begin the circuit over again.

Movie film can be transmitted very successfully, but at best it solves a very small part of the program problem. All the professional film produced in this country plus

all the film imported from Europe would furnish just three hours of entertainment a day. And Class A movies cost about \$3000 a minute to produce. How is television going to pay for that? Besides, no one knows how the moving-picture companies are going to treat this upstart in the entertainment field, although three of them apparently take the view that the more visual entertainment the public gets the more it will want, and have bought their way into television companies.

If the movies supply only a small part of television's needs, sound broadcasting does no better. The best sound programs can't be the best television entertainment. A few — amateur hours, quizzes, interviews with celebrities — will serve for both. But what about the time — roughly 60 percent of the total — that sound broadcasting devotes to music? Each successive note is new to a listener, but a singer's open mouth is an open mouth, and no one wants to look at it for long. Any television program that fails to hold the viewer's whole attention will be a flop.

Television is counting heavily on spot news, picked up by a television truck. The advantage of this over the newsreels is that the audience will know the event is happening at the exact moment when they see it, and it will carry the constant possibility of the unexpected.

After looking over all the problems and brooding over the exam-

ple of England, the program planners are still full of confidence. A few years ago there was no such feeling. One afternoon in 1930 a group of television experts met in New York to standardize television at its current stage of development. At that time no one could foresee the improvements that lay just ahead. Luckily the television men decided that television wasn't good enough — yet. That was a close shave. If you had bought a set then it would be useless now, for television receivers have to be geared exactly to the transmitting system. *One change in it and all receivers become, not just outmoded, but in-operative.* Sets of nine years ago would have been made useless a dozen times.

Last year the Television Committee of the Radio Manufacturers Association met again, and this time they decided that television was good enough to be launched. Its pictures now have more than 50 times as much detail as they had nine years ago.

The present plan of the National Broadcasting Company is to begin with two programs a week, each one hour long, plus other hours of televised movies. Columbia is also planning two hours a week. In Los Angeles the Don Lee station has been broadcasting experimental programs six nights a week. Philco in Philadelphia is also beginning. At first these will probably be the only stations broadcasting

regular television programs. To get them you will have to be in their immediate vicinity. As a general rule, the range of a transmitter is only as far as you can see from the place where the transmitting antenna is situated. NBC's transmitter at the top of the Empire State Building has a range of about 45 miles. The reason for this limitation is that television is broadcast on very short waves, which are effective only as far as the horizon.

With television there will be no fading and no natural static. A thunderstorm won't interrupt your program. Man-made static is another story. Let a car drive by your house and, unless your antenna is well removed from the street, your picture will suddenly be punctuated by comets and shooting stars. A doctor's diathermy machine is even worse and its effects extend over a whole neighborhood. To overcome these difficulties the broadcasting companies are concentrating on producing signals strong enough to allow you to tune out the interference without losing the picture.

Careful surveys show that 96 strategically placed stations would

reach about half the population of this country. But even if all 96 stations existed at present it would be prohibitively expensive to link them up in a network. The telephone circuits used in radio networks can't carry the frequencies used in television. However, one way or another, a network of special cables will eventually be put together. How much time it will take depends first of all on the enthusiasm or lack of it with which the public receives television.

"Television broadcasting," David Sarnoff, President of RCA, recently said, "will constantly demand more and better writers, musicians, actors and scenic designers. Unlike a play on the stage, or a motion picture which may run for a year, the television program, once it has been shown to a national audience, is on the scrap heap. Television will call for a whole new generation of artists."

And that helps explain the excitement that surrounds the advent of television. There is more at stake than a shiny new toy.

The thing at stake is a new industry.



Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except Heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness.

— Wall Street Journal

The WPA in Politics

Condensed from *Current History*

Stanley High

THE Works Progress Administration, with total expenditures on its books of 6½ billion dollars and with the total of 2½ million persons now on its payrolls, is the largest social enterprise ever undertaken by our government. It is also the richest partisan gusher ever brought within reach of our politicians. The politicians, generally at the expense of the unemployed, have handsomely cashed in on it. Widespread investigation makes it plain that the ugly story of how they have cashed in on it has never been more than hinted at.

There was a time, in the WPA's early period, when the bosses feared lest the able and not yet politically awakened social workers who largely manned the enterprise would be indifferent to their designs. Pressure, therefore, was exerted at the top. The top was not indifferent. Thereafter, it was arranged that the WPA's state administrators would be appointed "on the advice" of the politicians. Through that ample opening the bosses moved in. For most of the four years since, the WPA has been their happy hunting ground. From the White House down to the precinct captain, this preserve has been protected and the smell that came from it in increas-

ing volume has been laughed off.

But the policy of spend-spend, tax-tax, elect-elect ran into a sizable snag at the last election. Belatedly, therefore, Harry Hopkins, en route from the WPA to the Department of Commerce, stopped at the Capitol long enough to acknowledge the truth of a situation which, for a long time before that, he had managed to endure without acknowledging. In his place, Colonel F. C. Harrington, a first-class and unpolitically-minded executive, took over the WPA — with orders, three years late, to post the place against political poachers. And Congress, at long last, has started an investigation.

If, unlike previous inquiries, this one proceeds without whitewash, then Congress is due to uncover a record of scandal which will probably set a new low in the history of American politics. That record, which I have looked into exhaustively and can only summarize here, is one of coercion and intimidation against WPA workers, of party bosses reaching for campaign funds into the meager pay checks of the unemployed; of padded relief rolls; of workers being hired, not because of their need but because of their party regularity, and fired because of their lack of it. It is a story told by

the unemployed, themselves, whose hides have suffered.

Take, as a sample, the state of Pennsylvania. Nowhere has the plight of the unemployed called forth more official sorrow, and nowhere have the unemployed been subjected to such systematic political fleeing.

When the WPA was organized, the Guffey-Earle ring landed the post of State Administrator for Eddie Jones, a duly qualified local politician. The crack-down began almost immediately. In December 1935, according to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, Jones told a WPA audience in Pittsburgh that he expected them to organize "militant groups" in support of Roosevelt. According to the same paper, his assistant asserted that "WPA workers who are not in sympathy with the Roosevelt administration will be eliminated from the WPA payroll."

With the 1936 election just around the corner, campaign literature was included in the WPA pay envelopes. A campaign newspaper was started, to which WPA workers were warned they had better subscribe — or else. The workers were called on for all sorts of political service; an ex-newspaper man, on relief, told me that his only WPA job, during the election period, was turning out campaign speeches for Democratic candidates.

WPA workers contributed not only time but money — according to a sliding scale nicely graduated

to the size of their checks. As explained by a WPA worker of considerable state-wide experience, the basic contribution was put at three percent of the annual relief wage. The local political bosses, the WPA lists having been available to them, called in the workers one after the other, and made it plain that they had better come across. This particular individual objected strenuously and finally was let off with a \$35 contribution. His monthly wage was \$125.

As election approached, the pressure increased. In preparation for a big meeting in Indiana County, Pa., the county chairman wrote to his committeemen: "If there are any highway or WPA workers in your precinct at this time, contact your foreman and make him responsible for his crew being there 100 percent. . . . Have all highway and WPA trucks in the parade. . . ." In Philadelphia, the instructions were even more direct. "Contact all houses in your division," said a letter to committeemen, "and get the names of all men on relief, also those holding WPA jobs. Urge them to register Democrat or else lose position."

By election day, 44,000 of the 200,000 voters in Luzerne County were on the government payroll. This rush to be sure that every available voter was put on the payroll led to some strange incidents. One of them was the case of Richard Lee Malone of Uniontown, Pa. Young Malone received, one day,

an assignment to a WPA job. He didn't report. He then received a notice asking why he had not reported. He still did not appear. Whereupon, he received a check for \$6.54 for work he had never done and notice that he was fired from a job he had never held. The Richard Lee Malone to whom all this happened was seven years old.

Evidence of this effort to get the political pound of flesh from Pennsylvania's relief workers is available from almost every section of the state, and the story is equally sordid wherever one uncovers it in other sections of the country. The Fourteenth District of Massachusetts is represented in Congress by Joseph W. Martin, Jr., a Republican, and the leader of the House opposition. He is so able that at the last election the New Deal strategists marked him down for extinction. To accomplish that end, they turned confidently to the WPA.

First, the WPA was called upon to furnish the candidate. It did, in the person of Lawrence J. Bresnahan. Bresnahan was the WPA administrator for the Fall River District. It went one better, and provided a campaign manager in the person of one of Bresnahan's WPA associates. Between them and their colleagues, the organization was set to deliver.

In a political club near WPA headquarters in Fall River, payrolls were checked every Saturday night, and workers were expected to kick back

at least a dollar a week out of their relief wages. The hard-pressed wife of one WPA worker needed cod-liver oil for a tubercular child. She counted on buying it with a bit of her husband's \$13 weekly pay. But the WPA supervisor got to the slim pay check first, collected a dollar out of it for a Bresnahan raffle and the cod-liver oil had to wait. When another WPA worker, a man with a wife, five children and a monthly wage of \$65, refused to buy a \$1.25 ticket to a Bresnahan clam-bake, he was told: "Kick through, otherwise you'll be out of a job. Why take it out on your kids?"

Fear of "taking it out on the kids" led Republicans on the WPA to spend their working hours checking off Democratic registration lists. It accounted for many of those who "volunteered" for party work after hours. It explains why an estimated 99 percent of Fall River's workers wore Bresnahan buttons on the job.

Coercion, however, proved a boom-erang, as it did in many places. In the polling booth, the WPA voters turned on the bosses. Bresnahan and his WPA machine were defeated. But the unpleasant fact remains that the unemployed, in one more area of the nation, had been called on to pay — with their own increased suffering — for the political misuse of funds originally intended to succor them.

This Massachusetts story is only a sample that can be matched in

many other places. In New Jersey the organization was out to get W. Warren Barbour, Republican candidate for the United States Senate. Again, the New Dealers reached into the WPA and picked out a candidate and, again, they called on the WPA to elect him. The man chosen was William J. Ely, who was the WPA's state administrator. What followed this auspicious start? WPA lists in Essex County were made available to the party leaders. WPA workers, Republican as well as Democratic, were told to attend Democratic ward meetings or suffer the consequences. To make sure that they did attend, the bosses, at some of the meetings, called the roll of those on relief.

A definite schedule was worked out for the blackjacking of WPA workers. Thus, those with wages of \$70 a month were expected to come through with \$5. In the \$80 bracket, amounts up to \$10 were called for. In the \$83 to \$94 class, the assessment was \$15 and in the \$103 class it was \$20. Workers above \$103 were put down for "all the traffic will bear."

The notorious Kentucky scandals followed the same pattern. Mr. Roosevelt himself had asked for the re-election of Senator Alben W. Barkley, the majority leader. With that for a go-ahead, the Barkley machine took over the WPA organization, hook, line and sinker, as it was taken over in other parts of the nation.

In 32 western counties of the state, practically the entire administrative personnel was put on the job. WPA offices and stationery were used by Barkley's campaigners. WPA lists containing the names of the 17,200 certified workers were made available. A person-to-person canvas was instituted by WPA personnel. Project foremen throughout the state put Barkley-pressure on their workers. Many of those whose political status was dubious or hostile were summarily discharged. There was a widespread drive to "advise" WPA Republicans to shift their registration to the Democratic column. There was a similar drive to squeeze Barkley campaign funds from relief checks. One illustration, out of many, will indicate the ruthlessness of that undertaking. A woman in a small Kentucky town with a disabled husband and children to support, got a job on the WPA. Her monthly wage was \$30. Ten dollars of that went for medicine. Her grocery bill was long unpaid. The crack-down artists of the Barkley campaign sought her out, however, and demanded for "dear Alben's sake," a contribution of \$10. She replied that that was utterly impossible, and explained her plight. That failed to stir the hearts of Mr. Barkley's camp followers. A few days later she was discharged.

Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Kentucky are all areas which in the last election were more or less crucial for the New Deal. It

might be expected that in those places the scandal of the WPA in politics would be particularly revolting. Unfortunately, the evidence from parts of the country where no such "larger issues" were involved indicates a situation no less ugly.

Missouri, for example, was no major New Deal test in the last election. But the trail of WPA politics is no less distinct. I have, for example, the affidavits of 28 WPA workers from Howell and Oregon Counties. All of the 28 are Republicans. All of them, from one to three days before the last election, were fired. In all of their cases, the reason given for the firing was "work unsatisfactory." And yet in not one of these cases had there been any previous suggestion of unsatisfactory work. The real reason is not difficult to put together. It appears in all of the 28 statements. Four of them are typical:

When William Dollins, a WPA laborer, was asked by his foreman how he expected to vote, Dollins incautiously replied: "Who wants to know?" Three days before election he was fired. Similar political justice was the lot of Albright Drumright. Drumright's answer, when his WPA foreman tried to pin down his vote was: "My politics is none of your damn business." That fixed his fate. R. W. Baker, an ex-service man with a wife and five children to support on his WPA wage, was told by his boss: "About 99 percent of my men are Democrats. Unless

you so declare, I'll have to put you down as a Republican." To which Baker replied: "I'm non-partisan." That was enough to condemn him. Of 60 men on the project he was the only one fired in the Democrats' pre-election purge. Sylvester Rhodes whose WPA job was the only means of support for his family of ten, was asked to join the Young Democratic Club at \$1.00 a month. When he protested that he did not have a dollar a month above his family's needs, pressure was applied. When he rounded off his continued refusal with the statement that he was a Republican anyway, he forthwith lost his job.

Data gathered in many places add to this general picture. In New York City, WPA workers were organized as "shock troops" for a house-to-house canvass of relief families against the purge-marked Congressman John J. O'Connor. In West Virginia, many of the WPA's politically faithful were given pre-election wage increases. New Mexico — unwilling to wait upon Washington's heretofore feeble attempts at investigation — indicted a large number of politically prominent people, charged that they had raised the wages of Democratic regulars and fired Republicans, that they had extracted campaign contributions by intimidation, employed relief workers for political activity and then falsified the records to indicate that they had been doing legitimate relief work. Of the number indicted seven have already been

found guilty and a considerable number remain to be tried.

All over the country, the political bosses discovered the advantages of increasing WPA payrolls on the eve of elections. In spite of the fact that the indexes of private employment were rising, the WPA rolls in Pennsylvania were steadily expanded before the 1936 election, until during the last week they hit an all-time peak of 290,000. After election they just as steadily declined. In Allegheny County, 5000 persons were added in the three weeks before the primaries. In the three weeks following, the same number were fired. College students were invited to go on WPA with the promise that when they quit the job in September, their pay would be continued until after Election Day.

Nation-wide statistics indicate that as employment increased, so did WPA. The expansion of its payroll went hand in hand *not* with the employment trend, but with the elections. In June, 1938, 2,767,000 were engaged on its projects. Despite the steady rise in industrial production and employment curves, the number of WPA workers steadily increased until it reached a peak just prior to election of 3,245,000. Thereafter it declined. In states like Florida and Kentucky — where the New Deal's big fight was in the primary elections — the rise of WPA employment was hurried along in order to synchronize with the primaries.

When these manifold machina-

tions have been brought to the attention of Washington, the Washington technique has been to deny them with such round phrases as "absolutely unfounded," "not a grain of truth in the charges," "ridiculous." When 22 abuses from Kentucky were presented to Mr. Hopkins, he denied all but two of them. A Senate Committee, however, found that 18 of the charges were sustained.

Congress itself has up to now moved cautiously and with plenty of whitewash. The Senate's committee investigating campaign expenditures was careful to affix no blame on the higher-ups. After prolonged investigation of reported shenanigans in Tennessee, the Committee opined that "in reference to the nomination to the Senate of Hon. A. T. Stewart the Committee finds no evidence justifying any question as to his right to his seat." Despite the nation-wide stench which Kentucky's primaries generated, the Committee's decision was that there is "nothing to show that Senator Barkley had any knowledge of any activity by persons soliciting contributions from federal employes in his behalf, or of political activity within the ranks of the WPA personnel in his interests." A similar garland went to Pennsylvania's Senator Guffey.

There is no easy solution to this problem of relief-politics. Prior to the last election Senator Hatch of New Mexico attempted to find a

partial answer with a bill which would have fixed severe penalties for political activities among WPA workers. The Republicans in the Senate — having been denied a place at the trough — supported him to a man. A considerable number of independent Democrats lined up on the same side. But Senator Barkley made a plea which sounded like a personal request not to deprive him of WPA aid. The administration cohorts, touched by his plight, came through with votes enough to defeat the measure.

The time to eliminate political abuses from the WPA is now. For, whatever party flag flies over the White House after 1940, this organization — or something like it — will probably have to be continued. And there is little in the books to indicate that Republican politicians, confronted with this same political opportunity, would resist it with greater success than have the New Dealers. Malodorous political machines are to be found in both parties. But the distinguishing feature of the WPA in politics is that the politicians have been exacting their tribute from people too poor to contribute and too helpless to protest. It is of critical importance, therefore, that the evils of the system be torn out before they become deeply rooted.

Most objective critics of the present set-up, including some of the officials of the WPA, agree that the appointment of more military men to administrative posts would check the politicians and increase WPA discipline. Legislation is undoubtedly called for along the lines of the Hatch measure, which would make political activity among WPA workers a felony.

But in the final analysis, the obligation and the power to remedy this situation rest with those at the top. Specifically, it rests with the White House. The administration of work relief, which is now America's biggest business, can be no better than the President of the United States insists that it shall be. The Congressional Committee of Investigation, if it takes off the gloves and lifts the lid, will uncover a mess that badly needs airing. But whether, then, the mess will be once and for all cleaned up or the lid clamped on again is something that the President himself — in his joint capacity as the nation's Chief Executive and the party's political leader — will have to determine. His decision may determine, for some time to come, not only the future of an adequate program of relief for the unemployed but, also, the health of the institutions by which the United States is governed.



☞ A baby malformed at birth — and choice of life or death in the doctor's hands

Who Shall Be the Judge?

Condensed from "Consultation Room"

Frederic Loomis, M.D.

Well-known gynecologist and obstetrician

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HOWEVER they may feel about it in individual instances, doctors rightly resent and resist the persistent effort to make them the judges of life and death. Our load of responsibility is enough without that. So far as I am concerned, my duty, as I see it, is to preserve life, to fight for a patient's life with every resource at my command, remembering always that "a man's never licked till he's licked." But, like other doctors, I have not escaped the problem — or the temptation —

There came to my office one day a fragile young woman, expecting her first baby. Her emotional history was not good, though she came from a fine family. I built her up as well as I could and as time went on, I could not but admire the effort she made to be calm and patient and to keep her nervous reactions under control.

One month before her baby was due, her routine examination showed that it was in a breech position. As a rule, the baby's head is in the lower part of the uterus for months before delivery. The occasional baby found in a breech position in

the last month not infrequently changes to the normal position with the head down by the time it is ready to be born, so that only about one baby in 25 is born in the breech position.

This is fortunate, as the death-rate of breech babies is comparatively high because of the difficulty in delivering the aftercoming head, and the imperative need of delivering it quickly after the body is born. At that moment the cord becomes compressed between the baby's hard little head and the mother's bony pelvis. When no oxygen reaches the baby's blood stream, it inevitably dies in a few short minutes. And if it is a first baby, the difficulty is even greater.

In this case it was a "complete" breech — the baby's legs and feet being folded under it, tailor-fashion.

The hardest thing for the doctor in breech delivery is to keep his hands away until the natural forces of expulsion have thoroughly dilated the firm maternal structures which delay progress. I waited as patiently as I could, sending frequent messages to the excited family in the corridor outside.

At last the time had come, and I gently drew down one little foot. I grasped the other but, for some reason I could not understand, it would not come down beside the first one. I pulled again, gently, with light pressure on the abdomen from above by my assisting nurse; the baby's body moved down a little and, to my consternation, I saw that the other foot would *never* be beside the first one. The entire thigh from the hip to the knee was missing and the foot never could reach below the opposite knee. And a baby girl was to suffer this, a curious defect that I had never seen before, nor have I since!

There followed the hardest struggle I have ever had with myself. I knew what a dreadful effect it would have upon the unstable nervous system of the mother. I felt sure that the family would impoverish itself in taking the child to every famous orthopedist whose achievements might offer a ray of hope.

Most of all, I saw this little girl sitting sadly by herself while other girls laughed and danced and ran and played — and then I suddenly realized that there was something that would save every pang but one, and that thing was in my power to do.

One breech baby in ten dies in delivery because it is not delivered rapidly enough, and now — if only I did not hurry! If I could slow my

hand, if I could make myself delay those few short moments. It would not be an easy delivery, anyway. No one would ever know. The mother, after the first shock of grief, would probably be glad she had lost a child so sadly handicapped.

"Don't bring this suffering upon them," the small voice within me said. "This baby has never taken a breath — don't let her ever take one . . . you probably can't get it out in time anyway . . . *don't hurry!*"

I motioned to the nurse for the warm sterile towel which is always ready for me in a breech delivery to wrap around the baby's body so that the stimulation of the cold air may not induce a sudden expansion of the baby's chest, causing the breathing in of fluid or mucus which might bring death.

But this time the towel was only to conceal that which my eyes alone had seen. My decision was made.

I glanced at the clock. Three of the allotted seven or eight minutes had already gone. Every eye in the room was upon me. These nurses had seen me deliver dozens of breech babies successfully — yes, and they had seen me fail, too. Now they were going to see me fail again. For the first time in my medical life I was deliberately discarding what I had been taught was right for something that I felt sure was better.

I slipped my hand beneath the

towel to feel the pulsations of the baby's cord, a certain index of its condition. Two or three minutes more would be enough. So that I might seem to be doing something, I drew the baby down a little lower to "splint out" the arms, the usual next step, and as I did so the little pink foot on the good side bobbed out from its protecting towel and pressed firmly against my hand, the hand into whose keeping the safety of the mother and the baby had been entrusted. There was a sudden convulsive movement of the baby's body, an actual feeling of strength and life.

It was too much. I couldn't do it. I delivered the baby with her pitiful little leg. I told the family and the next day, with a catch in my voice, I told the mother.

Every foreboding came true. The mother was in a hospital for several months. She looked like a wraith. After that I heard of the family indirectly from time to time. They had been to Rochester, Minnesota. They had been to Chicago and to Boston. Finally I lost track of them.

As the years went on, I blamed myself bitterly for not having had the strength to yield to my temptation.

FOR MANY YEARS our hospital has staged an elaborate Christmas party for the employes, nurses and doctors of the staff. This past year the service was unusually impressive.

As the organ began the opening notes of an ancient carol, slowly down the aisle, from the back of the auditorium, came 20 nurses in full uniform, each holding high a lighted candle, and singing softly the familiar strains of *Holy Night*.

And then a great blue floodlight was turned on the stage, gradually covering the silvered tree with increasing splendor — brighter and brighter until every ornament was aflame. On the opposite side of the stage a curtain was drawn and we saw three lovely young musicians, all in shimmering white. They played softly in unison with the organ — a harp, a cello and a violin. I am quite sure I was not the only old sissy there whose eyes filled with tears.

I have always liked the harp and I love to watch the grace of a skillful player. I was especially fascinated by this young harpist. She played extraordinarily well, as if she loved it. Her slender fingers flickered across the strings, and as the nurses sang, her face, made beautiful by a mass of auburn hair, was upturned as if the world that moment were a wonderful and holy place.

I waited, when the short program was over, to congratulate the chief nurse on its effectiveness. And as I sat alone, there came running down the aisle a woman whom I did not know. She came to me with arms outstretched.

"Oh, you saw her," she cried.

"You must have recognized your baby. That was my daughter who played the harp and I saw you watching her. Don't you remember me? Don't you remember the little girl who was born with only one good leg 17 years ago? We tried everything else first, but now she has a whole artificial leg on that side — but you would never know it, would you? She can walk, she can swim, and she can almost dance.

"But, best of all, through all those years when she couldn't do those things, she learned to use her hands so wonderfully. She is going to be a great harpist. She enters the university this year at 17. She is my whole life and now she is so happy. And here she is!"

As we spoke, this sweet young girl had quietly approached, her eyes glowing.

"This is your first doctor, my dear — our doctor," her mother said. Her voice trembled. I could see her literally swept back, as I was, through all the years of heart-

ache to the day when I told her what she had to face.

Impulsively I took the child in my arms. Across her warm young shoulder I saw the creeping clock of the delivery room of 17 years before. I lived again those awful moments when her life was in my hand, when I had decided on de liberate infanticide.

I held her away from me and looked at her.

"You never will know, my dear," I said, "nor will anyone else in all the world, just what tonight has meant to me. Go back to your harp for a moment, please — and play *Holy Night* for me alone. I have a load on my shoulders that no one has ever seen, a load that only you can take away."

Her mother sat beside me and quietly took my hand as her daughter played. Perhaps she knew what was in my mind. And as the last strains of *Holy Night* faded again, I think I found the answer, and the comfort, I had waited for so long.



Dark Doings

SOME YEARS AGO, Lord Halifax, now Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, was traveling to Bath, and shared a railway compartment with two very prim-looking, middle-aged women. Shortly before reaching Bath the train passed through a tunnel, and taking advantage of the darkness, he noisily kissed his own hand several times. As the train drew into the station he rose, took off his hat, and in his most gallant manner asked: "To which of you two charming ladies am I indebted for the delightful incident in the tunnel?" He then beat a hasty retreat, leaving the two women glaring at each other. — *Canaltrade*

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THE PACE for the American tall tale was set by the great Benjamin Franklin when, disgusted with inaccurate accounts of his country contributed to London papers by Englishmen who had been only short-time visitors to America, he wrote to the London *Times* of American sheep whose tails were so heavy with wool that it was necessary to rest them on little carts trundled behind; and of American cod fisheries in the Great Lakes, these salt-water fish having been driven into fresh water by hungry whales. "But I would have you know, Sir," he continued, "that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the falls of the Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles of Nature."

— Carl Carmer, radio broadcast

A NATIVE TEXAN says that heat is really heat on his ranch 60 miles south of Amarillo. One summer afternoon he saw a coyote pursuing an unusually buxom jack rabbit across the broiling prairie, and it was so scorching hot (he swears to this) that they were *both walking!*

— Knott Knott

DURING a dust storm in Oklahoma, a prairie dog was seen 100 feet in the air, burrowing.

— St. Louis *Globe Democrat*

A CERTAIN VALLEY in Pennsylvania is famous for its thick fogs. One such arose while a carpenter was shingling a barn. He kept on working, but when the fog cleared, he discovered he had shingled 12 feet beyond the roof of the barn.

— Lowell Thomas, *Tall Tales* (Funk & Wagnalls)

THE TALK in the club was on sensible dogs. "I have the best dog in the world," said Brown. "Soon after I got it my wife and I went out. On coming home, I found the dog lying on the sofa, so I gave him a scolding. Next time I came in he was on the floor, but on finding the sofa warm, I gave him another scolding."

"I suppose that cured him?"

"Not exactly," said Brown. "You see, the next time he was standing by the sofa, blowing on it to cool it off."

— *Tit-Bits*

A N OFFICER at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, once had a setter pup that accompanied him day after day when he took his men out for practice in wigwagging messages. That fall, in the hunting season, the

officer decided to try out his setter on birds. They were going through a section of underbrush and small pines, the dog about 600 feet ahead of his master, trailing back and forth.

Suddenly the dog stopped, his tail straight up in the air. Then his tail began to move. It was wigwagging. This was the message the faithful and intelligent dog wigwagged to his master:

"Have you any buckshot? If not, get the hell out of here. There's a big brown bear just ahead and he's coming your way."

A VIRGINIA FISHERMAN, arriving at a creek after a bumpy ride, found his can of bait had fallen out of his flivver. Looking down, he saw a water moccasin lying by a log, with a frog in its mouth. He clamped a forked stick over the snake's head, and took the frog for use as bait. The reptile looked so sorrowful at having its meal taken away that the fisherman opened up his jug and gave the snake a drink of mountain moonshine, whereupon it went wriggling away.

After fishing for 15 minutes, the man's attention was attracted by a gentle, insistent thumping on his leg. He looked down, and there was that same water moccasin. He was looking up at the man, and he had another frog in his mouth.

— Lowell Thomas, *Tall Tales* (Funk & Wagnalls)

I KNOW a man so lazy that he crosses sword grass with ordinary grass, and when the wind blows the grass on his lawn cuts itself.

— Michael W. Donahue

THEN there was the clever cat that ate cheese and breathed down the rat-hole with baited breath.

— Richard Hughes, *In Hazard* (Harper)



From One Who Knows

"PEOPLE can't fool a burglar by leaving lights in the first floor hallway or living room of their homes when they go away for the evening" a professional burglar once told me. "There are several ways we can check this — ringing the doorbell and asking for a handout, calling on the telephone, and so forth. The best place to leave a light to prevent burglary is in an upstairs bathroom and adjoining bedroom, with the blinds so arranged that the light shows just a little at the sides. It's easy to spot a bathroom in almost any house, and when there's a light there — well, we'd rather not take a chance, that's all."

— Perry Van Horn

¶ For 36 years in blistering Basra, this
doughty American has been developing Arab leaders

He Pulled the Arabs' Teeth

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Jerome Beatty

DRIVING one day across the desert from Kuwait, an independent Arab state, to Basra, I was brusquely blocked by Iraqi police at a tiny border post. They understood no English. I couldn't speak Arabic. They thought my visa was no good. I had obtained it in New York, and they had never seen one like it. They motioned that I must go back to Kuwait, 80 blistering miles, to get another.

Suddenly inspired, I pointed to Basra and cried, "Van Ess! Van Ess!" The sour Iraqi officer instantly beamed. "Ah! Van Ess! Tee-sheer!" He sputtered excitedly and waved me on my way.

That gives you an idea of what these Arabs think of the Rev. Dr. John Van Ess, a tall, brisk missionary from America's Midwest, who has spent 36 years among the Arabs and isn't sure he has converted even one.

Those zealots to whom "missionary" and "proselytizer" are synonymous might rate Van Ess as a failure. But if you believe a good missionary is a broad-minded man who helps the unfortunate, John Van Ess is a man you'd like to meet.

He is known to the Arabs as a teacher, not a preacher. His most important work for 26 years has been educating, with inadequate funds, 3000 boys in this town of 85,000 mostly poverty-stricken and illiterate Arabs. A prominent Arab told me, "Half the educated men in Basra learned all they know in Dr. Van Ess's school."

John Van Ess — he doesn't like to be called "Doctor" — is 59, the son of a Reformed Church minister in the Dutch colony at Holland, Michigan. While studying theology and the Semitic languages at Princeton Seminary, he learned about Arabia from a friend who had gone there to preach. The friend died of smallpox; John impulsively applied for the friend's position, and got it. He was then 23. Along with his Bible he took three dental forceps; he had heard, correctly, that the best way to make an Arab your friend is to pull his aching teeth.

He landed in hot, dirty Basra in 1902 after a trip of two months via India and the Persian Gulf. Iraq then was Mesopotamia, its Arabs ruled harshly and corruptly by the Turks. Turkish was the official lan-

guage, and was used exclusively in the scarce and very bad schools. Educated Arabs were rare. Unless an Arab boy could go abroad there was hardly any way to learn to read and write his own language.

Van Ess had the idea that the farther he took the Word of God, the more effective his work would be. He wandered alone among the wildest tribes, carrying his forceps, simple medicines, and a kerosene-burning magic lantern, with slides showing views of New York and Paris and telling the story of the life of Christ. The Turks, giving him permits to wander, listed him as "a tall, harmless monk."

After seven years he took stock and found he was too harmless. He had many Arab friends, but they all still prayed toward Mecca and had as many wives as they could afford. The Arabs, he decided, are no more likely to change their religion than you are yours.

So Van Ess started on a new tack. The men, he said in effect, could go hang. He'd help the boys. Most of them were growing up to be illiterate date farmers, shepherds and small traders. He would educate them so they could become influential citizens, teach them respect for Christ and a code of living. The fact that they would remain Mohammedans was a cause for regret (he hoped wistfully that he might convert a few) but the job was worth tackling.

Van Ess sold the idea to the folks at home, who began to send him

money and schoolbooks. He gathered three or four teachers and received permission to teach in Arabic, provided the books were approved by Turkish officials. And Turkish must be a required subject.

To Van Ess's consternation, in the primers was a page with a picture of a woolly pup. Underneath was the reading lesson: "I have a dog. His name is Turk." The censor had a fit, and the whole project was endangered.

"But, Excellency," Van Ess said suavely, "in America dogs are beloved and admired; women carry them in their arms. To such a precious animal we give a precious name."

Another official, who had worked in a New York restaurant, stepped in as a world traveler to comment. "It is true," he said. "They are strange, these Americans." So the books were passed.

With a government official giving the Turkish lessons, Van Ess's school started in a remodeled barn. Top tuition was \$3 a month; the poor came free. He started with four pupils, 10 to 14 years old. Van Ess took all who came, and in a year had 60 pupils. Later the school grew to 250 pupils and had to turn students away. Every graduate spoke fluently at least one language other than his own, which is more than you can say of most American high school graduates. Of the first four pupils, one became assistant director general of the Iraq Health Service, another is assistant financial secre-

tary of the Port of Iraq, another has a high position in the Iraq customs.

There are hundreds like them. Ali Fuad, the quiet, efficient Mohammedan director of Basra's \$750,000 airport, who speaks four languages, told me, "My mother wouldn't allow me to go to school until Dr. Van Ess persuaded her. After I was graduated I wanted to go to America to learn American business methods. My mother finally agreed, provided Dr. Van Ess planned everything and handled all my money."

Ali Fuad went for three years to the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, and every year he was at the top of his class.

Speaking to another clean-cut Arab in Western dress, I complained about the heat in Basra. He startled me by saying, "It's no hotter than a little room I had on the elevated in Chicago." He was one of Van Ess's boys who had graduated from Northwestern University. He is in charge of Basra's electricity and water supply.

At Van Ess's home I met a group of 21 of his former students, fair samples of the best he has produced, ranging in age from 25 to 50. None, Van Ess had told me proudly, had more than one wife. They agreed that Van Ess has had greater influence for good in southern Iraq than any other man; without his school there would not have been sufficient capable Arab leaders to manage the

country's affairs when Iraq became independent. "He takes a boy when he's young," they told me, "persuades his parents to let him go to school, then keeps teaching him, and finally gets him a job."

During the war, when the Turks moved out and the British moved in, Van Ess, acting as temporary American consul, was the only man there who could help them in contacts with the Arabs. The British were helpless in picking guides, interpreters and, later, a native police force. Van Ess, knowing everybody, got them men they could trust.

When the British decided that government schools should be started, Van Ess was put in charge. Never neglecting his own students, he commandeered six big houses and gathered 30 teachers. Some were Arab friends who had been fighting against the British and had been taken prisoner. He obtained their release and put them on the British payroll. When he went to America on leave in 1917, the British took over the schools.

Today Van Ess's school is no longer vitally necessary. Government schools, using many teachers educated by him, are filling the need. Now Van Ess is concentrating on the barefoot boys who cannot afford to go to the government schools. In a year or so he expects to close his school and turn the buildings into a sort of Y.M.C.A. He will extend his aid, too, to the poverty-stricken farmer, teaching

him to build a better date-stick hut, to prevent hookworm, trachoma, and malaria.

In Van Ess's little school laboratory is a bronze tablet lettered in Arabic, presented in 1927 with \$1800 for the laboratory. Sixty-eight Mohammedans, ten Christians and six Jews gave it to this school in which Bible study is one of the required courses. The in-

scription reads in part: "As a memento of self-effacing service and loyalty. Presented by the people of Basra in token of the services which Dr. John Van Ess, American Missionary in Basra, rendered in presenting knowledge and virtue for 25 years. . . ."

I wonder if Christians would do such a gracious thing for a Mohammedan.



Newspaper Tales — XI —

The General Gets a Rejection Slip

IN 1923, when the French suddenly marched into the Ruhr and then into Frankfurt, there were protests, rioting, and a number of German civilians were shot. A French major, representing the high command, stalked into the office of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and ordered the editors to print a warning notice to the population. An hour later, the French staff received the notice back; attached to it was a printed slip:

The editorial board of the Frankfurter Zeitung thanks you for submitting the enclosed manuscript, but regrets deeply that it is not able to publish it. This, however, is not to be taken as a reflection upon the manuscript's literary merit.

The French command was furious. A general in gold braid and medals stormed into the editorial sanctum. "I demand the publication of this notice tomorrow morning, on the front page,

four columns wide, in large type," he said threateningly.

"His Excellency misunderstands," the editor replied. "The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has never been dictated to. You can confiscate the newspaper; you can smash the presses, burn down the building, even execute the editors, but one thing no man can do is tell us

what goes into this newspaper."

The French general raged, stormed, and went down to defeat. What good would it do to destroy the paper, hang the editors? He

had to notify the populace.

"Now, if you ask us decently to publish the announcement," said the editor, "and if we consider it to the public advantage, we will publish it when and where we think best."

The general apologized. The incident was closed.

— George Seldes, *Freedom of the Press*
(Bobbs-Merrill)

❧ A card-detective reveals the tricks
of bridge and poker swindlers

Gamblers Don't Gamble

A condensation from the book of the same title by

Michael MacDougall

As told to

J. C. Furnas

I'M A card detective. I ferret out dirty work in all kinds of gambling, from games in honky-tonks to gentlemen's bridge sessions. You may not think that people with money and position ever cheat, but they do — especially since the depression. The last big private club I investigated — a first-class, high-hat outfit managed by a man internationally famous in the bridge world — turned out to be stiff with "mechanics" — the trade name for card manipulators.

There are hundreds of methods of manipulating cards. Most of them are so simple a four-year-old could learn them — with 10 years of practice. Try spotting and remembering the order of any given 25 cards while you're "shuffling" or dealing, meanwhile talking naturally all the time, as a "hustler" must! Pick up and riffle a deck of cards. All you see is a blur of card ends. But a good mechanic has seen and caught his thumb into an ace-

ON NOVEMBER 9, 1938, Michael MacDougall, at a demonstration at the Cavendish Club of New York, proved that a clever card sharp can do just about as he pleases in a bridge game against top-notch experts.

Before 100 luminaries of the bridge world, MacDougall played a game with Howard Schenken and B. Jay Becker as adversaries. Two ordinary decks were thoroughly mixed and handed to the players. MacDougall shuffled the blue deck and Schenken the red. After the red deck had been well mixed it was cut by Becker, and dealt by MacDougall. Before dealing, MacDougall announced that he would bid six no-trumps. With 100 pairs of expert eyes fastened on his hands, he dealt and made six no-trumps.

Then Schenken dealt the blue pack. This had been in full view from the time it was given to MacDougall to riffle. Nevertheless, after the cards had been cut and dealt, MacDougall received all 13 spades.

MacDougall accomplished it all by expert manipulation of the cards during the shuffle and the deal.

end as he shuffles, and that ace is brought to the top or the bottom, wherever he wants it. The next shuffle catches the next ace, and so forth, as far as he likes. Get good and you can deal the bottom card,

or the second from the top, or even the second from the bottom, without arousing the suspicions of amateurs. A good mechanic can deal anybody any hand he likes at any time, or stack the cards so his opponent will deal him the hand he wants.

I have never gambled professionally, but for years I made my living on the vaudeville stage as a card manipulator. Later I turned to crook-spotting for the governing committees of bridge clubs. Jobs for resorts, steamship lines, and even for individuals, followed.

I get a great kick out of trying to beat gamblers at their own game. At times it is dangerous — witness the three revolver slugs that once put me in the hospital for eight months. Always it is exacting. I rarely drink or smoke, for my senses must be keen. I must be able to tell by the mere feel of a deck that its edges have been microscopically shaved off so that the pattern on the back isn't quite the same on all the cards. I must catch the lightning-flicker of a card dealt from the bottom. I must be able to detect the odor of wax which has made a "slick ace" ready for slip-cutting. In this manipulation, the backs of the aces are slightly polished with wax so that if, in cutting, a player pokes the deck with one finger, as many people do carelessly instead of lifting the cards vertically, the cut will come at the ace.

Of all gambling games bridge has

probably been responsible for the most crookedness. A couple can get away with murder merely by sorting and holding their cards in a certain way that shows length and strength of suits. And cheating isn't hard for an accomplished lone wolf playing with three honest players. Anyone who knows manipulation can lone-wolf a table very profitably — especially a woman. You might wonder about a man who was always doing fussy things with his hands, but a woman can keep getting things out of her handbag, fixing her stockings, settling her dress — without suspicion. I knew one slick female who had the habit of holding her cards pressed against her chest as she peered at the dummy — lots of women do. But she wore an antique brooch which had sharp point concealed in the design. It was a beautiful way to mark perfectly new cards.

Then there was the club member I was asked to play with because he was winning too regularly. A study of his play convinced me that he was using "paper" (marked cards) — his bids were too accurate, his finesses fell too pat — but on subsequent examination the cards seemed entirely innocent.

Then I recalled the green eyeshade this fellow always wore while playing, pulled way down. I squinted at those red cards through a green eyeshade and there on the back of the top card was a great glaring "K." "Luminous reader" has be-

come the trade name for that kind of "paper."

Next evening when the "luminous reader" appeared for his game the club committee waited until play at his table got well started. Then, at a given signal, each member pulled out a green eyeshade and put it on. Not a word was said. The crook turned the color of the eyeshades, got up, and walked out for good.

Manufacturing "paper" is just one of the activities of a flourishing industry which supplies all the tools of the gambler's trade — everything from elaborate mechanisms for holding out certain cards that may be wanted later, down to "shiners," little mirrors which enable the dealer to see the faces of the cards he is dealing. The commonest kind of a shiner is a highly polished disc in a ring, the disc being turned inside the hand while working. One fellow used to work with an ordinary safety-match box, with a little mirror set inside so that, when it is laid casually on the table half open in front of the dealer, the mirror reflects the cards.

Users of mechanical devices are always in danger of exposure. An expert manipulator of legitimate cards, on the other hand, seldom gets exposed. Pick-up plays a big part in card manipulation. I was once called in by the officers of a swank country club who had begun to suspect the winnings of a member we shall call Morrison. Most of

them resulted from an implausible number of successful grand slam bids. I was officially introduced at a club party as an amateur card manipulator who was there to entertain them.

"How would you like to have me show you how to make my opponent in bridge deal me and my partner a grand slam?" I asked.

Morrison spoke up: "That would be very interesting." And they all agreed.

Three members sat down with me and everybody crowded around. After the third deal — which was the first one using cards I had shuffled — I said, just after the bidding, "Lay down, partner." And I laid down my hand simultaneously. Between us we had four aces, three kings and three queens. A walkover slam in no-trumps.

A couple of people looked at "Grand Slam Morrison" oddly; others were clamoring to know how I'd done it.

"We'll go through it again," I said, "and I'll show you."

I won the declaration on the next deal, and took the first trick. "Watch closely," I said, as I started to gather it in. "The other three are considering their hands and paying no attention to me. As I pick up this trick, I make the first and third cards high, if they aren't that way already. An ace and a queen fell this time. The ace is first, as I turn the trick down, the queen third. See? Nobody saw that they changed

order. But they did." The fourth trick went to my opponents. I picked it up quickly and laid it in front of the right man. But again I showed the audience that, in the process, first and third cards had become high.

I was wondering how many people were remembering that one of Morrison's little habits was occasionally, handing tricks to his opponents with a sort of nervous obligingness.

The next two tricks they won were in the right order anyway. As I raked in the whole deck to make it for the man on my right, I fixed the last trick, too, and showed them what I was doing.

"Now," I said, "I'm shuffling for my opponent here to deal. Usually players watch the dealer — but watch me instead. I'm a little eccentric in my mode of shuffling." I riffled the two halves of the pack into each other, but on the bias. The upper half projected through the lower half perhaps half an inch. With second finger and thumb of my right hand I grasped the extreme right end of the deck. Ditto with left hand and extreme left end. The cards that the left was grasping were pulled through and put on top. I did it very slowly. Done at lightning speed, it sounds and looks exactly as if it were a clean shuffle. But actually the deck had not been shuffled at all.

People began to remember that Morrison often riffled cards at an angle that way.

Then I showed them how to crimp the deck — put a slight bend in the cards at the place where I wanted the cut made in the middle of the pack. In doing this, the corners of the bottom half dozen cards are surreptitiously bent slightly downward by the thumb of the right hand; then the bottom half of the deck is drawn out by the right hand and placed on top of the deck, and the deck placed on the table at an angle which hides the crimp from the person cutting. With a crimp, the average player will innocently cut to the right place unknowingly. It's the spot where the cards naturally break.

"That's why I don't need a confederate to make the right cut," I said.

When this hand was dealt it resulted in another grand slam. Morrison broke the silence. "Stage stuff!" he said. "If your partner misses the crimp your opponents get the slam."

"Oh, no," I said. "While the deal was going on, I casually picked up the first few cards to glance at them. If the crimp had gone wrong, I'd have accidentally exposed a card and that would have made a new deal necessary."

It was pretty chilly in that room. Particularly in Morrison's neighborhood — so chilly that he hastened out of the room, and a short while later left town for good.

Funny business in clubs crops up from all quarters. I remember one

time, I was putting on a card-trick show at a well-established club. While waiting in the manager's office I happened to pick up a pack of cards that were lying on the table. Immediately I realized I was holding a "stripper" deck — a pack in which certain cards have been clipped at the ends so that they are one thirty-second of an inch shorter than the rest. Hold the ends of the deck lightly and tip it, and the stripped cards will fall out. You can do wonders with it.

I quietly slipped the cards in my pocket. Toward the end of my show I pulled them out.

"Several of you shuffle and then cut these," I said to the audience, "and I'll show you how to deal a slam in hearts."

As this was being done I spotted what I wanted: a man who took hold of the ends instead of the sides while cutting. When the cards were handed me I gave them a slight shake, causing the 26 clipped cards to drop into my left hand — then I laid the two halves of the pack on the table and made an interlacing riffle — a lightning gesture consisting of taking hold of the ends of the two halves of the pack, forcing the short and long cards to alternate with a short card on top.

Then I handed over the finished article to the man who had obliged me by grasping the ends of the cards when he cut. The point being that, no matter where he cut the deck with this hold of his, he would

bring a short card to the top which would be dealt to me. Next short card (third from the top the way I had them fixed) would go to my partner. A man at my right dealt. I looked around at them all and snapped the cards for me and my partner face up — ace, king, queen, jack, ten and six small hearts; three small clubs, ace, king, queen and five spades; ace, king and two small diamonds. With the three clubs in my partner's hand, a child couldn't have helped rolling in with a grand slam.

When my performance was over I told the manager I'd like a word with him in his office. When we were alone, I asked him: "Care to learn the trick of that grand slam in hearts?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, it's one of these little stripper decks I found lying on the table in your office that does it," I said, looking him in the eye.

"I try my best to keep the crooks out," he mumbled, all hot and bothered. But he knew I was on to him. He was never seen around the club again.

One time on a long train trip a train-acquaintance of mine got into a poker game with four strangers. When the game ended he had lost heavily, "and most of it," he said ruefully, "on that last hand when I held four aces —"

"And you were topped by a straight flush," I said, before he could finish the sentence.

He had been a victim of the "hay-maker shuffle." This is a bit of trickery in which the desired cards are cleverly planted during the pick-up of the last played hand, and stacked by a lightning-fast maneuver in which the dealer slides cards from both the top and bottom of the deck into their desired positions while shuffling. A false cut by a confederate, and the deal works out like this: the chump gets dealt four aces and the dealer gets a bobtailed flush — 9-10-J-Q in any suit you like — call it clubs here. With four aces dealt him, the sucker is easily needled up into a tremendous pot. But whatever he does, the dealer will fill his flush. For the next two cards on top of the deck are the king and eight of clubs. The other players will drop. If the sucker stands pat the gambler gets the king; if the chump draws one card, the gambler gets the eight.

I decided to have some fun with these train hustlers. It was easy to get into a game with them and after the necessary preliminary play they started their big act. But I upset their applecart by doing what no sane poker-player would do in a straight game. I didn't stand pat on my four aces, or draw only one card — I discarded *two* cards, including one of the aces. And took two — the king and eight that the dealer had to have. Believe me, I kept my eyes glued on the deck while the dealer was dishing out those two, to make sure he didn't

try to bottom-deal. They were a sick-looking lot when I showed three aces against the dealer's perfectly useless bobtail flush. I won back my friend's dough and made both of us some money to boot.

You read stories about how gamblers really like cards and get together for honest games for recreation. That's just in stories. In real life the chisels are always ready and always sharp. There's one big-time performer, however, who occasionally gets away with that piece of fiction. He lays for a group of his professional associates and says:

"Now, boys, we all know all the answers and we all know we know 'em. Why don't we have a straight game for once? And to make sure there's no paper being used, we'll make it a rule to deal off the bottom all the time." Bottom-dealing, you see, puts marked cards out of the question, since the dealer can't see the back of the bottom card.

So the boys have a big card game, all dealing from the bottom and chuckling over it. But the last chuckle is always the big boy's because he happens to be an expert at the Greek-bottom — which is dealing not the first, but the *second* card from the bottom. And he knows what it is because he uses a "shiner" and can see both the bottom and next-to-bottom cards as he slides them with a dampened finger in dealing.

A sure sign of a card cheat is the "mechanic's grip," with which

cards can be dealt from the top, bottom, or second-dealt with equal facility. In the mechanic's grip, three fingers of the left hand holding the side of the deck are widely separated, the index finger is curled around the upper end of the deck, and the thumb, lying across the top of the deck, almost touches the upper, outer corner. With this grip, at the beginning of a bottom deal, the top card is pushed out to the side to act as a screen. Then the second finger of the left hand pushes the bottom card out to a slightly less degree, the top card concealing this. Finger and thumb of the right hand grasp the bottom card and top card at the same time. As the right finger pulls out the bottom card, the left thumb pulls back the top card. When the motion is made smoothly enough it is absolutely undetectable.

In second-dealing — dealing the second card from the top — the "mechanic's grip" is also used. As in the bottom deal, the top card is first pushed out to act as a cover, but at an angle so that the corner

of the second card projects a trifle. The thumb of the right hand comes over as if to deal the top card. Actually it strikes the outermost corner of the second card and forces it out more. Now the finger of the right hand grasps the second card and starts to deal it, while at the same instant the left thumb pulls back the top card to its original position. All this occurs in less than a tenth of a second, and is invisible except to an expert.

A gambler doesn't need a big bag of tricks. Just two or three perfected sleights such as these will see him through. Indeed, though a fast second-deal may take years to perfect, once mastered it's a good living in itself.

People naturally want to know if I ever use my skill for my own advantage in playing cards. My answer is, in the traditional gambler's phrase, I haven't got larceny in my heart. Besides, gamblers are a lonesome crew. They have no friends, can trust no one. The more you know about it, the less attractive gambling is as a profession.



The Copywriter Lets Himself Go

❧ *Advertisement of Passion Fruit Juice in "Illustrated London News":*
Passionize Your Cocktails.

❧ *Advertisement of a new perfume by Ciro:* Stop, look, linger . . . with perceptions quickened, eyes keener, breath just a little faster. For the scent of Danger is in the air! Ciro has a really new note in perfumery — a fragrance distinctive in its frank emotional appeal. If you dare be daring, test your mettle with Danger — *it's not for the timid!* — Quoted in *Tide*

☞ Smuggling men and money out of Germany has become big business controlled by a corrupt gang

Germany's Bootleg Ring

Condensed from The Forum

L. F. Gittler

FOR SIX YEARS, the Nazis have striven desperately to keep money from seeping out of Germany. But despite intensive border controls and drastic laws carrying penalties that even include the headsman's axe, millions of marks pour steadily into foreign banks through a smooth subterranean channel.

In the beginning the smuggling was amateurish — all the old tricks of scuttling across borders by night, pasting money under railroad coach seats, swimming Lake Constance with a fortune strapped in a belt. But the story of our own prohibition days is being paralleled. The little bootlegger has quit, or has become a cog in a powerful machine. Handling "black money" is now a highly-organized business, run by a ring whose connections reach into high Nazi circles.

Best customers are not the Jews — they are too closely watched and they have little left. The bulk of the booming business comes from Nazi officials planting a stake abroad, from business men who hope to jump the border one day, from foreign corporations that want to get

assets out of the Reich, and from far-seeing speculators who expect to buy up Germany during the next inflation when a few pounds or dollars may again be worth a million marks.

This development was inevitable. Nazi bureaucrats are likely to be no more honest than the government they run with cynical disregard of private property rights. Graft was all but unknown in the old Germany. The new Germany is shot through with it.

For the past two years, the "black money" ring has been headed by a German who travels on a Scandinavian passport and is called, with a touch of melodrama, simply "The Colonel." Reporting to him are a dozen lieutenants. Involved in the ring are bank clerks, steamship and railroad employes, and petty officials. Involved also are legation clerks, and even the consuls of a dozen foreign nations. Finally, important Nazis take their cut. Bigwigs get substantial bribes, petty officials a monthly pittance.

The standard fee charged by the ring for transferring funds abroad is surprisingly moderate; 10 per-

cent, plus a little chiseling on the exchange rate. There is no receipt given. No details are discussed. Sometimes there is no news of the transaction for months. But the ring is 100 percent trustworthy and 99 percent successful in delivering cash outside the country.

Suppose a manufacturer has managed to accumulate some undeclared cash which he wants to invest abroad. He inquires discreetly among friends and soon hears of an agent of the ring. He calls on him and finds he is no shady manipulator, but a solid citizen — a shopkeeper, who is outraged at the suggestion and even threatens to call the police. But if the manufacturer is well recommended and if he persists, he is sent to "Herr Korlein" — one of the chief lieutenants — who will probably handle the deal. If the amount is exceptionally large or the case involves special bribery, the manufacturer is passed on to "The Colonel."

"The Colonel" never handles money. That is Korlein's job. "The Colonel" knows whom to bribe, when and where, and how the money is to be moved. Korlein collects the cash and awaits instructions. After he has turned it over in a furtive rendezvous to a man he does not know, the rest is routine.

On a night train to Amsterdam there is a sealed compartment with blinds drawn, ostensibly occupied by a Nazi official. German customs and financial inspectors are not al-

lowed to enter such a compartment, or question its occupants — if it has any. In that compartment is a fortune in jewelry and currency bound for banks in Amsterdam. The "sealed compartment" is the ring's most frequently used device. It requires, of course, official connivance.

Sedate banking firms are used, too. The banks have ancient smuggling routes — barges on the Rhine, freight trains, pleasure steamers on Lake Constance, skiers, peasants whose acreage straddles a border, bourgeois excursionists who take the sight-seeing buses to Switzerland that require no passport and are not inspected by frontier guards.

The Reichsbank itself was recently involved in a sensational scandal. A young German, graduate of an American university, married the daughter of an important Nazi official, and was thereupon made head of the bank's foreign exchange department. He received all foreign money sent in payment for German goods, deposited it in the sacred foreign exchange vaults, and paid marks to industrialists at the rate of 2.50 to the dollar. But every fourth or fifth dollar he pocketed, paying out marks from funds supplied by "The Colonel." After eight months, he decided he needed an advanced banking course at his alma mater. His father-in-law arranged a passport and a \$3000 draft for his first year abroad. Two months later a check-up revealed a

half-million dollar shortage in foreign exchange. Half the profits had gone to the ring and half to the young German. Likewise, his successor as head of the *Devisenstelle* disappeared six months ago with a slice of the foreign reserves, and recently the newest head was arrested on suspicion.

"The Colonel's" organization thrives on crises. A large corps of bank clerks rode into Prague with the Nazi troops, to take over the banks and seize foreign currency. The borders were sealed. But "The Colonel's" men were in Prague, too, and the ring made efficient contact with panicky manufacturers, business men and bankers who wanted to send money out — quick.

Just as astonishing as "The Colonel's" penetration into Nazi banks is his connection with state departments of various Latin-American and Central European governments. Wealthy Germans who have the price can obtain a legal foreign passport for \$1500. During the September — October war scare last year several hundred Latin-American passports were bought by Germans. On a Latin-American passport, one can live permanently in Britain, France or the United States.

"The Colonel's" ring is active also in smuggling goods abroad so that German business men can secretly accumulate foreign ex-

change funds. German cameras, typewriters, and even bicycles are cheaper in Switzerland than in Germany.

The exorbitant price of jewelry in the Reich has also given "The Colonel" tremendous returns with little risk. An agent buys a fine diamond in the Amsterdam market for, say, 3000 marks, brings it to Germany where it is immediately sold for 6000 marks. A commission is then charged to smuggle the diamond abroad to convert it into foreign exchange. This is achieved by selling it to a fellow agent in Amsterdam for the equivalent of 2000 marks. That diamond may go in and out of Germany several times, always at a large profit.

There is a story behind this ready market for valuables. Germans feel that war and inflation are just around the corner. Consequently, they are buying up precious stones, watches, anything that will convert into tangible wealth cash which tomorrow may be worthless.

Secret police have lately been intensifying efforts to smash the ring. But they have to contend with an underground secrecy that challenges their own, and a bribed officialdom. The ring is constantly strengthening its connections and steadily increasing the volume of its business. Proverbial German thoroughness can work on either side of the law.

¶ The National Folk Festival — a step toward preserving the colorful music and lore of the many native strains in America

The Return of the Troubadours

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

T. H. Alexander

WHEN the National Folk Festival holds its sixth annual shindig in Washington this month,* it will find a nation as alert as it was once indifferent to the rich and sundry elements that compose our culture. For back of the Festival itself — a spectacle that has grown more colorful each year — lies a story of persistent encouragement given to folk talent by Sarah Gertrude Knott, young Kentucky woman who has gone into every part of the country to hear folk music and observe folk ceremony.

While teaching in North Carolina, Miss Knott first saw what encouragement could do to preserve and vitalize folklore. Then in 1931 she organized in St. Louis a band of Strolling Players, who went about the depression-shocked city amusing audiences wherever they could be gathered. Their stage might be a city park, a deserted warehouse, a wharf, or a church.

One night in a park a little old man tugged at Miss Knott's sleeve and asked to play his fiddle for the audience. She discouraged him, but the next night he turned up again.

The Strolling Players were performing in a warehouse on a stage made of cotton bales. Miss Knott, touched by his eagerness, sandwiched his fiddling in between the acts of the play. The impromptu act almost brought down the house — literally, for the audience stamped and applauded so vigorously that a 500-pound bale of cotton fell loose from the stage.

The next night several other neighborhood acts appeared, and on the spur of the moment, Miss Knott turned the performance into a Thespian free-for-all. From that night anyone in St. Louis who could act might appear on the program of the Strolling Players. Soon 500 Negro men and women were touring the city parks, singing spirituals and work songs.

Some of the original Strolling Players wondered where all this hysterical play-acting was leading. It was leading, for one thing, to a revival of the stage in St. Louis from the grass roots; it was democratic, if nothing else, and it began to touch St. Louis' foreign population. When Miss Knott organized the Dance of the Nations to enlist

* April 27, 28 and 29.

some of the older immigrants, participants came by the hundreds to represent the folk art of the Germans, French, Hungarians, Russians, Scots, Italians and Greeks in St. Louis' vast melting pot.

Before the curtain had been rung down, Miss Knott's great idea had come to her. If people liked to act, to sing and to dance, why not a national forum for their talents — a great national folk festival recruiting its actors from everywhere in the nation?

Miss Knott suggested her idea to Major M. J. Pickering, an experienced producer of large amateur events. He advised her to consult America's leading folklorists. First to reply was Harvard's famed Professor G. L. Kittredge, who dispatched a telegram endorsing the idea and offering help. J. Frank Dobie, of the University of Texas, famous as a collector of folklore of the Southwest, was enthusiastic, as was also Paul Green, the North Carolina dramatist who was to become president of the Festival.

A letter from President Roosevelt set the tone of the first Festival and the others that followed. "We are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture," wrote the President. "In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibers so intact that the fineness of each will show in the complete handiwork." That was Miss Knott's idea, too.

Six months before the first Festival in 1934, Miss Knott began recruiting talent. In the Ozarks she directed and staged 18 little festivals which she used as laboratories to perfect her plans. About 400 persons took part and from these she chose 65 of the best to come to St. Louis.

The Ozark festivals taught her that the people were not only willing to play, dance and sing without fee, but that they would go to considerable pains to make their own expenses.

The first Festival took St. Louis by storm. Before 20,000 entranced spectators, Major Pickering brought together 1500 folk singers, storytellers, and actors from almost every section of America. Meanwhile 50 folklore experts were organizing local festivals in their regions — in Texas, in Tennessee, in Louisiana, in the Indian country of the West, in the Northwest among the lumberjacks, among the coal miners of Pennsylvania. The following year the Festival was given with undiminished success in Chattanooga. It went to Dallas in 1936, to Chicago in 1937, to Washington in 1938.

Washington proved a fitting place for the Festival. It was opened at Constitution Hall in due and ancient form by Amos Kubik, town crier of Provincetown, Mass., who strode down the aisle dressed in Puritan costume. Oklahoma Indians were the first on the program, singing primitive and eerie war chants

to the accompaniment of jangling bells, and dressed in costumes aglow with bright-colored feathers. Old Chief Cozad, aged 82, of the Kiowas, played on his flute the haunting Indian love call, a song without words which has been used by these Indians since before Columbus discovered America.

Next the Navahoes from the Indian school at Santa Fe dashed into the Ye-Be-Chi dance. As the last Indian war cry echoed through staid Constitution Hall, the tinkle of guitars came from the rear of the auditorium. Through the semidarkness came groups of Mexicans from Kansas City, dressed in wide sombreros with gay serapes and beautifully embroidered dresses. Carrying lighted candles, they began the procession of the Posadas, a Mexican religious ceremony so ancient that its beginning has been lost in antiquity.

Acadians from the Evangeline country of Louisiana, dressed in the gay costumes of the time of the expulsion from Canada 200 years ago, sang in the Acadian patois and danced the dances of the days of Evangeline.

A burst of fiddle music ushered in the Anglo-Saxons from the Ozarks and Appalachian regions. They sang old tunes handed down from their sires in Scotland and England. The square dance was done in every conceivable fashion while the old fiddlers wheezed away and others played on guitars, banjos and harmonicas. And the Washington au-

dience could hardly get enough of such quaint old ballads as *Lord Lovell*, *Pressed on Board to Serve My King*, the *Cherry Tree Carol*, *Barbary Allen*.

And still this cavalcade of America flowed across the stage — anthracite miners from Pennsylvania singing the plaintive songs of the collieries; one small group from the boom days of the Erie Canal; old sailors with the chanteys they had sung in their days before the mast; cowboys with their laments and payday songs; groups of Negroes with spirituals.

Folklore students, viewing these festivals with delight, have noted that they are not a revival of the ancient folk arts, but a survival. If the first festival had been held a few years later it might have been too late to catch the last aged survivors of African slavery, the songs and ballads of the old-time mountaineers, and the last of the old Indians who saw the opening of the West. Through the community festivals a tremendous awakening of interest among the folk themselves has taken place.

"They don't have much time to analyze and appraise their cultural advance," says Miss Knott. "They sing and dance for the very joy of singing and dancing. I never hear a folk festival today, after directing scores of big and little ones, that I do not recall with joy the prophetic words of Walt Whitman, 'I hear America singing!'"

Public Servant De Luxe

Condensed from Fortune

NO VISITOR to New York City can help noticing some of the works of its City Park Commissioner, Robert Moses. It is doubtful if any other man ever built so many parks and roads, beaches and bridges, and built them on so grand a scale. It is doubtful if any other man ever had the simultaneous control of so many federal, state and city funds as are included in the more than half-billion dollars he has had to work with.

Getting things done is Robert Moses' passion. His achievements range from the great Triborough Bridge across the East River, with its four spans and its swirling trafficways, to the gaily painted peanut cart in the new Central Park zoo; from the ground work under the World's Fair, once 1174 acres of dump and swamp, to the grilles built in the bridges over the New York Central's covered tracks to let children watch the trains go through. Thanks to him, New York's new parks and traffic-speeding parkway approaches to the city now rank with the tall buildings as things every visitor must see.

His passion for getting things done is coupled with a thundering impatience toward whoever or whatever stands in his way. His crack-

the-whip efficiency snaps constantly over the heads of those working under him, and he delights in publicly telling those over him to go hang. It is his painstaking insistence on being sure he is right before he moves that causes and lends force to the Moses impatience. His motives, so far as money is concerned, have never been doubted. Of the many jobs he holds, only the city park commissionership carries a salary; it is \$13,500.

Son of a prosperous Connecticut department store proprietor, young Moses was graduated from Yale in 1909, with a Phi Beta Kappa key, "Y" for swimming, and an ambition first to teach and then to practice public administration. At Oxford, studying government, law and the British civil service, he won a honor degree in jurisprudence.

Moses began his lifelong battle against political corruption and incompetence as a sort of budgetary brain truster for John Purroy Mitchel, New York's Tammany-taunting Mayor. But in 1918 he met and, to his surprise, immediately admired Tammany's Governor-elect Al Smith. It was the beginning of a fruitful friendship.

As soon as Smith was inaugurated he appointed 30-year-old Moses chief

of his Reconstruction Commission, to plan a reorganized state government. The commission's report has been called a masterpiece among state papers. Much of Al Smith's reputation as a statesman stems from the plan, and Smith himself gives most of the credit to Moses.

Throughout the next six years, Moses remained one of the unofficial inner circle of Smith advisers. He prepared a pamphlet called "The State Park Plan for New York." Al Smith's first-reaction snort was "You want to give the state a fur overcoat when it needs a suit of red flannel underwear." But Moses patiently sold the idea to the Governor, who sold it to the legislature in 1924. Forty-two assorted agencies handling parks, museums, and historic sites were lumped into a State Council of Parks with 11 regional commissions. Moses was made President of the Long Island Commission and Chairman of the State Council. He is still both.

Moses visualized Long Island, with its hundreds of miles of waterfront, as metropolitan New York's logical play place. But there was then just one 118-acre state park, and that approachable only by water. His vision of a gigantic city playground necessitated the building of roads and bridges — as well as the acquisition of land over the protest of the social gentry who objected to the invasion of "the rabble." Skeptical of the eagerness of regular highway agencies to do the job, he mapped

out certain arterial highways, planned them as roads bordered by shoe-string parks, dubbed them "parkways," and thus smuggled them under his own wing.

Jones Beach in 1927 was an almost inaccessible reef of wind-blown sand. By the summer of 1931 it had become a bathing place to challenge the Riviera's best. It took \$15,000,000 to work this miracle. And it took Robert Moses' stubborn faith that a public beach did not need Coney Island sideshows to be popular and prosperous.

Last summer the beach attracted 4,000,000 holiday seekers. The majority drove there, along Moses-built Long Island roads. They parked their cars for a quarter somewhere on the 78 acres of concrete parking space. They found many things to do. They could stroll or be rolled in a chair up and down the mile of boardwalk. For a fee they could play pitch-putt golf, shoot arrows, or throw horse-shoes; they could join a free "body-building" class. They could order lunch on an open-air terrace or eat it on the beach. They could take their kids for a row on the still water of the bay. At night they could watch fireworks or see a play or a light opera presented on a floating marine stage.

People cannot, however, find any bingo or shoot-the-chutes or knock-them-all-down-and-take-home-a-babydoll. They cannot stay overnight, for Jones Beach is a 16-hour resort. They cannot change to bath-

ing suits in their cars. And they cannot, with impunity, drop banana peels or sandwich ends anywhere but in the refuse cans, built like ship ventilators, that dot the boardwalk and the sand. For Robert Moses' public play projects are dedicated not only to healthful and educational fun, but also to public cleanliness and good manners.

When Jones Beach first opened, droves of immaculately uniformed attendants patrolled the beach and conspicuously picked up every bit of refuse as soon as it was dropped. When someone spat on the boardwalk, they would stoop down and wipe it up. The offender might not see this, but a hundred others would, and would be shamed out of duplicating the act. By such spectacular means, Jones Beach has been able to cut down its police force by two thirds. This has helped the beach become not only spotless but self-supporting, with most of the revenue coming from parking and bathhouse fees.

By 1933 Moses' many public services had made him an important candidate for the Fusion nomination for Mayor of New York City. He declined, however, in favor of La Guardia. When La Guardia was elected he offered Moses any job he wanted. Moses picked parks. This gave an even wider scope for his ideas about the city's recreation than the state job had. He wrote out, in longhand, a detailed scheme of how he'd like to beautify New York City.

Since then he has devoted himself — with time out for an abortive campaign for the governorship in 1934 — to carrying out that scheme.

As city Park Commissioner, Moses inherited just one publicly operated beach, a neglected strip east of Coney Island. It had to be reached by ferry, and its one ugly bathhouse was already being threatened by the sea. Moses deepened the beach, added new buildings, opened a new bridge and parkways to reach it, and thus increased its patronage from 500,000 to 1,725,000 in three years. Meanwhile, at the upper end of the city he built Orchard Beach, a miniature replica of Jones Beach, with a mile of broad white sand.

The park system Moses inherited was a mess: moth-eaten grass, scabby trees, rotting fences, decrepit Tammany-pensioned attendants. The few children's playgrounds had little equipment and were usually closed shortly after school hours and over week-ends. Now the parks are curried-combed, the attendants efficient and uniformed. Some 400 playgrounds are open late in the day and on Sundays, and are well equipped. To get the space, Moses picked up every patch of land reasonably available, from tiny corner lots to a stretch of seven solid blocks on the lower East Side.

In quadrupling, as he has, the city's recreation plant, Moses has not neglected the adults. He has built tennis courts, swimming pools, and golf courses. A striking example

of his work is the Split Rock golf course, whose clubhouse would be the envy of most private clubs, and whose bunkers were cursed by some 40,000 golfers last season.

When Mayor La Guardia named his new Park Commissioner to the Triborough Bridge Authority as well, Harold Ickes is said to have grumbled from Washington, "Can't you find any other capable man out of 7,000,000 New Yorkers?" For, aside from the Moses-Roosevelt grudge which dates from a squabble over appointments in the middle '20's, the New Deal did not take kindly to letting a dynamic anti-New Dealer handle its millions. So Secretary Ickes issued notorious Order 129, specifically directed against Moses, which forbade any city jobholder a controlling voice on any project using PWA funds. Moses threatened to resign all his park jobs to keep the bridge chairmanship, whereupon the howls of the whole pro- and anti-New Deal press forced Ickes to back down.

The Triborough Bridge connects three of the city's five boroughs. It is really four bridges over water, 12 bridges over land and 14 miles of highway approaches — all these interconnected with looping right turns only. Under the Bridge ends and on its island supports, Moses built playgrounds, recreation fields and a municipal stadium in which the 1936 Olympic tryouts were held. The total cost was \$60,000,000. Over half of it came as federal gifts or loans. But

the Bridge is self-liquidating, thanks to a daily average of 30,600 cars going over it. The original bonds have been retired at a profit of \$1,365,000 to the federal authorities, through a new bond issue sold to private investors.

Even before the Triborough was finished, Moses had begun to brood about a decent highway to feed it from the east. The only available route was through the expanse of stinking refuse known as the Corona Dump, and the swampland bordering it. Not only did the engineering expense look prohibitive but, short of remaking the entire area, any such road would have been most unpleasant to travel.

About this time, agitation started for a New York world's fair. Moses saw his chance, and delivered one of his ultimatums. As Park Commissioner he would not lift a finger to help with any world's fair unless it picked as its site the Corona Dump and swamp, and unless it was so planned as to leave the city a new park when the Fair was over. The Board of Estimate gulped, but voted the funds. In less than nine months, working 24 hours a day with the help of floodlights, Moses' men cleaned out and leveled the dump, filled in most of the swamp, cut the rest into two lakes, and thus turned the Corona Dump into Flushing Meadow. The Fair must remove all its fancy structures as soon as it closes, and the city will receive a ready-made park.

Perhaps the most pointed description of the way Robert Moses works is contained in a letter to him from New York's Department of Sanitation. Moses had complained about street cleaners' refuse cans alongside park property.

"The responsibility for this," came the reply, "is not entirely ours. During your administration the sudden appearance of parks alongside our cans has caused much consternation among our men. We try to keep our cans away from your parks. We have moved them from place to place, each time picking locations adjacent to vacant properties, and overnight a park appears."

As city Park Commissioner, Moses

has completed some 1800 separate projects, in itself no mean achievement — and all this in addition to his other state park and bridge jobs. Moses says he will step out of the park service as soon as the big construction is finished and only operation and maintenance remain. Whether or not he ever climbs higher in the hierarchy of government jobs, the vast and tangible works already to his credit will stand as his great monument. Meanwhile he has already achieved a reward beyond any promotion the fickle voters may bestow on him. That is the inner satisfaction of knowing that he is one of the nation's ablest public servants.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

SHE MADE a rosary of her slights and injuries and has been counting her beads publicly ever since. (Milton MacKaye) . . . Clothes? She had as many coats as an onion! . . . She's far from her old sylph (Jimmy Fidler) . . . She defrosted him with a glance (Graeme and Sarah Lorimer) . . . It was more than a smile — it was a little sonata in three movements (Lloyd C. Douglas)

How Else
Would
You
Say It?

She's very tantrumal (A.B. Watson) . . . The rain humdrummed on my roof (Frances E. Bryan) . . . Such snoopidity (Jane Hoskins)

HE TOSSED a yeasty word into the conversational dough (A. Hamilton Gibbs) . . . A profile like a bird of prey (Somerset Maugham) . . . He dresses like an unmade bed (quoted in *Life*)

SPRING WEATHER gives him ruralgia (L. Petroc) . . . A drizmal day (Enid Sharp)

GRACIOUS as the dip of a dancing wave (Justin McCarthy)

Personal Glimpses

Bernard Shaw

BERNARD SHAW's name first became familiar to the general public as the result of scurrilous attacks, disguised as interviews, made upon him by a section of the London evening press. The interviewer would force his way into Shaw's modest apartment, apparently for no other purpose than to bully and insult him.

Many people maintained that Shaw must be an imaginary personage. Why did he stand it? Why didn't he kick the interviewer downstairs? Failing that, why didn't he call in the police? It seemed difficult to believe in the existence of a being so Christian as this poor persecuted Shaw appeared to be. Everyone talked about him.

As a matter of fact, the interviews were written by Shaw himself.

— Jerome K. Jerome, *My Life and Times* (Harper)

Mark Twain

PEOPLE who claim to know say that I smoke the worst cigars in the world. But observe what superstition, assisted by a man's reputation, will do. One night I was to have 12 friends to supper, one of them as notorious for costly cigars as I was for cheap and devilish ones. I called at his house and when no one was looking borrowed a double handful of his very choicest cigars which cost him 40 cents apiece and bore red-and-gold labels in sign of their nobility. I removed the labels and put the cigars in the box of my favorite brand — a brand which those people all knew, and which cowed them completely.

At the end of supper, when cigars were offered, they took them, lit them, and struggled with them in dreary silence for a short time. Then they made excuses and filed out, treading on one another's heels with indecent eagerness. In the morning I found all the cigars between the door and the front gate, except one — which lay in the plate of the man from whom I had cabbaged the lot. He told me afterward that some day I would get shot for giving people that kind of cigar to smoke.

— Samuel Clemens, *What I: Man?* (Harper)

Georges Clemenceau

ONE DAY in a little village in the East Indies, I noticed a little statuette, and said to the dealer, "I like your statuette. How much is it?"

"Because it's you," he answered, "75 rupees."

"Because it's I," I answered, "I offer you 45 rupees for it."

He raised his hands to heaven. "Forty-five rupees! You're making fun of me. What if anyone happened to hear of it?"

"Forty-five rupees," I said.

Then he made a fine gesture of indignation. "Impossible. I'd rather give it to you."

"Agreed!" I took the statuette, stuffed it into my pocket, and said, "You are extraordinarily kind, and I thank you. But it is quite evident that this gift can only come from a friend to a friend. Consequently you won't take it amiss if I in turn make you a gift."

"Naturally not."

"Well, here are 45 rupees to use in good works."

He took them, and we parted, enchanted with each other.

— *Georges Clemenceau*, by Jean Martet (Longmans, Green)

Samuel Goldwyn

SAMUEL GOLDWYN and his ace director, William Wyler, cannot get along either with, or without, each other. Twice Wyler has walked out on Goldwyn in the middle of a picture, and twice Goldwyn has called him back. Now, when the two fiery personalities confer over important problems, each deposits on the desk before them a \$100 bill. The one who raises his voice first forfeits the money. It works.

— *Erskine Johnson*

Dwight Whitney Morrow

THE LATE Dwight Morrow, who was very absent-minded, was once reading earnestly on a train when the conductor asked for his ticket. Frantically Mr. Morrow searched for it.

"Never mind, Mr. Morrow," the conductor said. "When you find it, mail it to the company. I'm certain you have it."

"I know I have it," exploded Mr. Morrow. "But what I want to know is, where in the world am I going?"

William Lyon Phelps

HAVING TO SPEAK at a public dinner in Chicago, I found my place at that pillory of torment, the speakers'

table; and there, seeing a magnificent man in evening dress, I gave him my name and grasped his hand with what cordiality I could command.

"I'm the headwaiter, sir," he replied.

"Shake hands again, old man," I cried. "You don't know how I envy you!" — *Autobiography* (Oxford University Press)

Ignace Jan Paderewski

I SHALL ALWAYS believe that Cockey Roberts, a parrot who used to come regularly to my room when I was practicing, was really interested in my playing. If I had closed the door, he would knock sharply with his beak. I would keep very quiet, and he would knock again, a little harder. "Who is there?" I would call out. An angry voice would answer, "Cockey Roberts." "Who?" I would say, pretending not to understand, and that angry shrill little voice would come again: "Cockey Roberts! Cockey Roberts!"

Of course I had to let him in after that, and he would walk straight to the piano and perch on my foot for hours, the pedaling — and my pedaling is very strenuous — did not seem to disturb him in the least. He would sit on top of my foot, and from time to time he would say in a very loving and scratchy voice, "Oh Lord, how beautiful! How beautiful!"

Ah, it was touching.

— Ignace Jan Paderewski and Mary Lawton
The Paderewski Memoirs (Scribner)



THE GOLF beginner swung three times at the ball on the first tee, and missed. Undiscouraged, he looked up at the crowd on the clubhouse porch and observed: "Tough course."

— Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

A Michigan judge salvages many young
lives with the help of 2000 citizens

Bad Boys and Good Neighbors

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

A DULL, 15-year-old girl fidgeted in a chair across the desk from young Judge Hatfield. Beside her sat the matron on the Berrien County Detention home. The Judge tipped back his chair informally and studied some papers. The room was informal, too, with shelves full of shabby books, a bust of Lincoln in one corner, photographs of men and dogs everywhere. Outside an endless line of trucks rumbled toward Chicago, or this lake-shore town of St. Joseph, Mich. (pop. 8500), is the center of the greatest fruit-growing region in the Middle West.

It all looked very casual — but court was in session, just the same. The Judge was studying a police report.

"This girl frequents beer joints," he read. "Out nights with men. Uncle and teachers claim she is unruly."

"See me tomorrow," Hatfield said. When matron and girl had left he drove to Blankville, the girl's home town. There he dropped in on preacher, a grocer, a garage man and a country doctor, neighbors of delinquent Mary.

"Know anything about her?" he asked each in turn.

They knew a great deal, and told it. Not evidence which could be admitted in court, no scientific case-worker's notebook data. Just facts and opinions from four plain citizens to whom Mary and her Uncle Jake with whom she lived were neighbors and human beings.

"Jake's a skunk," the grocer said. "Works the kid to the bone. Whales her." "He starves her," the garage man added. "Dresses her in rags. He's mean and lazy." The preacher said Mary never attended Sunday school, took part in no group activity.

"Jake's house is a pigpen," the doctor grumbled. "Funny, too, him coming from good folks. His sister's a decent woman, teaching school near Watervliet. Can't see why she didn't get Mary when her folks died, instead of Jake."

Next day Jake and his sister sat in the courtroom, hearing Hatfield's plan. The sister would take Mary, offer her a fresh start in new surroundings.

"See that she meets some young people," Hatfield counseled. "Take

her to church and the movies. Help her with her school work. Get her a pretty dress."

That was six months ago. Mary is doing well, so far, in her new home, thanks to Hatfield's idea that one good neighbor is worth many scientific case records.

More than 2000 such neighbors in Berrien County serve as unofficial, unpaid friends of Hatfield's court. These volunteers represent all creeds and racial groups, speak a dozen languages. Hatfield picks them carefully, either from his own wide acquaintance, or from among the leaders in church, education or community betterment groups. They must be decent, stable, sensible folk, warm-hearted and square-shooting. The young Judge never picks an adviser quickly.

The county budget allows Judge Hatfield only one paid investigator to work in this community of 100,000. So for six years he has depended upon the opinions and advice of plain citizens.

"Common sense and common helpfulness make pretty good law," he contends, and the state supreme court has backed up this opinion in all 15 appeals from his court.

Slight, intense, with a soft voice, eager gray eyes and a movie star's profile, Malcolm Hatfield looks younger than his 38 years. His father was a Hoosier village harness-maker, broken in health by service in the Spanish-American War. Plagued by illness and pov-

erty, the family moved from Indiana to Colorado to Michigan and back to Indiana.

It may be the memory of these migrations which causes Hatfield to remove troublesome children promptly from homes where there is no stability, settle them with families which have deep roots.

Hatfield was earning 50¢ each ten-hour day in the onion fields when he was eight years old. He put himself through school. At 16 he enlisted in the army for the World War, was summarily discharged when officers discovered he had falsified his age. A year later he re-enlisted. Following the war he worked nights shoveling coal, by day attended the University of Notre Dame.

Completing a course in journalism, he decided he did not want to be an editor after all, and while studying for his master's degree, took a teaching job in the Niles, Mich., public schools, within easy commuting distance of his classes.

That year, 1933, all Michigan heard about him when, at a state teachers' convention, he angrily asserted, "If children play truant, it's because they dislike you teachers, and they don't dislike you unless you have given them good reason."

After that outburst the governor appointed him to the state council on delinquency.

In Michigan, children's courts are presided over by county probate judges. Unable to find a law-

ever willing to be a candidate against the popular incumbent judge, politicians drafted the young schoolmaster. To the amusement of old-timers, Hatfield built up his own "machine" among parent-teacher clubs, Ladies' Aid, church groups — and won, hands down. Twice since then voters have returned him to office on the Democratic ticket, in a county overwhelmingly Republican.

Last year he found that most of the children brought to his court came from families on relief. Parents got \$2.50 a week for food, plus 50 cents for each child. So his wife and he emptied their cupboards, settled down on a relief subsistence allowance.

"Corn mush, potatoes and oatmeal!" he cries. "Day after day! You get so you can't eat. You'd beg, steal, do anything for a good steak or a glass of orange juice. We stuck it out two weeks. Now when a child from a home on relief is brought in for stealing, I always think back over those two weeks before I make a decision."

Hatfield does not claim that this is the only method of handling juvenile offenders, or even the best.

"Trained field staffs and well-equipped research bureaus and daily psychiatric clinics are splendid if you can get them," he says. "But remember that not more than 100 of America's 3000 counties can afford them. The rest of us have to

get along as best we can with the brains God gave us."

Hatfield lectures to educational groups, church clubs, civic bodies, always for a fee. Much of the money is spent on his charges — for movie tickets, dues to young people's societies, summer outings, Boy Scout uniforms. With some of it he once purchased a pig.

A teacher had telephoned: "You must do something about Ralph P——. He runs away, hates his teachers, is a dangerous influence."

"I'll look into it," Hatfield promised. He discovered that when Ralph played hookey he always headed for farm country. So he sent for the boy, suggested a walk together.

"Ralph got excited whenever we passed a herd of cattle or a team of horses," he explained. "But pigs were his passion. The rest was easy. His father, a poor man, agreed to move to the country."

The day after the family moved, the pig arrived. That was two years ago. Last fall the boy won a prize with his fattened hog at the county fair, he has several litters growing into bacon, belongs to the 4-H Club, makes good marks in school, never plays hookey, is saving his money to buy a farm.

Another time a tall 17-year-old Negro, ragged, underfed, sullen, faced the court on his third larceny charge in two years.

"Why do you keep on stealing, Charley?" Hatfield asked.

"Only way to get anything I know of," the boy replied. The Judge glanced at his record. Charley was right. In his miserable world, stealing was probably the only way. Kindness, self-respect, common decency, were outside his personal experience.

Hatfield telephoned to his wife "Bring me a complete change of clothes, quick," he requested.

"Lucky we wear the same size," he remarked. "I've got a job in mind for you, and I want you to look your best when you go after it."

One of Hatfield's good neighbors gave Charley part-time work. That was three years ago. Charley still holds the job, is finishing high school, plans to enter the State University next fall, later to study medicine.

Getting such results is often hard on Hatfield's wife and friends. One day last winter a relief agency petitioned that a family of six children be taken away from their parents, who could not or would not provide a home. The jobless father, without a roof, a stick of furniture, a scrap of food or a penny, had lost hope.

The Judge found a small house to rent for \$5 a month. He hired a truck, sent it to the homes of friends to pick up such bedding, furniture, clothes and food as they could spare. He told his wife: "A man's coming round for the kitchen table and chairs in a few minutes — and a mattress, too."

"But what will *we* do without them?" she asked.

"We'll get along," he answered quietly. "The Lord's been good to us and we might as well pass along our blessings."

Each week he shares his ideas with several million readers of village newspapers and church journals. His column, "Children in Court," he distributes free to any editor who asks for it, and so many have asked that it costs him hundreds of dollars a year for printing and mailing.

This column, in one-syllable words, discusses "The Old-Fashioned Home," "Vulgar Language," "Hitch-Hiking," "The Air-Gun Evil," the responsibility of parents, the school and the church toward youth.

Children need not live in Berrien County to get his aid. Last fall a friend in Detroit, 150 miles away, telephoned to him about a young girl in poor surroundings who was "going to the dogs."

"Put her on the next bus," Hatfield directed. "We'll meet her." He hung up and turned to his wife. "We're going to have company for a couple of weeks," he announced, and a youngster from across the state did not "go to the dogs."

Young Judge Hatfield is salvaging many boys and girls. His tools are kindness, hope, common sense and human understanding. His helpers are 2000 good neighbors.

Titania of the Airways

Condensed from *Coronet*

Archibald Rutledge

Author of "Children of Swamp and Wood,"
"Wild Life of the South," etc.

THE HUMMINGBIRD is the tiniest feathered creature in all the world, one of the most brilliant in plumage, and the only bird that can fly straight up, down, sideways and backward. This faerie Titania of the airways delicately feeds on the wing and sparkingly bathes in tiny ponds of dew caught on broad leaves — a flying flower fashioned by Nature in an inspired mood.

Nearly 200 years ago, Oliver Goldsmith, in his *History of Animated Nature*, listed three or four hummingbirds. We know now that, including subspecies, there are 638 recognized kinds — the largest bird-klan in nature. It is distinctly a New-World clan, native especially to Central and South America. Eighteen species visit the U. S., but only one, the exquisite ruby-throat, has been found east of the Mississippi. He is the greatest wanderer of his tribe; on gossamer wings he makes, every year, the prodigious journey from the tropics far into Canada, traveling along great sweeping curves at an approximate speed of a mile a minute. Moreover he can sustain his pace, for he

makes a nonstop flight across the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 500 to 600 miles.

From so radiant a creature, one would expect love-making of a celestial kind. And indeed it is. In a wide arc the wee suitor sweeps up and down in the amorous oscillations of the "pendulum dance," his brilliant plumage flashing forth colors from ruby to topaz, from emerald to sapphire. In a gown that is somber compared to his glittering array, the female, perched on a twig, watches with elaborate indifference. But he dances tirelessly, sometimes varying his program with acrobatic feats, until by a sign that he alone understands, his beloved accepts him.

If, during these ecstatic maneuvers, a rival male appears, a battle royal ensues; often one of the fighters will fall to earth vanquished, while his conqueror, almost equally exhausted, will perch nearby, panting from the ferocity of the struggle. But the boundless valor of the hummingbird is never so spectacular as when he "takes on" creatures much larger than himself. He will assail nearly all the common birds,

even the crow and the red-shouldered hawk — dashing exploits that put him in a class with David when he defied Goliath. His weapon is his long, needlelike bill, with which he is said to attack the eyes of his enemies. At any rate, such is the swift valor of his onset that I have never seen him fail to rout a disturber of his peace. A most astonishing display of bravery occurred one day during the courtship of two rubythroats, as low overhead there passed the shadow of a great bald eagle. I could not follow the flight of the gnomelike champion as he sped after this formidable bird of prey. I only know that the huge bulk of the eagle flared suddenly upward, dodged ponderously, and beat a precipitate retreat.

Insects, often caught on the wing, constitute a regular part of his fare, but the hummingbird exists also on the nectar of flowers. During the course of 40 years I have seen him at work on nearly 50 different flowers. He prefers red to any other color, so much so that I have seen him momentarily investigate the possibilities in a ripe tomato. He can be trained to feed on a thin syrup made by boiling for five minutes equal parts of water and sugar. Ordinary test tubes make good receptacles, and are especially alluring if wrapped in red paper. After a hummingbird becomes used to the presence of a human being, he will often feed from a test tube held in the hand.

The hummer's nest is a tiny masterpiece of architectural beauty, about an inch and a half in diameter. It may be as low as six feet from the ground, and as high as 80. The interior is lined with cottony down from fern-stalks or other sources, and has the softness of velour. The outside is delicately shingled with lichens, stuccoed with bits of moss and wisps of bark, all fastened with fibers and strands of spider web. In strong light the nest is dimly iridescent in soft shades of yellow, red, blue, and dull green. Sometimes the lichens covering the nest will be the same as those on the supporting limb, producing a perfect camouflage. Indeed, it is usually very difficult to distinguish a hummer's nest from a knot on a limb. Location is variable. On the front porch of a home at Independence, California, an Anna's hummingbird has nested for 18 years (probably descendants of the original bird) on top of an electric-light bulb, the nest being fastened to the wire.

The hummingbird invariably lays two eggs, snow-white, and about as large as little peas; often more than one brood will be reared in a season. The young hatch in two weeks. When they are born, they are naked, helpless, blind; and they curiously resemble insects. The mother feeds them about every 15 minutes with food that she has partly digested. In about three weeks the infants are ready to leave the nest, but

st they try their wings. Each baby lifts its wings and beats them until they form a halo about him, but he does not at once rise. Many of her young birds fall out of the nest and flop about helplessly, but not so the young hummer who, after he has tested his wings, takes to flight.

Because of endless variations in shape and length of their wings, not all hummingbirds hum. Some are almost silent, a fact that renders them positively wraithlike. A few of the tropical species have

been heard to sing — a tiny insect-like thread of song. Except for the zooming of their wings, and the chitterings of excitement or anger, they are silent sprites.

Walt Whitman says that the marvel of the joint of his thumb is enough to confound all the atheists. Let the skeptic also regard the hummingbird, the Titania of the boundless airways. All that we can imagine of sprightliness and delicate grace, of dazzling color and faerie charm is found in this tiny favorite of nature.



"Music Hath Power . . .

"THE MOST appreciative musical audience I ever encountered in America," declares José Iturbi, "was in a Connecticut lunch-wagon where I had stopped for coffee. There was a good deal of clatter until the Sunday evening symphonic program went on the air. Then the counterman stopped washing dishes — and listened; the man next to me set his cup down very carefully, the waitress stopped stacking dishes — and listened. By that time the place was comparatively quiet, but the counterman scowled at four hamburgers sizzling on the griddle and carefully removed them. This gave the waitress an idea: she went to the end of the lunch-wagon and took down a duck that was roasting noisily on a spit. Then the silence was complete. The incident was a more profound tribute to the power of good music than the applause of many a more cosmopolitan group of music lovers."

—Musical Digest

I have my own particular sorrows, loves, delights; and you have yours. But sorrow, gladness, yearning, hope, love, belong to all of us, in all times and in all places. Music is the only means whereby we feel these emotions in their universality.

—Harry Overstreet, About Ourselves (Norton)

"Information Please"

IN CONNECTION with an article on radio's popular program "Information Please," the January Reader's Digest presented a group of typical questions as submitted by the public in an attempt to "stump the experts." Here is a second group. Answers on page 107.

1. Two groups of campers, one on the seacoast and one on a high mountain, drop eggs into boiling water. Which campers will get hard-boiled eggs first?

2. Give the origin of each of the following words: bloomers, sandwich, guillotine, Vandyke, gerrymander.

3. Name the athletic games in which the following number of contestants constitute a team: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

4. What are the American equivalents of these British terms: petrol; multiple shops; road diversion; hire-purchase system; butter muslin?

What are the British equivalents of these American terms: garters (men's); run in a stocking; bouncer; a "choo-choo," children's name for a locomotive?

5. Why would it never be necessary for the man in the moon, if married to a chatterbox, to tell her to shut up?

6. Why did the following otherwise obscure towns once assume an important place in the news: Amerongen, Holland; Kitty Hawk, N. C.; Plymouth, Vermont; Monts, France?

7. Give five common expressions using the names of nations or people: e.g., "Take French leave."

8. Name the two rulers of countries engaged in the World War who still retain their thrones. Name any surviving members of the "Big Four" at the Versailles Conference of 1919. Name the only surviving general of the Allied high command.

9. How is immigration to the United States from the following countries restricted: England, Brazil, China?

10. Mention three political assassinations and one political kidnapping that have occurred since the World War.

11. What three public offices did Franklin D. Roosevelt hold before becoming President of the United States?

12. Identify the nations near at present or in the past by the names: A. B. C. Powers; Sick Man of Europe; Celestial Empire; The Land of the Middle Way; Big Brother of the Western Hemisphere; Mother of Parliaments.

Other quotations from this program are included in a book, "Information Please," edited by Dan Golenpaul, to be published by Simon & Schuster this spring

¶ Impostors, using the names of well-known writers, take in a gullible public

Beware the Fake Author

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Frederick Lewis Allen

Author of "Only Yesterday," "The Lords of Creation," etc.

A FEW YEARS AGO Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, received a letter from a man in Chicago imploring her to stop ruining his son's life. To her amazement she read that she was living in Chicago, that she had been trying to coax the son to give up his business career and become a writer; that she had taken him with her on a trip to St. Paul; and that altogether she was demoralizing him.

Mrs. Atherton promptly replied that she had not only never met the gentleman's son but had not been in Chicago for years. Plainly somebody was impersonating her. And she suggested that the young man take his "Gertrude Atherton" to call upon a relative of hers, Ashton Stevens, dramatic critic of the Chicago *American*. Needless to say, the call was not made.

An altogether exceptional incident? On the contrary: at least half the widely known writers in America have at one time or another discovered that somebody, somewhere, was assuming their identity for purposes of his own. Why should this happen to authors more than to other people? Well, if a man claims

to be a well-known musician, somebody might thrust a violin in his hands or lead him to a piano. But nobody is going to set up a typewriter and ask a novelist to run off a chapter; and novelists' faces are not widely known. Their names, on the other hand, are. And they do command a certain deference, amounting sometimes to sentimental adulation.

Most literary impersonations probably begin in sheer vanity. A young man whose name happens to be Wilder, let us say, goes to a party in a town where he is not known. As the evening progresses, an attractive girl asks him if he is the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. If he is in a devil-may-care mood, he may admit that he is — or at least murmur something that is taken for a modest confession of authorship. The girl is impressed, and soon young Mr. Wilder finds himself the focus of the party.

There was an actual case involving Thornton Wilder which may well have begun in such a manner. The young "Mr. Wilder" got along very well until the local paper featured his presence in town and a

resident informed the paper by letter that she had given Thornton Wilder's mother the bassinet which had held him 40 years before. This worried the young man, for he was only 21, and he confessed all to the real Thornton Wilder and begged for mercy.

Or take an experience of Kenneth Roberts'. A few years ago he journeyed from Maine to Philadelphia, went directly to the office of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and was told there was a telephone call for him. A girl's voice informed him that she would accept his invitation to lunch. When he said there must have been some mistake, the voice assured him there was not; she was the girl who had come up from Charleston with him the night before. Hadn't he told her he could be reached at the *Post*?

Not all impostors, however, are content with the rewards of feminine attention. Often they lecture under their assumed names, cash checks, or try otherwise to make money on their false pretenses. While it was simply amusing to Mary Roberts Rinehart to learn that the governor of a western state, during a large round-up, had received a letter signed with her name and had thereupon asked the lady to sit in his box, it was somewhat disquieting to learn that a "Mary Roberts Rinehart" had lectured at a large western college. And once, stopping by chance at a hotel in Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Rinehart

found a letter addressed to her and waiting to be called for. The letter thanked her for her advice and said that the \$25 was on its way. Mrs. Rinehart did not recognize the signature, had never charged anybody for literary advice, had never stopped in Wilmington before; clearly an impostor was making money on her reputation.

The spurious lecturers are many and bold. One of them, who assumed the name of Edna Ferber, behaved so badly that outraged citizens of various towns protested to Miss Ferber's publishers at her rowdiness. It is said, incidentally, that this "Edna Ferber" — or another one — once spoke in a small Texas city on the same platform with a spurious "Octavus Roy Cohen," and that neither knew the other was not genuine.

It is difficult to bring such impostors to book. If I masquerade as Sinclair Lewis, run up a board bill in an Idaho town, try to make love to the landlady, and then decamp — as somebody once did — the real Mr. Lewis has only a somewhat dubious claim for damages; it is the landlady whom I have chiefly offended. Similarly it is the lecture audiences who are defrauded by the phony lecturers. And the people who have been thus victimized usually hesitate to confess their gullibility in court.

Apparently there is something irresistible to impostors in the idea of a pen name. Ben Ames Williams'

novel, *The Great Accident*, was laid in an Ohio town. Shortly after it was published, Mr. Williams' father was in Ohio and heard the book mentioned. "Yes," remarked a local man, "a fellow here in town wrote it." "Is his name Ben Ames Williams?" asked Mr. Williams' father. "No," was the answer, "he writes under that pseudonym."

An ingenious variant of this device is reported by Booth Tarkington: "A few months after *Monsieur Beaucaire* was published, I had a telegram from a classmate of mine on the West Coast. A young man from New York was out there, telling the girls he was the 'real Booth Tarkington' and giving away copies of *Monsieur Beaucaire* signed with his own name and mine after it in quotation marks.

"His explanation was that he came of proud old New York stock and they couldn't bear to have an author in the family, so he'd employed me to publish his manuscript under *my* name. My indignant classmate asked authority to expose the impostor. I wired him instantly: 'Please do not disturb the gentleman if he is giving the books away, because he has to buy them and I get 25 cents royalty per copy.'"

An author who writes under a pseudonym offers a shining target for this sort of imposture. Consider the experience of Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Baker not only is a noted writer on public affairs under his own name, but has written many

books about the contentment of country life, under the name of David Grayson. For nearly 25 years Mr. Baker has been annoyed by spurious "David Graysons."

It began back in 1915, when he learned that a certain David R. Grayson was in Denver, claiming to be the author of *Hempfield*, a serial then running in *The American Magazine*. Mr. Baker wired the Denver newspapers that the man was an impostor. Under cross-examination, the man admitted that he had not actually *written* the David Grayson stories, but argued that he had sent so many letters to the author that he felt he "had a share in them." It also came out that his wife had married him under the impression that he was the famous David Grayson.

In 1924 a "David Grayson" showed up in Pugh, Arkansas, cashed a bad check and disappeared. At about the same time there was a "David Grayson" in Portland, Tennessee. And in 1935 one whose ingenuity was exceeded only by his charm appeared in Indiana.

This man was dark and slender. Entranced by him, an Indiana girl was on the point of marrying him when she looked him up in *Who's Who*, had misgivings, and checked up in the nick of time. Meanwhile he had had an automobile accident (in a borrowed car), and had informed the insurance company that his home address was Amherst, Mass. (Mr. Baker's own address),

and that his driving license — which he had mislaid — was in the name of Ray S. Baker.

For some time thereafter Mr. Baker's correspondence echoed this gentleman's Indiana sojournings. "It seems like a dream now that you spent August, 1933, here in our village," said one letter. "My husband loves to tell the story about the old Indian that you told at the Old Settlers' celebration. . . ." And only last summer an Indiana family arrived at Mr. Baker's home and were somewhat dismayed at not meeting their dear old friend.

Few impostors thus make a career of it; most of them operate more briefly. There was, for instance, the "Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*" who cashed checks in the South — until the *Atlantic* printed an item to the effect that anybody south of Mason and Dixon's line who contemplated lending money to the Editor might well communicate with Boston first. There was the "Rockwell Kent" who traveled across the country on the bounty of art lovers — and who turned out to be none other than that notorious impostor-in-chief who usually passed himself off as a Prince of the former ruling house of Russia. He had been befriended by the real Kent, and had been able, while visiting him, to equip himself with Kent family photographs. "Mr. Kent" would arrive in town and bashfully make himself known, permit himself to be fêted by the

resident connoisseurs of arts and letters, cash a check or two, and depart.

Hervey Allen, since the success of *Anthony Adverse*, has been so troubled by people charging goods to his account that he has instructed all firms with which his family deals to fill orders only when his own special order blank is used and signed. And Margaret Mitchell has been so often impersonated that a number of southern newspapers have standing instructions to telephone her whenever a claimant to the authorship of *Gone with the Wind* appears in their vicinity. Thus does the public reward its favorites.

To those readers who live in towns remote from the literary centers, and to lecture-organizers generally (except those who deal with recognized lecture bureaus), I suggest, as the best protection against having their legs pulled, a reasonable skepticism. It may be well to remind them that most writers' photographs appear in the advertisements of their books. I suggest that they be particularly leery of anybody who claims to be writing popular books under a pseudonym.

If I shortly find myself in, let us say, a Pullman smoking compartment, and hear, by chance, some mention of this article, and admit to having written it, and if thereupon glassy eyes of suspicion are turned upon me, then — and only then — will I be content, knowing that my warning has taken effect.

☞ Stephens College fits its students to face life,
and get the most out of their time and their talents

Lifelike College

Condensed from Survey Graphic

George Kent

WHEN, in 1921, President James Madison Wood determined to make Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., a training ground for students in later life, he persuaded 305 college-bred women — spinsters, mothers of families, business women — living in 37 states to keep diaries over a period of three years. These daily records, revealing how the women spent their time, what they learned at college, what activities they felt college should have prepared them for, became the raw material of a completely new college program aimed at the real interests of the students, not at educating girls to pass examinations and take degrees. The program, worked out with the help of Dr. W. W. Charters of Ohio State University, is now in full operation and gives the 1528 girls of this junior college a means of acquiring skills, viewpoints, and resources which will be most useful to them in adult life.

How well this scheme works is shown, in part, by the fact that within five years after graduation 87 percent of the girls are married. And only three percent of these get

divorces, as compared with the eight percent among college-bred couples in general.

Junior colleges, of which there are now some 500 in this country, have generally more flexible programs than the conventional four-year institutions, but none of them has approached the problem as Stephens has, nor has any gone so far.

Everywhere on the Stephens campus you run into something that cuts through the traditional curriculum to what really matters to the students. The very classrooms are different. Instead of cold rows of seats before a dais, breeding a strained, self-conscious attitude toward learning, many of the rooms are furnished with brightly colored draperies and rugs, divans and easy chairs. The instructor delivers few formal lectures, seldom even calling the roll. Examinations are taken as a measure of progress rather than as final tests. And it works. Talk flies in these classrooms eagerly and intelligently. The students learn by thinking and doing, not by listening passively with notebooks ajar.

At one o'clock each day the stu-

dents rest in their rooms for an hour. Telephone switchboards shut down. Nothing moves. Here again, the broad plan which realizes that women are more tense and emotional than men, hence in greater need of relaxation.

In the physical education periods, the girls play golf and tennis, tap-dance and ride horseback. Exercise of the old-fashioned kind is administered only to reduce weight or correct physical faults.

Week-ends off the campus with relatives are encouraged because the faculty found that girls who went away did better in their classes than those who did not. During the spring holiday some 500 girls take a long chaperoned tour. Last year they went to California; this year, to Miami, via Washington and New York.

In the gymnasium you discover students parading before an arrangement of motion picture cameras and mirrors — a new attack on the seedy old problem of posture. The girls take it seriously. I saw students in the corridors strolling with books on their heads — a posture device. Visitors are always commenting on the girls' beauty, but perhaps Julia Coburn, director of the School of Fashion in New York, was shrewder when she said that they weren't better looking than other American girls, they simply carried themselves more gracefully.

Not long ago the newspapers

made much of the fact that Stephens was teaching the art of cosmetics. Other college officials raised their hands in horror. But, Dr. Wood reasoned, if girls will daub on lipstick, why not show them how to do it artistically? Personality and self-confidence are often tied up with this superficial practice. Now some 35 schools have set up similar grooming clinics.

In the clothing clinic at Stephens six seamstresses make dresses for students under the supervision of an expert designer. Price per dress, \$8. Here the rancher's daughter and the overdressed city girl come to discuss questions of color harmony, style, material, suitability. The head of the clinic accompanies inexperienced girls on their shopping expeditions, showing them how to make the most of their good points, and minimize their weak ones.

Each faculty adviser tries to work out an individualized schedule of studies for each girl. Instructors of even such traditional subjects as Latin and mathematics are urged to spend two weeks studying the personalities of the girls. Students are encouraged to reveal themselves in autobiographies and personal conference. Each one is visited in her home before she is admitted to the college. Parents are urged to tell what they want their children to get out of college. Reports mailed out each six weeks give no grades, but simply state how the girl is progressing toward

what she wants to become. A bright student who keeps up with her fellows, yet fails to do her best, gets a bad report. The timid child who scratches through but contrives to overcome her fears gets a good one.

In one room I saw a girl speaking into a microphone. Later the instructor will play back to her a record of the words she has spoken. The object is to make the normal voices of students lovely to the listener. The shock of hearing their own voices, if strident or harsh, often effects a speedy cure. In other cases the instructor shows them how to relax and thus use their voices naturally.

The students also learn the hitherto untaught art of *listening*. How can one be taught to listen? First, by the physical attitude of attention. Second, by silent participation: organizing the thoughts presented by the speaker so as to understand them better. It is an exercise in courtesy and concentration. And it has been amazingly effective in increasing attention, and with it, classroom grades.

There is a class devoted to letter-writing. With letters written by celebrities and past masters as models, the girls are shown that letter-writing is an opportunity to use all forms of expression from storytelling to poetry, with the informality that is the charm of an interesting and entertaining letter.

In spite of the ingenuity of such special clinics, serious study makes

up the larger part of the Stephens program. But even here I found the same gusto, the same fresh approach. Four times as many films, for example, are used for class instruction as at any other college in the country. When a teacher has a new way of teaching an old subject, he is encouraged to try it out.

Psychology, which usually begins with a study of the nervous system, starts off at Stephens with everyday problems: Why am I timid? Why does my mind wander? Detailed technical information comes along when needed, and then the students are eager for it.

Economics opens with a hard-boiled study of consumer problems. The students shop, weigh advertising, discount salesmanship. They apply the information to their own problems. After that it is simple to lead them into the basic economic laws.

The instructors never forget that most of these girls are not careerists but potential homemakers. In the course on interior design, for instance, the class goes into the price of draperies and couch covers, the merit and difference in fabrics—precisely the problems they will have when they set up housekeeping. Similarly, when Maude Adams was coaxed out of retirement by Dr. Wood to teach dramatics, she knew that most of the students would wind up as box-office patrons, not as stars. Hence, her job, with nearly 500 students taking part in

plays under her direction, is to develop an appreciation of the drama.

An important feature of Stephens' life is its Bible class, the largest Sunday school class in the country. For Stephens girls, attendance is compulsory. The rest of the 3600 members come mainly from the nearby University of Missouri. The class reflects President Wood's belief that a college cannot afford to neglect religion. As interpreted at Stephens, "religion" means not a rigid creed, but "the control and direction of the emotional life."

To Dr. Wood the library is the pivot of the curriculum. To encourage reading, library cards have been eliminated, the books standing on open shelves, checked in and out on the honor system. Further, the girls may carry to their rooms at the beginning of the term a dozen books unrelated to their studies and keep them the entire year, as their personal libraries.

There is also an art library — reproductions of the masters, and some original paintings — from which the girls borrow pictures to live with in their rooms. Records may be borrowed for phonographs if they have them — or the girls can sit in the parlors and hear the daily recitals piped in from the college collection of 1000 records.

Dr. Wood plans to erect near the campus a series of six houses, starting with a board shack lit by kerosene lamps, and progressing up the economic scale to a many-roomed

mansion, equipped with every luxury. The students will live in these houses, buying food, preparing it, living as their inhabitants would in real life. It will be not only a training in the economics of various income levels, but a training in life.

When Dr. Wood came to Stephens in 1912 it had less than 50 students, 11 teachers, a pocket handkerchief campus. Today the campus covers more than 200 acres, walled in by some 24 modern, fire-proof buildings. Its faculty, receiving salaries of from \$1500 to \$7500 a year, is probably the highest paid of any junior college in the land. Students pay from \$875 to \$950 a year for room, board and tuition. Which means that Stephens has an established cash income of \$1,400,000, enabling it to pay its own way and handle a reasonable expansion.

There are many signs of a growing impatience with education which disregards most of the realities of the students' lives. Parents, taxpayers, even teachers the country over are asking what is to be gained by the pursuit of unrelated courses, simply because "they've always been taught" or because "they're required for college entrance." Stephens is giving students a chance to acquire abilities the world will demand. Its girls leave college self-confident, intelligent individuals who know how to get the most out of their time, their talents and their money.

Several thousand Americans — some of your favorite movie stars among them — are now wearing contact lenses

Invisible Spectacles

Condensed from Hygeia

Wilson Chamberlain

SIX THOUSAND Americans today are wearing "invisible spectacles." The starry eyes of a dozen favorite movie stars — of both sexes — are triumphs of the laboratory. And numerous ships' officers, singers, fashion models, at least one big-league ball player, go about their daily affairs without anyone guessing that they are peering through lenses.

They wear, attached by suction to the eyeball itself, a paper-thin shell of glass or bakelite, its center a tiny lens made to optical prescription. These "contact lenses" move with the eye; a foot away they are invisible.

The advantages of these lenses to actors, lecturers and others who must look their best before the public are obvious. Persons afflicted with certain eye diseases, notably keratoconus, in which the cornea becomes softened and deformed, find that contact lenses are the best aid to vision they can get. There are other reasons which account for their growing popularity: Unlike spectacles, they cannot be knocked off; they do not get misty in rain. Professional athletes of

course find spectacles a great handicap and are turning to contact lenses. Ships' officers and yachtsmen have found they obviate trouble with spray. In industry special contact lenses serve more conveniently than heavy goggles to protect eyes against chemical fumes or intense light. In Germany, where the contact lenses originated, 50,000 persons wear them for any one of these many reasons.

But there are disadvantages, too, which make it unlikely that contact lenses will ever abolish or even noticeably diminish the use of conventional spectacles. Unless you have a strong reason for needing contact lenses your eye specialist is likely to discourage you from adopting them. They are expensive, costing from \$75 to \$100 the pair, plus the specialist's fee for fitting. Furthermore, many persons find them uncomfortable; they feel an actual sense of "something in the eye." The "nervous" person, likely to complain of the fit of shoes or false teeth, never gets used to them. Persons with tight eyelids or hay fever cannot wear them at all.

Questionnaire replies from eye-

sight specialists in the United States showed that 80 percent of their patients who wear contact lenses to correct unusual eye conditions are perfectly satisfied. But of those who wear them for occupational or "cosmetic" reasons, one fourth to one half confess they are not completely comfortable with them. One patient wore contact glasses 16 hours a day for nearly five years without any bad effects. Wearers have kept them in for 36 hours at a stretch, but eye doctors recommend taking them out every four hours or so for a rest period. When one first adopts them, they are worn for only a few minutes at a time, the period gradually being lengthened as the wearer becomes accustomed to them.

Contact lenses are as safe as glasses. With thousands of them in use, only one case of breakage has been reported — and that did not damage the eye. The glass of a contact lens is tough and its firm contact with the elastic eyeball gives it little chance to shatter. One contact lens wearer received in a motor accident a savage cut across the eyelid. A naked or bespectacled eye would have been badly slashed. The contact lens took the blow undamaged and saved the eye. Even outside the eye, these tiny gadgets are hard to break. Careless handling may snap them, but unless they hit at just the right angle, they will bounce harmlessly when dropped on a stone floor.

In fitting contact lenses, great care is taken to minimize discomfort. Surfaces are polished to microscopic smoothness. Contact with the eyeball is lubricated by a special liquid placed in the hollow of the lens each time the wearer inserts them. The liquid is synthetic tears. The patient's own tears are analyzed to ascertain the degree of salinity, and then accurately matched in a prescribed solution.

To put a contact lens on, the wearer first fills the inverted shell-like lens with the salt solution. The shell is then held at the top of a little rubber suction tube, as one might hold an eyecup, then gently fitted under the eyelids, a process learned in a few trials. The salt solution touches the eyeball, and there is a slight suction which holds the glass so securely in place that only the firm pull of the suction tube will get it off again.

The theory of invisible eyeglasses was first expounded by Herschel, the English physicist, in 1827. Little was done with the idea until the late 1880's, when the Zeiss factory in Jena began experimenting with the construction of a thin, accurately ground glass bowl with a spherical surface, which could be placed directly on the eye. Today Zeiss lenses are ground to prescription as accurately as any spectacle lens.

Somewhat later a skillful German glass blower named Müller developed the blown-glass contact

ens. These blown lenses, still widely used, are not as accurate as ground lenses, but are often more comfortable. The blown lens covers almost all the front half of the globe of the eye, with a clear glass window in the center, and the rest cleverly painted to imitate the coloring and veining of the natural eyeball.

A third type of contact lens is the plastic. The American firm of Bausch & Lomb now puts out a white bakelite lens which matches perfectly the color and dimensions of the eyeball. The center part is clear optical glass ground to the proper prescription.

Formerly the fitting of these lenses was difficult and protracted. But the experiences of oculists, optometrists and expert mechanics have developed interesting innovations. In 1932, Joseph Dallos, eye specialist in Budapest, suggested the making of a cast of the living eye and fitting the contact lens on it exactly as one makes a cast of the mouth in order to produce exactly accurate teeth. The soft, waxy casting material is poured into an approximately fitting glass shell and placed on the eyeball, which has previously been anesthetized with cocaine. Thirty seconds later this is removed, producing a negative cast of the eyeball

from which an accurately fitting contact lens may be made.

In London a contact lens center has been developed, using the Dallos technique, at which as many as 65 glasses have been made in one day. The British specialists are convinced that with experience it may become possible to decrease the cost and make fitting simpler. In the United States there are several firms which have been working in close coöperation with leading eye specialists in the fitting of contact lenses.

A New York optometrist, William Feinbloom, discovered that a great deal of time, inconvenience, and the risk of breakage could be reduced if, instead of making a direct cast of the eyeball, he merely measured the patient's eye, made a bronze cast to those specifications, and then fitted the contact lens to the *cast*, rather than the patient's eye.

To meet the "cosmetic" challenge of the contact lens, eyeglasses are now made in 300 shapes and a wide variety of tints, to conform more closely in color and contour with the wearer's face. Contact lenses are establishing for themselves a place in the optical field, and progressive oculists and optometrists agree that the use of this scientific triumph will grow.



It is most important in this world to be pushing, but it is fatal to seem so.—Benjamin Fowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford

In Memoriam: Annie Sullivan

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

TO THE great woman who was the daughter of her spirit, Mrs. Macy was always "Teacher," and, in the household which grew up around these two, everyone called her that. But when at last it became my great good fortune to know her, it amused her vastly that I always called her Annie Sullivan. It was as Annie that I always thought of her, a child unkempt, star-crossed, desperate, dauntless — Annie Sullivan from the Tewksbury Almshouse.

The Sullivans were shanty Irish, and of all their hapless brood only three were still living, if you could call it that, when the frail mother joined the others in the graveyard. The father went on the drink then and, like an unmoored rowboat, drifted out of history, casually leaving his two youngest on the doorstep of the selectmen. Of these, Annie, the elder, was going on 11. By some fever that had once ravaged the shanty, her eyes were so blighted that she could hardly see. Jimmie was seven, a doomed and twisted little boy with a tubercular hip. His sister loved him with all her tremendous might, but the world

and the almshouse were too much for Jimmie. He died within the year, and it calls for a young Dickens to describe the time when little orphan Annie crept into the improvised mortuary and crouched all night beside the wasted, misshapen body of the only person she loved in the world. Indeed, you need the wrathful and compassionate Dickens of *Oliver Twist* and *Bleak House* to do justice to the Tewksbury Almshouse as it was in the '70's. Cripples, epileptics, syphilitics, stranded old folks, marked-down streetwalkers, drug addicts — all the acutely embarrassing mistakes of the community were put there where no one could see them, much as a slapdash housewife will tidy up for company by sweeping the dirt under the sofa. In that almshouse it must have taken a bit of doing to have faith in Massachusetts.

It was from a lively old prostitute who used to read *East Lynne* to her that Annie first heard there was a place somewhere in the world where she, too, might learn to read — a school for the blind called the Perkins Institution. Thereafter the Overseers of the Poor could not

make their periodic inspections in peace, what with this wild child always darting out at them and demanding that they send her to that school. Once she caught hold of the right coattails — a visitor, with power to act, who saw the point. In no time a lone and stormy petrel, who could neither read nor write nor see, and to whom such fripperies as a nightgown and a toothbrush were unfamiliar refinements, was knocking at the door of the Perkins Institution. She was 14 years old.

This school, the first of its kind anywhere, had been shouldered 50 years before by Samuel Gridley Howe, a gallant and gifted physician who has been overshadowed in the memory of his countrymen by the circumstance that his wife was the Mrs. Howe who wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. He was the first to attempt the education of a child who had neither sight nor hearing — little Laura Bridgman, after whom he named one of his own daughters, the Laura who was later to write *Captain January*. Never equipped to do battle with the world, Miss Bridgman lingered in the shelter of the Institution after Dr. Howe's death and was still there, a spinster pensioner, when Annie arrived. Annie was much in old Laura's company, and thereby became adept in the use of the hand alphabet. It is part of the endless fascination of Annie Sullivan's tapestry that in it the threads of destiny are thus so visible.

It was after she had run her course at the school that the doctors in Boston decided that her shrouded eyes might be operable. Wherefore she stood at 20, lovely to look at, toughened by experience, a young woman with clear eyes who yet knew Braille and all the technique of darkness, a woman with sharp ears who yet knew the speech and feelings of the deaf. At that fateful moment there arrived a letter from a Captain Keller of Tusculum, Alabama.

The letter reported the plight of the captain's daughter, Helen. When this child was 19 months old, some sickness had left her deaf and blind. Now she was seven, a mutinous, unmanageable animal, and would be needing something special in the way of a governess. In reading *American Notes*, by Charles Dickens, Mrs. Keller had found an account of a certain Laura Bridgman. But the book was already 40 years old. This Dr. Howe and his protégée, could they still be living? A harness salesman from Massachusetts, passing through Alabama, had then told the Kellers that the Perkins Institution, at least, still existed. Thus Captain Keller's letter. Could the Institution recommend a governess? "Annie, this looks like a job for you."

The nominee invested a month in reading the diary Dr. Howe had kept when he was leading the Bridgman child out of the dark silence. While she was thus cramming for

her first great test, the girls at the Institution clubbed together and bought a doll for Helen Keller. When old Laura made the clothes for it, that doll became not only a gift but a symbol and a talisman. In March, '87, Annie started south.

It began — this great adventure which soon the whole world was watching — in the cottage where for one racking month the strange teacher and her still stranger pupil were left alone together. In the beginning was the word, and, in memory of Laura Bridgman, the word was "doll." Our imaginations falter in contemplating the feat of first reaching that inaccessible mind with the notion that there *was* such a thing as a word. We still find miraculous the fact that at 24, with girls of her own age or thereabouts, Helen Keller was graduated from Radcliffe — *cum laude*.

It was only Helen the world saw at first. Or so at least it seemed to one envious boy poring over the contemporary magazine accounts of the children who were famous when he himself was a child. Wilhelmina, the girl queen of Holland; Alfonso, the boy king of Spain; Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist — I followed them all and begrudged them their eminence. In that great gallery was Helen Keller, and in particular there comes back to me the familiar picture taken with Mark Twain, Helen listening with her hand upon his lips.

But in time it dawned upon us

all that if Helen Keller was one of the wonders of the world, this woman who had taught her must be at least as extraordinary, a suspicion confirmed when in 1933 there was published Nella Braddy's biography of Anne Sullivan Macy — the record of such a shining triumph of the human spirit as must make anyone who reads it thank God and take courage.

When that book was new upon the shelf, there was unfolded the substance for its last and as yet unwritten chapter, wherein the wheel comes full round. From the little village in Scotland where these now legendary twain sought refuge came news that Annie Sullivan was blind again. In the half century during which her eyes had served her, she had forgotten all the ways of blindness, and was having to learn Braille again. It was Helen who taught her.

I first met her after she returned to America for the operation which would restore her sight for a second time — first met her in hospital where I learned that the gift to send a blind person every day is one small fragrant blossom that can be held in the hand — a gardenia, a sprig of mignonette, some leaves of rose geranium. Great costly bouquets, befouled with bolts of satin ribbon, were sent her in abundance. These, because she could not enjoy them herself, she passed on to a beau she had triumphantly acquired, the man in the

next room. Bless me, if it wasn't Sam Goldwyn!

Annie Sullivan and I were already old friends when we did meet, for a blind person is more dependent than most upon the broadcasters and, I uneasily suspect, is on to all our tricks, hears through our poor little pretenses. Because I used to read aloud to her, now on my desk is a crystal ball borne on the back of a crystal elephant. Annie Sullivan gave it to me for being a good boy.

But the meetings I most fondly remember were those when there would be a jabbering circle of us out at the house Helen used to own on Long Island — Annie Sullivan and Helen each tucking away an old-fashioned; Polly Thomson, the Scotch girl who came to them as secretary 25 years ago and became the rock to which both of them clung in time of storm; and — on one occasion — Harpo Marx, entranced at performing for such a one as Helen, who is just about the best audience in this world. Only afterwards would a newcomer realize with a start that in that circle had been one who could neither see nor hear, but who, touching Teacher's cheek with her left hand or holding out her right to Polly Thomson, had got as much as any of us out of the talk. As much or more. Watch Helen at a play and see how — I suppose through senses we have lost or never known — she, in perception and appreciation, is just a hair's breadth *ahead* of the house. It is *her* laugh, joyous as a

sunburst, which leads all the rest.

At Annie Sullivan's funeral there could have been no one who was not quick with a sense of the unimaginable parting which, after nearly 50 years, had just taken place. While I live I shall remember those services. Not for the great of the land who turned out, not for the flowers that filled the church with an incomparable incense, nor for the wise and good things which Harry Emerson Fosdick said from the pulpit. No, what I shall remember longest was something I witnessed when the services were over and the procession filing down the aisle, Helen walking with Polly Thomson at her side. I saw the tears streaming down Polly's cheeks. And something else I saw. It was a gesture from Helen — a quick flutter of her birdlike hands. She was trying to *comfort* Polly.

I saw them last on a December afternoon in the year just past, on the remote New Hampshire farm to which Helen had retreated — partly because, to one so dependent on her nose, New York in the automobile age is unbearably rank. Then she had to get away from the calls which reach her every day from the stricken cities of the world. Not, mind you, to get away for long. Annie Sullivan would count on her never to shirk. But just for enough quiet to let her write the story which only she can tell. For the book, there can be, I think, only one title, of only one word: "Teacher."

¶ The greatest migration in history transports the population, industry and education of China to its medieval interior provinces

China Moves Inland

A condensation of several articles in Asia

*W. H. Donald, Anna Louise Strong,
Pearl S. Buck and Schuyler Cammann*

DRIVEN BY the whirlwind of war, the life of China has fled inland. Life, industry, culture — banks and factories from Shanghai, students and professors from Peiping, many millioned populations from the coastal regions — all are swept back into provinces potentially rich but hitherto remote, inaccessible, uncrowded. A new China has begun.

With all its chaos, this great trek westward, possibly the greatest mass migration in all the history of the world, is not only bringing to the back country great problems; it is bringing also the energy and intelligence to solve them. The evacuation of Nanking, for example, went by military plan. Factories and universities went up-river, sometimes with a surprising amount of equipment intact. The National Central University put on boats its 1100 students, all its faculty, its library and laboratory equipment, and went to Chungking — where, no vacant buildings being available, they set up 24 temporary structures in 40 days.

Three years ago Nankai University at Tientsin began putting up buildings in Chungking and Yün-nanfu, in preparation for the very thing which has happened. When the Japanese bombed the university they thought they had destroyed it. But it was already not there. It was safe thousands of miles inland. The provisional schools for students from the war zone, started in Sian, are marching farther westward to the country bordering Tibet, carrying on a moving university as they go.

Even the unorganized millions begin to be fitted slowly, painfully, into the organized life. Government departments and social agencies, ancient and modern, find ways of saving the refugees. Some are sent to rural districts where land may be reclaimed and worked. Each of the 48 counties of Hupeh, for instance, was asked to take 5000 newcomers. Meanwhile, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. groups open camps for refugees, teach them to read, try to find jobs for them. So do practically all the foreign mission-

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ary stations. Even the old and reactionary Provincial Guilds are caring for refugees from their home provinces.

The government itself has moved to Chungking, chief port of western China, 1400 miles upriver and beyond the Yangtze gorges, inaccessible to Japanese gunboats and too far away for effective air-bombing. From Chungking, the development of a vast and prosperous inland empire can be peacefully organized. Szechwan Province alone, with its 155,813 square miles, is considerably larger than the whole of the British Isles. It is a rich farming region hitherto retarded by exactions of war lords. Many highways and factories have been built there during the past five years, and surveys have been made for railroads. And Szechwan is only a small part of the territory centering around Chungking. Chungking had a population of 624,000 before the war; this is now tremendously expanded.

The new China is not bottled up, though cut off from the old sea-ports. The Chinese are developing new trade routes, opening, as they call them, "back doors" to Europe and the South Seas which may in time become front doors. The chairman of the Highways Commission said that, in the first six months of the war, almost one fifth as many highways were built as in the preceding ten years.

Most spectacular of these new

routes are the two "10,000 *li* roads," one southwest to Burma, the other northwest to Russian Turkestan. Communications with Indo-China are also being strengthened. Meantime, railroad lines are being pushed to completion, some of them laid with rails pulled up from roadbeds in the area now occupied by the invader. The Chinese are trying to reach the Indo-China border by rail and hope the possibilities of trade will induce the British to build a line from Burma.

The highway which connects Chungking with Rangoon, 2100 miles away, was built in less than a year, with extremely primitive labor and equipment. Much of it is the old Tribute Road traveled by Marco Polo. Thousands of men, women and children, acting by families or clans, gathered heavy rocks together in long walls beside the road, drawing the heavier boulders on crude sledges pulled by oxen. Each section of wall was marked with the name-character of the family who built it. The rocks were cracked by patient old grandparents and those unfit for other work. Then the stones were laid, pressed down with crude stone rollers and surfaced with coarse gravel.

Many of the workers came from villages far from the road. They never had seen a "gas wagon." Dynamite was new to them, too. The detonation and the shower of rocks from an explosion delighted

them. They would stay too near, in spite of warnings, and the mortality rate was high. Incidentally, the drills to bore holes for the charges were the only modern machinery used; all other tools were of simple types in use for nearly 2000 years.

Headmen of all villages and chiefs of the various non-Chinese tribes of aboriginal stock living as far as eight days' march from the road were each required to send a given number of workers; and those chosen had to go unless they were wealthy enough to buy substitutes. No one was paid for his work. Protests were overruled; the road was a war measure. Its construction is one of the world's great feats of human labor. Repair and medical stations are being established along the route. Transport is being organized, not only motor vehicles, but also bullock carts, for which the government is trying to get old automobile axles and wheels. Nelson T. Johnson, American Ambassador to China, was the first to drive from Chungking to Rangoon over the highway.

Disturbed by this development, the Japanese have engineered "Burma for the Burmese" demonstrations in Rangoon which led to bloodshed. They are trying also to arm the tribesmen in Yunnan and incite them to destroy truck caravans and cut the bridges.

The Chinese government is busy with plans to increase the food supply for the incoming hordes.

Banks are extending millions of dollars in farm credits for improved seed, fertilizers and irrigation projects. Lands formerly planted in opium poppy and in the kind of rice used solely for wine-making must henceforth be planted to food crops.

There are magnificent mineral and agricultural resources to be developed. Exploring expeditions are said to have found oil. Iron is being made from abundant native ore in provinces which used to import it at great expense. Yunnan has one of the world's largest tin deposits, is rich in copper, iron and coal. The upper Yangtze has been known for centuries as the "River of Golden Sand." Szechwan, Sinkiang and the western part of Kansu are rich in gold. The tung tree, from the nuts of which the famous wood oil is crushed, flourishes abundantly everywhere; this is its original home. Szechwan harvests four crops a year. Drought is almost unknown.

Between Szechwan and Yunnan in the west are the vast potentialities of Sikong, a new province whose first government was inaugurated January 1, 1939. Sikong, though mountainous, is possessed of immense rolling grasslands similar to Canada's. Gold and other minerals and timber are plentiful. A railway from Burma would open a great reservoir of food and other resources. But such a line must penetrate mountains like the Rockies.

With 70 percent of China's factories and mills destroyed or in Japanese hands, the very cloth for the uniforms of many Chinese soldiers has to be bought from Japan. In order to break this stranglehold, new centers of industry are being established.

The refugees who are finding their way west have among them many artisans and craftsmen. Some have brought tools; those who could not will benefit by the government's great efforts to transport machinery and workshop equipment from the war-torn areas. It is common to see on the highways streams of vehicles, from donkey carts to trucks, piled with machinery, steadily and laboriously trekking westward through the mountains, with thousands of heavy-laden men, women and children patiently trudging after them. Steamers and all types of junks have brought full cargoes of machinery from far down-river. The bulk of the machinery that could be moved was brought from Hankow. Madame Chiang Kai-shek saw to it that 30,000 women and girl millworkers were transported west.

It has been agreed that the best hope is the building up of small plants, scattered throughout the interior. Financed in part by the government and in part by gifts, China expects to organize 30,000 producers' coöperatives. Many already are in operation. They are tanning leather, building small

boats, weaving and spinning textiles, mining coal, producing iron, making sulphuric acid, milling flour. These are nearly all old industries which modern methods had replaced.

In the northwest, 80 coöperatives are producing fuel alcohol, setting up electric lighting plants for villages, and operating knitting machines, besides carrying on the crafts already mentioned. In the southwest are coöperative towel mills, hosiery mills and dry-cell factories. Sugar refining, food preserving and cigarette-making are under way in the southeast. China's old strength was always in her decentralized industries. She is turning back to them, and this is her real offensive against Japan, for what the Japanese want is Chinese trade and resources. Without them, the conquest of the coast cities is futile.

Parallel with economic organization goes a tremendous cultural upswing. Students are pouring in by tens of thousands to organize and educate the peasants. The folk of the back country are elated to receive famous Peiping professors. Never, they say, have their sons had such chances of education as now. Education itself begins to be more practical. Civil engineering students study the making of bridges. Students of social sciences learn to organize farmers.

The great inner China, the original China, almost medieval, is sud-

denly being repopulated by the modern Chinese. For generations, leaders have besought students to go back to the interior, carrying modern knowledge. The students have humanly preferred the good jobs, the modern comforts, society and amusements of the ports. The young Chinese are compelled at last to return to their own true country. They will change the people of old China, and old China will change them.

Against Japan's superiority in modern arms, China must pit the resources of her vast geography

and of a population consciously fighting for its own homes. Government in China, oriented for a decade on the banking group and revenues of Shanghai, must orient itself on the folk of the back country, must arouse them, organize them, arm them in order to win.

A people thus aroused, thus organized, thus armed will express itself not only in the war but in the peace thereafter in national reconstruction and in government. This is the significance of China's going inland—for China and for the world.



Ferdinand the Horse

By Steve Donoghue, famous English jockey

CERTAINLY the fastest horse anyone ever rode was The Tetrarch. In character he was different from any horse I have ever known, a curious creature, self-contained, dominating. At exercise he would occasionally stop, cock his ears and look into the distance as though he could see something miles away. What he saw was not visible to me nor could I tell what was in his mind.

When the great horse first went to the stud, I was present. The mare was standing in the paddock ready to make his acquaintance, excited, stamping and fidgeting. The gray flyer walked a few steps out of his box and then his eye was caught by a sparrow in a tree

nearby. Let me emphasize that it was just a sparrow, not a hummingbird, a peacock or anything unusual or exotic.

The Tetrarch stood in his tracks as if fascinated by the antics and chirpings of the little bird; he did not so much as glance at the mare. For fully ten minutes he gazed calmly at the sparrow; then, when he had seen enough of it, he turned on his heel and walked back into his box. He was not in the least interested in the lady.

During the whole of his long career at the stud he produced comparatively few foals. He was such a cold, self-contained sort of horse that he took very little interest in his stud work. — *Donoghue Up!* (Chas. Scribner's Sons, '38)

☛ Hobbies that are more than mere pastimes bring rich rewards

Hobbies with a Human Touch

Condensed from The Family Circle

Ray Giles

Advertising consultant; author of "Turn Your Imagination into Money," etc.

A BUILDING just behind St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City is the mecca for hobbyists from all over America. Here over 100,000 of them have been in touch with Dave Elman, who without fanfare or sponsorship started his Hobby Lobby radio program two years ago.

In March, 1937, Elman, out of work and heavily bogged in debt, suffered the loss of his young son. Frantic, the father realized that he must find some diverting hobby or he'd crack from grief and financial troubles, but the more he investigated different pastimes the greater his interest grew in *all* of them. That gave him an idea: Why not have a radio meeting place where hobbyists from everywhere could tell the troubled world how to dispel gloom by making better use of its spare time? Elman sold his automobile and borrowed right and left to finance his first broadcasts. After losing \$100 a week for a while, he got a sponsor.

Today Dave Elman heads the nation's biggest proving ground for hobbies, and his program is one of

the most popular on the national network of 155 stations over which it is sent each Wednesday night at 8:30.

To the question, "What kind of hobbies give people the most solid pleasure?" Dave answers with authority born of fingering the after-hours pulse of a nation: "Hobbies that, while giving us fun in themselves, have the added importance and human interest of helping others at the same time." Psychologists have been telling us the same thing for years, but now Elman has accumulated hundreds of case histories to prove how right they are.

If you want an inner glow that increases with the years, you may well begin your hobby hunt by asking yourself:

"What injustices around me make me mad?"

"Which human problems arouse my greatest sympathy?"

"What unanswered need in my community could I help to meet?"

Consider the example of John Nickerson, a Massachusetts truck driver. When Nickerson built swings for his five small youngsters in his

back yard, other kids looked on so wistfully that he invited them in. That launched a hobby which has provided a crowded neighborhood with a remarkable playground. With his own hands Nickerson built small replicas of popular amusement park attractions. Look into that boisterous back yard any afternoon and you'll see shouting mobs riding the merry-go-round, shooting the chutes, sky-riding in a four-child Ferris wheel, and singing and acting before a home-made microphone.

Four neighbors have become so enthusiastic over this hobby that they have taken down their fences so that 500 children can assemble to enjoy the plays put on by Nickerson and staff.

These confused times call for others who will adopt the hobby of a retired clothing merchant living in a small Pennsylvania town. He's the George Gallup of his community — and more. He visits from door to door to stimulate public opinion on local issues. Having gathered information on both sides of each question, he shares it with those he meets. He reminds his listeners that state legislators like to know how voters stand, but that too often they don't because of general listlessness. At times he says, "I have here two petitions. One is 'for' this bill now coming up, and the other is 'against.' I'll send both to headquarters after I collect all the signatures I can get. I hope you

feel strongly enough to sign for the side you favor; it doesn't matter a bit to me which it is."

Here is how Dorothy Eagles of Chicago started the North Side Animal Shelter. "There is no WPA," she explains, "for household pets abandoned when their owners have been evicted from their homes. I've sheltered hundreds of these tearfully-left animals until their owners could take them back again. This hobby outgrew my home, but others interested in the cause have provided our fine new building."

Dorothy Eagles plays hostess to as many as 2000 animals a year, some 150 dogs and 50 cats at a time.

Roy H. Ehmann and his wife, of Pittsburgh, make presents, thousands of them, to give to poor children at Christmas. So useful has the Ehmann hobby become to the community that manufacturers now chip in free paint, nails, cloth, and other supplies. On a single Christmas as many as 10,000 Pittsburgh children have received toys who might otherwise have had none at all.

Another challenging need was discovered a few years ago by a New York advertising man who used to think that golf was the best of all Sunday morning recreations. He belonged to the army of parents who never go to church but who insist that their children attend Sunday school. When his youngsters came home rebellious Sunday after

Sunday, and told him their teacher wasn't interesting, he volunteered to teach a class himself. Face to face with a dozen open- but realistic-minded boys, he became so interested in working out the application of the Bible to modern life that his hour in Sunday school has become the high spot of his week.

If you aren't getting as much fun as you hoped for from your private swimming pool, tennis court, billiard room, or garden, why not try sharing it with others? Some years ago a wealthy Long Islander built himself a splendidly equipped home workshop. "One day," he says, "I realized what pleasure my equipment would give to boys who like tools. I asked a high school teacher to send me a few fellows who might get the most from such an opportunity. Now the workshop is busy every afternoon and evening, and often friends of my own age work along with the boys. I had a big moment lately when the teacher told me that one lad said to him, 'Say, we thought that guy was a stuffed shirt at first, but gee, he's regular!'"

An insurance man confesses, "My hobby had a purely selfish beginning. I wasn't getting much business and concluded it was because I lacked the human touch. One night some friends who had organized an amateur theatrical group invited me to an orphan asylum where they were putting on a series of short sketches. As I watched, it

occurred to me that I could tell stories to vary the program and by learning how to talk interestingly to children I would humanize myself and thus become a better salesman. Now I go up there once a week, and I can't tell you what fun those Friday nights have become!"

No special skill or talent need ever want an appreciative audience — if you'll make a hobby of it. Thousands sing, play instruments, do sleight-of-hand, and in other ways entertain the ill and underprivileged, in every state in the Union.

Bill Adler, a Cleveland, was an amateur speed-skating champion about 25 years ago. Today behind his Venetian blind factory he has a rink where he teaches boys to skate and play hockey. A mother, fiftyish, and fearful of becoming ingrown, had specialized in science at college. Wisely she decided that she would take young people on picnics in the woods where she could share with them her rich store of nature lore. An elderly Southern gentleman loves flowers. His spacious estate, through the expansion of the city, has become surrounded with apartment houses. Instead of becoming bitter, he has enlarged his hobby of gardening so that it gives him far more pleasure than when he lived in splendid isolation. On his estate he has measured off dozens of little gardens for apartment-house youngsters to cultivate. He supplies seeds, tools, and coaching.

One-man Better Business Bureaus exist in many cities too small to have offices of that fraud-exposing organization. These hobbyists collect information about rackets and show up unscrupulous tricksters of all kinds. Swindle-exposing collections like that owned by Fred M. Willson of Rochester, New York, can be very useful in curing overcredulous people. Willson's collection occupies 150 display boards and contains such gems as a stock certificate in the U. S. Disintegrating Ore Company, a scheme to straighten bow legs, and another plan guaranteed to increase height several inches. His hobby is full of laughs, but it's also so rich in valua-

ble warning that one university has publicly displayed it.

In a world where only money can solve some problems, an educator of limited means is known to his friends as "Benevolent Bill." His hobby is being a financial benefactor, and his system is so simple that anyone can use it. He multiplies his private charities by ten by acting as an underwriter to people in need. Contributing one tenth of a needed sum, he telephones to friends and strangers until he finds nine others who will contribute equal amounts.

Of course, the chief reason for a hobby is the fun it gives us. But a hobby which embraces others at the same time is double fun.



Capital For Sale

Condensed from Barron's

Frank W. Brock

THE SMALL business man's frequent need of working capital has given rise to a "financing" racket that clips its victims mercilessly.

The head of a small Detroit manufacturing concern sits gloomily at his desk. "Yes," he mumbles, "the opportunities *are* tremendous. But we haven't the capital to swing it." As if in answer to a prayer, an ad appears in the evening paper: "Do

You Need Capital?" The Detroitier certainly does, and in a few days a representative of a New York financial house calls. His company will, he says, market enough of the Detroit firm's stock to swing the deal, retaining only a small commission for their services. Eagerly the Detroitier signs up.

The New Yorker goes to work. First, he must "get it before the investing public." That means ad-

vertising, circulars, postage — about \$800. The Detroiters pay. And of course there has to be an "appraisal of plant" — about \$500. Smaller charges follow swiftly: legal services, traveling expenses, printers' bills. Painfully the Detroiters shell out, but begins to grumble. Finally, the telegrams begin to arrive: NEED FIVE HUNDRED AT ONCE OR WHOLE PROJECT LOST. NO TIME FOR CORRESPONDENCE. And so it goes — as long as the Detroiters pay, there will be "urgent reasons" why he should pay just a little more.

It is the "advance fee" game, as old as the hills and as dependable. It capitalizes on distress; the more desperate the victim's need, the more surely it works.

Recently the National Better Business Bureau distributed information on *fifteen* "financial houses" which are operating this racket throughout the country. Newspaper ads bear the stamp of the racket come-on: "Do You Need Capital?" and "Money to Invest in Your Business." A small business house in Vancouver was solicited by no less than seven firms which wanted to "raise capital" for it!

The racketeer's swag is enormous. One promoter pocketed \$60,000 on a single deal. It's almost impossible to convict these crooks. Read closely the agreement the client signs and you find that the promoter has not actually promised to do anything. He has only promised to *attempt* to do something, and almost anything can be legally interpreted as an attempt. Most of the victims, unfortunately, charge it off to experience, instead of raising the kind of row that would stop the practice.

So it goes merrily on. In Los Angeles the angle is a little different: they charge \$300 to prepare an SEC application, promising to market the securities later. Neither is done, of course. Sometimes, notably in big cities, sharpers offer to sell your business outright, at a large profit. But the main issue is always the same: you pay your fee in advance, and keep paying as long as your patience lasts.

Your best protection is to do what the Better Business Bureaus, out of their long experience, recommend: investigate first. It's much cheaper that way.



A CHARMING old lady once told me that to be sure of making a brief account of her troubles, speaking or writing, she never took more than 19 words to say how she was. — Alice Hegan Rice, *My Pillow Book* (Appleton-Century)

Pro and Con } Open Our Doors to German Refugees?

The tragic plight of refugees from Hitler's inhumanity has made American consciences uneasy these days. We realize that America has always been a haven for victims of political persecution. Yet we are not willing to admit these new refugees to our shores. Four fifths of us, according to Fortune's April Survey, are opposed to raising immigration quotas.

As this is a dilemma of epochal importance, Mr. Pro and Mr. Con argue:

"Should the United States alter present immigration quotas to admit larger numbers of European refugees from political and religious persecution?"

MR. PRO SAYS YES:

"YOU DAREN'T READ the papers these days for fear a new story about refugees will spoil your breakfast.

"That German refugee family in Italy, caught in Mussolini's newly pumped up anti-Semitism, who quietly gave themselves a last few days of peace and beauty at Taormina and then drowned themselves — father, mother, sons and daughters all together. That bargeload of Austrian refugees, floating and starving for weeks on the Danube because, driven from home by calculated brutality, they could get no other nation to let them so much as land on shore.

"Such cases of stark human tragedy are countless. Whole desperate masses of our fellow human beings

no longer have either home or hope. Except the mockery of hope that sends them to swamp American consulates and get their names down for possible entry permits in the year 1944. Five years from now — because we insist on rigid quotas. In five years you can do an awful lot of starving, going crazy and committing suicide, and the Nazis can get in a lot of beating, torturing and killing. In five years, the refugee problem will be solved — by death or prison.

"Of course that is one solution. But how can we, as Americans, even think of it? Great numbers of us are descendants of refugees from political and religious persecution. Now, when the world again needs a haven for such people, can we ever look ourselves in the face if we welsh on our implicit bargain with the past?

"Still, if all that means nothing to you, there are hard-headed reasons for doing something large about refugees.

"Refugees have always been brilliantly good investments for us. New England's Puritans, Pennsylvania's Quakers, Mennonites and Scotch-Irish, the Huguenots that France threw out in 1683, the magnificently civic-minded Germans, both Christian and Jewish, of the 1848 migration — these were all examples of how stupid tyrants often make free gifts of prime quality citizens to nations clever enough to welcome them. Our grudging admittance of postwar refugees paid dividends in first-class engineers, movie directors, university professors, singers, artists and technicians. That is happening again in spite of quotas. Read Bruce Bliven's 'Thank You, Hitler' (The Reader's Digest, February, 1938) with its astonishing list of new refugee Americans already arrived — writers like Thomas Mann, political scholars like former Chancellor Brüning, artists, musicians, doctors, scientists. No nation ever had too many people like that.

"Besides such headlines, the present refugees are precisely the sort we want. They are largely from the skillful, well-educated German, Austrian and Czech middle classes, as clever, thrifty and capable people as the world ever saw. With them they bring trades and techniques that we need —

world-famous secrets in chemicals and synthetics, skill in processing quality goods that we used to buy from Europe, such as lenses, gems and fine leather. That is why it is nonsense to mutter about these foreigners taking jobs away from Americans. They will make *new* jobs.

"England has already discovered just that. According to Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking last November, 11,000 German refugees admitted to England since the rise of Nazi power have made 15,000 new jobs for Englishmen — many of them in a new toy industry, run by expert refugees, supplying what England used to buy from Germany. According to Anne O'Hare McCormick, correspondent of the *New York Times*, the same thing has happened in Belgium. Several American towns have seen empty factories reopened by refugees bringing new processes and products. Such results can naturally be expected when tyranny handpicks its best citizens for export. In the Nazis' case, the quality is particularly high because of Hitler's emigration regulations.

"To obtain an exit permit, a refugee family must pay their proportionate share of the 'fine' assessed on Jews for the assassination of Grysnsnpan. They must be able to buy rail and steamship transportation. All their jewelry is confiscated. The Nazis' restrictions obviously confine emigration permits largely

to formerly prosperous individuals whose savings make Nazi blackmail worth while. A further sifting at American consulates completes the guarantee of brains and enterprise.

"To turn down our chance of acquiring such people would be all the sillier because we badly need population anyway. Last year the National Resources Committee reported that, at present rates of reproduction, the next generation will see our population declining. (See Stuart Chase, 'Population Going Down,' *The Reader's Digest*, March 1939.) The prospect makes economists flinch, since our whole economic system is founded on steadily increasing population. We particularly need young people to be future parents. For in a short time, say experts, the number of potential mothers in the whole country will not be enough to keep new citizens replacing those that die. With the proportion of old folks to youngsters steadily rising, the proportion of wage-earners to dependents steadily sinking, the number of children in schools steadily going down, what we desperately need is just this new influx of eager would-be citizens who are ready to come if we say the word.

"The argument that we shall make unemployment worse if we admit more population is popular, but sheer fallacy. If we had a million fewer inhabitants, we should have a million fewer consumers — should sell a million fewer pairs of

shoes a year, and by the same token have fewer jobs for shoemakers. If we receive a million more population we shall sell a million more pairs of shoes a year, and have more jobs for shoemakers. The cure for inadequate consumption of goods is certainly not to remove customers. And conversely, so long as we have capacity to produce more goods than we are able to consume, expanding population, now as in the past, is a basis for prosperity. Unemployment is caused by economic dislocations not necessarily connected with the size of population. Sparsely populated countries have unemployment, too, and we had it in the '70's and the '90's when we were a lot smaller.

"Much American money is already going abroad for refugee relief. Apparently it never occurs to us that, if we raised funds to transport and settle the cream of the refugees over here, all that money would be spent inside the United States, directly benefiting American farmers, grocers, landlords, manufacturers. Refugees would be not only a splendid long-term investment, they would stimulate consumption here the moment they landed.

"Given a slight change, existing quota laws offer ample room for such sensible generosity. Some 150,000 new immigrants a year are now permitted from all over the world. Thus we were willing to take in 1,500,000 citizens between

1929 and 1939. But actually, with immigration falling off during depression, we received little more than a third of that allowance. The balance of close to a million represents *population we planned for and didn't get*. Nothing would be more logical than to make use of that unexpended balance now. And it is always within our power, through consular visas, to select the most desirable future citizens from among the refugees.

"Some Americans — and more shame to them — make the mistaken assumption that all refugees are Jews and that the Jews should take the responsibility of rescuing them. It is hard to keep your temper in face of that attitude, if only because funds raised by Jewish organizations to help quota refugees are available to Jews and Gentiles alike, without discrimination.

"True, since Nazi barbarism picked the Jews first for scapegoats to blame everything on, Jews so-called predominate among the present refugees. But remember that the Nazis include the half-Jews and the quarter-Jews whose families have been Catholic or Protestant for generations. Only Hitler's Nuremberg Laws, ignorantly insisting that Jewish descent is a kind of mystic taint, have categories for such cases. For Americans to pay any attention to such issues is to subscribe to the Nazis' own breed of dogmatic idiocy.

"And it would be a callous denial of

the basic American principles which Jews have defended throughout our history — as soldiers in George Washington's army as well as in the A.E.F., which contained many more Jews in proportion than their share in our total population called for. No American worthy of his heritage can stoop to ask any refugee any such question as: 'Have you Jewish blood?' before he welcomes him. All he can ask is: 'Will you be a useful citizen?'

"Don't let the huge scale of the refugee problem bluff you into hand-wringing hopelessness. No matter how many victims there are it would be criminal negligence not to rescue as many as we can. A ship's captain won't refuse to lower his boats because there may be more people in the water than he can hope to reach in time."

MR. CON SAYS NO:

"**E**MOTIONALLY I stand right alongside Mr. Pro. But to stay there means to leave my intelligence behind.

"First off, because the United States cannot afford to play Hitler's game for him. Nazi persecution of religious and 'racial' minorities has a twofold purpose: to get the maximum political advantage by stirring up barbarous prejudices both inside and outside Germany; and to blackmail badly needed economic advantages out of the horrified outside world.

"Consider the latter objectives first: The eventual result of our raising quotas in response to Nazi barbarity would be to encourage more and worse barbarity. The abortive Schacht plan of refugee removal was a flagrant confession that Germany is demanding financial help from more civilized nations as ransom for her tortured minorities. Emigration was to be financed by an international loan, secured through the seizure of the refugees' own property in Germany. Interest was to be provided out of proceeds of the sale of German goods abroad *over and above normal German trade*. In other words, the idea was to compel Jews to call off the boycott and also to act as advance agents and boosters for German goods. Experts estimated at the time that all but 15 percent of the funds raised would accrue to Germany in the form of foreign exchange which is now desperately needed. The Schacht plan was a full confession that Hitler looks on Jews as valuable exports, to rescue whom nations like the United States may pour money and orders for goods into his hard-pressed Reich.

"European Jews feel that keenly. One of the most significant protests against the Schacht scheme came from the World Jewish Congress, which went vigorously on record against seeing Jews ransomed as objects of charity. Yet, unless we let our heads rule our hearts, unless we have the long-range nerve to look

clearly into the heart of this situation, Hitler will get away with his ransom scheme.

"It is too good a racket not to keep right on going. All the smaller nations within Hitler's new sphere of influence have large Jewish minorities and strong anti-Semitic traditions — an inexhaustible reservoir of potential refugees to be exploited at will according to the Hitler recipe. If Germany itself runs out of exportable Jews, Hitler has only to go harder to work on stubborn Catholics and Protestants, whose loyalty to their religion is anathema to Nazism. Goebbels has already boasted of 8000 Catholic clerics in concentration camps, and Cardinal O'Connell recently appealed for funds to help 'hundreds of thousands of actual and potential Catholic refugees.' Some 1300 Protestant pastors are already in jail. So far, fewer 'pure Aryan' Christians than persons racially designated as Jews have got out, because it is more difficult for them to get exit permits. But what if driving them out were worth Hitler's while? Yielding to Nazi blackmail to help some hundreds of miserable thousands will inevitably produce similar treatment for many millions.

"Quota-raising would do Hitler another big favor right among ourselves. The Nazi scheme of world domination is based on infecting all important outside nations with the paralyzing disease of anti-Semitism. Germany is already

working hard at that in South America, Central Europe — and the United States, where Father Coughlin's speeches contain whole paragraphs taken almost verbatim from Goebbels' hysterical rantings. Officially to let down the bars against refugees would stimulate American anti-Semitism — of which we already have too much.

"The mass of wage-earners, whether right or not, feel in their bones that to let a million more people in, however unfortunate they may be, will make jobs just so much scarcer for Americans. That comes close home, made to order for the Ku Klux-Fascist type of rabble-rouser and whispering-campaigner. Recent discussions of the mere possibility of quota-raising have already produced an ugly crop of propaganda rumors: that leading Jewish-owned department stores are urging Americans to hire refugees; that refugee doctors are swamping our medical profession with cut rates and unethical practices; that the Department of Labor is secretly sabotaging the quota and letting in hordes of Communist-minded refugees — lies that are already festering

the popular mind on an alarmingly wide scale. For the same reasons England's mild efforts to relax regulations in favor of refugees have produced Fascist-inspired riots in London. If Nazi propagandists knew their business, they would be circulating petitions for quota-lifting. If we want a nation-wide epi-

demic of anti-Semitism here, quota-lifting is the surest way to arrange it.

"We may as well face this problem candidly. The refugee question is, above all, a Jewish question. We already have in America a petty social discrimination against Jews. Every civilized voice is seeking to minimize that discrimination. Can we afford to aggravate it now by the sudden importation of hundreds of thousands of Jews who will be all the harder to assimilate because they do not speak our language or know our ways?

"Even if these complications did not exist, we could not afford to raise quotas anyway. We have more millions on relief than the world has refugees, and we owe our own hard-luck cases first attention.

"Regardless of long-range economic theory about the danger of a static or declining population, we need only everyday horse-sense to know, in the practical here-and-now, that if there aren't enough jobs for millions of our citizens, their desperate hunt for work will inevitably be made harder by the sudden influx of another million jobseekers. Mr. Pro's argument that another million people means another million purchasers of shoes doesn't hold water if the newcomers have neither jobs nor funds. Mr. Pro's argument that the refugees would bring us brains and skill only makes the matter worse. Doesn't Mr. Pro personally know — as all

the rest of us certainly do — plenty of Americans, young and old, who have brains and skill, but who, while this depression hangs on, can find no place to use them?

"Our 'implicit bargain' with the past has already been generously observed. In the last hundred years we have taken in over 38,000,000 people fleeing from personal or economic injustice, a mass almost equal to the population of all France. The ease with which anti-alienism and anti-Semitism sprout among us proves that the job of assimilating that mass is not yet finished. Among those awkward facts, not even the best will in the world can enable us to absorb important new numbers.

"Other countries still possess large, relatively undeveloped regions where refugees would stand a

fair chance of success. Before me is a world map, showing such regions, prepared under the direction of President Isaiah Bowman of Johns Hopkins. Soviet Russia and the east coast of South America show the most room. Canada, Australia, even French North Africa, still show a good deal. But not the United States.

"Six million Jews, plus a potential host of Gentiles, are a world problem, about which no single nation can do much unassisted.

"The only approach that makes sense calls for intelligent and determined international coöperation. Those who advocate opening our doors to the refugees would serve the cause of humanity better if they raised their voices insistently for an honest international conference to solve the problem."



The Microscope: Diagnostician of the Future?

Condensed from Life

WHAT MAY BE a valuable discovery in medical diagnosis was announced recently before the French Academy of Medicine in Paris. Developed by Dr. Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, well-known Swiss chemist, the new method consists in taking a drop of blood from the patient's finger and mixing it with copper chloride which causes it to crystallize. Dr. Pfeiffer claims that crystallized blood of a normal person invariably shows under the microscope a characteristic design of thin crystals in nearly parallel lines. But he finds, after thousands of experiments, that in disease the blood takes on a new pattern. For instance, tuberculous blood crystallizes in a "Maltese cross" pattern; cancerous, in intersecting angles; blood of epileptics in a pointed, fanlike design; of diabetics in slightly-bunched crystals. Hence, it is claimed the doctor can tell quickly with a microscope what disease, if any, the patient has.

“ Unto the Least of These ”

Condensed from a radio broadcast

Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier

I'VE A STORY to tell as a free-will offering to a cause which is close to my heart. A cause important enough for its own sake — in terms of the wounds it will heal, the eyes it will dry, the hearts it will reassure. But also a cause which, as a symbol, is of an importance I have no words to convey.

I think every decent person in this country felt a wave of relief when news came from Washington that Senator Wagner had introduced the bill now known as the Wagner-Rogers Bill proposing, for this year and next, so to raise the German quota that 20,000 youngsters — the oldest no more than 14 — can come into this, a free country. Here's a small boy adrift because his folks are Catholics. Here's a little girl whose black crime is that her grandfather was a Jew. Here's a kid whose dad is in a concentration camp because he had the spunk to show a little of that independence which you and I take for granted as our birthright. Twenty thousand kids. Homes here are waiting for them. The Quakers, those Friends in gray who always stand by in time of trouble, will see that all creeds and all kinds are represented. All that is needed is this temporary change in the immigration law.

I assume that bill will pass. I hope it passes unanimously . . . a fresh reminder that this country is still strong enough to be a refuge for the oppressed. It's the least we can do for the least of these.

When I heard the bill had been introduced, I found myself wishing that someone would tell the story of Miss Vilda's Dream. That story seemed to me meant for this moment. I first came across it in a dog's-eared old book called *Timothy's Quest*, by the late Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Timothy was a shabby and stout-hearted foundling — a nine-year-old ragamuffin who played knight-errant in behalf of a girl called Gay. Gay needed a protector for she was very beautiful and only four, and like Timothy himself, she too had been left on the doorstep of the world.

In a swarming alley in the meanest part of Boston, a blowsy old wanton had, for a time, been paid by some person or persons unknown to look after Timothy and Gay, but when she died there was no one to say who the kids were or where they had come from. So among the neighbors who laid her out there was talk of shipping them off to an orphanage. When the anxious Timothy overheard that talk, he and

the lady Gay lit out for parts unknown, the boy pulling her in a home-made cart. Gay must go to no orphanage. She must have a home and he was going to find one for her.

It was close to sundown when this lady in distress and her champion, stained with the dust of the road and now almost tuckered out, paused before a neat farmhouse with elms standing sentinel beside it and a white picket fence 'round about. This, Timothy said, will do, and he knocked at the door.

In that house so spotless, so cheerless, there lived a bitter and lonely old maid — Miss Vilda Cummins. Imagine her feelings when she opened the door and found those two refugees standing expectant on her front stoop. Land o' liberty! "Please," said Timothy, "do you need any babies here, if you please?" Dear me, suzz, what a commotion. The hired man thought it was a good idea. Might make Miss Vilda human. And in the kitchen, Samantha Ann 'lowed as how it was a good idea, too.

But Miss Vilda, rocking furiously, would not listen. What? Take in two dirty little waifs from heaven knew where? They must be crazy! Would she turn the children out then? Well, no, not exactly. Not with night coming on and them so hungry and tired. She was a good Christian woman and she hoped she knew her duty. She'd wash them and feed them and give them a bed

for the night. But in the morning she'd send them to an orphanage. That's what Miss Vilda thought when she went to bed. But in the night Miss Vilda had a dream.

She dreamt that on a day of blinding heat it was her doom to climb a mountain. The way was steep and the road was rough and the briars caught at her skirt. A little girl, with a face like Gay's, came running toward her, holding out her hands as if she wanted to be taken up into Miss Vilda's arms. But Miss Vilda pushed her aside. It was all she could do to go on alone. Again the child appeared before her and again she pushed her away and again she went on with the weary climb, her spirit fainting, her strength almost gone. When once more the child reappeared, Miss Vilda was too weak to put her aside and the child crept into her arms.

And then, quite suddenly, Miss Vilda felt no more the heat of the sun. The stones scattered before her step. The briars parted to make a path for her. She lost all sense that she was climbing at all, the way now seemed so easy — so easy. Before she knew it, she had reached the top. And there an angel was waiting and took the child from her. Stooping, the angel dipped a finger in the dust and with it wrote on Miss Vilda's forehead a single word. And the word that the angel wrote was "Inasmuch."

☞ Death Valley Scotty built his fabulous castle
so that his name might live forever

Desert Playboy

Condensed from Ken

Donald Hynes Eddy

AT THE HEAD of Death Valley, stark and lonely, stands Walter Scott's magnificent, fantastic castle — a monument to a man who wants his name to live forever. Behind those towering battlements a rugged individualist is rounding out his years in legendary gianthood. Other rampant self-glorifiers have always wanted something tangible — votes, money.

"Hell!" says Scott. "I never wanted nothin'. I just wanted them to talk about me."

And talk they have. Death Valley Scotty talks, too, garrulously, but he never yet has answered the question all America has asked for 20 years — where does he get his money? Or if he has, the truth has been lost in the multitude of his fables.

Chunky and comfortable in his rumpled whipcord, his small booted feet stretched toward the gas logs and his mouse-hued hair falling in bartenders' bangs over squinting gray eyes washed pale by desert glare, he is a familiar figure in the drawing rooms of smart Pasadena's elder society. Dowagers adopted him some years ago. Scotty thinks

nothing of driving from his desert castle to Pasadena, a little matter of 600 miles, for an evening of lionizing.

"Oh, Mr. Scotty," chirruped a social leader on one of these evenings, "do tell us about your most thrilling experience." It was like tooting a bugle at a cavalry horse.

"I was comin' in light from five weeks," said he as he brushed back the bangs with a soft, pudgy hand. "Et my last beans for supper. Figured I could make the shack by noon next day, so I'd turned the jackass loose.

"I come up on a man just barely alive. Tongue all swolled up, and his eyes burned out. Just layin' there croakin' fer water. I took the pore feller's head on my knee and started figurin'. Nearest water was 12 mile north; I knowed he'd be dead time I got back. He kept croakin' water, water, all the time. It was tearin' my heart out. I hefted him up and he was purty heavy and I said to myself well, you just got to do it, that's all! Couldn't set there and watch him suffer."

He shook his head sadly and tugged at his red necktie.

"What — what did you do for him?" twittered the dowager.

"Hell, ma'am," said Scotty, "there warn't but one way I could help him. I shot him."

That red necktie is an unvarying item of Scotty's informal uniform, like his high-heeled boots and his dusty gray sombrero. Twenty-three of his discarded hats are pinned to a clothesline stretched along one wall of the master bedroom which a famous interior decorator finished in authentic Louis XIV. Scotty never slept in that bedroom, but he has fixed it up a little. The fixin's include a three-sheet circus poster from the old Buffalo Bill Show, a large chromo of Cody himself, and across the way tinted photos of a woman, and a little boy in naval cadet uniform. All are nailed to the silk-paneled walls.

With 16 elaborate bedrooms at his command, Scotty sleeps on a bunk in a bare cubbyhole opening from the castle courtyard, and adjoining the eight-car garage. A marauder might pass the place a dozen times and never see the door, so cunningly does it match the castle wall. It swings into a white-plastered room eight feet square. A Winchester .30/30 stands in a corner. There is no window. A niche has been burrowed into the wall to make a bunk. The springs are of braided rawhide; the blankets are relics of some forgotten army campaign. A .45 six-shooter lies beside the bunk.

"They'll never find me here," says Scotty.

"They" are those mysterious persons who, Scotty believes, are forever on his trail. "They" are after his wealth; "they" would like to capture and torture him. He is constantly prepared for surprise. He never sits with back to door or window.

The great drawing room — Scotty calls it the settin' room — is 50 feet long and 30 feet high, with a waterfall tumbling into a trout pool at one end and at the other a fireplace in which half a dozen railroad ties look no more than a handful of kindling. That room has rifles and revolvers concealed everywhere. Two steps from any location will put a gun in Scotty's hand.

Usually he has a .45 tucked into the front of his trousers. When he gets into his old Franklin coupé with custom-built high wheels for straddling boulders and brush, a sub-machine gun gets in with him. He is automatically suspicious of everything and everybody. And perhaps not without reason. Countless expeditions have tried to trail him to the source of his gold. All have come to grief.

"One time," says Scotty, "a couple o' fellers come along and said they was from the *Chicago Tribune*. Well, I always made a point of bein' nice to the newspaper boys, so I took 'em in, and right away they started askin' questions. Guess I wasn't thinkin', 'cause I

let it drop I was aimin' to go off down the Valley fer a few days.

"When I'd got 'em bedded down I lit out southeast. I got a feelin' them fellers was a-trailin' me. And they was. It went on fer three days, and by that time we was in just about the loneliest spot God ever made. Well, that night I went on back down the hill and took their jackass and their water."

From an aerie high in the Funeral mountains, Scotty saw those men go mad. During four blistering days he watched them scramble over rocks that seared their flesh, wander in circles, drop from exhaustion and stagger up to fall again.

"When they didn't get up no more," he says, "I figgered they'd had their schoolin', so I took 'em back to the shack. Oh, shore, they was all right after a couple o' weeks. I never said nothin' except it was too bad they lost their water and it was lucky I happened to come along when I did.

"They never come back no more."

The Chicago *Tribune*, incidentally, disavowed any knowledge of the men.

Maps of Death Valley show only one road passing Scotty's castle. Scotty rarely travels this orthodox route. He has four secret methods of ingress and egress. He never drives the same road twice in succession, nor does he say when or where he's going. The Indians who work on the castle grounds awaken some morning and he's gone. He

may return at midnight, or not for a week or two.

While he often makes trips East, Scotty doesn't care much for railroads unless he can "buy" a train of his own. Others go too slowly. One of his milder amusements is waiting for the Santa Fe's Super-Chief at Barstow and racing it to Los Angeles across desert, mountain pass and through metropolitan traffic. He never loses.

The source of Scotty's wealth has been discussed since first he rocketed to fame soon after the turn of the century. Some hold that his semi-mythical friend, Johnson, reputedly an immensely wealthy Chicago broker, furnishes the funds because Scotty once saved his life. If this be true, Mr. Johnson is the world's most grateful human being, for Scotty can spend money faster than any ten ordinary mortals.

Others believe Scotty has a secret vein of pure gold somewhere in Death Valley. Scotty does not discourage this idea — probably the best premise for considering it false. It is the current fantasy to presume his castle is built above the lode. And there is one reason to believe this true.

Miles of subterranean concrete passages wander beneath the great house like the aimless burrowings of a monstrous mole. Here and there, with the precision of bank vaults, huge doors of battleship steel are fitted into the walls.

The towering white walls of the

castle, surmounted by a brilliant red tile roof, rise from gardens of palms and olive trees. Scotty says the castle has cost \$3,000,000 and is about half finished. A platoon of cavalry could maneuver in the courtyard, and heavy artillery would be needed to smash the steel grilles that shut off the ends.

The open fire in the drawing room is fed with ties from the old Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad that carried millions in bullion from Goldfield. Scotty bought 60 miles of that railroad ten years ago, hired a crew of Indians and tore it up. He used the rails to reinforce the three-foot castle walls that form perfect insulation against outside temperatures consistently over 100° Fahrenheit.

In his two-story music room is a \$50,000 electric pipe organ. "Only two of 'em in the world," says Scotty proudly. "The King of Belgium's got the other one." Two concert grand pianos may be connected electrically with the organ, so that all may be played from a single music roll. Scotty likes to entertain his guests by hooking organ and pianos together, setting all

stops at fortissimo and playing the only composition he knows by name, *The Whistler and His Dog*. The result is deafening and pleases Scotty vastly.

Night comes to Death Valley with the dramatic abruptness of a theatrical blackout. At bedtime, as Scotty makes the last patrol of his battlements and turrets, the .45 tucked against his stomach, one catches a glimpse of the man behind the playboy's mask.

Steady and still he stands on a lofty balcony. Southward into infinity stretches the awful majesty of that parched sink where dead men's bones lie bleaching and forgotten, the desolate Valley he calls home.

Scotty's soft fist comes down with a thud against his concrete wall. "This shack'll be here a hundred years from now," he says, and you have a feeling that a small boy is whistling at a graveyard gate.

"As long as they's men on earth, likely, these walls'll be standin' here. They can't forget the old desert rat. They won't forget Death Valley Scotty."

Somewhere a lonely coyote yips.



WHEN in America, Dr. Wu Ting-fang, the Grand Old Man of the Chinese diplomatic service in his day, was questioned sweetly by an American: "What 'nese' are you — Japanese, Javanese, Chinese?"

Replying that he was Chinese, he asked in turn: "And what 'kee' are you — monkey, donkey, or Yankee?"

— L. Z. Yuan in *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*

¶ Since parents are shirking their responsibilities, the schools should give our children protective knowledge

The Necessity for Sex Education

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Ellsworth B. Buck

Vice-President, Board of Education of the City of New York

RECENTLY the physical training teacher in a New York high school was asked for advice by two students. Driven to a state of emotional tension by sexual problems and unable to seek advice at home, they went to him. Fear of official disapproval made him turn them away uninformed — and his action received official support. When certain members of the New York Board of Education, last summer, urged that sex instruction, in the mild form of a study of mammalian reproduction, be given in the high schools, they were turned down hard. The junior high school principal who headed a special subcommittee on the subject reported:

It is a question of moment whether it is not wrong for the school to shoulder the responsibility of shortening for these little ones their period of innocent childhood and of awakening in them an interest in a topic for which they are not ready.

The same report disclosed, ironically, that a nearby home for unmarried mothers had for some time been receiving an average of two girls a month *from this principal's school*. This is a significant sample

of the emotional Victorian fog surrounding most of our educational system. What goes on under cover of that obscurity was recently the subject of an extensive investigation. The startling situation which was unearthed calls for action, not only in New York but in every civilized community.

Of the 1347 illegitimate children whose births were recorded in New York City in 1938, about one in every fourteen was born to a girl of 16 years or less — two to little girls of 13, one to a child of 12, and one to a tot of 11.

Talk of prolonging "the period of innocent childhood" begins to look frivolous against the reality of childhood years wrecked by ignorance.

And there is ample reason to believe that the mere illegitimacy statistics present a comparatively mild side of the whole picture. Statistics of the Health Department show that from January to September 1938, 2388 cases of syphilis and gonorrhea concerned *children under 19*.

Children's societies in two of the city's five boroughs investigated

285 cases of rape involving girls under 16 during the same period. In another study of 1000 such cases, it was found that the greatest number came from the sixth grade. Many of these victims stand on the records as technically having given consent; but the investigation revealed that ignorance — or worse, distorted and fear-ridden half-knowledge — played a big part in this. "I didn't know what it was all about" was one of the most usual excuses, and "I only did it to keep my boy friend," which means the same thing, was a good second.

"Had these girls been the recipients of adequate sex instruction, under parental control," says the report, "many of them would undoubtedly have avoided the pitfalls that awaited them." A woman magistrate echoes this: "I say that 99 percent of New York parents are delinquent in that they do not tell their young children the simple truth about sex, which all children growing up need as a matter of self-protection."

It is an old story that the overwhelming majority of parents do not know how to present the facts or lack the moral courage to do so. Today, more than ever, children's first awareness of sex is likely to come from gutter gossip and in forms that lend the unwholesome fascination of a forbidden mystery. More than ever, sex stimuli surround the adolescent — in the movies, in the tabloid newspapers, in cheap porno-

graphic magazines and the innuendoes of the "sophisticated" magazines.

This problem is not confined to New York City. During 1935 in the United States — excluding California and Massachusetts — 35,167 children were born to unwed mothers between the ages of 15 and 19, and 1864 more to child-mothers between the ages of 10 and 14. These total a little less than half the entire number of our illegitimates.

The ratio of illegitimate births to 1000 total births reported by the Bureau of the Census for the year 1935 for the entire country (again *sans* Massachusetts and California) is even more startling:

*Illegitimate births
per 1000 births*

Entire U. S.	39.2
Cities of 10,000 up . .	38.4
Towns of 2500-10,000.	30.5
Rural	41.9

Nearly half these births spell disgrace, tragedy, horror for *girl-children under 19*, many of them as young as 10 or 12.

The year-to-year growth of illegitimacy in cities of over 10,000 should also be noted particularly:

1934	1935	1936
37.9	38.4	40.5

Judging by New York City's statistics, for each of the unmarried child-mothers one should apparently count something over three times the number of rapes and something like thirty cases of venereal disease.

Are the shocking New York sta-

tistics exceptional? Actually, the illegitimacy statistics for various cities, according to the last national census, show that New York conditions, with their train of abortion, venereal disease and rape, are less than one fourth as bad as those in the average large city or in the whole country.

Even the opponents of sex instruction in the schools agree that the obliteration of sex ignorance is necessary. But they assert that the place for sex instruction is the home or the church, and that parents object to having this instruction given in the school. The latter is simply not true. Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg, editor of *High Schools and Sex Education*, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, remarks that wherever parents have expressed themselves on the efforts of the school to orient children in sex matters the comment has been almost unanimously favorable. In New York, the woman physician who conducts the course in sex education at Cathedral High

School, a Roman Catholic girls' institution, reported that in all the time this instruction has been given only one student's parents entered any objections, while hundreds of others had expressed their gratitude.

The schools reach every child; biology, physical education, and the social sciences afford points where sex education could be introduced naturally, with a minimum of that parade which now attends the occasional appearance of an outside expert for what the children usually call a "smut talk."

It is precisely because parents refuse or are unequipped to perform this duty that the present conditions have arisen. To argue that the matter should remain in their hands is to argue for the perpetuation of a dangerous and costly ignorance—costly in terms of human health and happiness for our growing generations. The emotional approach to the subject must be discarded for a rational approach. The dank ignorance must be dispelled. The problem is too real for temporizing.



So That's How It Started! —XVI—

THE INTRICATE and gaily colored paper bands around cigars had a curiously dainty and feminine beginning. In colonial times, the highborn Spanish ladies of Cuba smoked cigars freely and without embarrassment, but they hesitated to allow their white fingers to come in contact with the weed, lest it stain them. This calamity was prevented by wrapping the cigars with narrow paper bands, which have since developed into a complicated system amounting almost to a form of heraldry.

— Sydney A. Clark, *Cuban Tapestry* (McBride)

¶ An ingenious young barnstormer has invented a machine that "flies" on the ground

He Teaches the World to Fly

Condensed from *The Commentator*

Forrest Davis

THERE WAS a time when you had to go up in the air to learn to fly. Now, thanks to a device invented by a young New York barnstormer named Ed Link, you can learn to operate the controls and get the actual feel of flying in a miniature airplane on the ground.

Cradled on a chamber of compressed air controlled by powerful bellows, the Link Trainer does everything a free, powered plane does — except fly. By means of automatic devices, it accurately mimics hazards of flight, such as ice-encrusted wings and bumpy air. You may lose altitude or go into a spin precisely as you would in a big plane. And an incautious operator who allows his motor to stall long enough is roughed about so realistically that veteran pilots have been helped out of the cockpit totally airsick.

The public knows little of the Link Trainer, but it is standard equipment with the U. S. Bureau of Air Commerce, the Army, which owns 25, and the Navy. European and American commercial lines educate their pilots to instrument flying in the Trainer and use it to

subject them to periodic checkups.

Link built his first model in a corner of his father's organ factory, adapting pneumatic methods used in the bellows system of a cottage organ. He now manufactures Trainers in plants at Binghamton, N. Y., and Gananoque, Ontario. The pressure of world-wide orders required him, last January, to quadruple his Binghamton capacity. His Canadian factory is now working on a \$1,250,000 order for British Empire customers. Trainers sell at from \$6000 to \$10,000 each, and Link, at 35, is well on the road to his first million.

The inventor received no technical training in school, but he took it in through the pores at the family shop. The making of organs rests on a form of power foreign to most industrial processes, namely, compressed air. Every aspect of compressed air power fascinated Ed as a boy.

When he was 23 he took up flying in the rhapsodic hubbub that followed Lindbergh's hop to Paris. Soon he was teaching others to fly. But however exciting a flight might be to the student, the thing quickly works itself into a routine for the

teacher. To a man of Link's drive, it was drudgery, and he sought a way to reproduce on the ground the experiences of flight. He spent the next winter, 1927-28, experimenting in the organ factory with bellows, wind vents, the sustaining power of air.

By spring he had the problem solved: a training machine that could be made to behave as a plane in flight. Ed founded a flying school guaranteeing to qualify all comers who showed promise for a flat fee of \$85. By 1931 the school had 150 students. Then in 1932 the depression caught up with Ed, his classes diminishing until the school showed a loss.

Meanwhile he had not been able to sell his Trainer in sufficient volume to keep up a production schedule. A few had been sold to transport lines, the British had picked up several, others had gone elsewhere in Europe; in 1930, the Navy bought one, in 1932 the Army ordered six.

The principal revenue, however, had come from amusement parks. Ed and his brother George displayed the Trainer at all air shows. At one, George was pestered by sightseers who insisted on climbing into the cockpit and having a go at the controls. Ed suggested that they turn this curiosity into cash, whereupon they offered a "flight" in the Trainer for a quarter. The crowds ate it up, and thereafter the side show admission fees helped keep the factory going.

In 1934, cancellation of the air mail contracts and the disaster that befell the Army air corps on its unsought attempt to fly the mail stunned the aviation world into a realization of the necessity of instrument training—and at once. Link had the answer and overnight he was swamped with inquiries. From the end of 1934, he has been on a steady production schedule.

When you enter the cockpit of a Link Trainer you take off as you would in any plane. As you "climb," the instruments read precisely as would those in an ascending ship. Once in the air, you pick your altitude and level off. Being cushioned on air and unstabilized, you have all the sensations of flying except forward motion. If a wing droops, the pilot is at once conscious of it and the artificial horizon indicator reminds him further. He gains and loses altitude, turns, banks and pulls out of banks.

Without the Trainer, it took eight to ten hours, all in the air, to qualify a solo pilot; with the Trainer, the time is cut in half. And only *one* hour in the air—or less. George Link, the Trainer's first pupil back in 1928, got his solo wings after only 42 minutes aloft.

The demand today is for pilots who can read their course by radio signals through fog, and land through ceiling zero. Learning to fly by instruments, blind except for the eyes supplied by radio beams, calls for thorough, intensive drilling. It is

here that the Trainer most justifies itself. Usually a pilot may be advanced to instrument flying only after 50 hours in the air. Twenty hours in the Link and only five in the air will now turn the same trick.

The Trainer complete for instrument instruction has a second unit — an instructor's table and means of communicating with the mock plane. From this table go radio range signals, as well as telephonic instructions, from the mythical airport where the student is landing. Atop the table is an inked indicator that automatically reproduces the plane's course.

In the cabin, the pilot, on his own, must rely on instruments and earphones. He mounts to 4000 feet on a hypothetical flight to Pittsburgh, say, settles to his cruising speed, keeps her leveled off and listens for the signals. His radio course map lies before him.

After a time, his earphones catch the dot-dash of a beam. He follows it by means of the phones and visual radio compass, until it grows loud, then suddenly fades. He knows now that he is in the cone of silence, directly above the radio tower. He overshoots the airport, following another beam, losing altitude, turns and heads for the field. Meantime, he has obtained from the instructor the altitude lane at which he is to come in.

At a distance of 1000 feet from the field's runway, a marker beacon's signals reach him. Speed is

kept at 80 miles an hour, wings and nose held at proper landing attitudes by reference to an instrument tuned to a ground transmitter. A second marker beacon impulse directs the pilot to set down on the runway.

Indelibly traced by the inked indicator, his course confronts him as he steps from the cockpit. A record to be studied at leisure, it forms the basis for further instruction.

The swiftness with which the Link can advance even tyros to instrument proficiency renders it very valuable to the military. Great Britain, profiting by her frightful loss of imperfectly trained pilots in the last war, has 250 Trainers scattered about the empire. The Reich, the Soviet Union, Italy, Japan, all train military pilots on the Link. The pilots who flew Chamberlain to Berchtesgaden and Munich were weaned on Links; as were the German pilots escorting him. Link-trained Chinese combat pilots oppose Link-trained Japanese over the Yangtze. It has been the same in Spain.

Link recoils from the lethal implications of his Trainer's use. But he has made something that the modern world wants and needs. It has marked military value — yes. But there is every reason why, with the current expansion of air transport and the coming boom in amateur aviation, his marvel may perform a service for safety as well as destruction.

Wild-Life Saving

HUNDREDS of duckports — small sanctuaries where waterfowl are welcomed, fed and protected — have been established all over the country since the idea originated a generation ago, and, oddly enough, some of the most popular are in great cities. What hunter would think that the gaudily-plumed wood duck would make the lagoons of Jackson Park, Chicago, a stopping-off place, or expect a pond in New York's Central Park to be black with many kinds of waterfowl, some of which set up city housekeeping? On Roaches Run, Washington, D. C., people are treated to the sight of feathered and human flyers taking off and landing together, with the duckport enjoying the greater patronage.

These refuges not only conserve America's colorful waterfowl which in many cases are being rendered homeless, but often transform a mosquito-ridden swamp into a place of beauty. At Lake Merritt, originally a marsh area in the heart of Oakland, Cal., men, women and children spend hours in winter watching the home life of nearly 10,000 wild ducks of 15 varieties, and of six varieties of wild geese, swans, herons, etc.

Small duckports can be established by enterprising communities or individuals with little effort or expense. It is easier to attract wildfowl near migration routes, of course, but given certain attractions they will come to most localities. Full information may be obtained from *More Game Birds of America* Foundation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A HERD of some 100 sea otters — a species once nearly extinct — valued at \$150,000, recently appeared

off California and is being guarded day and night by a patrol. Sea otters, dark brown animals about four feet long, were numerous in the 18th century, but were slaughtered in such numbers for their valuable pelts that no large herd had been seen since 1831; no single otter had been reported off the west coast of the United States since 1917. Scientists believe that the newly discovered herd is descended from a few survivors of the mass slaughters of 1786 and 1831, and has been hiding all these years in the unfrequented coastal waters south of Monterey.

— *Outdoor Life, and Our Dumb Animals*

REMOTE LAKES high in the mountains of Montana and Washington may in future be restocked with game fish by seaplane instead of by the present pack train method, as a result of successful tests last summer. Small trout in five-gallon cans attached to little parachutes were dropped into a lake. A wooden platform under the can absorbed some of the shock of hitting the water, and also made certain that the cans turned over and allowed the fish to escape through holes in the top. To determine whether the fry were injured by the fall, two sealed cans were salvaged and the fish observed for 30 days by hatchery scientists, who reported them in perfect condition. Other fish were simply poured from a pail from elevations varying from 200 to 500 feet. They fell fluttering like leaves and were entirely uninjured. A one-day plane flight costing about \$100 can plant as many fish as 15 to 20 one-day

pack trips at \$20 each, and the fast trip is better for the fish.

IN THE ten years between 1892 and 1902, 1280 reindeer were brought over from Siberia to Alaska, where the Eskimos' natural sources of food and clothing were rapidly vanishing and it seemed probable that the United States would have to choose between feeding the natives and letting them starve. Today vast herds roam the barren wastes, though it is estimated that more than 100,000 have been killed. The threatened crisis was averted; and the introduction of reindeer has more-over proved such a good conservation measure — having a steady source of meat and clothing, the Eskimos leave ducks, geese, rabbits and caribou alone — that Canada recently adopted the plan. In 1935, the government imported 2300 reindeer from Alaska; today they have increased to 5000 head.

— George G. Goodwin in *Natural History*, and *Springfield Union and Republican*

MAINE'S game wardens now make their patrols by plane, watching over thousands of deer and moose in 9,000,000 acres of wilderness which they have hitherto traveled by canoe in summer, by snowshoes in winter. During the long winters, when seven feet of snow is not unusual, the animals, herded together in sheltered spots, tramp down the snow, or eat evergreen foliage and tree bark, but if snows persist, they starve. These deer yards are easily found by the air wardens, who land nearby — their planes wear skis — chop evergreens and open up trails to the forage. If the planes can't land, food for the animals is dropped.

Also, game laws can be better enforced by plane. The wardens can search out airplane poachers, for example, who fly into the woods out of season and fish out streams. Maine's Game Commissioner, who inaugurated the plane patrols in 1937, estimates that one air warden does the work of 108 game wardens on snowshoes.

— *Popular Mechanics*



What—No Eggs?

A PAN-AMERICAN amphibian, thrown off schedule, put in near a little Indian village one night. The natives were friendly, and the crew hiked into the village, leaving a single member of their party to guard the ship. About 3 a.m., he saw a whole platoon of the local boys dancing around the ship, armed to the teeth. Back toward the tail a medicine man was making "double talk" over a small fire.

At dawn, when the rest of the party returned, the Indians broke up peaceably but stood around in long-faced, disappointed groups. Sign language and broken dialect finally secured an explanation. The chief had figured that such a bird would be a great help in the war he was planning against a neighboring tribe. All the birds he had ever heard of laid eggs, especially when properly hexed — hence the medicine man and the dancers. All they wanted was a nice fresh Sikorsky egg.

— *N. Y. Times*

Occupational therapy has created
a new profession of salvaging the injured

The Work Cure

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Editb M. Stern

THE STOCKY mechanic's brow furrowed as he bent over his loom, and, with obvious difficulty, used his bandaged hand to pick bright-colored wool in and out the warp. His concentration was intense: neither the buzz of a saw manned by a policeman behind him, nor the clanging hammer of an elderly woman beating out a copper bowl at the next bench, made him look up.

This is Sam's first day in the curative workshop of a modern hospital. He's a mechanic whose fingers are stiff after an operation on his hand. A few weeks' weaving and they will put him on something that requires more and more finger motion until he is fully able to go back to his job.

The policeman back of him fractured his shoulder. When he first came to the workshop he couldn't move it an inch. He was put at woodwork that gradually made him reach farther and farther, and now he's sawing away at a table he's naking for his wife.

The old lady has had arthritis for years. The doctor sent her here to regain motion in her wrist.

Guiding and directing Sam and the rest is a young woman in a green smock — an occupational therapy student in her last year of training. When she is graduated in June, there will be a job waiting for her. Hers is one of the few professions that has no unemployment problem: the demand for trained workers still far exceeds the supply. The Greek philosopher Galen said in 172 A.D.: "Employment is nature's best physician and essential to human happiness," but it is only during the past two decades that occupational therapy has taken its place as a definite form of medical treatment.

This new profession is really an outgrowth of the World War. From the doctors of the A.E.F. came a call for women workers to provide bedside occupation for sick and wounded soldiers. Training schools for occupational therapists were hastily set up, and from that time on, the prophecy of Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, chief consultant in psychiatry in the A.E.F., has, step by step, begun to be fulfilled. He said: "Some day occupational therapy will rank with anesthesia in taking

the suffering out of sickness, and with antitoxin in shortening its duration."

One reason the new profession is so little known is its apparently casual operation. Drop in at the workshop of a children's hospital and at first glance you think you have strayed into a progressive nursery school. None of the usual hospital paraphernalia is visible. There, at a low table, is five-year-old Jimmie fitting blocks into a box. Against the wall grave Janet diligently weaves a rag rug at a suspended loom. Over in the corner little Rosemary is happily pedaling a bicycle saw while she cuts out a wooden elephant.

The occupational therapist in charge, however, is a skilled specialist. Like a nurse, she works with the doctor. The children's occupations are as carefully selected and measured as the braces some of them wear. Jimmie lacks control of his voluntary muscles. By playing with blocks he is being taught how to grasp, and so develop coordination. Janet's abdomen is thrust forward by a malformation of her hip bones and her loom has been hung at the precise height to make her assume a corrective position as she weaves—two inches higher or lower would do more harm than good. Look beneath the table of the bicycle saw and you see that Rosemary's left leg is withered from infantile paralysis. While the child is absorbed in her toymaking, her

Achilles tendon is getting a stretching hardly possible with any number of wearisome reiterations of "Darling, do your exercises."

Movements are freer and have greater corrective value when they are not consciously performed as exercises. Congenial occupation is, therefore, the *sine qua non* of effective treatment. A large part of the therapist's job is to select occupations suited not only to physical needs but to temperaments and emotional quirks. Woodworking seemed the logical craft for an injured carpenter, but when tools were adjusted so as to give him the exercises he needed, their unorthodox arrangement so irritated him that he had to be switched to weaving, and he was enthralled in making a rug for his home.

A young actress, after a series of operations, realized she could never act again, and went to pieces emotionally. The therapist finally was able to interest her in making marionettes, and writing and staging little plays for them to entertain the children's ward. She thus kept her hand in the work she loved, and may, upon discharge, find a place in stagecraft or directing.

Occupational therapy must not be confused with vocational rehabilitation, though the two sometimes overlap. The latter aims to give the patient a skill whereby he may earn his living; the former is primarily curative, and if a valuable skill is acquired, it is incidental.

The depression provided occupational therapy with a stimulus hardly second to that of the war. Work-hungry hands found solace in crafts, and physical symptoms, more engendered by anxiety neuroses than organic causes, disappeared under treatment. The social and economic benefits of having work habits retained in illness, of making unemployables employable, were obvious. And so, though institutions had their budgets decreased, the field as a whole expanded. In Pennsylvania, for example, during the depths of the depression, six times as many occupational therapy departments were opened or enlarged as were discontinued. In 1936 available positions for occupational therapists, through one school only, numbered 91; in 1937, 137; and in 1938, 173!

Despite the specialty's rapid growth and the shortage of workers, educational standards have been steadily raised. In 1935 the American Medical Association made a survey of schools and approved five — in Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and Toronto, with a sixth, in Kalamazoo, tentatively accredited. Each of the accredited schools has a three-year course, and three offer a five-year alternative course leading to a B.S. degree.

The American Association of Occupational Therapy with headquarters at 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, acts as a clearinghouse of in-

formation and as a placement bureau. Of the 600 therapists in its registry, all but 15 are women. The field is theirs.

There is still room for enormous expansion in this new field. For all its growth in two short decades, only 792 of the 6189 A.M.A. approved hospitals in the United States have an occupational therapist on their staffs. The majority of these are mental hospitals, for the surface has only been scratched in general hospitals and tuberculosis and cardiac sanatoriums. Work with feeble-minded children has just begun. There is need for occupational therapy in leper colonies, in homes for the aged, and in penal institutions. A few occupational therapists are already in private practice; if they are reputable, they take only cases referred by doctors. Three cities, Philadelphia, Hartford and Detroit, have visiting therapists who, like visiting nurses, work with patients confined at home.

One need not, however, speculate about the future to hail the new profession. Its benefits for patients are being demonstrated daily. In the files of the Association are carbon copies of letter after letter regretting that no one is available to fill a particular position. For young women of initiative and adaptability, who have the personality that is as important as the training, and who find a real satisfaction in service, occupational therapy offers a rewarding career.

Garment Makers' Talkfest

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Hyman Goldberg

IN NEW YORK CITY's garment district — the capital of America's gigantic business in ready-to-wear dresses — everybody schmoozes: operators, cutters, bosses, salesmen and beautiful models. And neither merchants' associations, the police nor the street cleaning department can do the slightest thing about it.

The word "schmooze" (pronounced "shmooss") comes from the Yiddish and means "to talk." But schmoozing in the garment district is more than just idle chatter. It is a careful tradition, dear to the hearts of everyone in New York's most thickly populated business section. Precisely at 12 o'clock, from 25th Street to 41st Street, and from Eighth Avenue to Fifth, crowds pour out of the tall brick buildings. The narrow, noisy streets suddenly explode as 200,000 people make a mass rush for the curbs.

The schmoozers gulp down lunch in 15 minutes and then arrange themselves according to caste and craft. The dress operators assemble in a dense, shoulder-to-shoulder pack on 35th and 36th Streets. A cutter, however would die of shame if he were caught there. He schmoozes on 37th Street. Finishers confine

themselves to 34th Street, designers to 39th Street.

Once assembled, the horde settles down to excited, solemn talk in Yiddish, English-Yiddish, Italian, and occasionally English. They block pedestrian traffic. They blot out window displays, hide store entrances, and for an hour almost ruin ordinary trade. For years the merchants' associations have tried everything to bust up the schmooze. Once the Broadway Association wanted to donate a park, where all the workers could congregate at noon. Everybody in the district laughed himself sick at that idea. Imagine a cutter schmoozing anywhere except on 37th Street!

Because of schmooze, the garment district is the most hypersensitive city of 200,000 in the world. When a dress manufacturer steals a new style at 11:15 a.m., practically everybody knows about it by one o'clock. Needle workers come tearing out of their lofts at noon and rush off to their respective schmoozes to broadcast the stirring news.

Among the schmoozers, the models form a striking group. Sad as the truth may seem, they are not butterflyes. Most of them are extremely

virtuous young ladies from the Bronx who are looking for good, steady husbands. They hardly ever go out with buyers. For one thing, practically all models know one another, and if a model *were* seen in the company of a buyer, her name would be torn to shreds at the noon schmooze.

Politics are the hobby and passion of the needle-trade workers. The entire district is violently anti-Fascist. Hitler is hung in effigy every other day, and the Italian workers are anti-Mussolini.

Schmoozing is a by-product of the centralization of the industry. In the old days, most women's clothes were manufactured in the notorious lower East and West Side sweatshops or in the workers' homes. After 1910, because of the growth of unionism, the garment manufacturers had to seek new and more sanitary quarters. Eventually they

all chose to crowd themselves into 40-odd square blocks because one manufacturer simply cannot bear to be far away from another. How, for example, could the Rounded Curve Brassiere Company steal the new fall line of the You-Be-Beautiful-Too Brassiere Company if the two establishments weren't side by side in the same building? There is nothing so mournful as a pantie manufacturer who cannot get space in the pantie section. A lost and miserable soul, he has to set up shop in the form-fit-slip division, despised alike by his alien neighbors and his pantie competitors.

Fabulously crowded and cheerful by day, the Market by night is a graveyard. Promptly at five o'clock the garment district empties into the subway stations and by six all the restaurants, newsstands and bootblack parlors are closed. Everybody has gone home to the Bronx.



"Information Please"

*Answers to questions
published on page 56*

1. The campers at sea level. Water boils at 212 degrees at sea level, but the higher up you go the lower the boiling point. Therefore the water on the mountain, boiling at a lower temperature, will take longer to cook the eggs hard.

2. Bloomers were named after Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer of New York, dress reformer of about 1850; sandwich, after the fourth Earl of Sandwich, who is credited with first making

one to save time while playing cards; guillotine, after Dr. J. I. Guillotin, 1738-1814, who invented it; Vandyke, meaning a pointed beard, after the 17th-century Flemish artist; gerrymander, to divide a state into districts so that one political party has an advantage in representation, after Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts in 1812.

3. There are two participants on a tennis doubles team, four in polo, six in

hockey, eight in crew, and ten in softball (with a roving fielder).

4. The American equivalent of petrol is gasoline; multiple shops, chain stores; road diversion, detour; hire-purchase system, installment plan; butter muslin, cheese cloth.

The British equivalent of garters is sock-suspenders; of run in a stocking, ladder; of bouncer, chucker-out; of "choo-choo," a "puff-puff."

5. The man in the moon could not hear his wife chatter because of absence of atmosphere. There must be some such substance as air to transmit sound waves.

6. Amerongen, Holland, was the first refuge of the exiled Kaiser, 1918. Kitty Hawk, N. C., was the site of the Wright brothers' first airplane flight, December, 1903. Plymouth, Vermont, was the town where Calvin Coolidge's father administered to him the oath required on assuming the Presidency on August 2, 1923, after the death of Harding. Monts, France, was the scene of the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield.

7. Common expressions using the names of nations or people are: "It's an old Spanish custom." "It beats the Dutch." "There's something rotten in Denmark." "Darn clever, these Chinese." "He's an Indian giver." "Don't get

your Irish up." "The Greeks had a word for it." "Dutch treat."

8. Victor Emmanuel III of Italy a Boris III of Bulgaria are the two surviving rulers of countries engaged in the World War. David Lloyd George is the surviving member of the "Big Four." (Others were Orlando, Clemenceau, Wilson.) John J. Pershing is the surviving general of the high command

9. Immigration from England to the U. S. is restricted by quota. There is no restriction on immigration from Brazil. Members of the yellow race are barred except for temporary visits. There is a annual quota for whites from China, 100.

10. Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria, Premier Duca of Rumania, King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and Foreign Minister Barthou of France have all been assassinated since the World War. Chiang Kai-shek was kidnaped.

11. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a member of the N. Y. State Senate (1910-13), Assistant Secretary of the Navy (1913-20), and Governor of New York (1929-1933).

12. A. B. C. Powers — Argentina, Brazil, Chile; Sick Man of Europe — old name for Turkey; Celestial Empire — China; The Land of the Middle West — Sweden (her economic policy); Big Brother of the Western Hemisphere — U. S.; Mother of Parliaments — England.



BRENTANO's, trying to keep abreast of things, has announced a free service for purchasers of globes: they'll keep the globes up to date with decalcomania applications.

— *The New Yorker*

EDGAR WALLACE

The Biography of a Phenomenon

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

MARGARET LANE

"IT is pleasant to recommend as a rarity this new book on Edgar Wallace, the thriller writer," says Robert Van Gelder, in the *New York Times*. "Wallace came from outside the British caste system, an illegitimate child from Billingsgate who, unaided and uneducated, outdid his competition. No other writer, not even Scott or Dickens, was so widely read by his contemporaries. And few other men have so recklessly helped themselves to a good time and, entirely through their own efforts, got away with it. His experience does not exactly confound the precepts, but certainly it extends them. It is entirely fitting that a first-rate biographer has told his story."

EDGAR WALLACE

THE GREATEST best-selling author of all time, and fantastically prolific in output, Edgar Wallace is perhaps one of the most bizarre literary phenomenons of our generation. From his pen poured a stream of detective stories, articles, plays, and journalistic work with incredible and constantly increasing rapidity; and the immense sums he earned — in the last years of his life never less than \$250,000 a year — were always spent before they were received. He died owing \$700,000. (In two years, however, the royalties from his books had paid this debt.) He was incurably extravagant and a remorseless gambler, and to meet his prodigiously mounting expenses, he drove himself to ever-increasing heights of creative frenzy. He cared only for success. Where other writers had reached thousands of readers, he aimed at millions, and he was satisfied with the tangible rewards those millions brought him. And with it all, perhaps no character of his own rich invention lived under such strange compulsion as governed his own life.

He was born in Greenwich, England, in 1874, the second child — unwanted and illegitimate — of Polly

Richards, an obscure actress. She was a widow, dependent on uncertain earnings in the theater, and already burdened with the support of a small daughter. The circumstances were such that she determined (after what bitter heart searchings we shall never know) that the very existence of her second child must be kept secret. Except for the midwife who attended her, she confided in no one, not even her lover.

A week after the child's birth, Polly carried him to a Catholic priest for baptism, giving him the full name of his father, Richard Horatio Edgar, but hiding his true paternity by writing "Walter Wallace, comedian" in the parish register as the father's name. This done, she found a respectable Billingsgate fish porter's wife, Mrs. Freeman, who was willing to undertake the job of foster mother for five shillings a week.

Both George Freeman and his wife loved children — a stroke of luck for Polly Richards' son. They had raised ten children in their four-room cottage, and when Polly Richards announced that she could no longer scrape together the five-shilling installments, Mrs. Freeman offered to adopt the child.

In this household, Dick picked up the harsh Cockney whine of the other Freeman children. He was kept in school until he was 12 years old, and then Mrs. Freeman found him an opening in a Newington Causeway printing firm — the first of a long succession of jobs as a printer's boy, none of them lasting for more than a few months.

His imagination fired by a chance encounter with a sailor, he signed on at the age of 15 for a year as ship's cook and captain's boy in a Grimsby fishing trawler. It was December, and bitter weather. The trawler, buffeted by gales up and down the North Sea, pitched and rolled and stank of fish. With chattering teeth and cracked knuckles Dick crouched over his galley stove and in the intervals of seasickness tried to conceal his deficiencies as a cook. He was unpopular with the crew, not only for his bad cooking, but because he outraged their superstitions by bringing a paper of pins aboard.

When, two months later, the trawler put into Grimsby, Dick deserted the ship and started to walk to London. He stole from bakers' vans, slept in barns and outhouses. He tasted nothing but bread and water in the three weeks that it took him. Mrs. Freeman, thankful to have him safely back, urged him to make an effort to "settle down." But again he continued to run through a series of jobs, eventually becoming a plasterer's helper in Clacton.

At 18 he found himself apparently condemned to a future of casual labor and wretched poverty. He found what consolation he could in the circulating library, but he began to feel that he must take fate into his own hands. In this desperate frame of mind, against the tearful entreaties of Mrs. Freeman, he enlisted for seven years as a private in the Royal West Kent Regiment.

ARMY LIFE suited the new recruit.

For the first time he was well fed and regularly employed, and his painful thinness began to disappear. After some months he applied for a transfer to the Medical Staff Corps, where the pay was better, and to his pleased surprise was quickly drafted to the M.S.C. depot at Aldershot.

Aldershot being near London, young Wallace, who was already developing a passion for the theater, now spent his money and leaves on spectacular evenings in the music-halls. He delighted in the warmth, the music, the catchy songs. He whistled them in the train on the way home and amused himself with writing his own verses to popular melodies.

The success of his verses at the canteen concerts flattered him, and he conceived the daring idea of writing a song for his London music-hall hero, Arthur Roberts. Incredibly, the song was accepted, and Edgar determined to go to London to hear it sung.

A lesser enthusiasm might have

been damped by the refusal of leave; but Private Wallace was not to be cheated of his glory. He walked innocently out of camp one afternoon, and apparently deciding that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, he enjoyed London for five days, listening to his song and spending the five pounds it brought him.

On his return, he was sentenced to four days' imprisonment at hard labor. But when the chastened poet went back to duty, the doctor greeted him with a comprehending smile, and the men dismissed the incident with grins.

A few months later, promoted to second-class orderly, Edgar received the stimulating news that he was marked for duty in South Africa. This might mean action for, in 1896, South Africa was seething. Although war was not actually declared for another three years, the disastrous Jameson raid had fanned anti-British feeling among the Boers to explosion heat.

The young orderly was vaguely disappointed when he learned that his destination was Simonstown Hospital, reputed to be the greatest "loaf" in the whole service. There was in fact, almost nothing to do but keep the place clean and maintain the medical supplies. The only recreation outside the brothels and saloons was the Wesleyan Mission Room, sponsored by the Rev. William Caldecott. Here, since it possessed a modest lending library,

Dick began to spend his evenings.

Marion Caldecott, the missionary's wife, a woman of intellect and charm, took an immediate interest in Dick, choosing books for him, encouraging him to let her see his verses. The Caldecotts were the first family he had ever encountered who possessed that mysterious thing, a background of culture, and the young soldier haunted the house with cheerful persistence.

He was ill at ease in the presence of Mr. Caldecott, whose Old Testament harshness and family pride forbade any familiarity with a private soldier, but in the company of Mrs. Caldecott and her daughters he felt that there was no limit to his own possibilities. Particularly Ivy, vague and shy, at 18, listened attentively to everything he said and followed him with her eyes. To her, Dick Wallace (or Edgar, as he preferred to be called) soon became something more than a clever Tommy; she believed him to be a genius. In the months that followed, his small successes — he managed to sell a few contributions to South African papers — convinced her that he was. The intimacy slowly ripened into a relationship which was to haunt her with love and sorrow to her death. For, before many months, despite her father's mounting disapproval, she and Edgar were engaged to be married.

Edgar himself had no doubt whatever as to his poetical future, and had already proved his talent

with a poem in the *Cape Times* celebrating the imminent arrival of Kipling in South Africa. It was written in the Kipling vein; and — strongest recommendation of all — possessed the novelty of being written by a "common Tommy." The verses were handsomely displayed, and he read them over in a kind of ecstasy.

The greatest triumph came when he was invited to the City Club's farewell dinner to Kipling. On this occasion Kipling seems to have been genuinely touched by the admiration of the young soldier, but his advice, though kindly meant, was not too encouraging. "His last words," Edgar confided to his diary, "were, 'For God's sake, don't take to literature as a profession. Literature is a splendid mistress, but a bad wife!'"

The great man's advice fell upon stony ground. The contact with Kipling, with the "members of parliament, editors, professors, etc.," whom he glowingly described in a letter home only confirmed his belief that if the future held anything for him (and he was certain that it did) it was through writing alone that he would achieve it.

Obviously the thing to do was to free himself from the army as quickly as possible, and to snatch every opportunity for writing that presented itself. Learning that it was possible to buy one's way out for 18 pounds, Edgar obtained a purchased discharge (conduct and

character "very good") on the 12th of May, 1899, and presented himself — a civilian and a gentleman — at the Caldecott home. Rather to Mrs. Caldecott's surprise, when she proffered a half-hearted invitation for him to stay with them a day or two until he was settled, Edgar accepted with alacrity — and stayed for four months.

What the atmosphere in the Caldecott household was like during that time one can only guess. Edgar, it is true, was rarely at home, coming back by the last train after covering meetings for the *Cape Times*, and rushing out in the morning with poems and articles for the half-dozen South African papers to which he was busily contributing. But Mr. Caldecott's ever-increasing disapproval led to an exhausting succession of scenes. Until Edgar established himself in his new profession, marriage was out of the question. So Ivy and Edgar were finally persuaded to part for two years on probation; during that time Edgar would have an opportunity of proving himself, and Ivy of knowing her own mind.

IN OCTOBER, 1899, when war was finally declared against the Boers, Edgar was offered a job by Reuter's news agency as second correspondent with the Western Division. At last his long-awaited opportunity had arrived.

He hastened to the front and was soon bumping hopefully about the

veld on a bicycle. He chafed at being compelled to remain behind the lines, and at the necessary shortness of his shilling-a-word cables. He began to give more and more attention to the long descriptive "mail stories," which were published by various newspapers, including the London *Daily Mail*.

After he had spent several undistinguished months in the field, everyone thought the war was practically over, and Edgar, who was looking forward to the publication of a book of poems in London, secured three months' leave and sailed for England.

In many ways it was a depressing homecoming. Just before sailing he had received the melancholy news of Mrs. Freeman's death; and his book, written with such care and pride, was a failure, bringing him barely £15 in royalties. But his London visit did achieve one important association. On impulse he called on Tom Marlowe, editor of the *Daily Mail*. Marlowe listened noncommittally to Edgar's assertion that, in his opinion, the war would last at least another year. Edgar also hinted that his own talents were peculiarly suited to writing long articles for the *Mail*, and Marlowe cautiously invited him to send in "a few articles" when he got back to the Cape.

The first half-dozen dispatches convinced Marlowe that he need hesitate no longer; he sent Edgar a cable appointing him *Daily*

Mail correspondent, giving him the "freest of free hands."

In April of 1901, Edgar paid a brief and determined visit to Cape Town and married Ivy. After a week's honeymoon she was established in a small furnished bungalow in a Cape Town suburb, and Edgar was back at work, embroiled in an enthralling tussle with the military censors.

The war dragged on and Edgar was foremost among correspondents in getting code messages through to England, acquainting a horrified public with realistic details of warfare and of British losses. Lord Kitchener, justifiably exasperated by the uncanny promptness with which every move at the front was flashed to London — and from there relayed by telegraph straight to the enemy, insisted on a vigorous system of muzzling the correspondents. But Edgar was often able to elude this rigid censorship. Other newspapers began to reproduce passages from his articles, referring to him flatteringly as the *Daily Mail's* "famous" or "distinguished" war correspondent.

By April 1902 it became obvious to Boer leaders that peace negotiations would have to be undertaken. Representatives met in the "peace camp" at Vereeniging on the 15th of May.

Kitchener, genuinely fearful that the delicate peace negotiations might be jeopardized by premature newspaper comment, saw to it that the war correspondents were ex-

cluded from the camp, which was fenced about with barbed wire and guarded by sentries.

During the 15-day deadlock which ensued, with suspense running high in England, the *Daily Mail* annoyed its rivals and astonished the government by coming out with definite statements on the progress of negotiations. How news could have leaked through, no one could imagine. When the *Mail* spread the welcome news of peace, the other papers, their editorials still inflated with windy prophecy, were indignant and incredulous. But the following day Mr. Balfour announced the signing of the treaty, and the *Mail* was suspected of getting the information by bribing underpaid War Office clerks.

The real story was neither so dull nor so simple. While the other correspondents hung around the barbed wire fence, Edgar appeared to spend most of his time traveling about the vicinity by train, with an innocently preoccupied expression. The train at one point ran within sight of the peace camp and among the sentries there, Edgar had located an old and trusted crony. This convenient accomplice had been equipped with three colored handkerchiefs, red signifying "nothing doing"; blue, "making progress"; white, "treaty definitely to be signed." Whenever he was off duty he would saunter along the fence thoughtfully wiping his nose. From the handkerchief's color Edgar wrote his dispatches.

At once a hero and a felon (his felony, needless to say, most apparent to Lord Kitchener), Edgar hurried down to Cape Town and to Ivy, who had just given birth to a daughter. He had magnificent news: He had been offered the editorship of a new Johannesburg paper, the *Rand Daily Mail*, at £2000 a year — a giddy figure compared with the £28 a month he had been getting. It was a wonderfully important position for a young man of 27.

But within nine months the edifice of success crumbled. His head buzzing with schemes to make the new venture a success, Edgar had lavishly spent the paper's money for sensational material, and had engaged an inordinately expensive staff of foreign correspondents. In his new prosperity he had lived all too handsomely, renting a large house, engaging a staff of native servants, entertaining expansively and throwing money about at the races. When a final quarrel with the owner of the *Rand Daily Mail* drove Edgar out of South Africa, he owed hundreds of pounds to tradesmen and acquaintances; the golden opportunity of Johannesburg had been carelessly squandered, and there was nothing left.

THE VOYAGE home was not a cheerful one. Their baby had just died of meningitis, and he and Ivy were tragically grieved. Edgar had only £80 in the world, and lost most of it over the poker table.

They arrived home with six shillings, their only assets except for a half-finished play about Cecil Rhodes, on which he had been hopefully working. Edgar's gold watch was pawned for £12, and they took rooms in a boarding-house in Dulwich.

While Ivy unpacked, Edgar went to see Marlowe, who gave him a reporter's job at the *Daily Mail* at £15 a week. Edgar's spirits soared, as they always did on the rebound after any reverse. He was now in Fleet Street where everything, as he believed, was possible.

During his first few weeks in London Edgar received an unexpected visit from Polly Richards. Her only daughter had died years before, and now Polly was old and poor and alone. Though for 20 years she had not seen this son whom she had never wanted, she can never have guessed how deep-seated was the bitterness which prompted the one completely ungenerous action of his life. Unable to forgive what he believed to be a callous and irresponsible abandonment, Edgar frankly told her to expect nothing.

A few months later, playing a small part with a touring company in Bradford, her frail health finally gave way. She was removed to Bradford Infirmary, where she died quite penniless. Her son-in-law buried this lonely woman in Catholic ground and sent her prayer book as a last relic to her son.

The wretched circumstances of his mother's death affected Edgar deeply, and doubtless with self-reproach. Perhaps he recognized, too late, something of his own stoical indifference to defeat in the way she accepted the rebuff of their last encounter, turned her back on London and went on alone to work and to die.

During the several years he was with the *Mail*, Edgar was shifted about a great deal. He was sent to Canada, to Spain, to the Belgian Congo where he investigated the rumored atrocities in the rubber country.

Ivy's second child, Bryan, was barely a month old when he went to Morocco on a kidnaping story. Meanwhile, his Cecil Rhodes play was being produced in Cape Town, and his hopes for it were high. But on his return to London a month later he learned that the play — really impossibly amateurish — had run only six nights. It was a bitter blow; he had been counting on the play to extricate him from financial difficulties for, as usual, he was living far beyond his means.

He hastily moved to an unpretentious house on Notting Hill, where he was not known to tradesmen, and made another cast at fortune. This time it was a novel that was to make him rich, a story of Scotland Yard in full cry with a background of politics. While Ivy did the cooking (sometimes with

unforeseen results), Edgar, who loved children, sat in his study rocking the baby with one hand and writing with the other.

He worked feverishly on the book, which was called *The Four Just Men*, and since he did not find it easy to interest a publisher, decided to publish it himself, calling his new venture the Tallis Press. He would give the book tremendous publicity; he planned to spend about £1000 on newspaper advertising, and arranged for huge 16-sheet posters to appear all over London. He offered £500 for the correct solution of the story.

Three months after publication, gloom descended on him. The book was selling well, but bills for advertising and posters were enormous, and the printers were reluctant to regard his account as a sporting venture. He needed nearly £2000 to extricate himself, with no profit, and the problem of the prize money began to assume terrifying proportions. Thousands of solutions, some of them correct, were littering the modest headquarters of the Tallis Press, and readers were beginning to write angry letters, denouncing *The Four Just Men* as a vulgar swindle. Angry letters were also pouring into the *Daily Mail*, and the publisher, Alfred Harmsworth, concerned for the good name of his newspaper, irritably decided to advance £1000 against Edgar's salary. Thus the situation was saved, and Edgar

rescued from possible scandal and certain bankruptcy.

He survived this escapade at the *Mail*. But when, scarcely a year later, his reporter's carelessness (the careful confirming of any dramatic detail was a labor which all his life Edgar found distasteful) contributed toward two expensive libel suits against the paper, Harmsworth decided that Edgar's "graceful pen" was a luxury which the *Mail* could cheerfully, even thankfully, do without.

FOR THE SECOND time Edgar found the ground cut from under his feet. Word quickly went round that he was a dangerous and unreliable writer, and Edgar, incredulous at first, was dismayed to find every door in Fleet Street closed against him.

As month after month went by with no prospect of work, and his desk became cluttered with rejected articles and stories, he fell into a lethargy of depression. A nervous tension developed between him and Ivy, who was expecting another child. She often took refuge in tears, and Edgar found in her subdued nervousness a new annoyance to intensify their gradual estrangement.

To Ivy's increased despair, on the rare occasions when a story or an article was accepted, Edgar refused to pay even the household bills, but tried to double his money at the races. He seemed to regard

any pinching or saving as a confession of defeat.

But toward the end of 1909 his fortunes again took an upward turn. He had managed to meet the fiction editor of Shurey's publications, Mrs. Thorne, who accepted one of his stories, and offered some advice on short-story writing. A few evenings later Mrs. Thorne took a bus for London Bridge Station and found herself seated next to Edgar Wallace. He was going to an East End meeting of the Congo Reform Association, and in the course of conversation told her some of the rubber country stories he had heard up and down the African coast.

"But good heavens," cried Mrs. Thorne. "Why are you worrying about good material for stories? You've got everything there—color, excitement, an exotic background and some wonderful characters! Why not write me some African stories for the *Weekly Tale-Teller*?"

Struck by this suggestion, Edgar forgot his meeting, and Mrs. Thorne missed her train. They walked up and down London Bridge platform, arguing, questioning, planning.

The series of stories, called *Sanders of the River*, was an immediate success, and Edgar began to realize he had tapped a source which need never be exhausted. He had made extensive notes in the Congo, and now fortified his imagi-

nation with them. The tribes, the customs, the roundabout proverbial speech, the fragments of the Lomongo tongue provided a wealth of material, and when the facts were insufficiently picturesque he glibly invented others.

Prosperous again, Edgar plunged once more into the feverish excitements of London theatrical and sporting life, which timid Ivy had never been able to share. His volatility responded disturbingly to female flattery, and Ivy was alarmed by his numerous flirtations until she discovered their transient and casual nature. Before long she was able, at Edgar's request, to answer telephone calls from his more tiresome pursuers, obediently telling them that he was not at home, while Edgar sat within reach of the instrument, placidly smoking.

It was inevitable, however, that in one of these associations he should one day find the sympathy and compatibility that he and Ivy had never approached. Daisy was an attractive woman in her early thirties, gay where Ivy was reserved, worldly where she was timid; Edgar found in her all the easy sociability and liveliness of spirit which charmed him in women. Emotionally at a loose end, he promptly fell in love with her. Thus began a relationship which for ten years was to be significant in his life.

The *Sanders* series quickly reës-

established Edgar's reputation. He was soon in demand as reporter, serial writer and even editor with various newspapers. Frankly delighted to be back in Fleet Street, he managed to be in and out of various journalistic posts — sometimes holding several at once — throughout the rest of his life.

In the multiplicity of interests which now occupied him, Daisy soon usurped even those willing offices which Ivy had undertaken with such pride — reading his manuscripts, correcting his proofs, discussing the plots of his stories. Ivy accepted her, sadly, as a friend of the family, and the situation was smoothed over by certain conventional assumptions — that Ivy did not care for going out, and that it was useful for him to have someone to help him with his work.

AT THE OUTBREAK of the World War Edgar, then 39 and above military age, found himself barred as a war correspondent — Kitchenner had never forgiven him — and was delighted when the *Birmingham Daily Post* gave him a job writing a daily analysis of war news. His column, which began on the second day of the war and continued until the Armistice, was extremely well done. Readers wrote to him in hundreds, praising his courageous outlook. His uncritical capacity for accepting the popular attitude was never more apparent than at this time; from the moment

when war was declared every German became for him a Hun, and the boys at the front were heroes to a man. It was not that he feared to cross swords with public opinion; he always, most fully and sincerely, shared it. This is a psychological factor of some importance in his later phenomenal success as a popular writer.

When his amazingly fast and accurate secretary, Robert Curtis, enlisted, there appeared in answer to his advertisement for a typist a gray-eyed, freckled girl of 18 who introduced herself as Miss Violet King.

She was shy, nervous, and obviously trying to appear older than she was; and in her confusion made the mistake of confessing that she had never heard of Edgar Wallace. "I was sorry the moment the words were out of my mouth," she admitted later. "He made me see so plainly that he was hurt. He took it for granted — even then — that his name was a household word." But in spite of her tactlessness the girl pleased him. At the end of a pleasant two-hour conversation in which there had been no mention of either work or wages, Miss King was told to report for work at nine o'clock the following morning. A new and vital relationship had unobtrusively begun.

Although she was to become Edgar's second wife, replacing Ivy and defeating the more experienced Daisy on her own ground, the attraction

of this awkward girl was at that time by no means obvious. But she was young, frank, ambitious and hard-working. Her liking for Edgar was immediate. A highly skilled stenographer, she accepted with practical philosophy the torrent of work which he thrust upon her, the eccentric hours and his incalculable moods.

There was no love lost between Ivy and Miss King, though their instinctive hostilities were masked by a charming façade of friendliness. Ivy permitted herself no sign of irritation beyond referring to her always as "the typist." Daisy, however, was frankly suspicious of the new secretary, and Violet, nearly 20 years younger, openly found it difficult to understand what Edgar saw in Daisy. Thus, though no word of jealousy was spoken, a hidden current of hostility flowed between the three women.

Edgar had little time to observe these ripples of emotion in the household. He was vaguely aware that all was not well with Ivy; she was grave and silent, but he had grown so used to regarding her as a negative presence that he paid little attention.

In the war years the marriage, entered into so confidently 14 years before, reached a stage of tragic disillusionment. Ivy's docile nature had failed to satisfy the needs of his more vigorous spirit. His appetite for life was enormous. His work, too, had forced them relent-

lessly apart, absorbing his energies, taking him among people she did not understand. Finally she gave up the unequal struggle and, in 1917, fearfully confessed to Edgar that she wanted her freedom. Divorce proceedings were started and the decree absolute was granted in June, 1919.

A few months later, Edgar and Violet King were married, as secretly as possible, for Edgar, who had a horror of emotional scenes not of his own making, was reluctant to break the news to Daisy before the marriage. The five years following his marriage to Jim — as he arbitrarily christened Violet — were, beyond doubt, the happiest of his life. Emotionally he was at peace, his mind was not fretted by the strain which shadowed his later years, and he was making money.

INCREDIBLY, up to this time Edgar had disposed of all his book rights (he had already written 28 novels), heedlessly selling them outright for 70 or 80 pounds without a thought of royalties. At last, A. S. Watt, an astute literary agent, put him in touch with Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, of Hodder & Stoughton, who immediately gave Edgar a six-novel contract on a royalty basis. Sir Ernest had, where Edgar Wallace was concerned, a prophetic intuition that this none-too-successful man, already nearing his fifties, had the makings of one of the greatest popular entertainers of all time.

He was convinced that Edgar's most successful work would be struck off at white heat, and that the only way to get the best out of him was to induce him to work continuously at top pressure. The success of the system may be gauged from the fact that during the next ten years his firm published no less than 46 novels, the sales of which ran into millions.

This torrential output, amounting to more than 150 separate works in 27 years, is a phenomenon difficult to explain. Wallace often appeared to be remarkably idle. He was a familiar figure on every race-course and at the theater. To his friends his physical laziness was a legend: he had been known to take a taxi for a distance of a hundred yards. Yet ideas flowed into his consciousness without effort, and he could apply himself to his trade with a fierce concentration, though he did so only when necessity was hard on him.

As the legend of his prodigious output grew, popular jokes about the "weekly Wallace" progressed until it was the "midday Wallace" for which readers were supposed to clamor. Scoffers affirmed that the work was not all his own — that his secretary wrote half of it, that he employed "ghosts," that he was the figurehead of a gigantic literary syndicate. These rumors never ceased to annoy him. He offered a reward of £5000 to anyone who could prove that a single word which

had appeared under his name had been written by another. But the rumors followed him to the end of his life, and even pursue him with a certain smug uncharitableness beyond the grave.

Dictated at such high speed, it was inevitable that errors of fact or of grammar should appear in his stories, but this seems not to have been regarded as important by either author or publisher. Wallace's plots are so permeated with the improbable that the reader, once hypnotized by the breathless anxiety to know what happens next, loses all touch with reality and wanders in a maze of confusion and suspense through a hair-raising criminal world built of the purest fantasy. Despite its horrors, it is a reassuring world, in which justice is always triumphant and the sexual morality of the characters, including the criminals, is above reproach. "There is so much nastiness in modern literature which makes me physically sick," Edgar once said, "that I like to write stories which contain nothing more than a little innocent murdering."

For years Edgar had been doggedly writing plays and sending them on the round of London managers; and one of his plays, which he produced himself, had the melancholy distinction of being the outstanding fiasco of the season. But at last he achieved a really good, well-knit melodrama. On the first night of *The Ringer*, which was

presented at Wyndham's Theater on May 1, 1926, it was clear that the ambition which had haunted him all his life had at last been realized. It was 30 years since he had sat, breathless, in the music-hall gallery and heard Arthur Roberts sing his popular song, and had first wildly dreamed of fame in the theater. It had been a long time to wait, but the realization of this dream gave him a far deeper pleasure than any other kind of success.

The Ringer played for a year, and established him as a dramatist. The next six years saw the production of no fewer than 17 of his plays, more than half of which were successful. And he once had three plays running simultaneously, celebrating the event with a lavish supper party to the members of all three casts at the Carlton Hotel.

Edgar was always fascinated by criminals, and felt almost a school-boy's excitement in contact with them. He once ran a tipster business in partnership with a notorious racing character known as "Ringer" Barrie. At the end of six months Barrie, who had a professional reputation to maintain, had to get rid of Edgar for the sake of the business, but through this association Edgar met a number of petty crooks. He was invariably disappointed, however, by their stupidity and shabbiness — they, in turn, looked upon him as a virtually foolproof "touch" — but he never lost hope that he would one day

encounter the master crook of his dreams.

When, in 1929, Edgar made a trip to the United States, gang wars were at their height, and, impelled to see a criminal underworld which was so much more violent and picturesque than anything in his own novels, he made a flying visit to Chicago, where an obliging police lieutenant took him on tour. He was shown Capone's headquarters (a middle-class hotel frequented by unsuspecting provincials); the flower shop where Dion O'Banion was "put on the spot"; the garage which had been the scene of the St. Valentine's Day massacre; the sinister suburb of Cicero. Over this whole underworld loomed the powerful and inscrutable figure of Al Capone.

The magnitude of gangster activity, the wealth, the brutality of it, touched the macabre and extravagant part of his imagination. Edgar spent the five days of the voyage home in the idle abstraction which always meant that his mind was creatively employed. When he reached London he told his secretary that he had a new play complete in his head down to the last detail.

He began work on the brutal drama, *On the Spot*, at once, dictating almost without a pause. At the end of four days the play was finished, and Edgar retired to bed to recover from his abnormal mental activity. Without doubt it is Wallace's best play, and perhaps

even the finest melodrama of our time.

Edgar's speed of writing had increased through long years of practice until even his most intimate friends were baffled by it. Sir Patrick Hastings, spending a week-end at Edgar's country house, had seen him dictate a full-length novel between Friday night and Monday morning, and had been aghast at Edgar's airy assurance that the feat was nothing extraordinary. Edgar had disappeared during dinner on Friday night. A servant remained on duty all night to give him a fresh cup of sweet tea every half hour. By nine o'clock on Monday morning, pallid, unshaved, and with almost hysterical fatigue lining his face, he announced that he had finished his 80,000-word novel and went to bed for two days, satisfied to have earned £4000 in serial rights in 60 hours.

This killing pace was, he protested, merely a part of his routine, and he planned his new novels six or seven at a time. Even this was only part of the immense journalistic output of his last few years. Editors eagerly sought his articles, and he was prepared to write on any and every topic from capital punishment to the sins of the modern girl. He commanded high prices, but for old Fleet Street friends who could offer little, he would willingly write a good article for five or ten guineas. The habit of overwork had, in fact, so strong a hold on him in

these last years that he had almost lost the ability to say no; one article more or less during the day made little difference; it was merely a matter of half an hour with the dictaphone.

As his income approached the fabulous, every detail of life had to be as luxurious as possible. He maintained two magnificent houses and a service flat, and kept a total of 20 servants. A party was not worth giving unless it were splendidly spectacular, and his favorite celebration was a supper party to 200 guests, taking over a whole restaurant.

Racing was his greatest personal extravagance. A day rarely passed but his routine telephone bets amounted to £100. He wrote a continuous series of racing articles for the *Star*, and by 1930 he was himself the owner of a string of 21 race horses, which, if indifferent in quality, at least gave him some standing as an owner, and the £3000 which he earned from the *Star* went very nearly halfway toward their keep.

In the theater he would always begin a production on fairly economical lines, but at the first-night party he would become magnificently expansive and double the salaries of half the cast. He was exasperated by a modest request for a raise in salary and generally refused it. But to double a man's salary without warning, and send him out of the theater incredulously blessing his

luck, gave him the deepest satisfaction.

IN THE LAST two years of his life overwork and unsuspected ill-health made him irritable and restless. For 40 years, now, there had been this steady and relentless acceleration, and it had reached a pitch where the delicate mechanism of brain and nerve was beginning to vibrate on a thin note of warning. The small flame of his genius had never been allowed to burn steadily and in peace; it had been fluttered and blown upon by necessity, by spendthrift carelessness, by ambition and greed, until its strength was scattered and the flame itself uncertain.

His financial affairs, always in turmoil, were, by 1931, in such chaos that he became genuinely apprehensive. He owed £20,000 in income tax alone, and although a mixture of cowardice and optimism prevented his making any real investigation into his affairs, he had a hazy idea that all together he owed nearly four times that figure. Thus, when he received an attractive offer from Hollywood, he felt that he could not afford to leave so promising a gold field unexplored.

Nevertheless, he had developed a morbid fear of leaving home, and as the day of departure approached he alternated between depression and excitement. Working feverishly in an attempt to get his new play, *The Green Pack*, ready for Wynd-

ham's and Gerald du Maurier before he sailed, he impatiently rejected Jim's suggestion that he should go to a doctor. He had no suspicion of the disease which was sapping his strength — the diabetes mellitus which he had fed for years with incessant drinking of sweet tea, and which already was exaggerating his insatiable thirst and his inhuman pallor.

He sailed on the *Empress of Britain* in November 1931, with Bob Curtis, his efficient secretary, and a valet. Jim remained behind with their only child, Penelope, who was seriously ill. It was a cold, gray, gloomy day, made hardly less desolate by the band which was playing on deck in an effort to introduce a festive air. Edgar, taking his last look at England, could no longer distinguish his family on the quay, but he accepted the colored streamer which the steward put into his hand, and after a moment of hesitation took out his pen and scribbled on the end of it: "Good-bye — Edgar Wallace." Then he threw the little coil of paper at random, and went to his cabin — to write to Jim.

He spent a lonely two months in Hollywood, despite its gaiety and the deference he was shown there, and fretfully looked forward to the time when he could return to England. But when his option was taken up, he decided to stay on for a further two months, signing the contract on the last day of January.

The Green Pack was due to open at Wyndham's on February 9, and Edgar, looking forward to an almost certain success, had arranged to broadcast to the audience from Hollywood. But the first night of the play was a melancholy occasion, for word had been received that Edgar was stricken by pneumonia, complicated by diabetes. Contents bills announcing "Edgar Wallace Gravely Ill" were posted at the theater entrance, and Jim's anxiety seemed to have communicated itself to every part of the house.

The following day, when Jim was on her way to Southampton, Edgar relapsed into a coma, with increasingly rare periods of consciousness. Walter Huston, who had become an affectionate friend during these last weeks in Hollywood, joined Curtis and Edgar's valet in hopeless vigil, and for nearly three hours sat at the bedside of the sleeping man. None of them was aware of the gentle

moment when his quiet sleep became death.

Jim's anxious coming was cut short by a cable which reached her while the *Majestic* was still within sight of Southampton, and when the liner reached Cherbourg, Jim went ashore. By the time she again reached England, Edgar, too, had begun his journey home.

On board the *Bcrengaria*, they laid a Union Jack over him and covered him with flowers. He lay alone in the empty saloon under his burden of wreaths, and no journey that he had ever taken had been made in such quiet dignity and state.

When the ship crept into Southampton Water her flag was flying at half mast, and the flags of Southampton slipped gently down to salute him. The bells of Fleet Street tolled, and Wyndham's was dark. It was to honor, though not as he knew it, that he had indeed come home.



To Be Concluded

THE MAGAZINE which published *The Old Curiosity Shop* came to America by sailing vessel. As interest in Dickens' story mounted from week to week, the crowds became larger on the New York wharf waiting to buy copies as soon as the boat docked. By the time the story reached its last chapter these crowds had grown to such numbers and to such a pitch of suspense that they swarmed, five or six thousand strong, upon the wharf and could not wait until the ship docked. When they spied the captain on the deck they called out across the narrowing water the question that burned in everyone's heart: "Did little Nell die?"

— Fred Eastman, *Men of Power*, Vol. I (© 1938, Whitmore & Smith)

Tom's Last Forage

Condensed from a booklet of the same title

John Trotwood Moore

"Tom's Last Forage" was written in 1897 and first published in a small magazine in Chicago. A literary thief sold it as his own to Munsey's Magazine, where it was published in 1898, anonymously. It has been widely pirated since. It was first published in book form in 1926.

This famous Southern story is based on an incident in the life of the author's father, who was an Alabama judge. The author, who died in Nashville in 1929 at the age of 71, was one of the last of the old-time Southern minstrels. He was a prolific writer but many of his best stories were published casually in Tennessee country newspapers or in horse and turf magazines. It was against his creed to write for money and until late in life when popular magazines and Hollywood became interested in his work he profited little. Even then his magnificent earnings staggered and perplexed him. Much of his time was devoted, as state historian of Tennessee, to the task of correcting Southern history. His last published work was "Hearts of Hickory," a historical novel based on the life of Andrew Jackson.

MY VERY FIRST recollection and my most distinct: the old home, my mother in the doorway, the song of a catbird in the pomegranate tree.

But my mother was weeping.

I came to her and she put an arm around me. Small as I was, I felt that she held me for support. Tom was coming up the path — Tom, who had gone to war with my father and was now returning alone. He was carrying my father's sword and even the saddle he had ridden.

There had been a great battle in Georgia, and, though two weeks had passed, no news had come of my father or of Tom.

I felt my mother's breath come in a quick, strange way. Pale, her

eyes fixed on Tom, she stood clutching me. And then I saw Tom's face break into the smile I knew so well, and he shouted: "Marse John ain't dead, Miss Emily. He an' all his company was captured at Marietta!"

After the war I remember him more distinctly — a sly, rollicking rascal of a darky with a catfish smile and a jaybird eye. He was always ready for a laugh, a drunk, a fight, or a profession of religion. But his strong card was his experiences "endurin' de wah," as body servant to "Marse John." From his own statements there could be no doubt that, besides his actual participation in every battle of the Civil War, the Confederate forces

were maintained in the field entirely by his skill as a "furager."

He was also fond of disputing upon questions theologic. In this he was peculiarly strong, for his fistic abilities were unquestionable, and few were willing to "spute de p'int wid 'im." His great argument was the efficacy of faith over work, and he was so scrupulously religious in his belief that he finally ceased to work altogether. He took no thought for the morrow, he carried no scrip in his purse, he had not even a change of raiment.

But his staunch friend was "Marse John," who had long been Judge of the old Black Belt Circuit of Alabama. The old Judge was a good man and a good Judge — the poorest and blackest Negro never failed to get justice equally with the richest and whitest man in the district. Nay, more; for in the dignified old gentleman the poor and friendless found a strong and stubborn friend. The old Judge's influence in the district was wonderful, as is always the influence of truth and strength.

There was a peculiarly strong bond existing, in the South, between the master and the servant who had faced death together. And so the old Judge, while he openly lamented Tom's worthlessness, secretly never failed to come to his assistance when in trouble or to supply him and his family with food when hungry. If Tom got in jail, he "saunt fur Marse John,"

who quickly bailed him out. If, after a religious scrimmage with another ducky, he was fined for assault and battery, he "saunt fur Marse John," who paid the fine. If he even concluded that marriage was a failure (as he did several times), he "saunt fur Marse John," who never failed to go Tom's security for the costs and the \$15 lawyer's fee — all that was required in the Black Belt of Alabama to enable two yoked-up darkies to separate. This last act raised the old Judge among the gods, in Tom's estimation.

And so Tom went on, in spite of the old Judge's admonitions, until one day something happened: The grand jury returned a true bill against Tom for hog-stealing. Now, the old Judge would do anything in the world for Tom outside his own court, but when Tom got into that temple of justice he found himself among the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

But if Tom was in great danger he never troubled himself about it. Throughout the trial, there was in his face a secret exultation that foreshadowed a complete, a startling, and even a sensational exoneration.

He had stolen a shoat from "the Majah," the old Judge's neighbor, and the Major made out a plain, dead-shot case against Tom. In fact, several colored witnesses had seen him take the shoat and carry it to his own cabin.

In his own behalf Tom said nothing, but sat with a broad and knowing grin on his face. His lawyer made a feeble effort in his defense and submitted a charge or two which the Judge promptly overruled. The jury retired, and quickly brought in a verdict which carried with it a penitentiary sentence. This made Tom chuckle outright; he almost split his sides in quiet laughter, to the disgust of the court and the astonishment of his lawyer.

"Stand up, sir!" roared the old Judge.

Tom arose with his broadest grin and most waggish air.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" He looked sternly at the prisoner.

And then came a rich scene.

"Look er-heah, Marse John," Tom chuckled good-naturedly, "does you mean to set up dar on dat bench an' heah dis jury scan'lize my reppertashun lak dat, an' not do nothin' 'bout it? Marse John, whut you mean by doin' dis er way?"

The old Judge turned red with anger.

"Mr. Sheriff," he thundered, "take this prisoner to jail!"

For a moment Tom was thunder-struck. Could Marse John really mean it? Was his only white friend about to desert him? Quickly he changed his tactics.

"Hol' on, Marse John, hol' on!"

Tom had assumed an air of in-

tense earnestness. "You done ax me, an' I hafter tell you. But I wants you, gen'lm'n uv de jury, to b'ar witness to de fac' dat Marse John dun fotch all dis row down on hisse'f. 'Stid of sayin' to you-all at de berry fus', 'Gen'lm'n, dese seedlins is squashed, an' dis ole nigger kin go!' he aig you-all on, er s'archin an er nosin' roun' in my privut bizness tell you-all gen'lm'n jes' blecgeter fotch in dis heah vurdick — an' I don't blame you-all 'tall, gen'lm'n.

"Erhuh! Erhuh!" Tom chuckled and scratched his head in deep thought. "Wal, suh, heah's whut I got ter say: Uv korse I tuck de Majah's little bit er ole po' shoat! But I jes' swap fur 'im, an' de Majah kno' es well es I do I wuz jes' gwine gib 'im ernudder on' back dis fall, an' er heap better shoat, too; fur, es you-all kno', my ole sow is three-quarters Buhk-sheer, an' fo' Gawd, gen'lm'n, es I stan' heah on my oaf, dat wuz de littles', no-countes' pig I uver swap tur in all my life! Ef it ain't so, gen'lm'n, then I ain't nurver stole hawgs in Georgy!"

Tom was reminiscent again. "Nurver stole hawgs in Georgy? An' now I'm gittin' dar, is I? But b'ar in min', gen'lm'n, Marse John done fotch all dis down on hisse'f. I'd nurver tol' on 'im — no! not eben at de jedgment mawn — don' keer how hard ole Gabri'l keep tootin' his hawn, an' erlookin' at me so s'archin-lak wid his fiah

eyes, an' ersayin': 'Tom, what you know 'bout hawg-stealin' in Georgy?' An' I'd say, 'Nuffin, Marse Gabri'l, nuffin 'tall, suh, Gawd bless you!' But now Marse John hisse'f dun ax me!

"Gen'lm'n, when I fus' went ter de wah wid Marse John, fer ter wait on 'im, I wuz es hones' es de noonday sun; but I hadn't been in de wah six weeks befo' I'd steal anything from a hen-aig ter de guv'ment steer! An' why? Kaze Marse John had ter hab sumpin' n'ur ter eat. You think I gwine see my young marster starve ter d'ef er-fightin' day an' night, an er-libin' on parch cawn an' Georgy branch-water, an' hit er-smellin' uv de week's washin' uv de po' Georgy white-trash up de creek? Many an' many a mawnin' Marse John 'ud git up so hongry an' weak he cu'dn't hardly walk, an' say: 'Tom, you black raskil! did you furage any las' night?' (He call it *furagin'* den, gen'lm'n!) An' I'd laf an' fotch 'im out de soft b'iled aigs, an' de fried chicken, an' de home-made Georgy-kyored ham, an' de biskits. An' fo' Gawd, gen'lm'n, in all dat campane I nurver knowed 'im ter challenge de rig'larity uv his empanelmen' nur ter s'arch too close inter de wharfo' uv de fotchness!"

The courtroom shook with silent laughter. Even the old Judge forgot his sternness with reminiscent smiles as he looked at the Major.

"An' dar's de Majah," said Tom.

"Lemme ax yer, Majah, ef yer disremembers de week befo' de battle uv Resakker, an' dat mawnin' you cum ober ter me an' Marse John's tent an' say: 'Tom, you thievin' son uv darkness, me an' yo' Marse John wanten hab little Jo, an' Gin'ral Cheat'm, an' Pat Claybu'n fer supper termorrer. Now, you jes' git on my hoss an' go up in dese hills an' hollers, an' bring in sumpin' fit ter eat in hair, hide, or feathers. Git us sumpin' fit fer de men dat's gwinter eat it, Tom, fer yo' reppertashun es a furager is sho' at stake!'

"Erhuh! Erhuh! *You* ain't furgot dat, is you, Majah, ner de supper I got up fer you-all? Er whole b'iled ham, er tuckey-gobbler, biskits I got frum flour outen a widder-woman's clapboard, an' moonshine licker I got frum a hard-shell preacher's cellar. An' when I fotch all dem things in, smokin' hot an' smellin' lak incense frum heab'n, an' ever'body had a good dram outer dat moonshine jug to start it, an' little Jo he up an' say: 'Why, Majah, you sot us down to er banquet! Whar in de worl' you git all dis?'

"An' you say: 'Gin'ral Johnston, ef you'd jes' p'int dat nigger Tom, dar, Chief uv de Commissary Department uv de Army uv Tennessee, we'd nurver go hongry any mo', an' we'd whip Gin'ral Sherman in two weeks!'

"An' den you-all laf, an' went to eatin' my furagin'.

"An' lemme ax you, Majah, whut's de difference in furagin' in wah an' in peace? An' s'pose now, thirty years arter de wah me an' my fambly 'bout to starve, an' I heah de chillun cryin' fur sumpin' ter eat, an' I goes by yo' lot some dark night er kinder dreamin' all de time an' sorter libin' lak er ole man will, in de pas', an' I git ter think I'm in dat bloody wah ergin', an' out furagin' fur you an' Marse John, an' I happen to pick up one uv yo' little ole razerback shoats, ter take back ter camp, is dat anything fur ter raise such er hooraw erbout?

"But dat ain't all, Marse John. Who wuz it nussed you day an' night when you had de chills an' fever in camp 'round Atlanter? Who wuz it stood by yo' side at de bridge, whar de Gin'ral tole you to hol' wid yo' comp'ny tell dey capture you er kill you, an' when de Yankees cum lak bees er-swarmin' an' shot you outen de saddle an' captured you, bleedin' ter de'f—who pick you up an' kerry you quick to de Yankee surg'n's tent an' tied de art'ry dat sabel yo' life? An' when you got well ernuf ter be kerried ter Johnson's Islan', who wuz it, 'stid er gwine on wid Sherman's army ter freedom, nurver ter be er slave any mo', gethered up yo' things, took de letter you writ, an' footed it all de way ter Alabama ter tell Miss Emily, Gawd bless 'er, er-cryin' in de door, an' de chillun wid 'er, and dey dun gib you up fer

dead, an' when I tell 'er you wuz safe an' well, an' gib 'er de letter you dun saunt, who wuz it but de queenlies' 'oman in de State—now, thank Gawd, one uv de angels in heab'n—dat wep' ober an' clung to dis ole black han' dat now you say is de han' uv a hawg-thief, an' fit only fer de pen'ten-shury, an' es 'er tears drap on it, she smile an' say: '*Ob, Tom! Tom! Gawd will reward you some day for dis! Fer though you is black you have act de whites' uv de white!*'

"Dat's whut she say, Marse John. An' dar I stayed, an' tended de place, an' tuck keer uv Miss Emily an' de chilluns tell you come home yo'se'f. Dat's de trufe, Marse John, es yo' kno' it is yo'se'f; an' now I've tole it all es yo' ax me."

And Tom sat down.

From suppressed laughter, the entire court had now dropped into subdued sympathy, and even tears. The old Judge himself blew his nose vigorously and looked carefully over his charges again while the Major whispered in his ear. Finally he said: "The court is of the opinion that it has been too hasty in this matter. On reading carefully the second charge submitted by defendant's counsel the court is convinced it erred in not giving this charge to the jury. The verdict is set aside, and a new trial will be given." As he walked out he slipped a \$10 bill in Tom's hand and whispered fiercely: "You old

rascal, if you ever come into this court again I'll have you hanged."

Tom walked out, a free man, but he was never himself from that day on. He was subdued, crushed. He quit drinking, fighting, disputing on things religious. He even quit telling his experiences "endurin' de wah," and, more wonderful still, he actually went to work. All this was too much for him. As the day approached for the second trial he became melancholy and took to his bed in earnest. He grew rapidly worse; and the doctor said Tom would never "furge" again. The old Judge was holding court in another county, and had not heard of Tom's sickness, so when he opened court at home he promptly called the case. Tom's lawyer read the physician's certificate as to the old man's condition.

The old Judge looked troubled. He glanced around the court — the Major was not there. Quickly he wrote across the docket, "Nolle prossed; no prosecutor!" As soon as court adjourned he started for Tom's cabin. As he came near he heard the uncanny music of the Negro mourning song.

Tom was dying. The old Judge

sat down by the bed and took him tenderly by the hand. The Negro's face lit up for a moment as he recognized his old master. Then he remembered. "Will dey try me ergin? Will dey convict de ole man ergin, Marse John?"

"Not while I am Judge of this circuit, Tom — never!"

"Thank Gawd, Marse John, thank Gawd! You see, I wuz jes' furagin'. The Majah knowed it — jes' furagin'." He was quiet a little while and dozed. Then he sprang halfway up in bed.

"Lemme out! Don't you heah it, Marse John? Dat's taps — de army uv de Tennessee is sleepin' — de lights mos' out — I mus' hustle an' git sumpin' ter eat — I mus' furage — gwine on er long furage — but I'll wait — on you — forever — in — de — camp — over — dar, Marse John —"

He broke off suddenly; a radiant light gleamed in his eyes; "Miss Emily, my mistis! Oh, dar she is erbecknin' an' ersmilin', 'Gawd will reward you — some — day, Tom!'"

Two hours later the old Judge came out of Tom's cabin, crying like a boy. Tom had gone on his last "furge."



*Sign on the lawn at
Bok Tower, Florida:*

THESE FLOWERS
ARE UNDER THE PERSONAL CARE
OF EACH VISITOR

Lessons in English — IV —

By Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

IT IS RELATED of Noah Webster that his wife, coming suddenly into the pantry one day, caught him in the act of embracing the chambermaid. "Mr. Webster," she said, "I'm surprised." The great lexicographer gazed upon her in mild reproof. "No, my pet," he replied, "you are amazed. It is we who are surprised." Then it is also related of a still greater lexicographer that once he overheard a fastidious female refusing to sit next him at dinner because he smelled bad. "Nonsense, my good woman," said the immortal Samuel, "it is you who do the smelling. I stink." If the second of these classic anecdotes is heard less often in this country than in England, it is because the fine old English verb, with which it ends, mysteriously acquired on its way to America a faint odor of impropriety. But even if, in our more cloistered households, "stink" is not nice, the distinction is.

Certainly that man would confer a boon on his fellow countrymen who could discover or invent an anecdote which would as forcibly remind a slovenly profession that a kindred distinction exists between the words "prone" and "supine." Even the most passionate rebel against the conventions must, willy-nilly, be face down when lying prone. Wherefore whenever I come upon an account in which some careless editor has allowed a cub reporter to tell how the police found a well-dressed woman lying prone on her back, I feel actually lamed by the mere contemplation of so unimaginable a contortionist.

But the far more acutely felt want is for a story, however apocryphal, that will help disentangle the reigning confusion between "infer" and "imply," between "inference" and "implication." The speaker or writer implies; the listener or reader infers. If you think there is no need for some pithy reminder of that vital distinction, I can only report that quite recently I have come upon damning evidence that even so brilliant an author as Somerset Maugham, so expert a Washington correspondent as Arthur Krock and so painstakingly edited a newspaper as *The New York Times* seem drowsily unaware that such a useful difference exists. In thus reporting I imply that I have caught my betters napping and you would be quite right in inferring that from the experience I derived a certain urchin pleasure.

Mr. Woolcott will be glad to receive suggestions for this department.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for May

LOOK WHAT'S AHEAD, by Waldemar Kaempffert — Radio and television may be only curtain-raisers for marvels to follow. It is not beyond the scope of future science to broadcast touch, taste and smell sensations as well.

LANDING A JOB IN 1939, by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise — To discover why so many young people find it hard to get jobs, the authors spent ten weeks traveling about the country, "looking for work." They landed jobs in seven states, and here give their rules for the successful job-hunt.

WHO WANTS TO BE A TEST TUBE? by James W. Booth — Scientists of the U. S. Public Health Service, in their fight against such mysterious killers as spotted and parrot fevers, frequently need only one more test for their experimental cures — and the handiest human test tubes are often themselves. A moving story of heroism in the line of duty.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER, by Ted Shane — Confessions of a camera addict, his woes, his ecstasies and how he got that way.

LITTLE JACK GARNER, by Ulic Bell — An appraisal of the rugged individualist who is "batting for the Old Deal Democrats," and will have great influence in naming the next Democratic Presidential candidate, who may be Jack himself.

RUSSIA'S ROLE IN SPAIN, by Irving Pfaum — By supplying men and material, Moscow dominated the Loyalist conduct of the war. In putting Communism's aims above the welfare of the Spanish Republic, Moscow insured the Loyalist defeat.



TAMER OF BULLS AND BEARS, by Beverly Smith — The life of William O. Douglas, recently elevated to the Supreme

Court from the chairmanship of the Securities and Exchange Commission, is a success story rivaling that of an Alger hero. He began by peddling papers, he stowed away on a freight train to get to law school, where he was a student of his present associate, Justice Stone, and became both a brilliant practitioner and teacher of law.

THE GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND ME, by Alfred Hart — An admittedly "eligible" young man lectures the opposite sex on some of its shortcomings, in explanation of why he is still a bachelor.

ONE MAN'S GILT-EDGE INVESTMENTS, by John Janney — In place of the old standard, by which success is measured in wealth, is a new desire for vital and significant living. An Iowa couple found their success in adopting 56 children over the past 30 years. With scant funds but ample love, courage and resourcefulness, they are giving them all a fair start in life.

I'LL TAKE INSECURITY — An editorial by H. V. Kaltenborn.

The American Mercury

A SMALL-TOWN EDITOR SQUAWKS, Anonymous — The idyllic life of a small-town editor exists only in the dreams

of city newspaper men. In reality, the rural editor is the whipping boy for all the accumulated foibles and prejudices of his neighbors.

FUN AMONG THE FUNDAMENTALISTS, by Charles Francis Potter — A catalogue of the Bible riddles and jokes in which the fundamentalists of a generation ago found relief from their grim piety.

THE BIG BASEBALL SCANDAL, by J. L. Brown — How the Chicago "Black Sox" "threw" the 1919 World Series, to the bitter disillusionment of fans the country over.

IRISH PERSECUTIONS IN AMERICA, by Doran Hurley — Just a century ago, this country saw rioting and bloodshed resulting from the hatred stirred up against the newly-arriving Irish. They were declared to belong

to an alien race, and preachers attacked Catholicism as Father Coughlin now attacks Jewry.

SMITH STREET, U.S.A., by Elizabeth Hughes — A nostalgic glance at the simple, practical democracy that flourished in our small towns a generation ago. And a belief that its influence still exerts a potent force in our national life.

THE ROLE OF GOVERNMENT IN PUBLIC DISCUSSION, A debate by Ralph C. Roper and Dr. John W. Studebaker —

The U. S. Commissioner of Education defends his far-flung network of forums for public discussion of important issues. Mr. Roper disputes the advisability of this, fearing the government, through controlling such discussions, will cramp free public opinion.

AMERICA'S MARITIME POWER, by Thomas M. Woodward — National defense calls for an augmented merchant marine. Already a program is under way to give us 50 ships a year and adequate crews of well-trained seamen.

FROM TEACHING TO PLUMBING WITH HARDLY A WRENCH, by H. A. Milton — Unable to make an adequate living as a college professor, the author has become a plumber; and tells why his new life is more satisfactory and promises a better future.

THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN IN EUROPE, by Peter F. Drucker — Neither capitalism nor socialism offered postwar Germans the promise of better economic conditions. Hence they turned to the Nazis, whose substitution of "glory" and prestige for bread and butter is also failing to satisfy.

FORUM

DESIGN FOR A NATURALIST, by William Beebe — A famous naturalist advises others to keep their eyes open out of

doors; there are still gaps in scientific knowledge which any sharp-eyed and devoted nature lover may help fill.

WHY HATE THE JEWS? by Struthers Burt — A calm discussion of the absurdities of anti-Semitism.

ELMER ANDREWS: A MAN ARRIVED, by Corley McDarment — Introducing the man with one of the toughest jobs in America: the Administrator of the Wages and Hours law.

MAKING AND BREAKING A WILL, by Paul W. Kearney — A will is often more important to those of modest means than to the rich. It isn't easy to draw a will that will dispose of your estate as you intend — but it isn't difficult either, if you know what to do.

Harpers MAGAZINE

WHERE ENGLAND STANDS, by J. B. Priestley — A well-known English novelist speaks for those Englishmen who oppose Mr. Chamberlain's predominantly Tory government. The opposition factions have not, as yet, been able to get together. If they do, one may expect a sudden resurgence of vigor in British policy.

PATTERNS FOR LIVING TOGETHER, by Raymond Pearl — An eminent biologist examines the forces that have made it necessary for men to establish governments, and concludes that the best government is not a regimented one, but one which provides incentives for individual achievement.

ANXIETY AND ILLNESS, by George W. Gray — Clinical notes indicate that mental anxiety is a more frequent cause of physical illness than had generally been suspected. This new knowledge may eventually lead to entirely new techniques of healing.

DEMOCRACY'S CRISIS IN FRANCE, by Hervé Schwedersky and John McJennett — How 20 years of political blundering reduced the one-time boss of Europe to the status of a second-rate power.

FREEDOM, RADIO AND THE FCC, by Merrill Denison — The story of the Federal Communications Commission. Born of necessity, it has grown into the powerful — perhaps too powerful — body that controls every radio signal originating in America.

CHARLES A. BEARD, by Hubert Herring — The colorful, genial, scrappy philosopher who is often in hot water with his fellow historians, but wields an influence many of them envy.

SALVAGING CULTURE FOR THE WPA, by Mabel S. Ulrich — The "inside story" of a WPA writer's project, by a supervisor who saw at first hand its triumphs and failures, and who fought the politics, unrest and sabotage that finally nullified her efforts.

Scribner's

"COLLIER'S," by Hickman Powell — The first of a new series of articles examining prominent magazines, their editorial formulas, circulation methods and advertising success.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, by Arthur Bartlett — The new Governor of Massachusetts, whose election, together with that of Senator Lodge and Governor Vanderbilt of Rhode Island, reflects a blue-blood trend in politics.

BETWEEN THE FAIRS, by Robert J. Landry — If you are driving across the country this summer, don't neglect the interesting inspection tours offered free by some of our leading factories.

NINETY MINUTES, by Nola Akard — The story of a long-distance telephone operator to whom the exciting job of helping to locate a lost express airliner and guide it to safety is all in the night's work.

To the first contributor of each accepted item of Patter and Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases, the source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Items for Patter should be addressed to Philip and Alice Humphrey, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Picturesque Speech, to Picturesque Speech Department, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Among Those Present

L. F. Gittler (p. 36) went from the University of Alabama to the University of Berlin in 1932, supporting himself by guiding notables around the city. At 20 he became editor of an American weekly in Berlin, then spent a year at the University of Montpellier, France, and another in the Political Science Department of the University of Chicago. Returning to Berlin to study Hitlerism, he was the only American student at the Nazi Hochschule für Politik (political college), where he sat in on political and propaganda courses which outlined the plans for most of the things happening in Europe today. Gittler lived with every type of family — worker, Jew, Catholic, Nazi, intellectual. He met members of underground political and financial organizations, and was grilled by secret police for six hours because of a postcard from an American friend asking, "Isn't it barbaric?" He is now at work on a book to be called *Return to Berlin*.

Hyman Goldberg (p. 106), 30-year-old reporter on the *N. Y. Post*, was born in Brooklyn and brought up in the Bronx. He once worked as a shipping clerk in the

garment district of which he writes in this issue.

Adolf Hitler, according to Reynal & Hitchcock, publishers of the authorized edition of *Mein Kampf*, will receive not 22½ cents royalty per copy (as stated in our March issue, page 42) but 12 to 15 cents, thereby increasing the profit to be turned over to a refugee fund.

Samuel Hochman, M.D. (p. 5) has been connected with Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City for ten years. All obesity cases in the Endocrinological Clinic are referred to him. He also does work in gynecology at the Mt. Sinai and Harlem hospitals. He has contributed many articles to medical publications.

Frederic Loomis, M.D. (p. 19) was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan. He left the University of Michigan in his junior year to serve in the Spanish-American War; was then a salesman for three years, an Alaskan miner for seven, finally returning to the university, to secure his M.D. in 1912. He was a Gynecologist and Obstetrician in Oakland, California from 1917 to 1938.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 34, NO. 206

¶ A great scientist confronts American women with their primary responsibility as mothers

Breast Feeding for Babies

By

Alexis Carrel, M.D.

Nobel Prize winner; author of "Man, the Unknown"

+

SHOULD our baby be breast-fed or bottle-fed? Every year this question is dis-

cussed in about 2,200,000 American homes. On the answer depends the kind of care the child will be given. Although the feeding of babies particularly interests mothers and physicians, it concerns all of us, both as human beings and taxpayers. For the attention received by the child is largely responsible for the quality of the tissues and the soul of the adult. Ultimately, the child's development as a happy and efficient member of society may depend largely on whether it is bottle- or breast-fed.

Artificial feeding is admittedly convenient for the mother, and advantageous to the physician. Its

The Reader's Digest is delighted to announce a series of articles by the world-renowned Dr. Carrel, of which this is the first

technique is well developed. Its results, frequently excellent.

Bottle feeding is especially successful when mothers are intelligent, or when well-trained nurses can be employed. Therefore, pediatricians, and some obstetricians in expensive maternity hospitals — realizing that their patients expect such advice — often feel justified in advocating artificial feeding.

Nevertheless, public health officials, as well as most obstetricians and the competent general practitioners who deliver the majority of babies, prescribe breast feeding as the ideal. Modern treatises on children's diseases, in Europe and the United States, teach the same doctrine. All over the country, child welfare clinics are in favor of

maternal milk. The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor has issued excellent instructions for breast feeding. In a letter sent to new mothers of the city, the New York Health Commissioner proclaims that mother's milk is the baby's birthright. On many important subjects the leaders in medicine disagree. But about breast feeding they are unanimous. They believe, first, that no perfect substitute for mother's milk has been found. Second, that almost every woman is capable of nursing her young.

But all women are not convinced of the superiority of breast feeding. In the upper-income group, about 90 percent of the children are selfishly denied maternal milk. In contrast, the number of children in the lower-income groups who are artificially fed is perhaps not above 10 to 40 percent. The traditional knowledge of the care of babies, transmitted from mother to daughter for many generations, is now extinct among large groups of society. Modern mothers are ignorant of physiological functions and infant nutrition. They listen too willingly to doctors, husbands, or well-meaning friends when advised to wean their child. They should think for themselves about the true significance of breast feeding.

II

THE CHILD, while in the womb, is one with the mother and all the

organs of her body. After birth this relationship is intended to last, although less intimately, for several months. Mother and child still remain interdependent. Although separate in space, they are united by many chemical, physiological, and mental bonds. Obviously, this union is weakened when a bottle is substituted for the breast.

The breast is a faultless distributor, as well as manufacturer, of milk. On the apex of the nipple are the openings of fifteen or twenty narrow ducts. These ducts dilate into reservoirs under the dark area of the breast. They finally expand into pocket-shaped alveoles lined with cells. These cells are responsible for the manufacture of milk. An extensive network of capillary vessels rich in blood supply surrounds the alveoles. For the making of one ounce of milk the passage through these capillaries of 300 to 400 ounces of blood is required.

The breast is not an isolated phenomenon; its activity depends on that of other organs. During pregnancy the milk-manufacturing alveoles develop. Their growth is produced by substances set free by the ovary. At the end of pregnancy the order to start making milk is given to the alveoles by the pituitary gland located at the base of the skull. In its turn, the breast exerts a marked influence on uterus and ovaries. Suckling brings about rhythmic contractions of the uterus.

It helps the recovery of this organ after childbirth. And lactation causes menstruation to cease. Milk-making cells, nipple, blood vessels, nerves, ovary, uterus, pituitary gland, and other glands, are the co-operating parts of a complex functional system. Thus the breast is not a mere ornament, to be modified in shape and size according to the fancy of the dressmakers. It is intended both for the optimum development of the child and the welfare of the mother. In suppressing its activities, white women show still less intelligence than did Chinese women when they prevented the normal growth of their feet.

The nipple is perfectly adapted to the lips and tongue of the baby. Most rubber teats are nothing but caricatures of it. The act of suckling requires contractions of the muscles of the face, the tongue and neck, alternative movements of the lower jaw, and breathing through the nose. At the same time, the infant presses the breast with its little hands, as puppies do with their paws, in order to increase the flow of milk. Suckling is a hard task. It is the first physical effort to which man is subjected. This effort brings about the optimum development of the jaws, the nose, and the roof of the mouth. It enhances the beauty of the visage and the quality of the voice.

Feeding from a bottle resembles aspirating fluid through a tube.

Milk is absorbed by the child passively and rapidly. As rubber nipples are generally too long, they do not fit the mouth well. If better designed, they would allow the process of suckling to take place in a more normal manner. But the modern nipple, which permits the milk literally to ooze into the infant's stomach, is stupidly prized by the careless nurse or hurried mother because it shortens the time spent in feeding the child.

III

AT THE END of pregnancy, the breast sets free a yellow fluid, colostrum. Colostrum contains substances that protect the child against infection. On the second day after birth, lactation begins. Lactation requires suckling and complete emptying of the breast. It is a striking fact that the amount of milk secreted by the breast increases with the needs of the child. It varies from a few ounces during the first days to 1.5 and even 2 quarts after eight months.

Its composition is also adjusted to the requirements of growing human tissues. Woman's milk contains proteins of the same nature as those constituting the body of the child. These proteins never bring about the changes in reactivity, called allergy, which cow milk may produce on account of its foreign nature. The amount of protein, phosphorus and calcium contained in mother's milk is more pre-

cisely adjusted to the child's requirements than any artificial formula can possibly be. As the child develops, its rate of growth decreases. Simultaneously, mother's milk undergoes a corresponding reduction in proteins and salts. In sum, the breast precisely adjusts the quantity and the composition of the milk to the changing needs of the infant. Like all living organs, it reaches its complex end with marvelous accuracy.

Such harmony does not exist between the chemical requirements of the infant and the composition of cow or goat milk. Cow milk contains too large an amount of protein and inorganic salts, and lacks iron. It is not digested as easily as human milk. It contains many bacteria, and must be pasteurized, which deprives milk of some of its qualities. Even drawn human milk is believed to be less beneficial than milk suckled directly from the breast. However, when cow milk is diluted with water and milk sugar is added, it becomes an excellent food for children, in spite of its defects. The body is endowed with a marvelous power to adapt itself to new conditions.

IV

BREAST FEEDING exerts a manifold influence on infants. First, it reduces mortality. In a survey of 20,000 children made in Chicago by Dr. Clifford G. Grulee, the mortality of the artificially fed children

was ten times greater than that of those breast-fed. In England, a sustained breast-feeding campaign has brought about a 66 percent decrease in the death rate of infants during the past 30 years. If your baby is breast-fed, it has from three to ten times a better chance of surviving that dangerous first year!

Second, the occurrence of diseases is also decreased. All physicians agree on this point. In the statistics compiled by Dr. Grulee, 64 percent of the artificially fed children were affected with diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach and intestines during the first year. But only 37 percent of the breast-fed children became ill during this period.

Third, to aspirate milk from a bottle through a rubber nipple of the type generally used is not equivalent to breast suckling. It does not have the same formative influence on the face and the throat. Artificial feeding is partly responsible for the protruding upper jaw, recessed chin, ill-formed nose, flattened mouth arch, which many children display today. These malformations cause defective dentition, and predispose to infections of the tonsils, pharynx, ears, and sinuses. It is highly probable that breast suckling considerably reduces the bills to be paid later to dentists and to nose and throat specialists.

Fourth, many physicians believe that breast feeding gives to children

not only better health, but also greater bodily endurance and nervous equilibrium. There are people, as is well known, who are never ill, resist infectious disease, and completely ignore physicians, surgeons, and hospitals. Generally these people, when infants, were fed on human milk. Such a high degree of health depends on peculiar qualities of the tissues and the blood. And these qualities come not only from hereditary tendencies, but also from the food and care given to the child during the formative period.

How DOES nursing affect mothers? Lactation and suckling are natural functions. If performed with appropriate care, their effects ought to be beneficial. We know that breast feeding contributes to achieving the physical and mental development of women.

The breast suffers no ill effect from lactating activity. After weaning, the gland decreases in size and regains its normal shape. But proper attention, in particular adequate support, should be given to it before and during lactation. Sagging breasts are the result of insufficient care and defective nutrition — *not* of the actual suckling of the young. If trained by wise physicians, women keep their beauty even after having suckled several babies. Inflammation of the nipple and abscesses of the breast can easily be prevented

by medical supervision. Suckling has never been shown to predispose the gland to cancer.

When mothers have proper food, rest, and exercise, their health is distinctly improved by nursing their baby. After childbirth, the contractions of the womb brought about by suckling prevent the occurrence of hemorrhage. Also they help the organ to return to its normal condition. As menstruation ceases, breast activity gives a period of rest to the ovaries. Proper diet during lactation is most important. Physicians should devote more time to searching for a proper diet for nursing women than for artificial milk formulas. While feeding their babies, mothers learn a great deal about how to live. Also about the illeffects of tobacco, alcohol, and coffee, which enter the blood and directly affect the child. They have to lose many bad habits. They cannot afford to be nervous or temperamental. An intelligent woman derives great profit from suckling in connection with her present and future health.

Breast feeding, as is well known, is a hard and monotonous task. For a few months, the mother becomes the slave of the child, who has to be fed at three- or four-hour intervals. At the same time, she must attend to her household duties. She needs strict self-discipline. She has less time for outside work, social obligations, traveling, recreation. In exchange, she is given the priceless opportunity of learning selflessness

and love. She also has the joy of giving more health, strength, and beauty to her baby. That is, the capacity for a happy life. Although love is not self-seeking, she prepares her own happiness in this manner. For most of the sorrows of parents come from the physical and mental defects of their offspring.

VI

WHY ARE SO many children compelled to feed from a bottle instead of the breast of their mother? It is said that seven out of ten babies in maternity hospitals are weaned within two weeks. Should physicians or mothers be incriminated for this state of affairs? While obstetricians advise breast suckling, knowing how important it is to the mother's convalescence, pediatricians catering to the well-to-do do not favor it so much as they should. Women have an exaggerated predilection for bottle feeding. Especially when they are well-to-do. For what reason is breast feeding so often discontinued?

According to Dr. Henry Dietrich of Los Angeles, 50 different reasons were considered as valid excuses in 370 cases for depriving children of their mother's milk. Some of the reasons were insufficient or defective milk, failure of the baby to gain weight, weakness of the mother, cracked nipples, and "social duties." As a matter of fact, these excuses are not valid. Ninety percent of mothers are able to nurse their

babies. Only pregnancy, tuberculosis, cancer, and a few other diseases absolutely prevent breast feeding.

The true reasons for giving up breast feeding are both physiological and moral. Modern women are not prepared by their education and habits of life for maternity and its consequences. They are not taught the functional significance of the breast. They are allowed to contract absurd dietary habits. Thus, during pregnancy and lactation, they do not absorb the food indispensable for abundant milk production. No scientific care is taken of nipples and breasts, which should have gentle applications of lanolin from time to time all during pregnancy. Mothers do not realize that breast feeding is, like childbearing itself, an essential organic function. They are ready to be humored by overzealous pediatricians into bottle feeding.

Many mothers believe their work, their career, their social pleasures are more important than the care of their children. They do not understand that their primary duty is motherhood. Some years ago, a young mother pitied herself in *Parents' Magazine* because doctors did not consider the price of breast milk "in terms of her own time and energy!" No one has ever lamented about the infinite amount of time and energy spent in producing a masterpiece in art, science, engineering, or any other activity. No

mother should complain of her hardships. Is not a healthy child the supreme masterpiece?

Actually, modern women are the victims of economic and mental environment. Society has grown without regard for biological laws. Especially for the law of race propagation. Girls are given no sense of the purpose and significance of their life. They are educated like boys. They are given no different status in the community. They have to support themselves as men do. How can factory and office workers, schoolteachers, lawyers, physicians, business women, pleasure-seeking society women, suckle babies even for three or four months, which is the minimum period desirable? Besides, hygiene has put a heavy bur-

den on the shoulders of mothers. Minute attention is imperative for the optimum development of children. Today, more than at any other period in the history of civilization, there is urgent need for a youth strong in body and mind.

Should babies be breast-fed, or bottle-fed? Under its deceptive simplicity, this question hides profound significance. It requires an answer from mothers and physicians. Also from each man and woman in the nation. Ultimately, from democratic society itself. In nursing her child, the mother fulfills her high duty with regard to the community. But the community must give her the educational, moral, and material help indispensable to the fulfillment of this duty.



Hall of Shame

❖ A "HALL OF SHAME" has been planned in Kansas City to cut down the toll taken by automobile accidents. If an accident results in serious injury or death, the motorists will be photographed with their victims and the pictures hung in City Hall where they will be available to the public. To get the pictures, all accident calls will be relayed to the police accident investigation bureau and a photographer will be sent to the scene.

— *Automobile Topics*



Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of joy you must have somebody to divide it with. — Mark Twain

America's Globe-Trotting Salesmen

Excerpt from Harper's Magazine

Carl Crow

Author of "400 Million Customers," "I Speak for the Chinese," etc.

THE GLOBE-TROTTING American salesman — a familiar figure in every big port in the world — has long used Yankee ingenuity to sell all the products of American manufacture from tractors to tooth-brushes. When the old-fashioned bulb type auto horn went out of style here some salesman conceived the idea of selling the surplus stocks to China for use on rickshas. A vogue was established and the horn became standard equipment for all private rickshas whose owners made any claim to social distinction.

For many years before tomato juice became popular here the natives of Mongolia were drinking American catchup with gusto. A case of it was an appropriate present for a prince — taking the same rank as champagne in other lands. The salesman who introduced this vogue may have been the one who sold certain Mongol tribes the idea that, as the wearing of a hat was just a bit of ostentation, one could gain social prestige by wearing two or more hats — one on top of the other.

But probably the most difficult sales problem ever solved by an American salesman was the matter of sleigh bells in Manila. After Admiral Dewey's victory a Seattle firm, which had been very successful in

Alaskan trade, wasted no time in tapping this new market. They simply duplicated a typical shipment to Alaska and then sent a salesman out to dispose of the cargo.

But he found no demand for the five tons of sleigh bells which, among other things, had been sent to this sleighless climate. However, he noted that Manila was full of *caramatas* and *calasas*, high-wheeled, gaudily decorated vehicles which served as hansom cabs. So he thought up a safety campaign and suggested to the authorities that provisions should be made for the protection of pedestrians against these vehicles which dashed through the streets at three miles an hour giving no hint of their coming other than the noise made by iron tires on the cobbles. The city fathers were duly convinced and a police regulation soon set forth in the English, Spanish and Tagalog languages a solemn injunction that all ponies pulling *caramatas* and *calasas* should be belled.

The ordinance required only two bells for each pony, but the proud drivers festooned their steeds like the reindeer of an opulent Santa Claus; sleigh bells became the fashion and now are found in remote villages where no police regulations require them.

¶ Congressman Barton states what he believes to be the major issue of 1940

How to Get Eighty Billion Dollars

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Bruce Barton

Congressman, advertising executive, author

THE ONE big issue in this country today is *your income*. Two groups of political leaders, equally sincere and patriotic, are engaged in a head-on argument about it. One group, consisting of New Dealers, is led by the President, and the governor of the Federal Reserve System. On the other side are Senators Byrd and Glass, most of the conservative Democrats as well as the Republicans, and a majority of business men.

The President says that if the United States will just keep on running into debt the national income will automatically increase from 60 billion to 80 billion dollars. We, his political opponents, contend that the President's 1939 financial policies (the exact reverse of his 1933 policies) are not merely a denial of historical experience, but are in complete violation of ordinary horse sense. We believe that he has been persuaded by a group of cocksure young men to conduct a reckless gamble with the fortunes of 130,000,000 people, and that history, while admitting the sincerity of his motives, will say that his second term was a frightfully ex-

pensive luxury for the people of the United States.

There you have the real issue between Republicans and New Dealers. It cannot be compromised; it grows out of philosophies diametrically opposed. On it the campaign of 1940 will be fought and the next President of the United States elected.

You will be offered:

More spending, more debt, as the path to an 80-billion-dollar national income —

versus

Government economy, lower taxes, business encouragement and scientific research as factors which can easily double the nation's income and yours.

This article argues in terms of everyday experience for the second proposition. Let us start with a true story illustrating the process by which jobs and income are created. Back in November, 1919, three young men wanting to start a business of their own found a banker who would take a chance on them to the tune of \$10,000. The note they signed bore the company name, their own names, and their wives' names — none of which had any

financial value. It was what is known as a character loan.

The little business, starting that week with 14 people, now employs 650. The total payroll has exceeded \$35,000,000. How many homes have been built out of that business? How many automobiles have been purchased? How many refrigerators, radios, vacation trips? How much life insurance? The \$10,000 of bank money, plus the energy of three young men, created expanding circles of employment and production which reached out to thousands of homes.

Countless stories of the past 30 years have the same formula: a group of young men, enthusiastic, willing to take a chance, plus a small amount of borrowed money, courage and hard work. These are the factors that made millions of jobs before the New Deal was ever born. We claim that, given a chance, they can make millions of jobs again.

These three young men opened their office right after the World War in a time of unrest and economic confusion. They believed that the way to recovery was not by legislation or wishful thinking but by hard work and thrift.

The government of that time felt the same way. A form letter from the Treasury Department urged "increased production, economy, savings and investment" as the solution for the adverse economic situation. In the year 1919-20, neither

these young men nor their government had ever heard that the way to prosperity was to work less, or that national debt is a national blessing.

In those days men lived largely in the future. Business was full of confidence. The clients whom the young men served were laying out three-, five- or ten-year programs. Advertising budgets were usually approved a year in advance. For the past six years there has been very little forward planning by those young men or their clients. Advertising budgets are approved for only three months ahead, sometimes less. In industry, machines are not being replaced until they threaten to fall to pieces. A recent survey showed that 17 billion dollars should be spent immediately for modernized equipment. Executive decisions are postponed to the last possible minute. No one wants to make a commitment for the day after tomorrow because there may be bad news in the papers tomorrow. Men have been living in fear rather than faith.

When the three young men started in business their bookkeeping was done by a man and a couple of girls. Today, at every monthly directors' meeting, lawyers and the chief accountant must spend an hour explaining new taxes. (The company files 97 different tax returns.) Government questionnaires have to be filled out. (Last year the government mailed 135,000,000 questionnaires to American business

men.) There is always at least one new law that affects operations in one or all of the six states where branch offices are maintained. The business is on the defensive — struggling to maintain itself in the face of constant annoyance and increased tax burdens.

With this specific example I have tried to make clear what the business men mean by "overtaxation," "government interference," "lack of confidence." To the man in the street these phrases have become monotonous squawks uttered by folks whom he still tends to distrust; but to management, seeking more sales and more employment, they mean sand in the gear box. Not that any intelligent manager wants to "go back" to the *laissez-faire* that ended in debacle. Government supervision is here to stay. But it can be vastly simplified and exercised in a spirit of coöperation.

Business has not a perfect record by any means, but the record of bureaucracy is even less impressive. Our oldest bit of bureaucracy is the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, after a half century of control of the railroads, has let them reach the edge of the scrap heap.

How little spirit of coöperation there is in the New Deal was evidenced by the President's nomination of Mr. Amlie for the Commission. Mr. Amlie is a sincere and honest man. But he has stated publicly that the business system is outworn and must be discarded in

favor of some form of socialism. This is the man the President selected to help work out one of the biggest business problems of our day.

Let us turn now to the general points of controversy:

PRIVATE DEBT AND PUBLIC DEBT: The President and Mr. Eccles, governor of the Federal Reserve System, maintain that there is, in effect, no difference between public debt and private debt; that as long as the public debt is owed internally and carried at a low rate of interest, it is nothing to worry about. But we have seen how a private debt of \$10,000, plus energy and courage, created 650 jobs and \$35,000,000 in purchasing power. What is the effect of public debt on that enterprise? Public debt, resulting in high taxes, compels the management to struggle constantly to decrease expenses. Wages are the biggest cost in any business, and the only way to affect a major saving is to employ fewer people. Thus, while private debt created these jobs, public debt works steadily to limit or destroy them. Second, public debt, incurred professedly to give greater security to the "one third" at the bottom of the social scale, is wiping out the security of the middle class. Thrifty folk who have accumulated a few thousands in the savings bank thought they could depend upon an income of four percent. They are now receiving half that. By depressing the interest rate in order to float its

huge bond issues, the Administration has greatly increased the worries, and lessened the incentive, of the middle class.

HOW TO GET OUT OF DEPRESSION: The depression of 1920-21 was sharp and severe; the national income fell from 73 to 53 billions. Did the government spend billions in pump priming? On the contrary. It reduced its expenditures from 5 billions in 1921 to 3 billions in 1922, with a corresponding decrease in taxation. The national income shot up 7 billion dollars in a single year. In 1923, there was another reduction in federal spending and federal taxes. The national income rose another 9 billions.

In 1933, President Roosevelt came into office with the promise of a 25 percent reduction in governmental expenses. He put that promise into action, with the result that there was a greater increase in national income between March and July, 1933, than in any similar period in our history. There has been no such recovery since he abandoned his 1933 promise in favor of deficits and debt.

We discover from history that the national income has been highest when the government was being operated economically, when taxes were being reduced and payments being made on the national debt. The only time the nation approached an income of 80 billion dollars was when these three factors were at work.

PURCHASING POWER: The New Dealers assert that depressions occur because the men and women who create the products of industry do not have money enough to buy those products. So they seek to spread purchasing power via "pump priming" and relief. Now what are the facts? Consumer purchasing power holds up pretty well even at the bottom of a depression. Department store sales are down only a small percentage. Food sales hardly at all. The big unemployment is in the capital goods industries, and this is not cured by artificially creating consumer purchasing power. Buildings, machinery, railroads, are financed by long-term investment; and this takes place only when men believe that invested money will be safe and return a future profit. This is what business men mean by the much abused word "confidence."

"Purchasing power" is not fixed or static. I have half a dozen different purchasing powers; so do you. I have one purchasing power when I feel well, and quite a different one when I am sick. I have one purchasing power when I am afraid of government taxes, restrictions, or abuse, and quite a different purchasing power when I feel that the government is going to help me, provided I am operating with a reasonable degree of social justice.⁴ Purchasing power is fully as much psychological as it is economic. The failure to appreciate this truth con-

stitutes one of the biggest mistakes of the New Deal.

THE PROFIT SYSTEM: Not long ago a man who accumulated a fortune promoting varied undertakings said to me: "I used to raise millions for new businesses. Now I do nothing. If I should promote an enterprise that provided a lot of jobs and resulted in a profit, the government would let me and my heirs retain about eight cents out of every dollar. If the thing flopped I would lose 100 cents. Why should I gamble at 12-to-1 odds?"

The New Deal professedly wants to preserve the profit system, but does not recognize that there can be no profit system without profit makers. You can fill the tank with the gasoline of relief, you can give the machine a push with "pump priming," but you never will get the engine running without the spark plug -- the profit maker.

More important than any of these economic factors is the spiritual factor -- the belief of people in the future of themselves and their country. This hopeful outlook the New Deal has failed to establish. It could be established in 90 days. In 90 days, barring a major war, we could be really on our way to a national income of 80 billions or even 120 billions. It is because I believe this that I am working to have a different viewpoint in Washington after 1940.

What would an administration with a different viewpoint do? Would

it balance the budget immediately? Impossible. But it *would* do the following:

Take immediate steps toward economy. Abolish such useless government agencies as the National Emergency Council and the Guffey Coal Commission, and radically reduce the expenses of the others.

Stop government competition with private industry. Let industry work and government govern.

Make all government expenditures, insofar as possible, through private agencies. Government must provide *relief* directly. But *jobs* should be provided through private industry. The work would be done more efficiently, and the morale of the worker would be improved.

Cut taxes immediately. Instead of decreasing the deficit the first year, this might for the moment increase it. But business would leap ahead; an increase of 10 billions in the national income would be an easy achievement. The whole psychology of the American nation could be quickly changed. During that first year, there would be opportunity to revise and simplify our whole tax structure.

Most important of all, the new administration would sweep out of Washington the theorists and defeatists, and re-create in the hearts of the American people a faith in their future. How rich are the materials for such a faith! The new science of "chemurgy," the application of chemistry to agriculture,

envisions scores of new industries, all of which would consume farm products. In the past few years thousands of new metal alloys and new chemical compounds have been produced! Chemists and engineers have no question that they will open the door to millions of jobs.

To sum it all up, my fellow business men believe that the United States still has a great future. We reject absolutely the craven doctrine that there must be a permanent army of unemployed or of government wards. We believe that prosperity and full employment can be reached by the same paths which have led us toward them in the past: economical government, lowered taxes, a reduced national debt, scientific research, new industries

and an expanding economy. The New Deal economists argue that the deeper in debt you sink the higher in prosperity you rise. *We* stand on history and horse sense. *We know* it ain't so.

There is one thing to be added. We must make sure that this bigger national income is better distributed than in 1929. We cannot afford another bust. I believe that business has learned the lesson of the past ten years. There is a much keener sense of social responsibility; a realization that success will be measured in the future not by money-making alone, but by contribution to human life. This more active social consciousness is one result of the New Deal; history may term it the one most *important* result.

R. F. D. of the Air

A NEW DEVICE which makes it possible for airplanes to pick up objects while in flight is expected to revolutionize America's air-mail service by providing small towns and mountainous regions with regular air-mail collection and delivery. The contrivance — which has successfully picked up mail pouches from ships at sea, from the roofs of buildings, and from open fields, and has delivered even glass without breakage — resembles that used on high-speed trains to pick up and discharge mail without stopping. The mail pouches are attached to a rope strung

across the tops of two steel masts 40 feet apart and 50 feet high. The plane drops the incoming mail, then catches the rope in a grappling hook which trails 65 feet below the plane; a shock-absorber in the plane takes the strain of the weighted line; a windlass draws the mail through the floor.

All-American Aviation started the new service this spring to 58 towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, using a fleet of Stinson Reliant planes which incorporate the pick-up device and delivery equipment in their basic design.

— AP

Life as High Adventure ————— ✧

WHAT IS an adventure? Not necessarily a thrilling escape from death, a holdup on a dark road at midnight. There are others.

The newsboy, for instance, who runs after you when you have overpaid him a penny; the lark by the roadside of a spring morning; the hilltop where life seems suddenly fresh and worth while again; the fireside and a good friend when the blizzard howls without; the limping dog, the sobbing child, the merry quip, the chance acquaintance. These and a thousand other bits of living are all adventures, and those who meet them with the adventurer's heart will catch the extra pungency of their flavor till the day of their death. — G. K. Chesterton

I KNOW a fisherman in a small village on the Maine coast whose habit of going places close to home makes his life a constant excitement. Whatever he reads about in the local newspaper, he goes and looks at. Western cattle are brought to Maine pastures. The fisherman is down at the station to see them land. A whale is brought into Bangor. He has never seen one, and now is his chance. So up he goes to Bangor, and when he comes home he reads everything in the library about whaling. He reads that a new Federal Bureau has been set up locally. He promptly fakes some business with it, and goes to see the bureau, just to know what it is like. This is what reading is good for — to make life exciting and romantic and to give cohesion to disjointed scraps of experience.

— Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, *Art of Leisure* (Whittlesey House)

IMAGINATION and knowledge I think are the prerequisites of adventure. I know of a man who put a jar of distilled water in his back yard and began to make observations upon it every morning and every evening. Gradually it became clouded with plant and animal life, blown in upon the winds. He bought a microscope and books on botany and biology. His life expanded in that jar of water. Every morning brought a new adventure.

— Roy Chapman Andrews in *The American Magazine*

✧ I KNOW OF no greater fallacy or one more widely believed than the statement that youth is the happiest time of life.

As we advance in years we really grow happier, if we live intelligently. The universe is spectacular, and it is a free show. Increase of difficulties and responsibilities strengthens and enriches the mind, and adds to the variety of life. To live abundantly is like climbing a mountain or a tower. To say that youth is happier than maturity is like saying that the view from the bottom of the tower is better than the view from the top. As we ascend, the range of our view widens immensely; the horizon is pushed farther away. Finally as we reach the summit it is as if we had the world at our feet.

— William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography* (Oxford University Press)

ONE frequently hears a person say, "I couldn't stand it, if it weren't for my sense of humor." But these people don't mean that they see themselves as comical, still less that they see their persecutors or persecutions as something funny. What I think they mean is that they "couldn't stand it" if they hadn't the power of detaching themselves from a painful situation, and contemplating it as *drama*. It is the mysterious comfort we get from seeing ourselves, and those who make us suffer, from the vantage-ground of a balcony seat, that enables us to endure. As long as we don't know what is going to happen next, as long as the play of our life remains a play, we can stick it out. — John Cowper Powys, *Enjoyment of Literature* (Simon & Schuster)

Native Americans, Please Note!

¶ WHEN Mario Izzo, an Italian immigrant, was put on relief in Aliquippa, Pa., he looked at his first weekly check, seized a broom, and went out to sweep the streets six hours a day, six days a week. He explained: "I think this is a wonderful country. I decide I will be an honest man with this country. So I start to sweep. My bread it tastes sweet and I feel like a man because I work." — *Time*

¶ CAESAR GERARD was born in Italy, but was brought to America as a child. He made his own way, worked all his life as a mechanic, saved his money, and never married. When he died at 57 in Newark, N. J., he left a will in which he bequeathed his life savings of \$15,600 to the United States of America because, as he said, "this country was good to me."

— Frank P. Stockbridge in Cobleskill (N. Y.) *Times*

The Nation's Columnists Debate on War and Peace

Condensed from Life

ON April 11, by means of a newspaper editorial, President Roosevelt at last made unequivocally clear his determination that America shall take active part in the next world war, ranging herself with Britain and France to help them keep the peace and presumably, if that effort fails, to help them crush Germany and Italy in war.

The President's power to put America into a war is greater than that of any other man. But the real decision can be made by the American people. Unless he is willing to let his own and his country's destiny be decided by others, no citizen can dodge his individual responsibility to make up his mind where he stands.

It was significant that the editorial which the President adopted as exactly expressing his views came from the *Washington Post*, an anti-New Deal paper published by Republican Eugene Meyer. Some of the strongest press

support for the President's foreign policy is now coming from papers like the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Sun* which have bitterly fought his domestic New Deal. On the other hand, some of the strongest opposition is coming from papers like the *New York News* and the *New York Post*, which have been the President's most ardent supporters.

Perhaps of even more account than the editorial writers in the great war-and-peace debate are the syndicated columnists who have largely supplanted them in popular attention. Secretary of the Interior Ickes recently jibed at the columnists for their air of "omniscience and infallibility." But even Mr. Ickes conceded the great influence which the columnists, with their enormous audiences, exert on public opinion. The following are some characteristic recent comments in the war-and-peace debate.

Heywood Broun

41 newspapers, 2,924,000 circulation

IF THERE IS a general European war we may be able to stay out, and that may well be the wisest course left open to us. But make no mistake in assuming that we can remain untouched by the brutal spectacle. It is not well for any nation to say, "It is naught to us what happens across the water." There are no caves in which men can hide when their fellows cry out in agony. We are part of the world and all human beings are knitted together into a corporeal unity. It was Cain who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And for his sin he was banished from the company of his fellows. He was the first of the world's isolationists.

*Walter Lippmann**184 newspapers, 7,147,000 circulation*

SENATOR BORAH and his associates talk as if the issue before Congress were whether the United States will go into or stay out of the next war. That is not the issue. The issue is whether there is or is not going to be another world war. The question is whether the power and influence of this nation can be used now, before it is too late, to prevent the war, to prevent our having to make the horrible choice which will confront us if war breaks out, the choice which will haunt us as long as it lasts. If there is another world war it will be fought on every continent and in every ocean. There is no guarantee against entanglement in a world war except diplomacy which prevents the war.

*Mark Sullivan**46 newspapers, 2,881,000 circulation*

WE IN AMERICA are arming for defense. And in the present situation, we seek to defend more than our individual lives and our national life. We seek to defend our way of life. Free government has its principal home in America and Great Britain. If it is destroyed in England by a foreign foe, then it will be more difficult to defend it here. In this situation, what should be our present policy and strategy? It is to recognize that England is our shield. She is our shield in the sheer geographic sense that she stands between us and Germany. The lesson is clear. The best form of preparedness that America can practice, at this time, is to supply planes to England.

*Eleanor Roosevelt**68 newspapers, 4,438,000 circulation*

THE NEWSPAPERS these days are full of wars and rumors of wars, but I do not think the contention that this country is in need of a society to keep us out of war is well founded. Have we decided to hide behind neutrality? It is safe, perhaps, but I am not sure it is always right to be safe. Every time a nation which has known freedom loses it, other free nations lose something, too. This country knows that at some time amputations of freedom must cease and the world knows that the weight of our resources must be thrown on the side that will permit us to open a newspaper without wondering what new nation has been enslaved.

*Dorothy Thompson**196 newspapers, 7,555,000 circulation*

THIS COLUMN agrees with Mr. Stimson that the world is in the most serious crisis in at least 400 years. It is perhaps the most serious crisis since the collapse of the Roman Empire. All that has flowed from Christianity in the centuries is being done to death: chivalry; respect for human rights; reverence for the human soul; democracy; freedom; law; civilization; honor. The Nazi-Fascist movement cannot be isolated except by resistance. We are already engaged in a struggle which will certainly result in war or in the defeat of this whole American way of life without war, unless we are willing to use right now the political and economic weapons which are in our hands.

*David Lawrence**130 newspapers, 5,829,000 circulation*

WHILE NOBODY condones for a moment the Nazi measures, it would be misrepresenting the state of opinion in Washington to say that our officials regard the Allied policies of the last 20 years as truly contributory to a permanent peace. Recollection has not departed concerning the sad experience President Wilson had in dealing with the Allied statesmen at Paris when he attempted to secure acceptance of the famous "fourteen points" that he had assured the German people would be the basis of peace. What is needed today is a second peace conference to undo the wrongs imposed by the Versailles treaty. The only instrumentality in the world which can summon the nations to a second peace conference is the United States Government.

*Westbrook Pegler**117 newspapers, 6,186,000 circulation*

THE PRESIDENT is making the decisions which commit the country to the job of bottle-holder in the democratic corner, should war come, and almost certainly to active help should things go badly in that corner. The people read and hear about armaments and see the leaders choosing up sides and have not been consulted and have no way of expressing themselves. War they certainly do not want, but nobody has been able to get the floor for them. Perhaps the American people, if consulted, would say that if Britain and France must fight such a war that is just their hard luck and, after all, only another war

in the long series of wars between jostling European countries. For God's sake don't anybody blow a bugle now.

Hugh S. Johnson

76 newspapers, 5,323,000 circulation

EVERY TENDENCY of this Administration has been toward a great concentration of power in federal government. It is clear from experience that, in event of a world war, the President would instantly get dictatorial power. Woodrow Wilson gave up most of his war powers immediately after the Armistice — because he detested them. Would the present administration give them up, having greatly desired them? Has it ever willingly given up a single extraordinary emergency power since March 4, 1933? No matter who wins, the next world war will permanently destroy the democracy of every nation that gets into it. If we want to save democracy for the world we will keep out of European war.

Jay Franklin

30 newspapers, 4,140,000 circulation

ONE THING is evident, through all the turmoil of argument, through all the mobilizations and propaganda: the people of the world want peace. For my own part, I want 50 years of peace, plenty and prosperity — and not too many questions asked. I am becoming increasingly bored with the politics of the status quo and with the politicians who preach that all will be well if we refuse to meet the facts halfway. Certainly, in this country, where there is potential abundance for all and where we are not under immediate threat of invasion, there seems no rational excuse for all the suspicion and bitterness which I see growing around me. Here there are no problems which cannot be solved by intelligence and good will.

Boake Carter

83 newspapers, 7,187,000 circulation

THERE IS NOTHING about "morality" or the "saving of democracy" in the whole affair in Europe today. France merely got in on the ground floor in Tunisia and, having gained possession, tries to kid the rest of the world — especially Americans — that those who would take Tunisia from her are brigands and scalawags for copying her. In

view of this, where does the Roosevelt Administration derive the idea that Americans want to go gallivanting forth to play Sir Galahad again? The question that Americans should remember is: Do we or do we not want to help one gang of thieves against another gang of thieves? We saved the first crop of thieves twenty years ago -- and made the world safe for a new set of thieves.

Raymond Clapper

56 newspapers, 3,881,000 circulation

DESPITE the sport around Washington of sneering at neutrality legislation, it contains features which for the time being certainly act as a brake against possible ill-considered and headlong action in event of war in Europe. If for no other reason, neutrality legislation could well stand on the books, because if war broke out it would give Congress an opportunity to reopen the situation and judge then what should be done. The legislation only relates to what we shall do if other countries begin fighting, with the object of preventing us from becoming accidentally involved. These keep-out-of-war provisions don't look silly unless you assume that we are going to go into war at the first bugle call in Europe.

Walter Winchell

150 newspapers, 8,579,000 circulation

ONCE AGAIN Europe is rolling the loaded dice of destiny. And once again America is asked to play the role of international sucker. The time has come for us to pause and consider. If we must have another Unknown Soldier -- let us not ask him to die for an unknown reason! And just what will be accomplished by dying in the mud? He will not increase America's resources; the last war nearly ruined our fertile lands. He will not increase America's wealth; in the last war we loaned our gold and were gold-bricked in return. America must learn that her sons abroad will bring monuments to her glory -- but her sons at home are a monument to her common sense. The future of American youth is on top of American soil -- not underneath European dirt.



THE REAL SECRET of how to use time is to pack it as you would a portmanteau, filling up the small spaces with small things.

— Sir Henry Hadow

¶ A suggestion that will add pleasure and profit to your next trip abroad

Don't Be a "Duck"

Condensed from The Rotarian

J. P. McEvoy

Famous playwright, author and world-traveler

THERE ARE travelers and tourists. Tourists see the sights and miss the country. Travelers see the country and the sights, too. Travelers are received with hospitality because they come with a special interest, tourists with condescension because they come only with curiosity.

One of the wisest travelers I know is a soup taster. He goes all over the world dipping his beak into the peculiar *potage* of each country, tasting, comparing, collecting recipes. Since he travels with an objective his wanderings take him off the beaten tracks.

Do you like gardens? Passionate gardeners in every city in the world will take you to see their gardens. En route you will see the temples, palaces and shrines. You can't miss them. But if you go out only to see the sights you'll miss the gardens — and the delightful people who live in them.

Are you a collector? I have a friend who goes everywhere looking for playing cards — the smallest, the largest, cards made from wood, bone or alligator hide. In every port you'll find a fellow col-

lector, whether it's stamps or coins, old books or old bottles. If he doesn't speak English, he has friends who do and are anxious to practice on you. Through him you'll see and hear more than the most indefatigable tourist.

A friend of mine collects missionaries. "They are mighty glad to see me," he says. "I bring news from the outside world and they give me a real insight into the country. Then they pass me on to the next group with letters that insure me warm hospitality. Living in out-of-the-way places, knowing the language, running schools and hospitals, they have intimate everyday knowledge of amazing variety, a fund of stories and experiences that would thrill a tourist — but tourists never see them."

On the other hand, a priest I know never visits a fellow clergyman. He calls on — of all people — jail wardens. I met him in the largest jail in the world, in Shanghai, and he told me his interest in penology had made it possible for him to travel everywhere with pleasure and profit.

Are you a Rotarian? There are

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(The Rotarian, June, '39)

clubs everywhere. The members will gladly show you the town, their wives will acquaint your wife with the best shops, the proper prices, the best hairdresser, the place to buy an ice cream soda. In Egypt are the Pyramids. And behind the Pyramids lives Dr. George A. Reisner, the great Egyptologist whose post office address is just that — Pyramids, Egypt. But where did I find Dr. Reisner? At the Rotary Club in Cairo, which he attends every week.

People often say to me, "It's all right for you to talk; you're a writer and all you have to do is to look up some newspaper man when you go into a strange city." Often the speaker is a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, or teacher, and I remind him that he will find doctors, lawyers, bankers and teachers everywhere. "You don't have to be a tourist wandering around aimlessly, or being herded here and there," I tell them. "A doctor I know visits hospitals and clinics, exchanging experiences and getting new knowledge. He winds up by being taken to a lot of places his fellow tourists never hear about."

Are you a lawyer? I know one who visits courts in every place he goes. Are you a musician or a music lover? You will find music makers everywhere. Are you interested in art? Don't limit your interest to art galleries. Dig out a few artists and you will unearth the most interesting parts of the country, the

best food at the cheapest prices, and a treasury of information. Artists find the picturesque places — because they are artists — and they stay because it is cheap.

Don't be a tourist. Throw away your guidebook and follow an interest. Whether your passion is architecture or orchids, child welfare or rock gardens, fishing or folk-dancing, butterflies or bridge, you will find devotees everywhere.

On one trip to Japan I concentrated on the theater — the popular Kabuki, the classical No, the girl opera, vaudeville, where a tourist is as much of an attraction to the audience as any of the stage numbers. I went to Japanese movies and to the studios where they are made, to the Puppet Theater in Kyoto, the only show of its kind in the world, and the Takarazka school near Kobe where hundreds of Japanese girls are taught to sing, dance and act. I learned a lot about the theater but I learned even more about Japan.

The next time I concentrated on schools — the Imperial University, nursery schools, country schools, the traditional school of the Peers, schools for wrestlers, schools for geishas and even a brides' school. I saw no tourists in any of these places, but I did meet some interesting travelers.

The best-informed person I met in Bali ran a children's clinic as a hobby. To her house every morning at eleven a stream of children

with stubbed toes, cuts, bruises and bellyaches come for free treatment. Treating the children, she has made friends with the parents, who invite her to all their family feasts and religious ceremonies, and even send their prettiest village dancer over to entertain when she has company.

Once, while in the greeting card business, I made a trip to Europe looking for handmade paper and special ribbon. I found villages in France where they made nothing but ribbon, and every household a different kind. I found one family that had been making the same exquisite paper for generations — since before Columbus discovered America. I have toured France many times — one year collecting Gothic cathedrals, another concentrating on the wines of the country — but I saw more of France, the out-of-the-way, the picturesque,

when I was on a crass commercial chase for ribbon and paper.

Do you sell? Do you buy? Do you manufacture or ship? Your rivals and allies are everywhere. Whether you make bricks or lay them or throw them, the sun never sets on your co-workers, collaborators or conspirators.

Don't travel to "get away from it all." Have you an interest? A hobby? A profession? A skill? Take it with you. The Cubans have a word for tourists — "ducks" — in derisive tribute to the way tourists follow each other around, quacking to themselves, and waddling home again blissfully happy — though, while they have looked at everything, they have seen nothing. Travel with design and you broaden your knowledge; tour with idle curiosity and you flatten your arches. Don't be a "duck."



◀ Mrs. C. W. JONES of Moravia, Iowa, had the unusual experience of hearing her own funeral services. Her former pastor, the Rev. O. J. Fix, had been called from Burlington to preach at Mr. Jones' funeral. He arrived after the funeral party had gathered at the church and had no opportunity to learn that he was mistaken in thinking it was Mrs. Jones who had died. As a result, he preached a sermon built around her life and did not learn of his mistake until he viewed the body at the end of the service.

— AP

◀ Two SHINING DOTS of light gleamed on the dark highway ahead of Patrolman Riggs of Anadarko, Okla. When he came up with them he discovered a Negro with a wagonload of youngsters, but no lights.

"Why don't you have a tail-light?" asked Riggs.

"Well, one of the children always holds our houn' dog on the back of the wagon and the houn's eyes shine like a lantern," replied the Negro. "I don't have no accidents."

— Public Safety

¶ Across belligerent frontiers, in 88 nations around the world, the Rockefeller Foundation spends millions for peaceful human progress

Toward the Well-Being of Mankind

Condensed from The Forum

Edwin Muller

ON THE same day two items came to the desk of the treasurer of the Rockefeller Foundation. One was a check for \$74,000 to be signed, in part payment of a million dollars promised to Japan for the founding of an Institute of Public Health in Tokyo. The other was a news item that Nankai University, a Chinese institution to which the Foundation had given \$200,000, had been completely destroyed by Japanese bombs.

In Munich is the great Psychiatric Laboratory for which the Foundation gave \$380,000. In it scientists of all creeds labored objectively to find out more about the human brain. That was before Hitler. Now the Jewish scientists are in concentration camps and the laboratory is busy trying to prove the German-Aryan brain pre-eminent.

Such reports make sad reading for men whose purpose is "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world."

Toward that purpose, since it was endowed by John D. Rockefeller in 1913, the Rockefeller Foundation has spent \$320,000,000 in 88 countries. To spend that much money

wisely takes a combination of ardent evangelist and hard-boiled business executive with an international point of view — which is a good description of Raymond B. Fosdick, president of the Foundation.

Today the Foundation has representatives in all parts of the globe. They are in the Fiji Islands, teaching native medical practitioners. They are behind the lines in China, working for rural reconstruction. In a West African jungle laboratory a Foundation doctor is dissecting a mosquito. In an Arctic whaling station another is dissecting the pituitary gland of a whale. They are fighting yellow fever in Brazil, malaria in Albania, tuberculosis in Jamaica, tropical anemia in Puerto Rico, influenza in New York.

In these wars the defensive frontiers of the United States may be anywhere in the world. Take, for example, a battle that is now being fought 5000 miles away.

Malaria is one of the worst scourges of mankind. But, until recently, the worst malaria was confined chiefly to Africa where the most effective carrier of the disease, the *Anopheles gambiae* mosquito, is prevalent. The

Atlantic Ocean seemed adequate protection for us.

Then men began to fly the South Atlantic.

At Natal, where Brazil juts out close to Africa, a Foundation scientist on the lookout for a dreaded yellow-fever-bearing mosquito one day discovered in a small pool near the anchorage for planes an unmistakable specimen of *Anopheles gambiae* larvae. It was undoubtedly a stowaway from Africa. Within a short time Natal had the worst outbreak of malaria ever known in South America.

The Brazilian government spread oil, destroyed the larvae. But the gambia proved to be a tough breed. If she has to, she can fly three miles to find water. She began to push inland from the comparatively dry coast, leaving behind her a devastated area where one out of ten was dead of malaria, the rest too ill to plant crops or carry on other work.

If gambia reaches the well-watered valleys, 500 miles inland, she will be almost impossible to stop. She will spread to the greater part of South and Central America, perhaps into North America. The Brazilian government has called on the Foundation for help. The Foundation is sending trained men who will utilize knowledge won on the African front. Already gambia has traveled 250 of the 500 miles, but Foundation men will try to set new barriers to stop her further advance.

For a generation the Foundation

has had a leading part in the historic struggle against yellow fever. At Lagos, a steaming-hot, unhealthy town in Nigeria, two of the Foundation doctors, Stokes and Bauer, were doing dangerous work with yellow fever virus. A mere touch of it on the skin was likely to infect. They believed a certain breed of monkey was susceptible to the fever, but to prove it they would have to infect the monkeys from a typical attack in man, preferably by the bites of infected mosquitoes.

One night Stokes fell suddenly ill. It was yellow fever. Excitedly he and Bauer fixed a screened box around his foot and ankle, introduced into it a cloud of mosquitoes. Stokes watched while 40 of them bit him. It was an entirely successful experiment. The infected mosquitoes transmitted the disease to monkeys, and the proof was complete. A new and profitable method of study was opened up. But Stokes didn't see it. He died on the fourth day.

Besides its direct activities for international health the Foundation finances other organizations which carry on work in medical science, natural science, social science and the humanities. It has also awarded more than 6000 fellowships to promising men in medicine and other fields of science all over the world, sending them to wherever their specialties can best be studied.

For instance, 15 years ago, when operations on the brain or spinal

cord were nearly always fatal, there was in London Hospital an assistant surgeon, Hugh Cairns, who showed great aptitude. In Boston was Dr. Harvey Cushing who had developed a brilliant new technique. More than 80 percent of his brain surgery patients survived. The Foundation sent Cairns to Boston, where he worked for two years with Cushing. When he returned to London, more than 70 percent of his brain operations were successful at the very start, and he steadily improved the percentage. Now Dr. Cairns is a leading authority in the field, and to him come other Foundation fellows who in turn spread his life-saving technique over the world.

And so it works in other fields. Ignoring national frontiers, the Foundation asks only two questions in awarding a fellowship: where in all the world is the man who shows the most promise in this field, and where is the place where he can best increase his knowledge?

In one corner or another of the globe, Foundation money is paying for studies of ways to prolong human life, the causes of the weather, new drugs for medical use, cures for narcotic addiction, the causes of deafness, the betterment of housing projects, radio and motion pictures.

In addition to fellowships, "grants-in-aid" are given to institutions, but only when the Foundation believes in some idea conceived by a man or a group of men there. Representatives of the Foundation go

from college to hospital to laboratory all over the world, asking questions. "Now, confidentially, how do you rate X as a biochemist? What's the lowdown on this new process of his?" A card index file covers nearly every name in the many sciences in which the Foundation is interested.

Here are some of the projects as they stand today:

At Columbia University are 2000 healthy rats. They are the current survivors of 45 generations of rat life, representing 900 years of human life. Some of the rat families have lived on one diet — wheat, milk, table salt and distilled water — through the whole 45 generations. With others, the proportions of milk, fat and other foods have been varied. The results in longevity are recorded. As an outcome of this study it is possible that your children and mine will live, on the average, about seven years longer than did our fathers.

In one of the rooms of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a 30-ton machine with dozens of motors, thousands of electromagnets and vacuum tubes. The technicians call it a "differential analyzer"; actually it is a mechanical brain. A single mathematical problem which would take an army of computers years to solve can be handed over to this robot by means of holes punched in a card, and in a few minutes the solution emerges. Foundation money helped build it.

The Foundation has granted funds

for the study of the stars, giants of the universe. But it is even more interested in the study of tiny things. In New York University a physiologist, working on a Foundation grant, has drawn out glass into points so slender that they cannot be seen even when greatly magnified. With these fragile needles operated mechanically, and working under a high-powered microscope, he has separated tiny human cells, punctured them, cut out the nuclei.

It was the Foundation that financed the famous "atom-smashing" machine that is advancing our knowledge of the tiniest units to which matter can be reduced.

To promote the welfare of man himself, the Foundation has backed extended studies of government administration, of social security, of the origin and distribution of national income, of housing legislation, of agricultural control. Nor does the Foundation try to influence any project it assigns. It says, "Here's your \$3000. Now go ahead. We don't want to hear about it until you're through."

In many nonpolitical ways the Foundation has coöperated with the government. The colleges are canvassed each year for graduates

recommended by their teachers for government careers. They are sent by the Foundation to Washington, where they serve a year without pay in various departments, shifting from one to another. After the year's apprenticeship nearly all of them have been taken permanently into government service.

The aim of the Foundation is to seek for knowledge wherever it is to be found and to apply it to the good of all men everywhere. In seeking the best man and the best place it doesn't care whether it finds them in a country that is democratic, fascist or communist. However, though it has given millions of dollars to German institutions, none is given today — because the Nazi regime has made the search for knowledge nearly impossible.

But the treasurer had no hesitation in signing that check for \$74,000 for Japan. The Institute of Public Health in Tokyo may be saving lives long after the present militaristic regime is forgotten.

And so today, while bullies and braggarts strut across the international stage, the real work toward a better future for mankind is quietly going on.



*H*OTELS in Rochester, Minn., home of the Mayo Clinic, have signs reading: "Please do not discuss your operation in the lobby."

— Danton Walker in N. Y. *Daily News*

❏ Father of the picture postcard, and discoverer of Yellowstone National Park

Portrait of a Pioneer

Condensed from The Washington Post

Karl Detzer

FORTY MILLION tourists wandering this summer from Hell Gate to the Golden Gate will send home millions of picture postcards inscribed: "Having wonderful time; wish you were here." And well off the beaten trail, the father of the picture postcard and dean of all tourists will be "having a wonderful time" somewhere in the Rockies with a camera and color film. William Henry Jackson is his name. Today, at 96, he is erect, energetic, and bubbling with good humor. He looks a well-preserved 70. Artist, photographer, archeologist, explorer, cartographer, after-dinner speaker, he can't seem to find time to accomplish all he has set out to do.

For 74 summers Mr. Jackson has been hitting the trail to make pictures. He was first in the Yellowstone region; he discovered the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde; he traveled the Oregon Trail before the railroad went through. Even earlier, in 1862, he made Civil War sketches on pieces of cardboard, and sent these forebears of the picture postcard home by hundreds. When, years later, the scenic card became a national phenomenon, it was re-

productions of his collection of 30,000 photographic views rolling by the millions off his own presses that flooded the continent.

Asked about his plans for this summer, he replied: "They're uncertain. I just flew in from Washington, may have to go back. But I'm going to California to address a meeting. After that I'll hit the trail in the Rockies for a month. Then, maybe . . ." He picked up a map of Mexico and pointed to its deserts and mountains. "I want to see that country."

Before he starts, Mr. Jackson must finish a batch of paintings to illustrate a book the Oregon Trail Memorial Association is compiling on the old West — and he has promised to paint a mural for the Explorers Club.

This American Ulysses has sketched and photographed every state in the Union, has lugged bulky cameras over Europe, Africa, Australia and the South Sea islands. He has camped in Khyber Pass, photographed his way across India, Burma, Siam, has ridden alone the length of interior Korea, explored the back country of New Zealand. Has he

done South America? "Not yet," he says.

Pictures which brought him most fame were those published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1895, which he snapped and sketched in czarist prison camps on a 3500-mile pony-yled trip across Siberia in winter.

On Memorial Day, 1937, 16 surviving members of the G.A.R. met on New York's Riverside Drive for a last sad march. But Comrade Bill Jackson didn't show up. The tottering Boys in Blue were apprehensive. But after the parade started they discovered him. He was running up and down the sidelines with the press photographers, taking pictures. The last march of the G.A.R. was something to record for posterity, and he wanted it recorded right.

Jackson was born in upper New York state in 1843. His mother was a water-color artist; and his father was experimenting with a new process for making pictures, discovered just four years earlier by a Frenchman named Daguerre.

Graduated at 15 from the Troy, N. Y., public schools, Jackson set out to make his fortune as a painter. At 17, he got a job retouching photographs in a Rutland, Vermont, studio. There he remained until 1862 when he answered Lincoln's call for "three hundred thousand more." He saw service at Gettysburg. He drew maps for the staff, sketches for his own amusement.

After the war Jackson worked his

way west to the end of the railroad at St. Joseph. Joining a wagon train of 300 Mormons, he drove an ox-team to Great Salt Lake, sketching Indians all the way.

From Salt Lake, Jackson walked to what he calls "the pueblo of Los Angeles." There, 73 years ago, he wandered over the wasteland where movie studios now stand. He still has some of the sketches he made there. After three months he came back across the plains, driving a herd of 150 mustangs.

Photography was still in the wet plate stage, requiring a darkroom at the scene of every photograph. Jackson built a lightproof box on a four-wheeled cart and set out, this time to photograph Indians. In three months he returned with the first photographs ever made of the wild Pawnees, Omahas, Poncas, and Winnebagos — the beginning of his collection of 3000 plates, the world's most valuable set of Indian photographs. They now belong to the Federal Bureau of Ethnology.

Along the Union Pacific Railroad, then pushing toward the West Coast, Jackson for two years photographed frontier towns and types — Indians, buffalo, soldiers, rail layers, the whole lusty story of the new frontier. With a U. S. Geological Survey expedition, Jackson explored and photographed the unmapped mountains of southern Wyoming and in 1871 plunged into the wilderness at the head of the Yellowstone River.

John Colter, explorer and trapper,

had come back to civilization with wild tales of a land so strange that the whole nation laughed, referred to it as "Colter's Hell." But Jackson didn't laugh. He had heard similar stories from the Indians. With an escort of soldiers the survey party discovered the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Norris Geyser basin, canyon of the Yellowstone, the Great Falls — wonders even greater than Colter had described.

Jackson went to Washington, distributed a complete set of his photographs to each Senator, while friends introduced the bill that made the Yellowstone region a national park.

One bright morning in 1873 he looked across an unmapped valley in Colorado at a tall peak with a white cross formed by glaciers on its side. He named it Mountain of the Holy Cross, and took a picture that has never been equaled, and is probably the only picture of the mountain you have ever seen.

The height from which he took the famous photograph is called Mount Jackson. Likewise, there is Jackson's Butte in Colorado, and Jackson Canyon near Casper, Wyoming; in the Yellowstone, tourists each year photograph Jackson Peak.

The next year Jackson toured southern Colorado. A prospector told him: "Seen what looked like a ruined city off there in the mountains the other day." Jackson hurried to it, photographed the vast

cliff dwellings in Mancus Canyon, returned next season to discover other cliff cities, then for 31 years pleaded with Congress until it established the region as Mesa Verde National Park.

Ask Jackson about hardships and he says, "Weren't any to speak of. Once in Colorado a party of Indians surrounded me. They were on horses and had long whips. They lashed me three miles into their camp. Wanted to kill me, but I talked them out of that."

Pawing impatiently through a bureau drawer, hunting the pencil sketches he made of his captors, he upset a cardboard box, and two dozen medals tumbled out. They are first prizes he has won in photography in Paris, London, Calcutta, Chicago, and Philadelphia exhibits. Some are 60 years old; others were presented last year.

By 1898, the American Tourist was sending picture postcards, but the price was high. Jackson struck a bargain with a Detroit printer who had that year brought a new color-printing process from Germany. Their company flooded the nation with tens of millions of postcards. Even today many of the cards which tourists mail are reproductions of wet-plate pictures made by Jackson 50 and 60 years ago.

In 1924 Jackson retired. He was 81 years old. "I wanted to travel and take pictures," he points out. "More important, I wanted to put

on canvas some of the events of the old West."

At 96 Jackson is busier than ever. His paintings hang in federal departments in Washington, in the museums of national parks, in the galleries of historical societies from coast to coast. They illustrate seven books, including Robert Taft's new history of photography, the recently published WPA guide to the Oregon Trail, and the history of the Union Pacific Railroad.

At the age of 94, he painted the historical murals in the new Department of Interior Museum in Washington. The same season he won prizes in two exhibitions, with

photographs made before any of the judges were born.

Two years ago, coming back from a trek into the Rockies, Jackson fell down a 15-foot flight of stone steps at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and broke two ribs.

"They kept me in bed nearly five weeks!" he exclaims. "I was furious. Only time I ever was in bed for a day in my life!"

Last January, at the New York dinner celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of photography, he sat at the head of the table — where he belonged, for he has been a photographer for 80 of those 100 years.



Turning Points — III —

When the Spirit Moved Him —

GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC — successful theatrical producer and director, husband of Katharine Cornell — was at the age of 19 sure he was a failure. Broke, but not quite hopeless, he called on one of New York's foremost producers, only to find him out. An assistant superciliously informed him that there were no openings, and when he accidentally knocked over a bottle of ink, ordered the "impudent young ass" out of the office. McClintic stepped into a hotel and wrote to the producer, denouncing him for employing snobs, and informing him that he, Guthrie McClintic, a poor young actor, was a better director than anyone on Broadway. Then, having expressed himself, he put

the letter in his pocket, with no intention of mailing it.

Three weeks later his landlady invited him to a spirit seance. The room was darkened; the table began to jump. "A message for you, Mr. McClintic," cried the landlady. "The spirits tell you to mail that letter at once."

"What letter?" he growled. After he had gone to bed, however, he remembered the letter to the producer, and on an impulse dressed and ran to the nearest mailbox. Two days later came an answer: "Come in. You've got what it takes. I think we have a place for you."

He was given a job as stage manager. Since 1920 he has produced at least one Broadway hit a year.

— John Winter in *The American Magazine*

Hair Notions and Bald Facts

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

MOST of the beliefs people have about their hair and how to keep it are unconfirmed by laboratory tests and the research of specialists. For instance, the myth that exposure to sunlight will raise a crop of superfluous hair was exploded in a series of experiments by Drs. C. H. Danforth and Mildred Trotter at the Washington University School of Medicine. Late one spring, the hairs on the scalp and legs of 12 college girls were microscopically examined and counted. All summer the girls basked in the sun. In the autumn, the microscope showed that the prolonged baking had had no effect on the growth, in number or texture, of the hair.

The same investigators also disposed of the common belief that shaving causes hair to grow out thicker and more bristly than before — a superstition which makes women turn to sometimes harmful chemical depilatories, and men keep their razors away from the fuzz on cheekbones! Drs. Danforth and Trotter had three girls shave their left legs, from knee to ankle, twice a week for eight months.

Twelve men shaved the left side of their chests daily. In each case, when the hair had grown out again, microscopic comparison showed that shaving had no noticeable effect. The illusion of a stubble, when hair sprouts again after shaving, is caused by the changed ratio of the hair's diameter to its length. If allowed to grow, the steel bristles on a morning chin eventually become a silky beard.

The moral here, for women, is that shaving is safer than scraping the skin with pumice stone or emery boards, or resorting to hair removers, which may cause severe skin infections. The one safe method of permanently removing the hair, electrolysis, is expensive and should be entrusted only to an expert, with the approval of your physician.

Another current myth, spread by many barbers, is that singeing "seals" the hair and prevents the escape of its "vital fluid." The hair has no more sap than a buggy whip! Wearing tight-fitting hats will not necessarily produce baldness. Wrong also are the beliefs that the hair should be shampooed as seldom as

possible "because moisture is harmful"; that washing the hair twice a week or even daily helps the scalp to "breathe"; that massaging loosens the hair; that massaging with vacuum cups somehow strengthens it. And eminent dermatologists who have made a lifelong study of the human hair deplore the millions of dollars spent annually on hair tonics, baldness remedies and expensive "hair-growing" treatments.

Hair is not an independent structure growing out of the skin as wheat grows from the earth, and the human scalp cannot be cultivated like a tract of arable land. Like fingernails, hair is simply another form of the horny layer of the skin itself. Each hair grows up from a tiny *papilla* that lies deep in the corium, or body of the skin. Growth pushes the hair upward through a firm tubule, or *follicle*, which shapes it into a strong slender shaft. For a very short distance above the papilla, it is a living tissue, similar to the deeper layer of the skin itself. But beyond that point it is lifeless insensitive horn.

Dr. Hans Friedenthal's count of the hairs on the human head, accepted as approximately correct, is 88,000 for redheads, 102,000 for brunettes, 104,000 for blondes. Normally each of these hairs has a life of from six months to four years, after which it falls out, to be replaced by a new one. So a moderate amount of hair shedding need cause no alarm.

The hair derives its color from pigment granules present in the cells of the shaft itself. Normally in later life, or prematurely in many cases, this natural supply of pigment may diminish, and the hair turns gray. Worry and nerve strain may be contributing factors, but there is no case on record of hair "turning white overnight" from shock or fright.

Once the hair loses its color there is no means known to science of restoring it. So-called "hair restorers" are nothing more than dyes, and as such are to be regarded with suspicion. For while certain vegetable dyes — henna, indigo and walnut juices — may be harmless, they are difficult to apply and effective for a short time only. The dyes of the aniline and metallic types may be harmful, and have been known to cause serious poisonings. The doctors say that the best thing to do about gray or white hair is to admire it!

Dermatologists still don't know all the factors involved in making hair grow. But that is no reason for clinging to superstition. So the dermatologists urge us to save time, hair and money by learning a few simple rules.

Take warning from dandruff, a contributing cause of baldness. Occasional small flakes that appear in the hair are bits of dead skin naturally shed, but the unsightly scurf popularly called dandruff means that bacteria have attacked your

scalp. Usually they will succumb to a shampoo made of tincture of green soap. Avoid "dandruff removers" and "dandruff shampoos." If the condition persists, consult a doctor — and don't try cures recommended by your barber or your friends.

Keep your hair clean with fortnightly shampoos, using a pure toilet soap and water. Prepared shampoos at best are nothing more than this; at worst they may contain borax or alkali — both irritating to the scalp. Rinse the hair carefully, and if possible dry it in the sun. After a swim, wash out the sand and salt, then dry your hair with a towel. The male habit of wetting the hair in order to comb it down is considered by some a possible contributing cause of baldness.

Vigorous daily brushing stimulates the sebaceous glands which make the hair glossy by distributing over it the natural oil from the scalp. When the hair seems too dry and unruly after a shampoo, a little vaseline, olive oil, or sweet almond oil may be rubbed in. If it is too greasy, wet the hair with alcohol, and rub off quickly before it evaporates.

Massaging is excellent, when correctly performed. Don't rub the scalp violently or you will merely pull out the hair. Press the scalp firmly with the fingers and move it about over the skull, thereby stimulating not only the scalp but the

underlying fatty tissue which separates the scalp from the skull.

The best medical explanation of baldness is that this subcutaneous fat, prematurely in middle age, or naturally in old age, gets thinner and disappears. The scalp becomes more tightly attached to the skull; the hair follicles close up and vanish, and baldness sets in — usually on the top of the head where the skin is tightest. According to this theory, women are bald far more rarely than men because their hair, like a man's beard, is a secondary sex characteristic and because their layer of subcutaneous fat is thicker than a man's, and atrophies much later in life.

Baldness is of two quite different types. One type accompanies a variety of diseases. When the disease is cured, the hair often grows in again as mysteriously as it fell out. The claims of success made by baldness remedies are founded upon such cases; the hair would have returned even if no remedy had been applied.

The other type, "common" baldness, is still a profound puzzle. Dermatologists believe that, while much may be done to prevent it, nothing will cure it once the hair is gone. There is much evidence that this scourge is hereditary, and that the tendency can be passed on not only by a bald father but through the mother who is not subject to it herself. Intensive research should some day reveal its cause, prob-

ably deep in the obscure chemistry of the glands.

Yet enough is known about human hair for dermatologists to say that if people only paid more attention to the fundamentals of

scalp hygiene, and less to popular superstitions, remedies and tonics, they would keep their hair longer. The safest advice is "Take care of your hair while you have it — and forget about it when it's gone."



Footnote to History — IX —

Our Inhospitable West

THE UNITED STATES and England trembled at the brink of war in 1844 when James K. Polk was elected president on the slogan: "Fifty-four-40 or fight!" While strong-minded Britishers were demanding all of the Oregon country, comprising today the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and part of Wyoming, and American hotheads were clamoring for all the British Columbian coast, cooler heads in our own nation counseled the 49th parallel, our present boundary, as the international line. Meanwhile, the Hudson's Bay Company was frantically appealing to the mother country for ships and marines to repel the invasion of the Far West by a tide of American pioneers.

To obtain reliable information about the country, England sent Captain John Gordon to the Pacific. He was told that if he found Oregon valuable, England would fight for it. If it were worthless, as many were saying, the U. S. could have it and welcome.

Captain Gordon and his marines arrived at Puget Sound harbor, maintaining loudly that they would "drive every last Yankee back over the moun-

tains." At the Hudson's Bay post at Victoria the anxious inhabitants did their utmost to make the pompous Gordon at home. Hunters were sent out for game. Fishermen brought choice salmon and trout for his table. But he was pleased with none of it. Half-breed servants didn't attend his wants with the skill of English butlers; he groaned with the discomfort of sleeping in rude, frontier bunks; he was disgusted when he learned that deer were "still hunted," instead of run with dogs, as in Merrie England. The last, brittle straw of his patience broke when he asked for a bath — and was courteously led to the shore of the Pacific and invited to walk in!

Captain Gordon had learned enough. He stormed aboard his ship and set sail for England, away from this grim land, fit only for savages. At home he declared that he "wouldn't give the bleakest knoll on the bleakest hill of Scotland for all of Oregon's mountains in a heap." His word was accepted without question. England abandoned all thought of war, and accepted the 49th parallel boundary compromise.

—Clay Osborne in *The American Mercury*

☞ Introducing Europe's greatest sports promoter — the whimsical Jefferson Davis Dickson, Jr., of Natchez, Miss.

Ringmaster of Paris

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Jerome Beatty

On a round-the-world tour, writing about interesting Americans abroad

THE MOST colorful man-about-town in Paris is immaculate, restless and affluent Jefferson Davis Dickson, Jr., born in Natchez, Miss., 42 years ago. Jeff — who tells in high glee how he owned no shoes until he was seven, when he earned enough selling papers to buy a pair — is Europe's greatest promoter of amusements. He owns Paris's \$850,000 Palais des Sports and a smaller arena; he puts on concerts, prize fights, bullfights, hockey games, tennis matches, wrestling, bicycle races, animal shows. He has staged sporting events in London, Barcelona, Rome, Oslo, Berlin and almost every other large city in Europe. Once a month he promotes fights in Brussels.

Until Jeff got going in 1924 France knew little about sports. Newspapers practically ignored athletes. Jeff gave them something to write about — shows such as they had never seen before. He was the first to show the French ice hockey. He introduced to them professional tennis and indoor track meets. He imported the basketball champions of six nations. It was once said that "French children never play

games." Now there are 4000 basketball teams in the Paris district, ice hockey is played wherever there is ice, interest in track athletics is booming.

The French, crediting Jeff with much of the new interest their youth is taking in sports, have made him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and handed him four other decorations. They like him, too, because he is quick to produce big benefit performances when charities need money. Every Christmas, in collaboration with a Paris newspaper, he entertains magnificently 20,000 orphans, giving them candy, fruit, toys, and the best actors and athletes in France.

In his efforts to give the public a good time Jeff has gone to almost unbelievable lengths. "At a fight," he told me, "I like to cut loose and be myself. So I let the customers do that, too."

At least once a year they wreck the Palais des Sports, usually because the referee decides against a home boy. They demolish the ring, tear up the seats and smash them to kindling wood. Jeff shows you pictures of the war-torn arena taken

the mornings after and laughs, "Those are the nights when they all get their money's worth." It costs him several thousand dollars for repairs, but he never loses much, for no matter what the next show may be the arena is packed with folks hoping for another chance to cut loose.

When Jeff opened the Palais, customers in the gallery sometimes threw wine bottles at the fighters. So he hung enormous nets in front of the balcony. They are kept rolled up, but if booing begins and it looks as if there might be bottle-throwing, an attendant pulls a lever and, *bang!* down go the nets.

Jeff showed his initiative early in life. At 14 he ran away and went to Singapore as cabin boy on a freighter. When the United States entered the war he was a cameraman in a moving-picture studio in Jacksonville, Fla. He enlisted, went to France, and was put to work making stills and movies for the archives. Wherever there was action, there was Jeff — at Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel, Soissons, and Château-Thierry. He was wounded, and won three decorations.

After the armistice Jeff, then 22, was stationed on the edge of Paris, among thousands of American soldiers who had never reached the front, but who wanted something to take home to show how they licked the Germans.

In a nearby woods Jeff dug a trench. He got some guns, smoke-

pots and German uniforms, and announced that he was ready to take pictures of American soldiers under fire. For an ordinary picture of a brave soldier charging grimly over the top he asked \$5. For \$25 the doughboy got smoke, three dead Germans at his feet, and two charging at him with bayonets which he deftly parried just as the camera snapped.

Jeff made \$4800 in three weeks. Not all from pictures. He also bought and sold iron crosses and German helmets. He specialized in helmets with bullet holes in them, "guaranteed taken from dead Germans on the battlefield," which sold for twice as much as plain helmets. No soldier ever realized that he could take a plain helmet and shoot a hole in it and make it twice as valuable — that is, nobody but Jeff.

After the war the man who then promoted fights at the Salle Wagram arena had been borrowing so heavily from Jeff that with one more loan Jeff owned the place, and became a sports promoter.

One of his early fights was between an American and a popular Frenchman who had knocked out his last 12 opponents. The French thought the American didn't have a chance and the advance sale was nothing; so Jeff got busy.

The American fighter was startled one day to learn that, according to the French papers, he had invited to sit in a group at the ringside the

12 fighters the Frenchman had knocked out. They accepted. "I want them to have the satisfaction of seeing this fellow beaten," he was supposed to have said.

The French, enraged at the insult to their hero, rushed to buy tickets. The 12 fighters sat there waiting to catch the Frenchman. The American was knocked out in the fourth round and the spectators, gloating at the downfall of the arrogant Yankee, said it was a great fight.

Animals interest Jeff. Once he went to the Paris officials and rented their zoo for ten nights. Such a deal probably couldn't be made in any city but Paris, where once the city fathers rented the Eiffel Tower for a sign advertising a motorcar. Jeff felt that darkness came too quickly, so he got a lighting expert and filled the zoo with concealed lights, flooding the bear and lion dens, spotlighting the monkeys, illuminating even the bottoms of the pools of the polar bears and seals. In four nights 250,000 persons paid 20 cents each to see the animals. Then the city defaulted on its contract. The animals, it seems, weren't getting enough sleep.

Last summer Jeff rented from the city the Tuileries Gardens and ran a very successful bicycle race around the edge.

Once he found himself humming, "I went to the animal fair. The birds and the beasts were there."

He called in his assistants and said, "What's an animal fair?" Nobody knew. "We'll put one on," said Jeff.

He bought a small menagerie plus much of the livestock of France's dealers in animals. There was a price on every animal. The show was supposed to run ten days, but after four days most of the animals were sold and there wasn't any show left. They sold, among other animals, 31 snakes, two gorillas dressed like sailors, seven penguins, a llama, an ant-eater, two bears, dozens of monkeys and peacocks, and thousands of baby chicks.

In addition to his other talents, Jeff is a bullfighter. At least he killed a bull -- and risked his life -- in a publicity stunt to build up interest in the Uzcudun-Carnera fight in Barcelona. Knowing that bullfighters are the most popular people in Spain, Jeff hired a bullfighter to give him lessons for two days. He bought a handsome matador's uniform, which cost him \$150, and a bull. He hired assistants. One afternoon when the arena wasn't being used he invited all the newspapermen and their friends. The gates swung open, out came the snorting bull. Through luck, nerve and some skill he made the kill. The newspapers went wild over the exploit of this daring American, told their readers about it and about the fight. The show was a tremendous success. But Jeff never fought another bull.

Jeff likes to tell about his greatest flop — his lion hunt. He bought 123 lions and planned at the Palais a desert spectacle in which, as the climax, a group of white explorers were to be saved from the lions by the arrival of (1) 50 Arabs on horseback, shooting rifles; (2) 100 Negroes waving spears; (3) an airplane from which dropped a parachute carrying a girl firing a machine gun; (4) a tremendous rainstorm with thunder and electrical effects. He expected the show to run for at least a month.

The lions wouldn't hurt a soul — although Jeff billed them as "untamable, man-eating monsters" — and were trained to dash across the arena, dodge their adversaries, and exit behind a pile of rocks, where they found their one meal of the day.

The dress rehearsal was magnificent. On the opening night the explorers looked at one end of the arena and cried, "Lions are coming! They will tear us limb from limb!"

But instead of rushing out fear-

fully the lions came strolling out, yawning. Some stretched out on the sand and went to sleep. Even when the blacks charged and the Arabs fired, the lions wouldn't act angry.

Some dunce had put the meat in the wrong cages, so they got it before they came out, instead of after.

Jeff was the joke of Paris. He closed the show with a loss of nearly \$50,000. He tried to give the lions to zoos but could place only one. He finally had to pay \$4000 to have someone take them off his hands.

No other American in business in France has ever been so personally popular. Jeff has been selling the French something week after week for 14 years. He has discovered what a lot of people would like to know — how to get along well with people of another nationality. I asked Jeff for his secret. He grinned. "I don't know. I just never figured foreigners were any different from the folks down in Mississippi."

♦ *Barely Salesmen*

AN AUTOMOBILE DEALER recently set up in his sales room a number of nude manikins — one representing each salesman. As each salesman sold a car, an article of apparel was put on his manikin; the contest concluded with a banquet at which each guest wore the amount of clothing he won during the contest. The tactful dealer, to avoid embarrassment, announced that he would attend the dinner dressed in the same manner as the man who won the fewest number of points.

— Harold W. Donahue in *Toastmaster's Manual* (Droke)

Parental Stratagems

MY SONS were terribly shy. So I evolved a technique which I recommend to other parents. The first thing was to tell them that it was a good thing to be shy. The second thing was never to notice their shyness. Having thus acquired a basis of confidence and trust, I then planned a training of "courage tests." I began with such simple things as telling them to ask an old gentleman the time, or to buy tickets for the family at the railroad station. I went on to more difficult tricks. One was to come in late for luncheon when there were people staying in the house and to say, "Sorry I'm late." The whole point about the system was that it was voluntary. If the boy said he couldn't ask the old gentleman over there the time, all one did was to say, "All right. Don't bother."

The most difficult test was to call at my club and ask if I were there. By the time they had passed that, their shyness was practically conquered.

— Harold Nicolson in *The Listener*

WHEN my sister and I quarreled, Mother would place us in two chairs facing each other, bid us to look straight into one another's eyes, and on no account to smile. Very soon, smiles and then laughter came, and the bad feelings were gone. — Caroline A. Stickney Creevey, *A Daughter of the Puritans* (Putnam)

FASTENED TO the tricycle of a small boy in Scottsbluff, Neb., is an alarm clock encased in tin. When he starts off to play, his mother sets the alarm for the time she wants him to return. As soon as the bell rings, he heads for home. Now he is never late for dinner. — AP

A FRIEND OF MINE has solved the "pick up your own toys" problem. She picks them up herself, never once asking the children to do so. Then she locks them up in an old trunk. When Billy wants his ball bat, he pays a forfeit from his allowance, or in extra chores. The whole family makes a game of the "hock shop" and takes it good-naturedly, especially since Dad had to redeem his screwdriver and Mother her curling iron!

— Alma Ball in *Your Life*

ONCE KNEW a woman, the wife of a poor man, who hung up in her kitchen a small leather bag with nickels and dimes in it, to be used by her school-age sons and daughters, who were always needing extra money for carfare, books, pencils, shoestrings and other unpredictable items. If a child felt he had to have something, he was free to dip into the bag for what was needed; but when he did so he knew there would be less for others whose needs might be greater than his own. The purse was unguarded, and nobody tattled. A child might say why he needed money, or he might not — that was his affair. But each Saturday night the bag was taken down at a family gathering, and if there was something left over, that was a cause for deep personal satisfaction for everybody. I have a conviction those children must have turned out pretty well, for in that woman's ingenious scheme were contained lessons in thrift, self-control, personal honor and family solidarity.

— Edward A. Brand



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

MAY foamed in the orchard
(Faith Baldwin) . . . The morning
stuck its head in, smelling
of apple blossoms (Archie Binns)
. . . Sleep — a capsule of
eternity (Edwin Arlington Robinson)
. . . We went to bed and
pulled the comforting dark over our
heads (Anne Morrow Lindbergh)

WHEN I walk with you I feel as if I
had a flower in my buttonhole (Thackeray)
. . . How lovely common things must
seem to you who have such lovely eyes
to see them through (Anon.) . . . The
young man touched the name to his lips
(John Galsworthy) . . . His face teased my
memory (Howard Spring)

How Else
Would
You
Say It?

THE BAND was whimpering
to start (Bartimeus) . . . Twin-
fants and mother doing nicely
(Walter Winchell) . . . Hitler took
it as his patriotic boot
(Seidman) . . . The buds are
crouching for a spring (Rut
Fox) . . . Sowing a few wild table
d'hôtes (Clifton Fadiman) . . . Bleacher
sitterbugs (Joe Williams) . . . Asty's-the
limit vulgarity (Time)

SHE CAME into the room as if it were
a fortress she had stormed

(Margery Allingham)

She looks like the kind of woman
who goes through life asking for the
manager (Carlton F. Sturdy)

Over 100,000 students, finding a new way to go through college on a shoestring, are incidentally getting a broader education

Coöperating Their Way through College

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Bertram B. Fowler

THIS JUNE thousands of boys and girls in 150 colleges, from Harvard to the University of Washington, will graduate twice. The first graduation will be the usual affair with diplomas. The second will be more informal, but, to most of these youngsters, more important. These boys and girls will graduate from the campus co-operatives, those highly significant depression-born organizations that have brought the realities of living into the colleges and given their members a practical education in the economics of democracy.

Because of this movement, started hesitantly in 1932-33, thousands of young people who otherwise would never have seen graduation day have gone out into the world with a college education. Thousands have moved out of dismal hall bedrooms in shabby sections of college towns into houses on the campus where they have eaten well, found time to play, and gained new intellectual, social and economic vistas.

In 1932 there was a haunted house on the edge of the campus of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical

College. There was also a professor of rural sociology, Daniel Russell, who was worrying about living ghosts — flesh-and-blood boys who were packing their books to go home as their slim allowances melted to the vanishing point. The professor believed that there should be some way for these ambitious boys to continue their studies. He knew something of recent coöperative experiments at other colleges, and the haunted house gave him an idea.

In no time he found 12 boys who were determined to stay in college, even in a haunted house. So, with the landlord furnishing the material for repairs and the boys supplying the man power, the spook-haunt was rapidly put in livable condition. The boys furnished it with odds and ends, and found a woman who was willing to be cook and housemother in exchange for board and lodging and \$1 per student per month. All the bedmaking, housecleaning, dishwashing, preparation of food for cooking was to be done by the boys on fixed schedules that allowed for no shirking. All costs were borne equally; some boys con-

tributed their share in the form of meats and vegetables from their farm homes.

From its inception the plan was an unqualified success. In 1934, nearly 250 students lived in 20 of these houses. By 1936 there were 700 students organized in coöperatives, with more students looking for houses. The college then raised \$100,000 to build 14 model houses, each with a capacity of 32 students and each with its own student manager. Today over 1000 students are feeding and housing themselves coöperatively. And the majority of these boys have no more money than did 250 students who were obliged to leave college during the year prior to the organization of the first coöperative.

From Texas A. & M. the idea spread to the University of Texas, where 300 young men and women now operate 15 housing units and save \$25,000 on room and board.

At the University of Washington, six years ago, there were boys living in the cheapest of rooms; eating at the meanest lunch counters and too often going to classes hungry. One lived for two weeks on bread and apples. Then, in the spring of 1933, 37 of these boys who had heard of co-op houses in other colleges pledged each other to return in the fall with \$10 apiece to invest.

That fall they found a house they could rent cheaply. With their \$370 capital they bought paint, cleaning materials, cheap

cots, a few secondhand chairs and tables.

As other boys saw this group getting board and room, with good substantial meals, for \$16 per student a month, more houses followed. The girls, not to be outdone started one. This year the University of Washington coöperatives have equipment worth \$20,000 and are doing a business of over \$100,000.

A central organization has grown up, run by directors elected from the various houses. The individual kitchens have been replaced by a modern central kitchen with its own truck to carry hot food to the several dining halls. The central kitchen means better meals at lower cost, permitting the employment of a real chef and more economical purchasing. Last year the central unit set up its own quick-freezing plant to handle vegetables bought by the ton direct from the farms.

With rapid growth came, of course, problems. With their potato-peeling, floor-scrubbing and dish-washing, the co-op members were not getting as much fun out of life as the students in the fraternities. They tackled this problem just as they had the economic ones — along coöperative lines.

They began to groom themselves socially. They employed teachers to give courses in the social amenities. The various houses began to stage their own dances. And

when a play came to town the co-ops bought out the whole theater for a night.

Outdoor sports were handled in the same coöperative way. Tennis courts were rented and the costs to individuals cut to a minimum. Ski equipment was bought by the management and rented to the members. As the skiing groups grew, buses and mountain lodges were rented for week-end parties. Now the co-ops are planning their own lodge.

To cultivate public relations, the boys decided to hold a monthly banquet of all co-op houses. It wouldn't cost any more than eating at home, and by putting up a few pennies per member they could bring in speakers for the occasion. They invited the higher-ups on the faculty, local business men who were apprehensive that the boys might be indulging in some "Red" experiment, and newspaper editors who probably hadn't given the movement a thought. The result was a growing number of friends among the business men and columns of praise from the editors.

Business groups, farm and community organizations soon invited the young co-op leaders to appear before them and tell their story. Which meant the further development of boys and girls who could get on their feet and talk intelligently to men and women who had never heard anything like this from a campus before.

And the University of Washington coöperative is just another of a long list. All of them developed the same hard way. At the University of Oregon a few boys who were crowded into shabby rented rooms and living on boiled rice and milk started an organization which now operates four houses and has a waiting list that is driving it to further expansion. The four modern and well-equipped buildings at the University of California (one of them the largest apartment house in Berkeley) which today house and feed 510 students at an average of \$18 a month originated with 14 desperate students who, in the spring of 1933, put up \$10 apiece and went to work.

All through the Rocky Mountain states, the Middle West and the East the story is the same. Almost every state from California to Massachusetts — where Harvard this year organized a dining coöperative — has its pioneer group. And to housing and dining coöperatives the students are adding their own cleaning and laundry services. All charge a basic fee to cover expenses and any surplus is returned to individual students in the form of dividends. A dining coöperative in Minnesota took over a cafeteria the college had been unable to make pay and saved enough during the year to buy the last two weeks' food!

The college coöperatives today have a membership of over 100,000

students. And not only do they do an annual business in the millions; they also teach a new and vital course in economics. It is true that boys in fraternities also gain business experience running their houses, but the co-op members have to face much harder financial realities.

Figures show that, thanks to

their practical experience, many of the college co-op members have an advantage over their fellow graduates in getting jobs. But the most important effect is going to be on the world into which they go with confident ideals of making democracy work. They've made it work for them in college.



Tricks of the Trade

A FAMOUS endocrinologist, during the depression when most of us had many idle hours, had a constant stream of clients. I asked him the secret of his success. "Just psychology, glands, and humbug," he answered. "Most of my subjects are society women, and it was impossible to keep them from gormandizing, until I concocted a Chamber of Horrors. My examining chamber is about eight feet square, brilliantly lighted; the sides are mirrors, and there is no window. My patients are told to disrobe to the skin in this room, and to sit on a stool fastened to the center of the floor to await my investigation of their endocrines. Their determination to adhere to my dietary instructions is in direct proportion to the time I allow them to cogitate in that chamber, where at all angles they are surrounded by reflections of their numerous bulgings, most of which they then see for the first time."

— Joseph A. Jerger, M.D.,
Doctor — Here's Your Hat! (Prentice-Hall)

A FRENCH artist had painted the portrait of a wealthy woman from Boston, who refused to accept it because she said her beloved poodle didn't recognize her likeness. Not wishing to risk the publicity of a lawsuit, the painter pondered a few days, then wrote the woman that he had made certain subtle changes he felt sure would please her. Shortly before she was due at the studio, he carefully rubbed a piece of fresh bacon over the face of the portrait.

The woman inspected the painting critically, holding her poodle on leash. "See," she exclaimed, "he still doesn't recognize me."

"But, madame," said the artist, "dogs are near-sighted. Hold the little darling closer to the picture."

She held the dog up, he sniffed the aroma of bacon and made frantic efforts to kiss the painted image of his mistress. "See, he adores your likeness," commented the painter, whose troubles were over.

— Fred C. Kelly

Air power demonstrates its military value, but civilians, if properly instructed, need not die in bombing raids

Brown and Yellow Bombers

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

W. B. Courtney

AVIATION is today's largest military question mark: Can airplanes actually win wars? Is there any real defense against them? Come with me to China for a close-up; the answers have been written for all to see.

The day you arrive in Hankow you learn what an air raid is like: Suddenly the noonday quiet is shattered by a frantic outburst of whistles. At once the whole river becomes alive with thousands of small boats, scuttling furiously toward the international bund. On shore, through a lattice of cross streets, thousands of people rush in a surging drove of terror toward that little patch of sanctuary.

Suddenly across the Yangtze the whole Wuchang shore seems to stand on edge. There is a deafening rumble, and a great brief wall of dirt, stones, people, urged by peaks of yellow and green smoke, rises to the sky. Then another shock, as the plane droppings fall among the moored junks, and a top-heavy column of water and debris bursts in a miniature tidal wave over the river.

At the Kiang An station Japanese planes with incendiary bombs finger

for gasoline tank cars on a siding. One car explodes in a flaming gust that dissolves the hundred coolies who are trying to push it to safety. A group of houses nearby is incinerated, their trapped inhabitants screaming as they are cooked to death. Beside the depot a row of eating stalls and a small hospital become, in one quivering moment, a churned mass of wood, tin, brick dust, human fragments.

But slaughter of defenseless civilians is one thing, you say — can air power actually win military victories, influence the course of battles? A foreign military observer in China furnished the answer: "The democracies are old-fashioned. They came of age with infantry and dreadnoughts. But have you noticed that the dictatorships are the greatest air powers in Europe, Japan the only real air power out here? War has gone streamlined while your country and mine, in a military sense, are still riding in trolley cars. Air war is more efficient war. *Air war is cheaper war.* That's why Japan hasn't gone broke, as economists predicted.

"Except for air power China's sheer weight in men would have ex-

terminated the Japanese. In the drive on Hankow, for example, the Japanese had only 180,000 men — opposed by at least a million Chinese. But the Japanese used their air force in close coöperation with their troops. They spotted every Chinese attempt to concentrate for large-scale attacks and blasted them before they could get under way. They have utterly destroyed the Chinese railroads and highways supplying the front. With superior air power Japan has been able to make one foot soldier do the work of ten. If she had had to use just men and guns to conquer this vast land, she could not have afforded it."

A common notion abroad is that Japanese are poor fliers because "they have no sense of balance"; because "their nervous reflexes are too slow." But a Japanese army flight surgeon reminded me that most of the balancing acts we used to see in vaudeville were given by Japanese. "In fact," he said, "we are endowed with certain racial virtues advantageous to flying. We are small, and used to cramped quarters. We are agile, deft, strong. Our greatest difficulty in getting pilots is neither mental nor emotional! — but defective vision, which is a national problem."

Japan proper has the earth's most wretched conditions for flying, but in ten years of operation Japanese commercial flying has never killed a passenger. Vile weather, lack of blind flying facilities cause infrequent sched-

ules, impose caution. Japanese pilots are naturally prudent and thorough. They are not *prima donnas*, but you get the impression of a good stubborn average.

The Japanese air lines use up-to-date foreign planes. Their home-built products have not worked out well. In the China war the Japanese have lost far more planes behind the lines than in combat. As many as six wrecks a week are noted in the newspapers. The Japanese press has a stock phrase for describing them: "Coming apart by itself in the air!" This inferior performance is probably due to the traditional Japanese industrial organization. Manufacturing is sublet to dozens of small machine shops, which are uneven in dependability, experience and skill.

Despite all this, Japan has been able to literally blast China out of the sky. An honest, efficient air force would have saved China. Enough money has been spent to give China an air force three times as large as Japan's. But lack of leadership and morale, caused by ugly corruption and "the squeeze," have led to tremendous waste. "In addition to 'squeeze'," said an American instructor attached to the Chinese air force, "there's something in the Chinese nature that is responsible for the aviation mess: their ancient feeling of intellectual superiority. The Japanese are eager to learn, but you can't teach a Chinese anything. He will submit to prelimi-

nary technical instruction, but once you get him so he can take the plane into the air, there's nothing more you can teach him. He can fly — and that's that. But, as you know, the art of flying is getting back on the ground — landing. Look around — see all these planes with their landing gear smashed and no facilities for repair."

The Russians can't be considered as part of the Chinese air force. Russian squadrons are sent to China for three-month periods, and primarily for training. They have a specific mission -- to bomb Japanese shipping on the Yangtze, to gain as much intensive experience as possible, and to return to Russia intact. They have their own commanders and are not answerable even to the generalissimo.

These three air forces, and those in Spain, have in the past two years given definite answer to many technical questions about air warfare. High altitude bombing, for instance, is remarkably accurate. In the recent vicious, undeclared war between Russia and Japan at Changkufeng, Russian bombers flew Indian file, above reach of Japanese guns, lineally up and down the Japanese trenches, which were close to their own, and blasted them into mud.

In Shanghai I talked with old-time naval officers, of various nationalities, whose professional convictions that "air bombs cannot sink battleships" had been shaken. Up to last autumn, eight badly

smashed Japanese warships were towed into Shanghai for overhaul. We knew it was the work of Russian bombers, done from altitudes beyond range of anti-aircraft guns.

In Hankow I saw a Japanese formation, so high in a clear sky that at times it was invisible, drop eight bombs on a railway depot. All hit within a radius of less than 100 yards of the target.

Can air raids destroy cities? The combined bombing fleets of the world, unopposed above New York, could not in a raid drop enough explosives to destroy the city — if, by destroy, you mean "wipe it from the face of the earth." But a single bomber could do incalculable damage with an accurate hit on utility works. Hence, we may say that bombers can disable cities, but not destroy them.

Can anti-aircraft defend cities adequately? The latest anti-aircraft equipment did not keep rebel bombers from Madrid and Barcelona. Hankow and Canton had anti-aircraft of the highest ranges available. Day after day I watched these guns spitting at raiders but the Japanese paid no attention to them. Sometimes we heard of a Japanese plane brought down at the front: I found no reliable witnesses. Once we heard that eight planes had been got; there was immense chagrin when they were found to be Chinese, returning to land.

The answer is that the best defense against airplanes is — airplanes.

Are those of us who stay home in danger of being wiped out in the next war? Despite the shocking civilian casualties, the bombing in China has been for definite military objectives. Canton and Hankow, for example, were military headquarters, bristling with legitimate targets. I have a map of Canton showing the areas in which destruction of nonmilitary property, and deaths of civilians, occurred. Each was in the near vicinity of a military objective.

More damage was done to property in Canton and other cities by fires set by the Chinese themselves than by Japanese bombs. Four hundred civilians were killed in Changsha by such a fire, which destroyed about 80 percent of the houses in the city. More civilians, helpless peasants, were killed by the flood caused by the breaching of the Yangtze dikes than by Japanese air bombs in the entire war.

Japanese raids did indeed cause thousands of noncombatant deaths. But those of us who looked on knew that most of these deaths occurred because the authorities did not teach their population how to protect themselves. I have seen hundreds of ignorant civilians sitting like sparrows

alongside possible military objectives. Many were blown up in railroad depots, although they would have had ample time to clear out, had they been instructed in the danger of their situation.

In the next great war, some killing of civilians is unavoidable. But your chances of safety in any modern city of a well-organized nation are good. When raids threaten London, New York, Paris, Rome, the vicinities of power plants, bridges and railroad yards will be evacuated by noncombatants. Well-constructed trenches and dugouts will be provided. There were a few dugouts in Chinese streets — flimsy things that a can of tomatoes, dropped from 500 feet, would have penetrated. The Chinese were afraid to enter them. You will be taught gas mask use; otherwise drilled. Then you will be reasonably safe.

The most ruthless enemy is not likely to go bombing just for you. Bombs, planes and pilots cost money and are not to be risked except on missions of military value. Wholesale bombing for sheer terrorism would be a costly, worthless gesture; it is a political catchword to scare you, but you won't find it in the militarists' practical handbook.



A CHINESE STUDENT at the University of Michigan who memorized phrases from an etiquette book had his first opportunity to try them out at a reception given by President Ruthven. When a cup of tea was handed to him, he solemnly responded: "Thank you, sir or madam, as the case may be."

— AP

A Newspaper Man Is Born

Excerpt from an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Alexander Woollcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

THIS IS WRITTEN in grateful memory of Roswell Martin Field, the first newspaper man I ever knew and the one from whom I derived, at an impressionable age, the still-unshaken conviction that a newspaper man is a pretty good thing to be.

For the greater part of his life, which ended in 1919, it was Rose Field's perhaps unpalatable portion to be described as the younger brother of Eugene Field. But not in Kansas City. Not in the early nineties when his column, "The Fault Finder," was running in the *Star* and he lived across the street from us in Aldine Place. *We* all thought of Eugene as just that dim Chicago brother of Roswell Martin Field.

My own first appearance in the public prints — whereby I was early immunized against the shocks of the Winchell era — was in "The Fault Finder." It identified me as an exemplary citizen who, before retiring every night, was scrupulously careful to brush his tooth. I know that this paragraph was printed before I was equipped to read it, and I know too that the first time I ever went to the theater it was Rose Field who took me.

This was a matinee at the Coates Opera House, and the play was *Sin-*

bad the Sailor. Although it could have been said of me then that I would never see six again, I had not yet become fastidious. When many years later it would be my role to write sternly on such matters, I would deplore as heavy-handed such antic moments as the one when Sinbad (with what struck me as great presence of mind) threw a cake of soap to a man overboard so that he could wash himself ashore. But in 1893 this had me in stitches. Indeed, I was so enchanted by all the proceedings that, on the way home in the cable car, I demanded to know how long this sort of thing had been going on. Mr. Field assured me it went on every night. Since this was so, I reached home prepared to announce in what manner, all the rest of my life, I would spend my evenings.

At the family dinner table this splendid program was dampened by a fine drizzle of discouragement. It was pointed out that a life given over exclusively to theatergoing would run into money which, as I was even then aware, was more than could ever be said of the Woollcotts. Yet, as far as I could see, Mr. Field, who was always going to the theater, was no richer than we were. How did he manage

it? Well, the family patiently explained, Mr. Field could get free tickets. Could he? How? Because he was a newspaper man. Oh! Then and there I sensibly decided to be a newspaper man too, nor did I ever waver from that resolution.

My decision in favor of printer's ink was made when I was six, but we authors are all incorrigible procrastinators and, what with one thing and another, I was eight before I submitted my first copy to the

Star - a little thing I had slowly dashed off under the title "The Adventures of a Shopping Bag." This manuscript promptly came back to me, and I have not yet placed it elsewhere. Mr. Field softened the blow of the editor's refusal by tactfully explaining that the piece had not proved bad enough to be really entertaining.

I have learned since that rejection slips are seldom so gently considerate.



F.D.R., Librarian

Samuel Eliot Morison in N. Y. Times Magazine

FOR 37 years, Franklin Delano Roosevelt has saved everything from the small boy's penny postcard requesting an autograph to the crankiest of crackpot letters. Now to house his collection, a library is planned for the President's Hyde Park estate, which he hopes will eventually become the property of the nation. The library will have to make room for upward of 5000 cubic feet of manuscripts and books. There are films and stenographic notes of important conversations. There are highly confidential personal letters from or relating to public officials of the United States at home and abroad, many of them in longhand, of which no other copy exists. Naturally, many of the papers are still too "hot" to be opened by investigators, but time

cools off all documentary indiscretions, and the value of these papers can scarcely be overestimated.

The President's principle of destroying nothing means that his library will be a storehouse of the homeliest, as well as the most significant, aspects of American life during those eight momentous years. Should someone writing the story of American folk art in the year 3000 want to know what manner of Christmas greetings were exchanged in 1938, he will find every one of the tens of thousands of Christmas cards sent to the President neatly filed. The present administration covers some of the most vitally important years in American history, and no outstanding figure of any history has ever been so completely documented.

The Ingenious Eskimo

Condensed from Natural History

Edward Weyer, Ph.D.

Editor, *Natural History*; author of "The Eskimos — Their Environment and Folkways"; member of the Stoll-McCracken Arctic Expedition and the Peary Memorial Expedition to North Greenland

SOME WIT once called the Eskimos "God's frozen people." The appellation is applicable, to some extent, to the barren northern wastes in which they live, but is far from the mark when one considers their clever ingenuity, an ingenuity at which I never ceased to wonder during several years spent in studying Eskimos both in Alaska and in faraway North Greenland.

Take the Eskimo's most annoying enemy, the wolf, which preys on the caribou or wild reindeer that he needs for food. Because of its sharp eyesight and keen intelligence, it is extremely difficult to approach in hunting. Yet the Eskimo kills it with nothing more formidable than a piece of flexible whalebone.

He sharpens the strip of whalebone at both ends and doubles it back, tying it with sinew. Then he covers it with a lump of fat, allows it to freeze, and throws it out where the wolf will get it. Swallowed at a gulp, the frozen dainty melts in the wolf's stomach. The sharp whalebone springs open, piercing the wolf internally and killing it.

Another vigilant animal is the seal, which provides not only food

and clothing, but light and heat. It basks at the edge of open water, sliding off and disappearing in a split second. White men find it difficult to approach within 150 feet. But an Eskimo, inching along on his belly, fools his prey with seal-like movements and with an implement that has claws attached to imitate the sound a seal makes when scratching the ice. An expert Eskimo can crawl close enough to grab a flipper with one hand and drive his knife home with the other.

When the Eskimo gets a walrus weighing more than a ton on the end of a harpoon line, he is faced with a major engineering problem: how to get it from the water onto the ice. Mechanical contrivances belong to a world in whose development the Eskimo has had no part. No implement ever devised by him has had a wheel in it. Yet this does not prevent him from improvising a block-and-tackle that works without a pulley. He cuts holes in the hide of the walrus, and a U-shaped hole in the ice some distance away. Through these holes he threads a slippery rawhide line, once over and once again. He doesn't know the mechanical theory of the double pulley, but he does know

that if he hauls at one end of the line he will drag the walrus out of the water, onto the ice.

On the water the Eskimo sits in a one-man boat of seal hide stretched over a light framework fashioned from driftwood or sapling. The hide completely decks the top of the boat except for the hole into which he sticks his legs; and once in the boat he ties his waterproof jacket securely around the hole, making the boat so virtually part of his body that he becomes a water animal. When an overwhelming roller curls down upon him he voluntarily capsizes, receiving the blow on the bottom of his kayak, and righting himself when the deluge is past.

Though he rejoices in the impossible, even the Eskimo must have thought twice before settling on barren King Island, in Bering Sea. Marooned there, seemingly he would face starvation, for precipitous cliffs and a raging surf cut him off from the seal and walrus in the sea below.

But even on this bleak rock the Eskimo has established a flourishing village, from which he puts to sea even in the most forbidding weather. We think of the catapult method for launching airplanes as a last word in our mechanical age, but the Eskimo has used this principle for generations. On the land the paddler sits in his kayak or in his larger boat, the umiak, while companions on either side lift him,

boat and all. Swinging him like a pendulum, they let fly at a given signal, and the fisherman and his boat are thrown clear of the breaking waves.

The Eskimo's inventiveness is the more remarkable when we realize the sparsity of his population. All the Eskimos in the world could be seated in the Yale Bowl without filling half the seats. Further, they are scattered east and west over a distance 800 miles greater than that from New York to San Francisco, and north and south over a distance greater than that from Maine to Florida.

The Eskimo has no technical school, no library to help solve his problems. What he knows he has learned in the school of experience. As example, let us follow Okluk on a three-day trip north to visit his cousins' camp for the yearly festival. First of all he must have a sledge. But there is not enough driftwood to build one and, like most of his people, he lives beyond the timber line.

So Okluk soaks broad strips of walrus hide in water and rolls them up with salmon inside, laid lengthwise. Then he sets the bundles outside to freeze solid. Soon he has enough solid pieces to lash together to make a walrus-skin sledge. This will carry him, and his baggage, as long as cold weather lasts.

He travels light, though he will pass no settlement on the way. He does take fresh straw for his

boots; he knows, though many a white man hasn't believed it and has suffered frozen toes as a consequence, that the straw in the boots should be changed daily if it is to continue to insulate against the cold. He takes food for his dogs, but little for himself. He takes seal oil to light and heat the overnight huts he will build. That is practically all. Yet he contemplates a trip that will be pleasant in every way.

At night in short order he builds a snow house in which he is soon too warm for comfort. He takes off most of his clothing, but continues to perspire though nothing separates him from 40 degrees below zero except a shell of snow. The source of this heat is his seal-oil lamp, whose long, low wick of moss gives a flame eight inches or more in length, which sends its cheerful glow through an ingenious window of clear ice onto the windy world of ice and snow.

Since Okluk possesses no matches, he produces a light for his lamp by friction. He spins rapidly a piece of dried wood, one of whose ends is in a socket held in his teeth while the other end turns in a socket pressed against the ground, in which there is a cotton-like substance for tinder.

Why does his snow house not melt? Okluk has never studied thermostatics, and can't count above six; but he knows that though the air in his hut is warm, the intense cold outside will neu-

tralize this and keep the wall from melting.

Okluk has no gun or bow-and-arrow, yet he would like to break-fast on one of the birds flying about in the early morning. He enlarges the ventilating hole of his snow hut, sprinkles bits of meat near it, and quietly awaits a flutter of wings. When a bird swoops down to snatch a morsel, Okluk snatches first and has it by the legs.

At night Okluk hears wolves howling. He doesn't like wolves. But how can he kill a wolf without gun or trap or even his whalebone?

He smears his knife with blood and buries it in the snow with only the blade protruding. From the door of his hut he sees the wolf approaching, drawn to the blade by the scent. The wolf licks the blade, cutting his tongue. Excited by the taste and smell, he gourmandizes, literally whetting his own appetite. Okluk sees him drop from weakness, bleeding to death while gorged with his own lifeblood. Okluk has a fine pelt to take to the festival.

His hut is warm and dry, his belly is full of meat, but there is one thing that bothers him as he tries to sleep. He has to scratch too much. Calmly he unpacks a strip of bear fur with a string tied to each end. This he places under his clothing. When he pulls it out the unwelcome guests are found to have gone into the bear skin because of its thick fur.

The next day the snow is so dazzling that Okluk will soon be snow-blind and unable to pick his way to shelter. So he puts on his shatterproof goggles. He has never seen a piece of smoked glass, but his eyeshades of walrus ivory or

wood, with fine slits in place of lenses, serve the purpose as well.

When he reaches his destination, Okluk uses his sledge for food. He feeds the thawed walrus skin to his dogs, and stuffs himself on the salmon that was rolled up inside.



And So They Married — VI —

Auguste Rodin

Adapted from "Rodin: Immortal Peasant," by Anne Leslie

IN THE 1860's, Rose Beuret, a fresh-cheeked peasant girl, came from Champagne to Paris, where she met Auguste Rodin, a young sculptor, and there began a strange love affair which didn't end in marriage until 50 years later. For Rodin had pagan theories. They lived together; Rose cooked, mended, and served as model, but even the birth of a son did not persuade Rodin to marry her.

Later, when Rodin had the world at his feet and a stream of famous men and grand ladies came to the studio, Rose kept entirely in the background, opening the door in her old apron and slipping back to the kitchen. Many people thought she was just a servant, and so she was except that her only wages were smiles from the man she loved and his occasional: "You are the one I love."

In 1916, however, at the age of 76, Rodin signed away his possessions to the State for a life pension, and found

that if he died before Rose, the State would grant her no pension unless they were married. So after living with her 50 years, he decided to marry her.

The day of the wedding, it was freezing and France was suffering from a fuel shortage; Rodin and his poor old fiancée hobbled around wrapped in all the clothing they could find, but the old lady was happy. "Yes, my dear," she said, "it's my turn at last." As the ceremony was read, they huddled together for warmth with a rug over their knees.

Never was there a stranger honeymoon. Neither friends nor officials could procure an ounce of coal, so the old couple stayed in bed from morning till night, holding hands between two beds and talking about the past.

But they had not been married a month when Rodin watched his good Rose die. "I'm all alone now," he said, like a lost child. It was the first time Rose had given him cause to weep.

— (Prentice-Hall)

Wild West Bandit, Modern Version

Excerpt from "The Macadam Trail"

Mary Day Winn

THE BUS lumbering over the dirt highway of the Pecos River country in Texas contained, besides myself, six women and about the same number of men. Night had settled down when suddenly a tongue of flame pierced the blackness ahead. The driver jammed on his brakes, and the headlights showed a pile of burning mesquite in the middle of the highway. Then a young man appeared — cowboy boots, a khaki jacket, a broad hat. He knocked on the door but the driver refused to open it. Instead he called out:

"What's the idea of building a fire in the middle of the road?"

"To make you see me, buddy," said the stranger. "My horse broke his leg and I had to shoot him. Open the door, won't you?"

The driver hesitated, then pulled the door handle. When the newcomer was halfway in, he jerked a pistol from his pocket.

"Forgive me, buddy," he said. "I'm not goin' to harm a soul on this bus. Just let me have that gun in your pocket. And I'd rather have you at the other end of the coach — you and the other men."

The driver walked scowling to the back of the bus and the other men did the same. Meanwhile the bandit stood at the head of the aisle smiling good-naturedly. "I'd better explain," he said, "that I'm not goin' to take a five-cent piece from any one of you. And I

ain't goin' to hurt any of you. I'm a cowpuncher by trade. I been ridin' around this country for weeks, and I got so damned lonesome I couldn't stand it." His manner became sheepish though his pistol pointed steadily enough. "I said to myself that I just couldn't go another day without I kissed a pretty gal."

He stooped quickly and kissed the red lips of the girl in front. She shrieked. Before the rest of the bus could catch its breath, he leaned over and kissed the next woman — me.

There was a roar from the rear and several of the men started to rush forward.

"No foolishness here," warned the amorous cowboy. "I told you I wasn't goin' to hurt anybody, unless —." The men settled back.

I looked around. He was kissing the two teachers, who put up small resistance; then the bride, who held her hands over her face. Then he kissed the mother of the little boy, saying, "Tell your husband to do this oftener, lady." At first he did not see the old grandmother hunched in her seat. Then, "One for you too, Mother."

And then the bandit backed quickly down the aisle, raised his hat, jumped through the open door and disappeared into the blackness, his only booty seven unreturned kisses.

An anthology on Kissing will appear in an early issue of *The Reader's Digest*.

☞ The youngest man appointed
to the Supreme Court in 125 years
knows how Americans live and work

Mr. Justice Douglas

Condensed from St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Marquis W. Childs

NOT SINCE the administration of James Madison has so young a man as the 40-year-old William O. Douglas been named to the Supreme Court. And never before, perhaps, has any man been named who has had so much tough first-hand experience of how Americans live.

Douglas has picked cherries on a Western fruit ranch and driven a huge wheat-harvesting combine. He has herded sheep in Montana. He has given elocution lessons in New York and has done all manner of other odd jobs. And as a professor of law he revolutionized the teaching of one of the most important phases of contemporary legal practice. It is this combination of practical experience and profound knowledge of the law that makes his appointment full of promise.

To have got so far so fast Douglas must have had the quality of intense concentration which is what one feels in the most casual encounter with him. He has the power of bringing to instant focus the very considerable range of his intellect. But beneath his toughness of mind and capacity for work is an under-

lying warmth. He is entirely without pretension and the one epithet which even his bitterest enemies in Wall Street have never applied to him is stuffed shirt.

From his childhood a driving necessity has spurred him on. His father was a Presbyterian home missionary in Minnesota, where William was born. At the death of his father when the boy was five, the family was living in Cleveland, Washington, and was left virtually penniless. He did everything that a boy could to earn money. It was enough to keep him in clothes.

Because he was valedictorian of his high school class he received a tuition scholarship at Whitman College.

He got a job in a jewelry store at 10 cents an hour, waited on tables and did janitor work. This left him time to become president of the student body, a member of the debating team, Beta Theta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa. During his last year he supported his mother and his brother besides himself. He worked summers in the wheat fields. It was at the time when the I. W. W. were on the rise and Douglas came to know

the Wobblies as the men lay on the wheat sacks in the early dusk.

After graduation, he taught English and Latin in the Yakima high school, coached the debating team and taught public speaking. He intended to accumulate money for law school. But with a family to support, it was virtually impossible. "Finally I decided it was impossible to save enough money by teaching and I said to hell with it." His sister had taken over the support of the family. With a trainload of Chicago-bound sheep to nurse, Douglas started for New York.

He arrived penniless, and went to the Beta Theta Pi clubhouse. The brothers received him coldly, mistaking him for a bum. A natural mistake, since he hadn't slept in a bed for 15 nights. A classmate from Washington came to the rescue and staked him to \$75, and he entered Columbia law school.

A desperate struggle for jobs began. It was no go. A few months later, the bursar told him that his debts amounted to \$600 and that he would have to leave. He said good-bye to Dean Harlan Fiske Stone (now his colleague on the Supreme Court) and was about to go back to teaching when he paid one last visit to the appointments office to see if, by some remote last chance, there might be a part-time place. No, nothing. Oh, yes, just a minute; here was a man who wanted someone to lay out a correspondence course in law. Could Douglas do it?

This was the turning point. Other jobs followed — tutoring, elocution lessons, and the like. At the end of his first year at Columbia he had \$1000 in cash and he went back to LaGrande, Oregon, and married Mildred Riddle, whom he had known in the school-teaching period. "We blew in my thousand bucks," he says laconically. Returning to New York they stepped off the train with 30 cents. But this time he knew his way around and in the first week made \$90.

Out of law school, one of the highest ranking men in his class, he worked for a Wall Street law firm that was later to fight the New Deal on numerous fronts.

In 1928, having tried private practice and taught law at Columbia, Douglas was about to go back West when he met at a party Robert Maynard Hutchins, now president of the University of Chicago, then dean of law at Yale. Hutchins offered Douglas an associate professorship. While at Yale Douglas revolutionized the teaching of corporation law. Students should not be taught empty legal concepts, he insisted, but actually what happens. His idea was to show how corporations worked and what the lawyer's problems really are. He published a series of case books and wrote articles which deeply impressed the legal fraternity.

The New Deal drafted him to do a thorny technical job with the new Securities and Exchange Commission, directing the study of so-called

protective committees in large financial reorganizations. In painstaking detail he explored the complex and curious ways of high finance.

In one of the investigations, Robert T. Swaine, Douglas' old boss in the Wall Street law firm, was a principal witness. The underling led the great lawyer through a long cross examination, determined to show that Swaine had tried to force a very unwise reorganization upon a railroad. Those who followed this spectacle still remember the clash and crackle of personalities. Douglas takes a grim satisfaction from that episode.

As a result of the impression he made, Douglas was named to the commission in 1936 and a year later made chairman. The New York Stock Exchange under the domination of Richard Whitney and his crowd of diehards had conceded very little to the power of the commission. Douglas engaged in a long warfare with the reactionaries, which came to a climax with the discovery of Whitney's defalcations and the complete capitulation of the old crowd.

His political-economic philosophy grows out of his knowledge of America. He is convinced of the need for a regional economy in this great sprawling continent. As Douglas

sees it, New York through its financial domination is constantly draining off the economic lifeblood not only of the South but of the Middle West, the Far West and even New England. He sponsored some time ago a move to set up regional banks with government and private capital to finance regional industry.

It is not so well known that more recently he made a significant off-the-record speech to the Southern Policy Association, frankly analyzing why the South had become the nation's No. 1 economic problem. He showed with an array of figures how capital has constantly been drained off until today it is virtually impossible for the South to finance its own industry. And it was not enough, he told the group, merely to establish Northern-owned mills below the Mason and Dixon line. They paid the low prevailing wage, and profits were returned to the North again. This talk made a tremendous impression on the Southerners.

Douglas has an intense nervous energy that finds expression in an endless capacity for hard work. One can be sure that not only great technical proficiency but his understanding of America and Americans as living, struggling human beings will infuse the new Justice's opinions.



You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you could know how seldom they do! — Olin Miller

Try to Make Nazis Out of Us!

Condensed from Current History

William Seabrook

Author of "Asylum," "'These Foreigners'," etc.

HEIL HITLER! From Nordic German Rhinebeck — on the Hudson.

Your Ministry of Propaganda has succeeded in awakening us to the fact that we, along with perhaps 30 million others in this United States of ours, are of predominantly Aryan German origin. We had almost forgotten it. We've been Yankees so long. But our town was originally named Rheinbach, after the village in Rhenish Prussia from which, in 1715, our first settlers came. And though many of our own names have been anglicized, in our veins there flows the thickest, best Teutonic Nordic blood on earth.

And now you have under way a consistent drive to warm up that German blood — in the hope of lining up for your own purposes all ancestrally Aryan Germans in America. Few people realize how ambitious your drive is, or that your Nazis are compiling a card-index of all German families who migrated to America — and following up their descendants with Nazi blood-brotherhood propaganda. We are being assured that Nazism is a world movement bound to end in Teutonic domination of America, and

are invited to get aboard the band wagon. This propaganda is even being disseminated by circulars and letters sent direct to us Americans of German ancestry, designed to persuade us to become *Amerikaner* instead of plain American.

Well, since you're telling us you know we're "Nazi at heart," it's going to be nice to let you hear from us in turn. For myself, my middle name is Bühler (with the umlaut, mind you!). I'm blond, blue-eyed, flat-nosed, Prussian, Lutheran. And I loathe everything you stand for. And so do my *Amerikaner* neighbors. It's not because of what you've been doing to German Lutherans, Catholics, Czechs, Poles, Jews, so much as because of what you would do, if you could, to everything that's free, honest and decent on earth.

I own ten acres up a back road here that was originally cut through virgin forest by blond Nordic Germans who had fled the Fatherland to escape the same sort of persecution, torture and military madness that are again clutching Germany. Our road runs to Wurtemberg, past farms still owned by Lutzes, Marquards, Schulztes, Ackerts and Hart-

manns, who all hold you in horror because they believe you are a menace to decency and civilization.

I know exactly what they think of you, because I've been talking with them by the score. With the *Amerikaner* pastor of our Lutheran church; with Jay Holsapple, of the A & P; with our local plumbers, the Sipperly brothers; with Ethan Coon, the violet grower; with Ostroms, Schryvers, Treibers and Schaads. They're Aryan Germans by ancestry, every one of them — and every one of them spoke of you with epithets the least bitter of which were "beast" and "mad dog."

Doc Cookingham, whose forebears spelt it Kuchenheim, said you were "a worse scourge to the human race than the bubonic plague"; and Hot Hotten, whose father still spells it Hottüng, said you were "the cruellest and craziest tyrant since Nero."

I interviewed our leading professional men and three fourths of the merchants on Main Street. I picked only those of known Christian German ancestry. Unanimously they think you're "the most evil single influence in the world today."

The response of my German-American neighbors is the best answer to the question that many people are asking: "Will Hitler's propaganda for German racial unity take hold in America?" It won't.

I think it has no more chance among the Germans in the rest of America than among the Germans in German-founded Rhinebeck.

With childish naïveté, the Nazis tell us this is "Unser Amerika." You bet your boots it's "Our America" in the deepest sense: we helped build it, we love it, and we are just as much a part of it as anybody who hailed from London, Edinburgh or Donegal. What the Nazis blindly overlook is that our Germanic ancestors came over here precisely to get away from the Hitlers and storm troopers of their day — and that in the process of making America "ours," we have made ourselves "America's."

By their own pretensions, the Nazi propagandists for German blood brotherhood hope to make Nazi sympathizers out of all our Rockefellerers, Wanamakers, Woolworths, Chryslers, Schwabs, Drexels, Astors, Pulitzers; out of Herbert Hoover; out of Babe Ruth, along with about a third of our big-league baseball stars; out of Walter Damrosch and about a third of all who conduct and play our symphonies; out of Lowell Thomas and Hans Kaltenborn.

"If you're of German descent," the Nazis say, "you are German always, owing loyalty to the German Reich." That would include Clark Gable; the Hersheys of chocolate fame; the bulk of St. Louis, more or less, including Charles Nagel, long-time vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and Adolphus Busch who built American submarines during the World War; a fourth of all Chi-

cago, and the mayors of many neighboring cities; Cardinal Mundelein; much of Pennsylvania, except the Quakers; Hans Zinsser, America's greatest bacteriologist, whose name can stand for some thousands of famous American scientists of Christian Aryan German blood; a good fourth of all our farming population, including all those who followed Carl Schurz over here seeking liberty from the kind of thing that now goes on in Germany; the bulk of Baltimore, including Otto Ortmann, Director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and, for good measure, H. L. Mencken.

They're going to make Nazi sympathizers too out of all the descendants of Molly Pitcher who was born Maria Ludwig; General Custer; Barbara Frietchie; a half dozen Civil War generals; World War colonels and doughboys; the Ringling Brothers; and John Philip Sousa, half German, who wrote *The Stars and Stripes Forever!* You can go on with this yourself, adding cities, sections, individuals, and the further you go the crazier it gets.

To Hitler I say: If you focus attention on Germany's historic contributions to America, as your propagandists have been doing, you are much more likely to make democrats out of decent Germans in Germany than to make Nazis out of our Germans over here. For, when you consider what those contributions are, it follows inevitably that descendants of the people who made

them, whether living here or gagged in Germany, could never normally hold militarism and oppression in anything but horror.

The kindergarten, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, our American Youth Hostels, the models on which our great liberal universities are based, are all German in origin. Germany gave us Martin Luther's church whose followers defend the right of Catholics, Jews, and everybody else to worship God as they see fit. German Americans, clasping hands with the Quakers, gave us our abhorrence of aggressive militarism. Incidentally, our Bach choral festivals came from the Moravians who, along with the Mennonites, are pure German "Pennsylvania Dutch." Try indeed to make Nazis out of those peaceful people!

German Americans have given us much of the everyday color and texture of American life -- our comic strips, hot dogs, animal crackers, Brooklyn Bridge, Funk & Wagnalls' *Standard Dictionary*, along with many of our Colonial Dames and Daughters of the American Revolution. Germans gave us Bausch & Lomb's lenses; the linotype machine; the Bethlehem Steel Company; the Frick Locomotive works; music, hiking, pickles, waffles -- and stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Yet I'm wondering whether the greatest German contribution of all hasn't been simply the average German's patience, thrift and cleanly

pride in slow, honest, lasting, self-respecting work. It has certainly been of priceless value in our often-too-hurried American national life. Under the surface of our seeming haste their solid craftsmanship has done a lot to help keep us sound. The German artisan, the German craftsman, the German farmer and the German storekeeper, are inextricably woven into the fabric of America.

I am not ignoring the existence of Fritz Kuhn's *bunds*, of Nazi sympathizers and propagandists. But no

matter how much noise they make they are merely a ridiculous minority when balanced against our 200,300 million Americans of German ancestry who help to man, have manned and will man again our fortress of democracy against the aggression of tyrants.

Indeed, one of them may lead us again, as an *Amerikaner* did in the war against the Kaiser. His name was John J. Pershing and his family spelled it Pforchin as late as 1860. Try, indeed, to make Nazis out of us!



Uncle Sam's 40,000,000 Dependents

IN THE FISCAL year 1938-1939, 13,000,000 U. S. citizens look forward to regular payments from the federal government; when their families and dependents are included, this means that Uncle Sam is supporting in whole or part about 40,000,000 of our population — a number virtually equal to the number of voters in the 1936 Presidential election.

Approximately 4,000,000 farm families (numbering about 20,000,000 people) will be paid for participation in soil conservation and other government programs. The Works Progress Administration payrolls embrace 3,000,000 — more than the number who last year filed taxable federal income tax returns. Together with their dependents they total about 12,000,000.

Civil "working" government employees in the executive, legislative and judicial branches number about 1,000,000. Allowing these an average of only three dependents, the result would be 4,000,000 looking to federal salary money. Another million receive regular pension checks (exclusive of Social Security payments).

In addition there will be at least 2,000,000 people receiving direct relief from federal funds; some 2,000,000 more receiving old-age pension and dependent children payments; 300,000 CCC workers and more than 300,000 students receiving National Youth Administration payments. The sum total is about one third of our population.

— Henry Flood Byrd, U. S. Senator from
Virginia, in *The Commentator*
September, '38

Gangsters Are Camera-Shy

Condensed from "I Found Out"

Nat Ferber

Veteran New York newsman; author of "Sidewalks of New York," "A New American," etc.

EARLY IN the 1920's the New York *American* started a crusade against the notorious bucketshops — crooked brokerage houses. Victor Watson, the city editor, assigned me the job of digging up the facts. The *American* stories brought investigations, and since the bucket-shops had underworld connections, Watson and I soon heard that we were on the pot.

Then one day while we were attending a hearing in a bucketshop case, I looked down into the street. In a doorway I saw a loiterer, a mobster without a doubt — but I couldn't identify him. Suddenly I realized that every doorway in sight harbored a man. I signaled Victor.

Between us Watson and I knew every rodman in New York. "They're not New Yorkers," he mused. Then he came to life. "That's Joe Maroni from Chicago — a killer! The New York mob wanted no part of us, so they brought these in. You'd better telephone Ben Bloom and tell him to bring down his mob to clean these band-so's out."

I knew what this meant. If Ben, our circulation manager, who a short

time before had waged in Chicago one of the bloodiest circulation fights in newspaper history, came down there with his men, there would be a free-for-all. It would mean that someone was sure to get killed,

and the *American* would be blamed for bringing gunmen into Wall Street.

So I called the office, but not the circulation department. Fifteen minutes later, we saw more than a score of men hurrying off the street.

Some, their faces distorted by anger, were shaking their fists, but all were in full flight. And Victor and I knew that henceforth we need not fear harm.

My device had been simple. I had ordered every *American* cameraman to the street, including the "Big Bertha," the giant apparatus with which photos of ball games are made. "Get a picture of every man on that block," I said.

The cameramen did a swell job. Their shots showed so clearly as to make identification a simple matter, exactly 22 Chicago mobsters. That night not one of them remained in town. Chicago, where they had only to face bullets, seemed safer.

Newspaper

Tales

— XII —

Long After Audubon

Condensed from "Dithers and Jitters"

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Eminent actress; author of "Tiny Garments," "Excuse It, Please!"

I AM the victim of intermittent but passing attacks of ambition to patch up a faulty education. The latest spell was brought about by a friend who, sitting on my porch, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, I never realized you had pipits!"

For an uncomfortable moment I thought she referred to some infirmity. Then when she said, "Hear him? He's in that bush," I realized that it was all about a bird.

"Oh, yes," I said complacently. If she was going to show off I could too. "We have flocks of them."

"But they don't go in flocks!"

"They do here," I countered, lamely.

Although my friend departed in haste she succeeded in sowing in me the bird-seeds of discontent. A book on ornithology seemed imperative, and my bookseller assured me he had just what I needed. It turned out to be a bird guide the size of the Greater New York telephone book. As it has the weight of an anvil, the only way to look up a bird is to go out and stare at it until your eyes get out of focus, then rush indoors and try to find something in the book that remotely resembles it. The chances are that after you think you've made your

find and are feeling pretty smug about it the thing listed in the book turns out to be an inhabitant of Manitoba.

In looking up birds, you have to memorize them in a flash and if you think memorizing a restless bird is easy you'd better consult a psychiatrist. Then you have to guess what category he belongs in — whether he's a warbler, a flycatcher, a marsh-dweller or a totipalmated swimmer and if you can do that you probably know what the bird is anyway. How is the novice to tell? Warblers aren't always warbling, flycatchers are seldom catching flies, marsh-dwellers may be a long way from home, and as for those other things I don't even let myself think what they might be up to.

There is an exasperating little creature I've been trying for weeks to place. All I can determine is that he (or possibly she . . . God knows, I'm not that far!) is smallish and of a color you call olive only because it isn't any color at all. It flits about in thick foliage and its note resembles the squeak of a shoe. The chances are it's either a red-eyed vireo, a pine siskin (immature), or a Spizella Passerina Passerina (the double name as in Corona Corona

doubtless indicates a superior variety). The detailed descriptions don't get you anywhere. One of the above, for instance, is distinguished by a marking "dull whitish on the lower eyelids." But what bird will stay still long enough to let you investigate its lower eyelid?

One means of identification is by description of the song. This is pretty bewildering. We are told, for instance, that one little codger is easily discovered by his cheery "tra-ree-rah, ree-rah-ree" while another says "chink" while flying and "chunk" when feeding. The sort that go in for catchwords like "Eat, Potter, eat" or "Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly" I find difficult, due either to my lack of perception or the bird's faulty diction. Anyway, even the best authorities disagree. In the case of the olive-sided fly-catcher, Thoreau thinks it says "till, till, till," while someone else describes it as "hip-pui-shee."

I learn that the song of the white-throated sparrow can best be approximated if "played with a very executed effect on the E string of a fine violin," but I don't know Heifetz well enough to ask him to play this for me. One amazing outburst of gladness is the happy voice of the yellow-breasted chat which goes

(cross my heart, I'm not making this up) "crrr-rwhrr-that's it, chee, quack, cluck-yit, yit-now, hit it, tr-r-when, caw, caw-cut, tea-boy, who-who-mew-mew." The book doesn't state whether or not at the end of all this the bird falls in a faint.

A further handicap is, as in the case of an encyclopedia, the number of fascinating distractions that lure you far afield from the bird you're looking up. Start searching for some ordinary local variety of sparrow and on the way you'll come across such fabulous creatures as the *tufted puffin*, an ancient murrelet, and something that apparently doesn't get a break, being known as a *least auklet*. These congregate in the Bering Straits where "they are very playful and chase each other in great good will," and feed on sea-fleas. Well, well!

One thing ardently to be wished is that the people who write about birds were not so blessed with the "keep smiling" spirit. Somehow, to learn that the nuthatch is the "small boy of the feathered world" or that the chipping sparrow is a "contented, modest little bird who tries hard to believe in the goodness of human nature even though he meets with but little encouragement" puts one off ornithology.



THE RETAIL STORES in Tacoma, Wash., have a novel way of getting customers to pay the sales tax pleasantly. They're invited to toss the tax tokens into either of two fishbowls — one marked "For the Administration" and the other "Against." — *Atlantica*

Where Do We Go from Here?

Condensed from This Week Magazine

— I —

John J. Wicker

I WAS BORN in the lap of a great depression following the War Between the States. I know what it is to work for 15 cents a day, from daylight until dark, the longest days in the year, under the hot Virginia sun, and this when I was only 14 years old.

Some people think we have a depression now, but older people who can remember the days of the '70's know we are in the midst of a real boom compared with those times.

When we compare 50 years ago with today, it is the difference between a log or board cabin with pine knots in the fireplace for light, or, at best, an old smoky kerosene lamp — and today's steam-heated houses with every modern convenience. It is the difference between a straw mattress on the floor — and an innerspring mattress resting on mahogany.

In those days of 60 years ago you might have had a wood stove for heat, if you were rich, and your baths were confined to the summertime in some creek or millpond.

I have seen the day when persimmon seeds were converted into buttons for one's coat; when wheat was

parched to make coffee; and the only sweetening was sorghum molasses, stirred with a stick for the lack of a spoon.

Able-bodied men were glad to work from daylight until dark six days a week, 52 weeks in the year in all sorts of weather — and do the chores on Sunday besides — and receive, for the entire year's work, \$100 and board.

Many great men were born out of such "great tribulation" because perhaps they had "the driving power of poverty."

There were no "free schools" then. My father had to pay tuition for me and for my sister, and we walked three miles through the mud to a log cabin where one lady taught everything from A B C's to Latin. I never knew what an overcoat or umbrella was.

Compare this with all the modern comforts in our magnificent public school buildings today, with free textbooks, and a bus to take children at public expense to and from the school!

But why keep on? The differences went all through the social and economic strata; in those days there was a real depression.

Now we are all "going to the poorhouse in automobiles." The more we have, the more we complain. * What is the matter with America? Is it lack of money or manhood? It may be a good thing to have what money can buy, but it is a tragedy beyond expression to fail to have what money cannot buy.

Is our trouble within or without? Look without — and what do we see? Better homes, better roads, bigger and better libraries and hospitals, and better advantages in all grades of education, more educated people, more amusements and sports, more luxury, and, in short, more of everything than ever before in our

history. So the trouble must be within. If we could only get ourselves in hand, and not act like a lot of spoiled, pampered children, we should soon put this country where it ought to be.

We are trying to build men through their bellies rather than through their brains. What a man is, is far more important than what he has. We need self-imposed discipline; we need to work on ourselves.

If we want to build structures that will stand the storms of life, we must put our sweat into the mortar.

We cannot buy our way out of this depression, we have got to work it out.

— II —

Dorothy Canfield

WHAT THREATENS the welfare of our country is within us. Alarmists make long lists of material dangers, such as soil erosion, syphilis, the tragic poverty of sharecroppers. But the real danger is the triviality of character and mind among our well-fed, well-dressed, educated citizens who do not seriously grapple with those problems.

As long as Americans could escape something they didn't like by pulling up stakes and moving on, the majority of them never dug in for the lifelong, patient, creative effort to shape environment. This widespread fitful flightiness was reflected in

American lives everywhere, even in those of people not literally on the move in the covered wagon.

Now the frontier has closed, and the virtue we need terribly at present is endurance in the face of the *absence* of material hardships. Our modern lives are threatened by the subtle poison of safety, comfort, and hours of leisure — given us by the machine — such as no generation before ours ever dreamed of.

We were brought up to believe that the epic work of conquering a continent was the destiny of America, and we find the continent conquered and now in need of civilizing, a process which can't be carried on

with spades and axes. What our country needs now is a supply of keen-trained minds, exact knowledge, artistic taste and skillful fingers (not fists) to transform the incredible wealth of our raw material into something worthy of its fine quality.

This turning point in our national life is almost terrible in its signifi-

cance, because it goes so deep, changes so much, is irrevocable. But it is magnificent as well because, as the material, earthly frontier closes, there opens before us the illimitable inner unknown of the individual human life, to be explored, to be conquered, to be organized, to be civilized.



Catalogue of Our Times

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Jo Hubbard Chamberlin

TWO SEASONS AGO, when the stage designer for the Broadway production of Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome* wanted authentic information on how Americans dressed in 1910, he turned to the Sears Roebuck catalogue of that year. Movie producers constantly refer to old catalogues for costumes and properties; Twentieth Century — Fox found them invaluable in the preparation of the recent film *Jesse James*. And Walt Disney has the most complete collection of old catalogues on the Coast, loaning them to other studios, and consulting them frequently for bygone fashions and furnishings.

Despite the enormous number of

Sears catalogues distributed through the years, complete sets are rare and valuable. For the "big book" has earned in the half century of its existence the status of an expert historian, chronicling without bias the changes that have taken place in American life. Not only does it show you that a style was popular during certain years, but the space devoted to it shows exactly *how* popular it was, for space has always been allotted on the basis of sales.

How many of these catalogue items of the gay '90's do you remember? Bosom boards, celluloid collars, flageolets, mourning handkerchiefs, Prince Alberts, stereo-

scopes, and goat sulkies for the children? Practically all of the real old-timers are gone — the crocodile sofa and the fur derby hat, the buffalo robe and the solid gold toothpick with earspoon combined. Do you remember the ornate mustache cup? "An appropriate gift for the man of elegance," the catalogue says — and so it was. But it disappeared forever in 1911. If you are over 40, you may have once held hands with your best girl in a "cozy-corner" — that short, stiffly upholstered sofa in a corner of the parlor. That is gone now, as are also the umbrella stands, the hall hatracks, the golden oak dining-room sideboards, and the leather Turkish rockers of our youth.

Pajamas were first carried, for men only, in 1899 and were described as "just the thing for traveling, as they admit of greater freedom than the usual kind of night-shirt." Evidently there was little sale of these newfangled garments, for they appeared in the book only irregularly until 1908, when they came to stay.

The frontier period in American life lasted longer than most people think — the last covered wagon did not vanish from the catalogue until 1924. Buggies occupied 22 pages in 1896 and none by 1933. Twin beds appeared in 1921, chastely finished in white enamel. "Radio apparatus" was first mentioned in 1919 under "telegraph instruments," with a modest four

inches of space; now it spreads over 20 pages.

And it isn't just for sentiment's sake that the catalogue still carries such goods as lightning rods, piano rolls, women's fleece-lined bloomers, men's nightgowns and Congress gaiters. They've sold in volume for years, or out they'd come.

Just about any way you look at it, the catalogue is the biggest book in the world. It is read by more people than any book published, except perhaps the Bible — some 7,000,000 copies are dumped on the nation's doorsteps *twice* a year. At one time Sears paid one fiftieth of the country's entire postage bill. And although this hefty four pounds of reading matter costs a dollar to produce and is distributed free, it is the lowest-cost merchandising system yet developed — for it sells \$250,000,000 worth of goods every year, sight unseen.

It takes an army of several thousand people to produce and distribute it. And because climate and human nature vary, the catalogues dispatched from 10 key cities differ. The Atlanta catalogue, for instance, has 964 pages; the Chicago book or key book, 1218. In the southern books, fur coats, iceskates, sleds, ski suits and the like are left out. Different types of stoves are featured because heating is less of a problem, and because more wood is burned than in the North. Mattresses are frequently built firmer because they are cooler in the sum-

mer. And because of differences in soil, the farm machinery offered to one section of the country differs radically from that offered to another.

The big book must remember, too, that Southern people as a rule prefer brighter colors than Northern. That Southern women buy frillier underthings. That the East prefers Colonial furniture; the Middle West goes in for period designs; the South prefers ornate types; the Far West buys the most modern furniture.

Since most of the catalogue's customers live on farms or in small communities, it is for them the big book is planned. The catalogue frankly recognizes the fact that women who milk cows, keep house and bear children often have plump figures quite unlike the sylphs of fashion. The models do not smoke cigarettes, because women once complained that it encouraged youngsters to do the same. Only one cocktail set is listed and that is purposely obscure. However, the catalogue does list playing cards, dice and poker chips. Bibles have always sold well and are conspicuously displayed.

Because profits of a mail-order business are eaten up by returned goods, there is an intense effort to make the pictures revealing; and copywriters are expected to be paragons of accuracy in their descriptions of goods, and to make no claims in any way exaggerated.

The big book gets a good many ideas about its customers from the letters which accompany orders. (Incidentally, all incoming mail is weighed; the company knows how many dollars' worth of business can be expected in each 100 pounds of mail.)

The big book performs some unusual services. Each year 150,000 trappers send in furs which Sears markets without cost, giving the customers the choice of cash or merchandise in return. Puzzled people in all walks of life write in for babies' names, directions for raising children, tanning pelts, erecting a hoghouse or adjusting the neckline of an evening dress. They write as to an old friend whose personality has been built up through a half century. And correspondents answer each letter in the same spirit in which it is written: humorous, dignified, philosophical or neighborly.

A worried father once wrote that his daughter had run away with a "no-good trifling loafer" who would surely send in a mail order some time, and when he did, would the company forward his address? The company wrote that it couldn't, but a correspondent, out of curiosity, made a casual note of the young husband's name. Three months later in came an order from a city far from father's wrath, for a woman's suit, three pairs of silk stockings and a machinist's tool-box. At least he wasn't a loafer.

A woman, broken-hearted over her husband's suspected infidelities, asked if he had ordered the new dress she had seen her rival wearing. Many a lonely farm boy has asked Sears to find him a wife, apparently under the impression that the models used in the photographs probably could be "talked to" in such a worthy cause. Incidentally, many of the big book's models have gone on to Hollywood: Norma Shearer, Jean Arthur, Gloria Swanson, Fredric March.

A farm woman wrote: "Which is best for children to call parents — Father, Mother, Papa or Mama? My girl writes with her left hand. Would you train her to write with

her right hand? What are physics? What is rhythm?"

Undoubtedly countless youngsters have learned to read from the big book. And on many a lonely ranch and farm it still provides the chief literary entertainment for long winter evenings. Such is the testament of that portion of our population which we have come to consider as distinctly American. The catalogue reflects their conservatism, their unwillingness to pay out hard-earned money for that which does not serve some useful purpose, and their ready appreciation of help when given. Their ways of living and thinking are indelibly imprinted on its engaging pages.

The early history of Sears, Roebuck was told in "Meet the Co-Founder," condensed in the January '39 Reader's Digest from *The New Yorker*.



The Old Home Town

A YOUNG COUPLE, native New Yorkers whose friends were always referring to people and things "back home," recently took drastic steps to have a home town of their own. They got out an atlas and by process of eliminating states too near or too far away, they picked out a little town in Indiana, and then and there became former residents. They subscribed to the local weekly paper, and thereafter read it thoroughly. Gradually they came to know everybody worth knowing in the town; they had their favorite grocers and automobile dealer.

The following summer the young couple paid a visit to their home town, and on arrival hunted up the editor of the paper and told him confidentially how they happened to be there. The editor put a little item in the paper, and for ten days they had twice as many invitations to all sorts of parties and picnics as they could accept. They returned to the big city so enthusiastic over their home town that they hope to go there some day to live.

— Frederick Charters in *Coronet*

Ward Heeler, College-Bred

Condensed from The American Mercury

Will Irwin

A YOUNG college graduate of my acquaintance, having saved a little money, settled down in one of the most corrupt wards of his city. He took active charge of a boys' club at a settlement house. Through the boys, he has become acquainted with their parents. When his money ran out, he got a small job at city hall. "I'm building my own political machine," he says privately. "Some day, I'm going to help clean up this town." I know a former all-American football star who used his reputation to get an insignificant municipal job, joined his district political club, is working up quietly. He is on his way. If the local boss knew his plans — and his ideals — he would be startled.

These young men represent something new and significant in American life. Hitherto our political machines have been largely manned by ward-heelers, of small education and few ideals. Now thousands of college students are deliberately preparing for careers in partisan politics. They are taking special courses in government and actual political technique. After graduation they are starting out at the bottom of the political ladder, working humbly but hopefully in the political

clubs of their districts. The chances are that next election day one of them will come to your door and urge you to vote. He'll be earning his spurs in that basic chore thrust upon every aspiring political worker.

You find convincing evidence of what is going on by visiting, as I did recently, a score of colleges and talking with professors and students. An astonishing proportion of the undergraduates taking the courses in politics say definitely that they intend to take an active part in the political game. Professors agree that the men headed for political careers probably outnumber those headed for business, which is a startling reversal within a decade.

Many of the jobs these young people secure aren't political, ostensibly. Often they are minor civil service posts. But the young clerks don't plan to stay in that groove. The little clerkship is just a means of earning a living while they serve their political apprenticeship in the district club and prepare to run for office. Of the liberal arts graduates of the University of Minnesota since 1929, 52 percent are in public service; 40 percent of the senators and representatives in the North Carolina legislature were former stu-

dents of the state university, mostly in the political science courses.

When 52 students showed up this spring for a conference at the University of Michigan on "politics as a career" their earnestness was reflected in this recurrent question: "How can we make a living at the start?"

They were advised to follow the example of previous political science graduates who have landed jobs as secretaries or assistant secretaries to mayors, Congressmen, or other officeholders. Here they can get a fine inside view of the machinery. Other students plan to enter politics through journalism. They are preparing for jobs on country weeklies or small dailies. This is being recognized in the universities as a strategic avenue of approach to politics, and hence the departments of journalism and of political science are coöperating more closely.

But the greatest number of the aspiring apprentices to politics intend to follow that old, beaten path, the law. After all, a statesman needs legal knowledge. And as the young lawyer must get clients, he makes acquaintances by joining his political club, making speeches for small-time candidates, or helping get out the vote. All this is a familiar pattern, of course, and it tends to perpetuate "government by lawyers." But many of these young lawyers are a new type, I believe, in that from college days they have been deliberately looking forward

to politics, not for the sake of what they can get out of it but for the sake of what they can put into it. You have only to talk with them, as I have been doing, to realize that they have a spirit of civic service that the political boss would deride, together with an incipient grasp of practical politics that may some day make the boss sit up and take notice.

For the training in politics offered by the universities nowadays is a mixture of theory and idealism with hard-boiled actuality and practical experience. Professors urge students to pick a party and align themselves with it. Municipal elections are used as a laboratory. Students often serve at election polls, as deputies or watchers for their parties.

Many of the professors themselves have taken a whirl at politics. Dr. Guy S. Ford, president of the University of Minnesota and a teacher in the political courses, has had government administrative experience. Dean Joseph R. Hayden of Michigan served his turn as deputy governor of the Philippines under Frank Murphy. Almost all of the political science faculty at Chicago has had a hand in municipal politics. Columbia professors have been making, year after year, contributions to good government in state and city.

Another practical touch: constantly, politicians are being called in to address college classes on methods

for organizing the vote and "keeping the boys in line." They finish off by standing as targets for a volley of questions. The Carolina Union at the University of North Carolina is a shining example. This is a group of about 30 students chosen for their brilliance in the social sciences. Fortnightly during the open season for politicians, some leader of national, state or local politics addresses a meeting to which all the students and the townsfolk of Chapel Hill have invitations. After he has finished, he submits to a merciless hour of questions.

Instances of politically-trained college men who are now playing good practical politics, tempered with ideals, are multiplying rapidly all over the country. They are only the vanguard; the great army of politically-minded graduates is still too young to have achieved elective office. But already, professors at Chicago, Syracuse, Iowa and Michigan can point to numbers of their former students of political science who have served effectively in recent state legislatures. Others are in Congress. Many are municipal officials. One striking fact is the extraordinary number of young college alumni who are now county chairmen — "county bosses," if you will. Of these, one professor remarked: "A few have fallen into the rut of a political machine; the vast majority are centers of light."

Princeton, which was one of the first universities to make its poli-

tics courses vital, contemporary and practical, points to spectacular results among its alumni: William H. Vanderbilt is Governor of Rhode Island, Prentice Cooper of Tennessee; John G. Winant was Governor of New Hampshire, and now fills a post at Geneva. Robert Rockwell is lieutenant governor of Colorado. John Harlan Amen is a special prosecutor conducting the spectacular clean-up of Brooklyn. Michael A. Feighan is minority leader of the Ohio General Assembly. And you can add a score of minor officials, including state assemblymen, mayors and sheriffs. Graduates, all, of Princeton's pioneer courses in politics.

The movement to get college-trained experts instead of political hacks into *administrative* governmental posts has gone so far that the battle may be said to be won. The colleges led that fight; it is clear now that they are leading another — the movement to leaven *partisan politics* with men especially educated for such a career. And this is even more important to the nation. It is elected officials, not the experts in the bureaus, who make for us the choices between economy and bankruptcy, between fascism and democracy, between peace and war.

Apparently the cap and gown are in politics to stay. Another generation or two, and politics may be recognized as one of the learned professions, like law.

Anxiety and Illness

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

George W. Gray

Author of "The Advancing Front of Science,"
"New World Picture," etc.

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HE CAME into the hospital one Monday: a man whose arms were pimpled with a bothersome skin disease. "Almost every Monday I have a breaking out like this," he said.

"What do you do on Sundays?" asked the doctor.

Usually, said the patient, he visited a young lady. It developed that for some years the couple had been engaged, but the woman repeatedly postponed naming the wedding day. Each Sunday the man pressed for a decision; each Monday was the day after a frustration. And "almost every Monday" his skin protested his anxious state by breaking into eczema.

To the same big eastern hospital came a man critically ill with asthma. After weeks of treatment he was relieved, and a day set for his discharge. Suddenly, on the night before his scheduled departure, all his former dangerous symptoms returned. Treatment was resumed; again his breathing became free; again arrangements were made for the journey. And again asthma returned in full force.

The record showed that this pa-

tient was a college teacher who had become embroiled in a faculty fight and feared for his job. Here was a situation of uncertainty such that it seemed better to remain within the protecting walls of the hospital than to go back to the scene of former strife and face the likelihood of dismissal.

Obviously in these cases there was more than the physical condition; there was also a mental or emotional disturbance which had its counterpart in the physical mechanism.

Medical men have long called certain ill-understood symptoms "functional," thereby segregating them from "organic" diseases in which the ailing organs show anatomical defects. A headache that can be correlated with a brain tumor is an organic disturbance, but a headache that plagues its victim without traceable connection to any structural fault is "merely functional." Many a baffled doctor disposes of "functional" cases with the pronouncement, "You only imagine you are sick. Quit worrying, go home and forget it."

Such advice rarely is effective.

And labeling such cases "psycho-neurosis" does not dispose of the patients, who drift from one doctor to another, eventually perhaps to a faith healer, and some night may show up at a testimonial meeting, cured.

On the other hand, the neurotic may chance to apply to a physician who considers the patient as a whole. The old-time family physician was often of this school, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was a shining practitioner of its art in the 19th century. Scientifically trained doctors practicing it today, while growing in number, are still few. It is only within recent years that study of the emotions as factors in illness has received serious attention in medical schools and research centers, and it is being discovered that in a wide range of disease emotional states show themselves to be a complicating, often a controlling, influence.

In 1934 Dr. Flanders Dunbar and her associates at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York began investigating possible emotional factors in two widely different kinds of diseases, both generally related to organic impairment: diabetes and diseases of the heart. In each group emotional factors were found to affect more than half of the patients. In times of emotional disturbance the diabetes was worse and the cardiac symptoms intensified.

There is increasing evidence that

pent-up, repressed anxiety which cannot be discharged in action is discharged in the form of disease. In many cases of high blood pressure no organic cause can be traced. And even when there is a definite organic cause, the patient often responds directly to improvement in his emotional state.

Dr Erwin Moos reports the case of a man with a systolic blood pressure of 280, who was also afflicted with a lung disorder, and whose urine showed traces of albumen. Rest and drugs brought no beneficial effect, but one day the patient remarked that he had done great wrong to his estranged wife. The doctor immediately arranged a meeting, and after a friendly discussion between the two, the man's blood pressure fell to 150, his lung symptoms abated, and the albumen disappeared. Several years later the patient was in good health, with a blood pressure of only 130.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston Dr. Stanley Cobb and a staff of clinicians have been studying patients afflicted with such widely contrasting disorders as asthma, arthritis, and mucous colitis. In each of these groups a large proportion were dominated by chronic emotional tension. In personal interviews with the colitis group it came out that 96 percent of them showed resentment, 75 percent were depressed in spirit, and 68 percent expressed feelings of guilt. They were indig-

nant against employers, teachers, and parents, and reacted to these antagonisms with their bowels.

The Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago has made an intensive study of asthma. Even in those extremely allergic to definite material substances, it is noticed that the asthma attacks regularly occur in reactions to emotional situations.

A business woman who had been highly capable as an assistant was unexpectedly promoted to an executive position. Three months later she developed severe asthma. The doctor sensed that her increased responsibilities were a source of apprehension. When she was persuaded to resign her executive post and resume her old place as an assistant, the asthma became sufficiently mild to be controlled.

The whole physiology of anxiety is bound up with the idea of protection, and has its origins far back in human history. How to save one's skin was a supreme problem of primitive man. Every day there was the necessity of taking strong action either in fighting or fleeing. These demands gradually built into the body an automatic scheme of swift adjustment for action.

In time of fear or anger powerful changes go on within the body: the heart muscles are stimulated to more rapid pulsations, circulation is shifted from the stomach and intestines to the heart, brain, lungs, and skeletal muscles — all resources are mobilized for most effective

fight or flight. The mechanisms of these automatic reactions are largely chemical — caused by powerful substances secreted by the glands and the nerve endings. And every impression from the outside world that threatens the security of the individual, that provokes him to anger or inspires him to fear, automatically calls into play this complicated biochemical mechanism to prepare the body for action.

Now the man who has just lost his fortune in a bank failure suffers a fear just as real as was the fear of a cave man confronted by a wild beast. However, whether the cave man ran, or stood and fought, he needed the stronger heartbeat, the change in blood distribution. But to the victim of the bankruptcy these adjustments are superfluous. They prepare him for action which does not take place. They glut his system with powerful substances he does not need, and which cause internal conflict. Such conflicts tend to be suppressed, but the fact that they are unconscious does not mean they are innocuous. Quite the opposite. The poisoning effect of a source of anxiety seems to increase in inverse ratio to the victim's awareness of its identity.

It seems likely that the stresses of life affect one individual differently from another because of differences in constitution, in relative weakness of certain organs which ordains which shall give way rather than others, and in the condition-

ing experiences of early childhood. Dr. Leon J. Saul of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis observes: "One child may be allowed to express his rages quite freely, as compared to another. Later in life he will allow himself to become very angry, while the other gets a headache. Again, a person who has been overprotected in childhood will more readily feel the stress of a highly competitive society which demands extreme aggressiveness and independence, and such a person will more readily develop symptoms." The aggressive business man who has repressed longings for a retreat to love, care and protection, often has a tendency to express his hidden conflicts in a gastric ulcer. Beneath the surface of a gentle, considerate personality, on the other hand, may be hidden a state of chronic rage — a repression that frequently expresses itself in high blood pressure.

The wise physician takes into account all the circumstances. He may use drugs, surgery, suggestion, social readjustment, anything that will get at the root of the anxiety. He does not treat only hearts, lungs, intestines or kidneys. He treats not only that which is sick but also him or her who is sick. Dr. Stanley Cobb has said that the criterion for calling one disease organic and another functional is artificial, and that the line between physical and mental is fictitious.

We have seen that changes in

the "structure" of the blood are wrought by minute quantities of added substance — adrenalin, for instance. Blood may be regarded as a fluid organ. As this circulating organ is changed by slight alterations of its chemical content, so are the other organs changed as they are bathed by these altered fluids.

Anxiety thus becomes a biochemical factor. Through automatic stimulation of secretions it may release materials as upsetting to the system as bacteria.

Bacterial invasions themselves seem to be aided by mental tension. It was perhaps not chance that the great influenza epidemic of 1918 coincided with one of the most anxious periods of the World War. Even the common cold seems to strike with maximum virulence when its victim is in a state of anxiety. During psychoanalysis of nine patients extending over many months Dr. Saul noticed that they developed colds in connection with certain emotional situations, and that as they gained insight into and relief from these problems, their colds disappeared.

As the 19th century brought insight into the nature of contagions and provided the powerful tools of antisepsis and immunology, so it may be that the great contribution of the 20th century will be insight into the relation of anxiety to disease, and the attainment of techniques for the prevention and control of its ill effects.

The Man Who Answers Telephones

Condensed from 'The New Yorker

Jack Alexander

IN 1924, when Sherman C. Amsden started in the business of answering other people's telephones while they were out, his only clients were half a dozen physicians, and a single operator intercepted all the calls. Today Amsden has 65 operators at 25 New York switchboards answering calls for several thousand doctors, 200 private individuals, and commercial clients ranging from a detective bureau to the National Save-A-Life League, which tries to talk despondent people out of committing suicide.

The need for such a phone-answering service for doctors was obvious. In emergencies, Amsden's operator might reach the physician at the home of another patient, at a prize fight or at any one of a confidential list of places.

Amsden early bought out a competitor, thought up the term "ghost secretary" to describe his service, and began advertising. As nonmedical clients multiplied and the money rolled in, he spent much of his time and profits trying to discover other ways of being of use to medical men. The most important result is the Professional Service Credit Association, which he started in 1930. Clients of the

Telephone Answering Service came to Amsden with their financial troubles. The old adage about paying the doctor last, if at all, was literally true. Moreover, only doctors who had more practice than they knew how to handle could afford to irritate patients by turning their bills over to lawyers.

Amsden found a broker with a Cotton Exchange seat worth \$20,000 who had let a \$400 debt ride for three years, afraid to borrow lest his associates hear about it. A skilled laborer was paying \$10 a month on a refrigerator, \$5 on a radio and \$8 on a car while he ignored a \$50 doctor's bill. The patients never suspected a doctor would accept part payments and doctors feared to suggest installments lest they appear commercial. A middleman was needed to preserve face on both sides. Amsden easily arranged for the cotton broker to pay \$35 monthly, the laborer \$4.

After some success in this line, Amsden perceived that many persons were neglecting their teeth and general health because they would not incur debts which they couldn't pay promptly. So he set up an arrangement whereby the prospective patient, after agreeing

upon a fee, signed notes payable to the doctor and got his treatment. The Association advanced the doctor 50 to 90 percent of the face of the notes, and collected them. No interest was charged the patient, the doctor paid the Association 10 percent commission.

The plan worked. Doctors whose bills had been 40 percent uncollectible saw such losses cut to one percent. Several thousand doctors and dentists and 42 hospitals now operate under the system. The Association works on the theory that everyone wants to pay, and will do so if shown consideration; it will adjust installments if they become burdensome, will grant extensions for illness or unemployment. But if a debtor is falling behind because he is spending his money on fripperies, an expert at cajolery and paternal discipline lectures him, rarely failing to shame him into catching up.

So far, about \$5,000,000 worth of professional care has been paid for through the Association. Amsden spent \$100,000 building the business; it has just started to pay.

The mechanics of the Telephone Answering Service are fairly simple. Trunk lines between each of the Amsden switchboards and the nearest exchange tap Amsden subscribers' lines. For each subscriber, the telephone company charges \$3.50 a month minimum. In addition to this fee, Amsden charges \$126 a year — more for business

firms which have a heavy volume of calls or want miscellaneous services such as taking orders or quoting prices.

Operators, picked for business experience and tact, are given several weeks of voice training. Supervisors listen to insure courtesy and good judgment. Amsden himself dials a secret list of numbers, listens to his operators, and, undetected, checks up on service.

Several insurance companies depend upon "ghost secretaries" to notify their adjustors quickly of night accidents. A broker had his home telephone hooked in because his butler gets messages garbled. Amsden gets sudden requests for temporary service. Garment-district business men, for instance, fear they will lose telephone orders while their offices are closed for a religious holiday. But it takes nearly a week to install wiring for an Amsden hookup.

He and the telephone company do, however, provide two stopgaps less expensive than the regular answering service — a vacation service, whereby an exchange operator refers callers to an Amsden number, and a telephone book listing, "If no answer, call —," an Amsden switchboard.

Today with his business running smoothly, Amsden spends much time communing with himself, striving for further inspirations. The quest of new ideas constantly goads him.

❧ Pius XII, spiritual leader of 375,000,000
Roman Catholics, and foe of totalitarian states

Pope of Peace

Condensed from "Pius XII"

Joseph F. Dinneen

POPE PIUS XII seems cold and austere, cloaked in an impenetrable dignity, until he comes within five feet of you. Then you see that his blue eyes are wells of sympathy and understanding, his thin lips turn up slightly at the corners, features that appeared stern become warm and gentle. And when he speaks and uses his hands in gesture he is magnetic and charming. In conversation, his mind and tongue are keenly alive. He speaks fluently any one of a half dozen languages.

When he became Pope, on March 2, 1939, the democracies were pleased, but the totalitarian states were not, for Pius XII knows them well. And they know him as the experienced diplomat, versed in affairs of state, unafraid and willing to defy the actions of the dictators in opposing the church's program for world betterment and peace. His years in Germany, his travels over Europe and the United States, and his position as Papal Secretary of State had made him one of the best informed men on political affairs in the world, and they fear his strength.

Eugenio Pacelli was born in Rome in 1876. The men of his family had been for generations in the Vatican's civil service, and the Church was his calling from the start. He attended a public school conducted by nuns, and often disappeared from the boys' games; then he could be found in the Chieza Nuova, kneeling silently in meditation. The class cartoonist, who portrayed others in ridiculous antics, always presented Eugenio in prayer.

At Capranica College, the world's leading ecclesiastical institution, Pacelli earned his doctorate in theology, philosophy and law. His record was so brilliant that he was called to the Vatican by Cardinal Gasparri, an experienced church statesman and diplomat, and assigned the task of codifying the canon law.

For 18 years he buried himself in the Vatican library. When the codification was finally published, in 1916, the Pope was greatly impressed, and the next summer he appointed Pacelli Archbishop of Munich and Papal Nuncio to Germany. Pacelli's life changed in

a moment from tranquil routine to the hectic atmosphere of wartime diplomacy.

The suffering and horror of war were close to him now. He saw the dead, the maimed, the starving. In Munich, in the months before the Armistice, Pacelli watched the disintegration of the empire and the beginning of the revolution. The Spartacus group, seed of Communist government, was growing fast. Pacelli spoke against it from the pulpit, and one day in mid-December, 1918, a crowd of Spartacides, pistols in hand, broke into his residence. The Archbishop, dressed in the robes of office, walked calmly down the broad staircase to meet them. "You're on extra-territorial soil," he told them. "It is never wise to kill a diplomat." While revolvers were leveled at his breast he sympathetically analyzed their problem. One by one the pistols dropped, and the men made sheepishly for the door. Later the leaders returned to apologize.

In the following years Pacelli went through a training in peacetime diplomacy. First of the modern Papal diplomats, he kept in touch with German Catholic organizations by flying from place to place. He was a dynamo of energy, radiating personal magnetism and force, a born organizer. In 1925 he was transferred to Berlin, where for four years he was the doyen of the diplomatic corps, the first accredited diplomat to the Weimar

Republic, and a spokesman for the chiefs of all foreign missions. Chancellor Brüning was his close friend during the ten years of the Republic.

He was exceptionally tactful in dealing with all men, particularly non-Catholics. He spoke German as fluently as a native, and he had a heartiness and inborn warmth that made him the idol of Berlin. Wherever he spoke, his theme was world peace.

In 1930 Cardinal Pacelli (he received the cardinal's hat in 1929), became Papal Secretary of State under Pope Pius XI, and chief of what is undoubtedly the best-informed foreign office in the world. The reports of 60 Papal legates and 1300 bishops poured over his desk; and the bishops, through their pastors and priests, were in touch with the sentiments of the people. Pacelli probably had a better idea of what was going on in the world than anybody else in it.

Under Pacelli, the policy of the Church became suddenly definite and determined. When Mussolini ordered the Italian Catholic Action group and the Catholic Boy Scouts disbanded, the Pope answered with an encyclical convening Catholic Action throughout the world. But Pacelli knew that if he released it to the press in Rome, Mussolini would delay publication until he had devised an announcement to checkmate it. So he detailed two priests to fly with it to Paris and

release it there; Mussolini learned its contents for the first time when telegraph services brought it back to Rome.

Communism has long been the Church's Public Enemy Number One, because it limits the Church's activities and wipes out the family as the fundamental unit of society. Now the Nazis came to power in Germany and adopted similar policies. The Pope and Pacelli promptly denounced Nazi neopaganism, anti-Semitism and the revival of the medieval idea that citizens belong to the state, rather than vice versa. To a group of visiting Germans the Pope announced: "The most stupid and menacing atmosphere in the world's history, and especially in Germany's history, is present now." Hitler confiscated Catholic literature at the border, but Pacelli sent it to German pastors and clergy by airplane. And in June, 1935, Pacelli told 250,000 pilgrims in the sanctuary of Lourdes that the Church would never make peace with enemies possessed by superstition of race or blood.

While Secretary of State, Pacelli brought Vatican City up to date. A radio station, designed by Marconi, was constructed. A new electric power station was built. Automobiles replaced carriages, electric elevators were installed, new railroad equipment was bought. The Vatican became as modern as New York.

In the discharge of his official duties, the Secretary was as efficient and businesslike as the head of a large corporation. Yet visitors found him attentive and unhurried, and came away with the impression that, while they were present, their business was the most important before him. His staff were devoted to him; he knew their personal problems, was patient with those who made mistakes.

Pacelli was the first Papal Secretary of State ever to visit the United States. In 1936, he made an 8000-mile swing around the country by air, visiting most of the important cities and several Catholic colleges. He called on President Roosevelt and the two held a conference lasting two and a half hours, but he disclaimed any political significance in his visit to this country.

Pacelli was greatly interested in America's natural and man-made wonders. He had his plane detour several hundred miles so he could see Niagara Falls. In New York he contemplated Triborough Bridge in surprise, and halted his car three times to get out and inspect its construction.

He came to see America, and instead he met America. Anyone could meet him, talk to him. Sometimes police tried to keep crowds back, but he smiled and shook his head and let the crowds come to him. Once he stopped his car and walked three blocks through a

throng of children who had gathered to watch him pass.

When Pius XI died last winter, German propaganda tried to influence the College of Cardinals to choose as the new Pope a "spiritual father" rather than a "politician or diplomat" — meaning Pacelli. The Nazis held Pacelli responsible for what they termed the "holy alliance" of Pius XI with Western democracies to undermine the Rome-Berlin axis.

But the 62 cardinals in solemn conclave selected Pacelli on the third ballot and he became Pius

XII on his 63rd birthday. Pacelli's first message, upon becoming Pope, was a prayer for peace: "Peace of families, united and harmonized by holy love of Christ, and peace among nations through friendly collaboration and understandings." He is spiritual leader of 375,000,000 people — 25,000,000 of them in Germany — who look to him in a world fraught with strife. Nations turn to him now because they, too, know they can trust him.

It is possible that this confidence in him may yet restore the peace of the world.



Surprise!

A FRIEND of mine in the island of Guernsey one day settled down in a small, deserted bay to read, hidden behind a sand dune. Presently two young girls came along and seeing no one, undressed and stretched out to sun-bathe. Soon a parson appeared carrying a camera, and believing himself alone, left his clothes on the beach and swam around the neighboring headland.

Out from behind their sand dune stole the two girls to where the parson's clothes lay, picked up his camera and each snapped a picture of the other. After which they replaced the camera containing these candid portraits and returned to their hiding place.

—Viscountess Rhonda, *Notes on the Way* (Macmillan)

THE ELDER Sothern, who loved a practical joke, once gave a dinner to a dozen gentlemen, one of whom was late. Just as the others sat down, a loud ring announced his arrival, and Sothern exclaimed: "Let us all get under the table. Fancy his surprise when he beholds a long table devoid of guests."

In a couple of seconds every man was concealed under the table — except Sothern, who had only started and then resumed his seat. The guest walked in, stared. "Where are all the fellows?" he asked.

"I can't explain it, my dear fellow," replied Sothern in melancholy tones, "but the moment they heard your name they all got under the table!"

—John de Morgan, *In Lighter Vein* (Elder)

Death in the Grass

Condensed from *Frontiers: A Magazine of Natural History*

Donald Culross Peattie

Naturalist; author of "Singing in the Wilderness,"
"Green Laurels," etc.

ONE EVENING some years ago a White House messenger arrived at the Department of Agriculture, carrying a specimen mushroom of an unearthly blue. Someone, he explained, had brought these beauties to the White House cook for dinner. The chef esteemed a delicacy, but wanted expert counsel.

"*Poisonous!*" said a Department mushroom specialist; and a rush telephone call to the White House stopped a stew that might have caused the death of President Harding.

So the story reached us, in the Department of Agriculture. All credit to the First Cook of the Land. But it is an amazing fact that every year scores of people are poisoned because, less wise and cautious than he, they invite death by one of Nature's most agonizing means.

In the New York City area alone casualties sometimes number as high as 30 a year. People who would never swallow anything in the medicine cabinet without reading the label consider themselves competent to know good mushrooms from bad. One woman poisoned her whole family by purchasing toad-

stools from a peddler who "had always eaten this kind in the old country." Again, otherwise intelligent people "learned all about mushrooms" from their mother, who pickled them 25 years ago in another part of the country.

A friend once brought me a pumpkin-colored fungus which I believed to be the Deceiving Clitocybe — "deceiving" because it tastes fair enough and then disillusiones you. My friend knew better and ate it. He appeared the next morning, after a night of misery, a scared and shaky man. Fortunately this mushroom is not fatal, and its victims, though acutely ill for several hours, recover.

Not so with most of the deadly alkaloids in the 74 common poisonous species of mushrooms listed by the Department of Agriculture. Toxicologists divide them into groups by the symptoms they cause: the cerebral type, simulating intoxication; the rare but terrible blood-dissolving types, whose victims suffer from jaundice and anemia; the nerve-affecting species, with painful stomach cramps and violent convulsions. (Fortunately, atropine is a perfect antidote for this species if given soon enough.) Then there is

the gastro-intestinal group, producing nausea and diarrhea, but terminating more rapidly than one would judge from the distress of the patients. Last and worst is the frequently encountered choleric form type, with symptoms delayed from 6 to 15 hours, and a very high death rate. In this group gastric pains may be present or absent, but the eerie visions, the delirium, the comas, the tetanic rigors make the tortures in medieval insane asylums seem mild.

Let me cite a typical case: A 12-year-old boy, near Toronto, came running to the neighbors to say that his parents were dying. When the doctor arrived, he found the remains of a mushroom stew containing five deadly species. Of this lethal brew every member of the family had partaken, as well as two guests, one of whom, Joe, had eaten only one mouthful and was still "feeling fine."

In the hospital the little daughter died first; the father, a rugged day-laborer, went next, followed by one of the guests. The son recovered but walked on crutches for two months, while the mother responded so favorably to castor oil that she lived. As to Joe, who for hours "felt fine," he was suddenly taken ill and died. Joe's one mouthful, it seems, had been a morsel of *Amanita phalloides*, the Death Cup, or Destroying Angel. This beautiful fungus has no disagreeable taste, no lurid hues, to warn one off, and to the un-

tutored looks much like the mushroom of commerce, *the* edible mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*. But the Death Cup is full of the toxic principle called phallin.

Phallin is so slow in affecting the nerves that by the time distress is felt, it is generally too late; the poison has reached the blood stream. Although an antidote has been developed by the Pasteur Institute, it is still in the experimental stage and not widely available. At present, hope lies in early identification of the fungus, in stomach pump, emetics and purgatives in a hurry.

Muscarin, another of these awful alkaloids, turns up in the beautiful *Amanita muscaria* in deadly doses, and is common enough in other mushrooms to make you thoroughly sick. This form of death-on-toast is served up every year, and though atropine saves many victims, it has often been given in vain.

People who have tried the innocent-looking *Panæolus* behave like drunks. They stagger and fall, laugh or weep hysterically. Fortunately the effects are without fatality, so far as I know.

The blood-dissolving *Gyromitra*, to the novice, looks enough like the delicious Morel so sought after by epicures, that it has poisoned, it is said, 160 people in the last few decades. Oddly enough it is eaten by some with complete impunity, and actually recommended in some books.

Count Achilles de Vecchi, one-time Ambassador at Washington,

got a farmer to bring him a batch of Caesar's Amanita, a famous delicacy. He inspected the mushrooms, pronounced them safe, and served them to himself and his guest. Both died of eating Amanita muscaria. On the same day at Takoma Park, a Chinese scholar picked a fine mess of the same little wood imps, and died in a Washington hospital.

People who do not know the real nature of fungi often have their own set of "infallible" rules-of-thumb by which they endanger lives. Here are some of them:

1. If salt sprinkled on the cap does not change color, fools think the plant safe.

2. If the skin of the cap peels easily from the flesh, old wives take the fungus to be wholesome. But I have photographs of the cap of Amanita muscaria peeling easily.

3. Particularly dangerous is the false belief that a silver spoon will blacken in a poison fungal stew.

4. Wiseacres take a tiny nibble and wait three or four hours. If no ill effects follow, they take the plunge, with their mates, offspring and guests. None will survive if there is slow-acting phallin in their cull.

Now, there is no fun in the world like mushroom gathering, with the sweet smell of fern and lichen and fresh loam all about you. But if you aren't an expert botanist, you must stick to good old Agaricus campestris, the mushroom par excellence. And you must be able to

identify that with complete certainty.*

Agaricus campestris always has a ring around the stem, but no cup at the base. Its gills are never attached to the stem, and its cap is white, smoky or brownish, but never warty or brilliantly colored. This species grows in the open, singly or in colonies, never in the woods.

There is one test you *must* make — the spore print test. Spores are dust-fine particles that lie in the gills, and function like seeds of higher plants. To collect spores put the caps of all your mushrooms gill-side down on a piece of paper. The spores of a good Agaricus will show up as a purple-brown dust. Spores of the poisonous Amanita, on the other hand, are white, hence do not show up on white paper. Transfer them to carbon paper and they appear like a faint drift of talc.

If you can't obtain a spore print, throw the plant away. If you find one Amanita in a whole picking, throw away everything. They contaminate others easily. Even the best mushrooms should never be eaten if decaying, going soft, inky or smelly, for decay poison occurs in several good species. And look out for puff balls, too often claimed

* For a more detailed study of this and other types of mushrooms, the following books are recommended: *The Mushroom Handbook*, by Louis C. C. Krieger; *The Mushroom Book*, by Nina L. Marshall; *Mushrooms and Other Common Fungi*, by Flora W. Patterson and Vera K. Charles (U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bulletin No. 175)

by amateurs to be perfectly safe, because like nothing else. *Amanita phalloides* in its early, button stage simulates tiny puffballs. Only puffballs the size of a golf ball or larger are safely eaten.

If all this seems more labor than it is worth, then buy your mushrooms from a reliable grocer who gets them from a mushroom farm. Don't patronize the little foreign grocery store or the backdoor peddler; in America poisonous mushrooms are much more abundant than they are abroad, and most of the deaths from mushroom poisoning in this country occur among immigrants who discover that fact too late. Moreover, we have no legal control over the sale of mushrooms, such as exists, for example, in France, where every town has its government-appointed mycologist.

That Americans do consume some 30,000,000 pounds of mushrooms annually is attributable to the scrupulous care used by modern mushroom farms. *Agaricus campestris* is grown exclusively. Trained bacteriologists, wearing surgeons' gowns and masks and working in laboratories in which even the air has been washed and filtered, transfer the spores of selected plants to sterilized culture bottles. The mushrooms themselves grow in specially prepared soil, on wooden shelves which are scrubbed with disinfectant between each crop. Every precaution is taken to insure against the possibility of contamination. If your grocer supplies you with these mushrooms, you can be certain that you have the best — and the safest. And anything less than certainty is utterly foolhardy.



Etiquette Lesson

*P*ERHAPS my first real appreciation of the great truth of etiquette was born when I was playing the old Onyx Theater in Chillicothe, Ohio. The headliner was a trained seal which stayed with his trainer in a room adjoining mine at the hotel.

One evening, I entered the bathroom, intent on a refreshing tub. Whom should I discover in the bathtub but the seal, sandwiched between two cakes of ice. I spoke sharply — perhaps too sharply — and stalked out in high dudgeon.

Presently I heard the ring of a buzzer from the bath between; then a considerable sloshing of water. I went to investigate and — on my word, friends — the seal had buzzed the desk for a brush and was scrubbing the ring from the tub for me! Great tears streamed down my cheeks. I never forgot that lesson. It taught me in a flash what true etiquette is.

— W. C. Fields in *This Week Magazine*

❧ A campaign launched by a Tennessee newspaper has been the salvation of 200,000 poor farming people

Plant-to-Prosper Sweeps Nine States

Condensed from *The Country Home Magazine*

George Kent

FOR 50 years, government agencies and private individuals have been trying to break the stranglehold of cotton on the South. Cotton bred the sharecropper — his rags, his hunger, his apathy. It impoverished the soil, the merchants and the planters. Yet the South has gone right along planting cotton.

Now new hope dawns. A "Plant to Prosper" program launched in 1934 by the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, and followed up by five other important newspapers, and scores of business men, is sweeping the cotton states. This amazing, privately financed enterprise is breaking up the one-crop system and making over the lives of thousands of sharecroppers and small owners.

Last year, 42,000 families — around 200,000 individuals — adopted this simple program, pointed toward crop diversification, home improvement, soil conservation, and self-sufficiency in food. They produced more than \$20,000,000 in new crops. Enrollment, doubling annually since the program was launched, this year may pass 100,000 fam-

ilies. Eight states last year, nine this, feel the good effects.

Plant to Prosper is simply an annual newspaper contest with cash prizes for the farmers who show the greatest farm and home improvement. In this contest there are no losers. Every farmer who carries out the program — even though he doesn't win a prize — wins better living conditions, a larger food supply, more productive land; he earns more money than he ever earned before. The lowest yearly net of any contestant I have heard of is \$300, the highest about \$11,000.

With all its amazing benefits, Plant to Prosper hasn't cost a cent in federal or state money. The brilliant results of last year's drive were attained at a private expense of only \$50,000 — less than the New Deal spends on its confused agricultural program every 24 hours.

Newspaper and radio publicity, together with speeches by county agents and other officials, urge farmers to join the contest. When the farmer signifies his willingness to work under Plant to Prosper methods for a year, he is given a

record book in which he enters the story of his revised farming operations — new cash crops, soil conservation practices, livestock purchases, the gardening methods used to provide home-grown food.

Winners in county contests receive a free trip to the city where the victors in the state and Mid-south championships are announced. Top cash prize is \$500. Smaller prizes are provided for other winners in numerous divisions: white and Negro sharecroppers, tenants, landowners, and plantation proprietors who encourage better farming methods.

Last year the contestants took 600,000 acres that had for years been planted to cotton and sowed them to vegetables, soy beans and feed crops. They raised \$10,000,000 worth of food that they never would have raised otherwise; they grew feed worth \$6,000,000. Hogs, cattle and poultry on their farms increased about ten percent. Some even grew their own coffee. They spent \$100,000 for furniture and household repairs. They built several hundred new homes. The total cash gain runs into the tens of millions.

Agronomists say this is the way out for the South's 2,000,000 tenant farmers. Double the \$200 average cash income of these 2,000,000 poor farmers and you have added \$400,000,000 to the income of the South. And almost every participant has doubled his cash

income. One fourth of them become farm owners after a year or two of farming by the new rules.

County medical officers say the returns of the program in better health are astounding. Varied diet has replaced the traditional sow-belly and corn meal; pellagra and other deficiency diseases disappear from Plant to Prosper families.

Bankers approve of the Plant to Prosper program. Some of them, because of the good record of Plant to Prosper farmers, now will lend only to them. This is highly significant, for the stubborn refusal of bankers to lend on anything but cotton acreage has been an impediment to developing a balanced agriculture in the South.

The contestants' stories are epics of dirt farmer achievement. One of the most dramatic is that of Tom Mitchell, of New Albany, Miss., who for 30 years had moved hopelessly from farm to farm. Five years ago he had nothing to show for all his wanderings but a rattletrap wagon, a few down-at-the-heel household goods, and two bony mules. His seven children were pale and undernourished.

Tom was loafing outside the village store when the radio began telling about the Plant to Prosper contest. He heard neighbors talking about it, and later read some of the details in a piece of newspaper he found. Tom's ambition, atrophied by years of hopeless poverty, began to stir. There on the front

page was a picture of a man Tom knew.

"If that peckerneck can win a prize, I sure can," he swore. And he went to work.

A few weeks ago I visited Tom Mitchell, and found him stroking the radiator of his new car as if it were a horse. Healthy children played about a spic-and-span yard. A gravel walk led up to the newly whitewashed house, bright red flower boxes edged the porch. Tom's fields were terraced to conserve moisture and soil fertility for over 20 crops, where but one had grown before. His face glowing with a self-confidence unimaginable five short years ago, Tom told me that his net profit for 1938 was \$4268. With his Plant to Prosper profits of several years, Tom has bought his own farm!

I talked with a Kentucky sharecropper who a few years ago had only two mortgaged mules and some rusty farm implements. Today he owns cows and hogs; has a cellar full of canned goods, and money in the bank. On another Kentucky place I met a tenant who, poverty-stricken two years ago, has now, with money obtained through diversification, built a chicken house, dairy shed, smokehouse, tool house, bought livestock, and managed to pay for a hay baler by renting it out to nearby farmers.

Plant to Prosper has done more than show small farmers the way to a better life. It has stimulated

their ingenuity — a farmer's most valuable single quality. E. F. Cox, Mississippi tenant farmer, told me that last year, seeking ways to make his farm more eligible for a prize, he uprooted a decayed stump which for years had partially blocked the entrance to his barn. The landlord was so pleased he gave Cox a fine log for removing the stump. Cox hauled it to the mill, and from the lumber made a wagon bed, wagon tongue, three doubletrees, two cultivator tongues, a rake tongue and a mower tongue. And having become tree-minded, Cox has now set out cherry, peach, fig and plum trees. From a single stump — and the ambition roused by removing it in the Plant to Prosper contest — an orchard will grow.

Not only does the landlord get higher production under the new program, but soil conservation practices and home improvement increase the value of his land. Hence landlords are giving material help to tenants who enter the contests. Oscar Johnson, for instance, who operates a 40,000-acre plantation in Mississippi, this year is putting up special prizes, and hiring home demonstration agents to instruct his tenants in Plant to Prosper methods.

Plant to Prosper carries wide social implications. In many districts the better class of farmers have looked on the itinerant, shiftless sharecropper as little more than an

animal. At one sharecropper farm a neatly dressed housewife proudly showed me around her spotless house and told me, almost tearfully, that the larger income she and her husband had attained meant far less to them than the feeling of respectability it had brought.

"It's not only better food we've been hungering for," she said, "it's friendship. Before we got into the contest, nobody would even say hello to us, and the other kids laughed at my children for the clothes they wore. When my husband won the county prize and his picture got in the paper, people got downright friendly, the church ladies came to call, and our new money bought clothes for the children. Mister, until something like that happens to you, you don't know what happiness means."

I discovered that this deep concern for a better life was almost universal among the sharecropper families. The results of their efforts are showing in the clothes, diets and health of their children.

The frequent get-togethers held in churches, schoolhouses and town

halls furnish one of the chief driving forces behind the Plant to Prosper plan. Bert H. Branscomb, of Arbyrd, Mo., told me he went to such a meeting and heard a speaker say: "A farm without a record book is like a clock without hands."

Branscomb chuckled, "You know, that remark helped me increase my income 40 percent. My record book now tells me just what I'm getting from every acre of my land — and that's information without which the farmer is sunk."

City merchants are solidly behind the Plant to Prosper campaign because the cash it has put into empty pockets is being used to buy not only necessities but radios, refrigerators, electric irons, furniture, musical instruments. If the land produces more, if its people are healthy and vigorous, they buy more from the towns. If the towns get more business, they buy more from the country — and prosperity results. This is a lesson the whole country could learn. It all goes back to the proper *use* of the land — intelligence plus energy. Plant to Prosper supplies the vital spark.



*G*IRLS in one dormitory at Radcliffe College keep their housemates apprised of how they fare on dates by using different colored inks in registering the time they come in. The code: Green — just a nice time; Brown — thoroughly routine; Yellow — an utter flop; Pink — on a high intellectual plane; Red — perfectly swell; Purple — too, too divine.

— *Newsweek*

ASCAP, combining the features of a trust and a labor union, protects song writers from piracy

Our Music Masters

Condensed from Ken

Lloyd Morris

WHenever you hear popular music, at a movie, in a night club, at lunch in a hotel, or over the radio, somebody is paying for the privilege of having you listen. If not, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers — ASCAP, for short — has missed a trick. An almost foolproof method of sleuthing insures that it misses few.

ASCAP can prevent your radio from bringing you any tune less than 56 years old. It can paralyze the movie industry, put all dance halls out of business overnight. Though it combines the features of a trust and a labor union, ASCAP is a voluntary, unincorporated, non-profit-making organization. Its membership comprises about 1000 American composers and writers of song lyrics and 100 music publishers. ASCAP holds the exclusive right to license, and collect royalties on, all public performances of their works. Organizations like ASCAP in 22 foreign countries represent ASCAP's membership abroad, and ASCAP polices their rights in the United States. Thus it is the sole bargaining agent for more than 50,000 producers of music throughout the world.

Creation of this stupendous monopoly was the music writers' defense against theft of their works. The federal copyright law grants music writers an exclusive property right in their own works for 56 years, and provides a minimum penalty of \$250 for every unauthorized public performance for profit. But it sets forth no method of collecting damages except costly litigation.

No composer residing in New York can ascertain that one of his tunes is being illegally played in a Kansas City dance hall or in 30,000 other amusement establishments in the United States — or in countless foreign centers. And even were he able to do this, he could not possibly afford to prosecute every violation of his copyrights.

Until great commercial interests invaded the field of music, the composers used to draw most of their income from sale of sheet music. To popularize their compositions, and thus sell copies for as many of the nation's pianos as possible, they sought every opportunity to get their works publicly performed, always without charge.

Then manufacturers of phono-

graph records and rolls for mechanical pianos came along and took the song writers' wares as free raw material for their business. Later, proprietors of restaurants, movie theaters, night clubs, hotels and broadcasting stations did the same.

Twenty-five years ago Victor Herbert's fighting Irish temper was aroused when Shanley's Cabaret in New York pillaged one of his musical shows, then running across the street, and refused to pay. Herbert sought the help of composers and publishers of music in financing a test case which, assisted by the legal acumen of the late Nathan Burkan, he eventually carried to the United States Supreme Court. A unanimous decree in Herbert's favor was handed down by Justice Holmes. Shanley's defense was financed by a national association of hotel men. A later case was defended on money furnished by the national organization of movie theater owners. The fight was being organized on a nation-wide front. Lacking similar organization, the composers' cause was obviously doomed. So ASCAP was launched in 1914 by Herbert, John Philip Sousa, Gene Buck, Burkan, and a few others. For eight years it operated at a loss, its officers serving without pay and Burkan donating his legal services.

In 1937, ASCAP's gross revenue from licenses reached \$5,957,000. Sixty-two percent of it comes from 657 radio broadcasting stations, 21

percent from theaters and movie houses, the rest from hotels, dance halls, and miscellaneous enterprises. More than 4,600,000 *daily* uses of copyrighted music are made by the 28,264 establishments which pay ASCAP for blanket licenses.

Membership in ASCAP costs only ten dollars a year. All dues are paid into a fund for pensions and relief. The organization stands pledged to a slogan which it has always fulfilled: "No member of ASCAP who writes successful music, or anyone dependent upon him, shall ever want."

In carrying out this pledge, ASCAP has prevented the cancellation of life insurance, averted dispossession proceedings, financed the delivery of babies, paid for medical service and burial, and provided life pensions for members. When, some years ago, it learned that poverty had forced Stephen Foster's daughter into a home for the indigent aged, ASCAP noted that about 200 hours a day of Foster melodies are put on the air. It restored Foster's daughter to her family, and paid her an income for the remainder of her life. Foster himself had died more than half a century before ASCAP was founded and his copyrights had long expired.

Licenses issued by ASCAP carry the right to perform at will any musical composition copyrighted by its members and the members of its foreign affiliates. For this right, motion picture theaters pay from

five to 20 cents per seat per annum. Broadcasting stations pay a fixed fee, ranging from \$250 upward per year, for sustaining programs; and five percent of their net receipts from sales of "time on the air" to advertisers and sponsors. This seemingly high percentage is justified by ASCAP on the ground that radio has killed the sale of sheet music and reduced the life span of most musical hits to less than three months. License fees paid by restaurants, hotels, dance halls, and miscellaneous enterprises range from a minimum of \$30 to a maximum of \$2400 a year.

Although ASCAP has won thousands of verdicts in the federal courts, it has consistently refused to collect the damages awarded if the defendant will take out a license and defray legal costs.

To police the rights of its members, ASCAP clips announcements and advertisements of public entertainments using music from every local publication issued in the United States, no matter how small. These are referred to the 30 branch offices of ASCAP, located in key cities, which have staffs of field agents or "music police" who systematically comb the territory.

On a first visit to an unlicensed establishment, they explain that the law requires payment to composers for the privilege of using their works. They offer the proprietor an opportunity to take out an ASCAP license. If he proves re-

calcitrant, they send him three warnings and make a final visit. If he still will not apply for a license, suit is instituted, and the "music police" appear at the trial as qualified expert witnesses.

ASCAP's "music police" have been threatened by gangsters, chased by dogs, taken into custody by rural sheriffs. The proprietor of a small-town beer joint is likely to be exasperated when told that, if he turns on the radio for patrons to dance, he is violating the copyright law, but if he turns it on for his own amusement when the place is empty he is committing no infringement.

In the old days, a radio sleuthing staff tuned in on radio programs throughout the country. ASCAP has discontinued this, now that all broadcasting stations operate under license. But it continues to analyze the programs to determine the relative popularity of compositions. A member's royalty is decided partly by the number of times his pieces are played on the air.

One half of the total royalties collected is paid to the publisher members, the other half is distributed among the composer and lyric writer members by a complicated system of classification according to the writer's productivity and success. For the ultra-select group, royalties approximate \$15,000 a year; the lowest rated beginner receives \$20. On the basis of its statistics, ASCAP asserts that a song

writer has to produce eight times as many hit tunes in order to earn as much as he did before broadcasting killed the sale of sheet music.

ASCAP itself does not regard its fight as finished. Its present contracts with the broadcasting industry terminate next year, and both sides are prepared for hostilities. Back in 1932, ASCAP held a big stick over broadcasters by threatening to take its repertory off the air. Should the radio interests refuse to meet whatever new terms it imposes next year, ASCAP will undoubtedly resort to the same threat. More than 25,000 different musical compositions are in daily use on the air. The broadcasters know that they cannot operate using only music more than 56 years old.

In 1935 the National Association of Broadcasters appealed to the Department of Justice, which brought suit to dissolve ASCAP under the anti-trust law. After the case had been in trial for nine days, the government requested an adjournment, and has never since moved to have it re-opened. But the indictment is still pending, and a suit to dissolve ASCAP can always be brought.

The motion picture industry, the hotel men, the dancing teachers, singly and together, persist in trying to defeat ASCAP, either by amendment of the federal copyright law or, as in five states, by enactment of laws forbidding composers to organize. And ASCAP is determined to fight the issue out with them to the last ditch.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXV —

❧ NOTHING is more dangerous than to make generalizations about the social and economic conditions of a country through which one has traveled more or less hastily. I often recall the story of an American who made a grand tour of Europe on a plan which allowed 48 hours at the most for each of the great capitals. When he returned to "God's country," a neighbor asked him if he had seen Venice.

"Yes," he replied; "but when we got there they were in the midst of a terrible flood. All the streets were under water and all the people were traveling around in boats, so we didn't stay."

—Lawrence F. Abbott

❧ SOMEONE once asked James J. Corbett what was the most important thing a man must do to become a champion. He replied, "Fight one more round."

—Milton Bacon, *Thirty Years with Dotted Lines*

Clarence Streit's vision: a union of 15 democracies with freedom and economic opportunity for its 280,000,000 people

Union Now

Condensed from Fortune

THERE HAS recently been published a book with the strange title of *Union Now*, by Clarence K. Streit.* This book is of the utmost importance to all who believe that liberty is a fundamental necessity for man, that without liberty the progress of civilized life cannot be maintained. But since men cannot use liberty for bread and clothing, its principles must be implemented with libertarian economics. And it is the task of our generation to formulate such economics; to find out what measures are necessary for the further development of free enterprise; to study how economic opportunity, upon which alone free enterprise must rest, can be distributed more equitably to all.

The value of Mr. Streit's book is that it throws on this particular problem a new light — white and daring. Mr. Streit is a dreamer and his book is perhaps a dream. The idea to which he has dedicated his

pages and the remainder of his life is not "realistic." Nevertheless the votaries of liberty will lay this book aside with a sigh, rather than with a shrug. For it conjures up a vision of the greatest political and economic opportunity in history, by comparison with which the opening of North America was a modest beginning.

The outlines of Mr. Streit's idea are simple enough. He proposes that the democracies of the world join together, not in alliance, not in league, but in a *union* analogous to the American Union. Each citizen of those democracies would be a citizen of that union, precisely as each citizen of the 48 states is a citizen of the United States. There would thus be formed a new and gigantic nation, with a capital of its own, an executive board, a senate, a house of representatives, a judiciary. It would have power to frame the union's foreign policy. *But* with regard to internal affairs, its powers would be strictly limited. Internally it would be concerned with international matters, just as the U. S. Government is concerned with matters interstate. Each of its constituent democracies would retain its own autonomy within its own borders, would be the inalienable possession of its own citizens.

Mr. Streit would invite 15 states

* *Union Now* (Harper, \$3), published in late February, ran through seven printings within a month; it has become one of the most discussed books of the year, and English and French editions have met with similar response. The author — a foreign correspondent of 19 years' experience — is in such demand from coast to coast for radio talks and lectures on "Union Now" that he has had to take leave of absence from his paper.

into the union as founders. Others would be admitted as the world situation permits, providing they adopt a bill of rights. Counting the independent dominions of Britain as separate states, the founders would be: the U. S. A., Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Ireland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Finland.

No two states in this group have been at war with each other for over 100 years. Their total population would be about 280,000,000, half in Europe, half overseas. With one representative in the house for each 500,000 of population, there would be roughly 540 representatives, and the U. S. would fall just short of a majority with 252. If the states of the British Empire voted together they could muster 140. Thus, neither Britain nor the U. S. could control the house alone, though they could together. Their relative position would be reversed in the senate, where (to protect the small states) Mr. Streit allows two senators for each 25,000,000 of population, or fraction thereof.

The union would establish single postal and communications systems, abolish all tariffs between its members, and set up a single currency. All colonies would be pooled. Individual Britons, Hollanders and Frenchmen would retain title to their properties in Africa, Asia and the isles of the East; but the U. S. citizen would acquire a political interest in them

nevertheless, and their exploitation would redound to his advantage. These territories would bring the total population of the union up to 900,000,000, or nearly half the population of the earth.

The economic might of this union would be prodigious. These states already produce 96 percent of the world's nickel, 95 percent of the rubber, 73 percent of the iron ore, 72 percent of the gold and tin, 66 percent of the oil, 65 percent of the coal, and 65 percent of the raw cotton. The rate of exploitation, manufacture and marketing of these resources would be enormously increased if the present international barriers were broken down. What is now international trade would then become *domestic* trade, with all the preference and protection that implies.

Gigantic opportunities would be opened up. A rise in the standard of living of millions of consumers would result from the expansion of markets and the consequent lowering of prices for mass-produced goods. Even a relatively slight expansion in their known market would enable U. S. automobile manufacturers (to take only one example) to cut prices, and cars would thus become available to more persons, not only in other states of the union but also at home. The economic history of the U. S. demonstrates that this process is cumulative. There would be an inevitable revival in shipping and in railroads, and hence in the capital-goods in-

dustries behind them. Industrial unemployment might, therefore, almost disappear. And at the same time the union's agricultural products would obtain preference in union markets, as against the products of nonmember states.

A genuine union of the democracies thus opens up an unprecedented vista of industrial growth to which the only enlightening parallel is the growth of the United States itself. At the time the American Union was formed the abolition of tariffs within the borders of the U. S. provided for free trade, the most spectacular practical demonstration that any economic theory has ever had. True, free trade in the U. S. might not have caused such rapid expansion if there had not been protection from the outside world, on the one hand, and plenty of unexploited resources on the other. But the proposed union of the democracies could also protect itself from cheaper labor in the rest of the world. And it would also have plenty of undeveloped resources, together with vast substandard "domestic" markets to be financed and built up.

The new union would maintain a common army and navy. The autocracies would certainly recoil from challenging the military might of the 15 states in question. And enormous savings could be effected in armaments, especially in the present naval building programs. The security of the world would be enhanced.

The core of Mr. Streit's idea — and as a New York *Times* correspondent at Geneva for nine years, he knows whereof he speaks — is the penetrating distinction he makes between alliance and league, on the one hand, and union on the other. Alliances are temporary political expedients quite as apt to breed war as to prevent it. And the league is equally futile. Whereas a league is a collection of states, a union is a collection of people; and its powers are derived directly from the people. There is inherent in the union the same binding principle which, in separate states, is known as "nationalism"; indeed, it *is* nationalism, but on a superscale.

Though it is difficult to realize today, there were 13 independent nations on this continent after the Revolution, and each was jealous of its own nationalism. The situation was somewhat analogous to the situation of the 13 democracies now centering on the Atlantic Ocean. Each state reserved the right to regulate imports and exports, to issue money, to make its own sovereign laws irrespective of the welfare of the others. New York massed troops on its Vermont frontier, and "protected" its interests with tariffs on Connecticut wood and New Jersey butter. Boston boycotted Rhode Island grain. The currencies of Delaware, Virginia, and Connecticut were sound; all others were depreciated, and some worthless. Pennsylvania was even agitating against

the "menace" of Connecticut immigrants. It was clear, as it is among the democracies of today, that these states could be held together only by an emergency, by war. Their economic expansion, the exploitation of their resources, the raising of their standards of living — all the activities of peace — were lost in confusion.

After a decade of economic chaos a few "visionaries" began agitating for union. These were the ones whom we now revere as great "realists." The probable downfall of their 13 disparate economies, the dread that out of the confusion there would arise tyrants (*i.e.*, dictators) and kings, and the fear of attack from Europe, caused the states, in 1789, to accept union. From then until 1929 their expansion was virtually uninterrupted.

The analogy between the American Union and the proposed union of the democracies breaks down, of course, at several vital points. Innumerable arguments against the practicality of the scheme can be adduced — the scattered geographical positions of the democracies, their differing languages, cultures and economic habits, for instance.

To some of these objections there are answers. The geographical distribution of the proposed union presents no problem greater than that which confronted the American found-

ers. New York is closer now to London than Boston was to Philadelphia in 1789; the transoceanic airplane will soon bring it closer to Australia than it was formerly to Charleston.

But the objections to *Union Now*, and the answers to the objections, are not really to the point. The book is not cited here as a "practical," and certainly not as an immediate, solution to the troubles of the democracies. It is cited because, merely to keep what he has already won, man must always progress; and to progress, he must always have a vision of something that he has not yet won.

The union of the democracies is such a vision. And we can derive from it certain propositions concerning our economic and political conduct, and especially concerning our foreign policy, which will enable us to progress sufficiently to retain what we have already won. Mr. Hull has been applying some of those propositions. Out of his work, and out of Mr. Streit's dream, may come some preliminary step such as a customs union, the pooling of resources, the coördination of national economic policies. These would all help to develop the free libertarian economy, from which — imperfect as it is — mankind has already derived so much.

And who knows. Visions sometimes come true.



The Encyclopedic Mr. Kieran

Condensed from Editor & Publisher

Stanley High

NO UPSTART child of fame is John F. Kieran whose knowledge of Greek philosophers, obscure composers, classic poetry and other erudite subjects amazes the millions who listen to "Information Please"* on Tuesday nights. He was recognized as a journalistic phenomenon long before radio discovered him. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the *New York Times* and one of its ace intellectuals, was among the first to spot him as a man of more than ordinary parts. When Kieran was introduced to Atkinson's wife, Oriana, he replied with the verse from Tennyson's ballad:

My heart is wasted with my woe, Oriana,
There is no rest for me below, Oriana;
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with
snow,
And loud the Nor'land whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro, Oriana.

"That," says Atkinson, "is the first time that anyone ever recognized the literary ancestry of my wife's name."

Some years ago, when William Lyon Phelps was asked to write his estimate of the *Times*, he startled the august powers behind that pa-

*See "Information Please," *The Reader's Digest*, January, '39, page 65.

per by passing over its other admirable qualities and lighting, with glowing terms, on Kieran's column. It is generally conceded that nothing like that column — "Sports of the Times" — was ever seen before among sports pages. Kieran knows the things about sports that every sports writer is expected to know — and a good many that are not required. "How many men were on base," asked the Master of Ceremonies one night on Information Please, "when Casey struck out?" Kieran had the last verse of that poem on the tip of his tongue:

And when the dust had lifted
And men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe at second,
And Flynn a-hugging third.

When James J. Braddock, contender for the world's heavyweight championship, got tangled in a lawsuit with the Madison Square Garden Corporation, Kieran devoted his column to a legal brief which bristled with Latin, drew heavily upon phrases the meaning of which only lawyers could determine and fortified his mock case with copious citations from Coke, Blackstone and the Admiralty Reports. On the occasion of an International Cup Race off Newport, R. I., he drew

upon his extraordinary knowledge of the lingo of the sea to prepare, without reference to the books, a primer of nautical terms.

Kieran denies that his memory is out of the ordinary. "I remember what I'm interested in," he says. "Everybody does. I just happen to be interested in a lot of things — most of them, luckily, the kind that don't cost much." For the stocking of his mind he has, so far as I could discover, no tricks and very little technique. Under pressure, however, he did own up to a motto: that line, once dear to the heart of every parent, "Improve each shining hour." The best explanation of John Kieran is that he improves it.

He improves it in all seasons and circumstances. In his pack, in France, he carried Tennyson's poems, Thoreau's *Walden* and Carlyle's *French Revolution* — one or the other of which, according to his comrades-in-arms, he unslung whenever the company halted. For service at the front he had vest-pocket editions of Robert Browning and several of Shakespeare's plays. He tucked them in his tunic. The habit persists. A book in his pocket is as much a part of Kieran's wardrobe as his hat. At home, however late he reaches it, he always reads, but never in bed. He spends little time on current fiction but, at least once a year, re-reads Hugo's *Les Misérables*, which he has put down as the greatest of all fiction, *Pickwick Papers*, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*,

and his favorite half dozen Shakespearean plays. His knowledge of the Scriptures he credits to the fact that in almost every hotel room he has found a Gideon Bible.

Neither Kieran nor his brow was built to wear the laurel wreath which the public has bestowed upon him. In person he is small, rosy and bashful. His hair is gray; his face and his cumbersome ears authentically Irish; his body slightly bent at the middle. He quotes the classics softly — and well. But the accent is unmistakably New York.

Kieran's modesty conceals many things, among them a considerable streak of pugnacity. During the World War, for bloodying the nose of a much hated non-com, his grateful comrades gave him the title of "The Battling Supply Sergeant." Some years later, when an offensive sports writer attempted one day to horn in on his spot in the press box, Kieran called his bluff. The result permanently deflated the intruder, and the next day Kieran's fellow sports writers formally presented him with a plaque: "To John F. Kieran, The New World's Champion."

Early this year, Kieran was asked to speak at a swank preparatory school. It was not usual, began the professor who introduced him, to invite sports writers to this platform. Kieran's Irish mounted at the slur. But the guest of the evening, said the professor, was no ordinary sports writer. That reflected on the

profession, and Kieran got really mad. To put the squirming speaker permanently in his place, the professor wound up with a salvo of Latin.

"But the Lord," says Kieran, "delivered him into my hands."

Kieran bowed and in his gentlest manner pointed out that the professor had erred. He gave the quotation correctly and proceeded to make his introductory remarks — in Latin. No fistic triumph was ever sweeter or more complete.

Some part of the explanation for Kieran's amazingly well-stocked mind goes to heredity. He was lucky in his parents. His father, Dr. James M. Kieran, was President of Hunter College in New York City. He was also something of an amateur naturalist. His mother was an accomplished musician and a student of literature who made it a point to plant the world's best books under the noses of her children and, according to one member of the family, "quoted the classics on the slightest provocation."

At four John began to pick out, with one finger, the opera melodies he heard his mother play on the piano. A little later, with more fingers, he was working them out for himself. He showed no disposition toward a musical career, but by ten he was on familiar terms with many of the great composers. He has kept up the acquaintance.

Kieran graduated, cum laude, from Fordham University in 1912

with the assurance from his father that if he had been a less distinguished shortstop he would probably have been a more distinguished student. For a year he taught a country school in Dutchess County. He had six pupils, got ten dollars a week, and ventured with his spare time into the poultry business; that proving unprofitable, he settled down with two volumes of Blackstone which, unstimulated by any urge toward the law, he nonetheless read twice from cover to cover. His own observations — Kieran's commentaries on Blackstone — filled two large notebooks.

A year of schoolteaching decided Kieran against it. In the fall of 1913 he was back in New York with a job as timekeeper for a sewer construction gang and an eye on journalism. His job was an hour's subway ride from his home. He made the trip, six days a week, always with a French book. That gave him 12 hours a week for 12 months. "You can learn a lot of French in that time," he says — and he did. The next year, having made the New York *Times* with several short pieces on the flora and fauna of Dutchess County, he was given a place as sports writer on the bottom rung of that newspaper's ladder. After the war he worked for several New York newspapers, and in 1927 returned to the *Times* with a sports column of his own — the first signed daily column that paper had ever printed.

Kieran declares that his luckiest break in the pursuit of learning came when his paper assigned him to go on the road with one or the other of New York's baseball teams. "Nobody on a ball team," he explains, "gets up early and I had almost every morning to myself." As a result he can tell you the culture potential of every major-league city in the country and the accessibility to the best hotels of all the most promising libraries, art galleries and museums.

As a result of his own experiences, Kieran is inclined to believe in the chain system of education. "One thing," he says, "leads to another." In his teaching year in Dutchess County an unusual picture of a white-breasted nuthatch awakened his interest in birds. Now, in his wanderings in the parks of New York, he annually identifies some 200 different kinds. But birds got him started on trees and flowers. When Information Please recently offered the Latin names of five flowers and asked for their identity in English, Kieran had all five of them ready for an instant answer.

Curiosity about the bugs which he found on goldenrod led him to add the world of insects to the field of his explorations. In fact, with such a system and time enough, it seems likely that Kieran might trace knowledge to its ultimate lair.

Contrary to the opinion of some of his admirers, however, Kieran is not infallible. "Here," said the Master of Ceremonies one night, "is a problem from a Yale undergraduate — one John F. Kieran, Jr."

Young Mr. Kieran had offered the second verses of three famous poems from which he called on the experts to identify the poems and supply the first verses. By common consent the question was referred to Kieran, Sr. He came up with the first two — Gray's *Elegy* and Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* — without a pause. On the third, which was Shakespeare's *Sylvia*, he stammered and gave up — but not without calling on Shakespeare for the last word. "How sharper than a thankless tooth it is," he paraphrased King Lear, "to have a serpent child."



A FAMOUS Southern dining club guards against long-winded after-dinner speakers by placing a piece of ice in the hands of a man when he's called on to speak, and making him hold it. The result is usually a spiel of about two minutes or less.

— Neal O'Hara in N. Y. Post

Lessons in English — V —

By Alexander Woolcott

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

A CERTAIN charming Englishwoman is celebrated in London not only as a hostess of sheer genius but as a writer of letters. She writes them in such numbers every day that she keeps a desk in her motorcar in order not to lose time during traffic jams. The recipients complain only that they can seldom if ever read them, and her handwriting does rather resemble that of an aunt of mine whose son once boasted that he took one of her hasty notes to a Chinese laundry and got two shirts with it. Her Ladyship's notorious illegibility used to afflict me but I finally came to the conclusion, when baffled by a letter from her, that she must be merely relieving her feelings and could not possibly be trying to tell me anything.

I note among some of our modern authors a kindred disposition to talk to themselves. Doubtless they have many disciples among the writers of tomorrow but these lessons in the craft are not meant for them. To such neophytes who may be disposed to think of writing chiefly as a means of self-expression I would never think of mentioning, for example, the recent deplorable increase in the misuse of "disinterested." That word has long been convenient for describing an action by anyone with no ax to grind, but of late years many sloppy writers have been dulling its edge by using it to mean "not interested." When I ventured to reproach Ben Hecht with being addicted to this abuse, that gifted creature snarled at me the one word "Grammarian!" In reply I called him Humpty Dumpty and left him flat.

You doubtless recall the verbal eccentricities of that ovoid egoist whom Alice encountered on the other side of the looking-glass. "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."

Now, though I have a sneaking respect for the rebel spirit wherever manifest, I still think that the recent Humpty-Dumptyish assaults on the word "disinterested" might profitably be resisted by all of us who continue to think of our language as primarily a means of communication.

Mr. Woolcott will be glad to receive suggestions for this department.

¶ *An Englishwoman, now resident in America, tells of the
Briton's genius for not understanding the United States*

1776 and All That

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Helen Bryant

THE ENGLISH are a strange race that Americans try to understand. Americans are a strange race that the English don't try to understand. The cult of not understanding America has been carried so far by the British that it amounts to positive genius. For the average Briton, America hardly exists. It is not taboo, you understand. America is mentioned, but not investigated.

Americans are still considered a hustling, pushing race with no manners. They die of heart failure in early middle age. They have perverted the English language and speak it with an atrocious accent. American women dress flashily and American men carry the polishing of their shoes to undesirable lengths. Barbers and factory hands have cars, but there seems to be a lot of poverty. There are two chief cities, New York where everybody "goes on" in an extraordinary way, and Chicago, devoted to gangsters. Americans have no home life; divorce is a habit with them, like afternoon tea with the British.

The English do not disdain us in toto. They have taken over the American sundae. They go eagerly

to see American movies. The term "American" now helps sell women's dresses and shoes. But does that raise American stock? By now the English just think that sundaes are indigenous.

As to American history, the things that condition its people, the way they look at the world, the average Briton is very much in the dark. The reason is that in school he was never urged to be interested in America; on the contrary, America was presented to him with such casualness that he carried away no adequate framework into which to fit the fragments of Americana which subsequently came to him through the media of movies, plays, books and newspapers.

Take my own experience, that of an Englishwoman, educated in British schools, who now looks back on what she didn't learn about America from the vantage point of a ten-year sojourn here.

The "Infants School" that I first attended started off with noble awareness that America existed. When I was seven they presented me with a prize copy of *Little Women*, and the teacher read *Tom Sawyer* aloud to

the class. Unfortunately, the next year the war broke out and the teacher shifted to something more patriotic, leaning heavily upon Kipling.

Later, in history we learned about the Ancient Britons and the Ancient Romans, and were on easy speaking terms with Harold Hardraade. We plowed through a mixed bag of early Edwards and Richards, and lingered lovingly over Henry VIII. We were brought up short by that gloomy bounder, Cromwell; we rejoiced in the Restoration, and thrilled over the French Revolution. We made excursions to take in the conquest of India by Clive and of Canada by Wolfe, and to glance at Captain Cook corraling Australia.

All this took considerable time, so that the awkward question of America hardly ever came up. I was given to understand that the Redcoats were not altogether successful in their skirmishes against the Colonists. But I left school under the general impression that Raleigh had brought England all the New World had to offer — potatoes and tobacco — and that somewhere in the 18th century the English had said in a gentlemanly way to the United States: "Well, if you want to be on your own, be on your own — we've got enough without you anyway!"

In geography, the necessity to go into detail about the United States is effortlessly overcome. First, there is England to study — in exhausting detail. The English draw maps of it, learn its watersheds, its mines,

its counties, its towns. They learn every bump. Then they enlarge their sphere and learn about the world, so as to find out how world phenomena affect the British Empire. Finally, taking a fatigued glance at the atlas to see if anything has been left out, they notice the United States. What happens?

"Do you remember," said our teacher, "how, earlier in the term you took an imaginary journey across Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver? First, there were the eastern highlands, then the plains with wheat, then the foothills of the Rockies with cattle, then the Rockies. The United States is similar. It may also be divided from north to south into three belts, the Wheat Belt, the Corn Belt, and the Cotton Belt." And that disposed of the United States.

America also strays into English literature lessons. Every English child reads *Hiawatha*, which wears the aspect of a mildly exciting fairy story taking place in a remote if not imaginary country. There is another American writer to whom English educational authorities are partial: Washington Irving. But they prepare the ground so badly that the small Briton emerges from contact with him with conclusions somewhat as follows:

Washington Irving wrote some rather dull ghost stories of an inferior brand, and this Washington man also founded the United States and the Americans thought a lot of

him, but it is hard to see why. Alfred was a hero because he burned the cakes, and Canute because he told the sea to retreat and it didn't, and Henry VIII because he had wives, and Elizabeth because she was a Virgin Queen. But what did Washington do? Nothing but write these tepid stories.

Of course things are improving. In 1937 a prominent English girls' school was teaching its pupils that "Washington streets are muddy, Congressmen have no social life, and the Flatiron Building distinguishes the New York skyline."

But, you say, don't the English read American books after school days are over? Yes, but because of unfamiliarity with American history and literature, when the English read a contemporary American book there is a veil of strangeness between them and even the most vivid page.

The same factor hinders plays and movies from satisfactorily supplying the missing colors in the English picture of America. Some years ago there came to London a play called *Abraham Lincoln*. But what did the English audiences get out of it? Well, it was quite exciting, with the assassination and everything, and instructive, too. The United States, when it got free of England, had a civil war about slavery, and after Lincoln had won it for them, they shot him. That's the wild way they go on over there.

Of course there is a sprinkling of English people who know something about America — business men whose affairs have brought them in contact with the United States; statesmen, writers, lecturers and the traveled leisure classes. But America has continental dimensions and complexities which are baffling to the tourist, even the most eager and inquiring. Even the open-minded English are prone to return home with reports that make much of "the pace, the night life, the cocktails, the skyscrapers," and tell little about millions of Americans in little towns, living quiet lives in "the American way."

Recently, however, world events have been intensifying the natural sympathy between England and America, and America is trembling on the verge of British recognition. Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that the English are about to leap into a Know-America campaign. That is not the English way. Even moderate proposals to include courses of American history in the curricula are being warmly debated.

More and more English are discovering that they like America and American things. And more and more English entertain the notion of an American vacation. All in all, it seems as though this latest English impulse to understand America which has raised its head shyly may really blossom in a modest way.

DEMOCRACY WORKS

CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK BY

Arthur Garfield Hays

THE AUTHOR dedicates his book "to my radical friends who regard me as a conservative and to my conservative friends who regard me as a radical, but chiefly to that increasing number of Americans who, like myself, are just liberals."

Mr. Hays is national director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and, as a lawyer, has been active in many famous legal cases involving freedom of speech or civic rights. In Berlin he appeared for the defendants accused of burning the Reichstag.

In this book, facing the failures as well as the achievements of American democracy, he pleads eloquently that it has shown itself the one safe middle path of progress between the blind alley of standpattism and the mirages of utopianism.

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DEMOCRACY WORKS

ROBERT OWEN, the pioneer utopian socialist, said in 1817 that machines were displacing labor, and that the consequent loss of consuming power meant that the capitalist system was on the edge of an abyss. In every depression since, prophets of doom have been saying the same thing. Yet somehow we have made progress.

Owen probably had better reason for his statement than one would have today. Unemployment was widespread. Hordes of soldiers were drifting back from the Napoleonic wars. Machines were creating technological unemployment. Farmers were being driven from the soil. Owen did not realize that it took machines to make machines; and machines to make those machines; that new industry would develop to an extent then inconceivable. Today, more people are employed in proportion to population than were then employed. The working day has been reduced from 14 to eight or fewer hours and we are developing a higher standard of living than the world has ever known. Our economic system has withstood the collapse so earnestly predicted by the Marxists.

This book is not a defense of the machine age, of capitalism or of anything except democracy. After all, economic systems are not an end. They are merely a means of getting food, shelter, clothes and the myriad other things required for a decent and varied existence.

Economics, like God, moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. The result of any idea or plan depends upon an infinite variety of incalculable considerations, which change daily and hourly, which are altered by each transaction and by unexpected incidents of nature. The fascists' or communists' demand for certainty and symmetry in social phenomena leaves out of consideration complicated psychological factors. There is a limit to planning. This is not only because of the limitations of the human intellect but because the subject matter is variable. We are not dealing with things, but with human beings who are not static.

Hence changes in a complicated society must take place step by step. Reaction follows action. Not only are human habits stubborn, but there is reason for the habits. A gradual process, arising out of

the needs or demands of those affected, often has more lasting effect than sudden change.

Yet some think that the only way to solve our difficulties is not to meet problems as they arise, but to "change the system." It would take a presumptuous man to defend many phases of the economic system under which we live, but it is the only one we have. I may not like my house, but I'll stick to it till I have something better. I'll improve it, change it gradually and as conditions and my purse warrant, not according to a universal philosophical blueprint. I have often been amazed at the assurance of my radical friends, most of whom find it almost impossible to solve their own economic problems — to say nothing of their own personal problems — but feel confident of their ability to solve the problems of world economy.

One thing is certain. In the last hundred years of democracy, men have muddled along and made progress. They have fought and died for the right of the individual, for democracy, for freedom. I would not throw away this heritage for any plan or promise, however alluring.

"Of, By and For —"

DEMOCRACY has been described as a system of government operated by counting heads instead of cracking them. But far more important than the method of democ-

racy is the spirit underlying it, the way of life it entails, and the recognition of the importance of the individual as opposed to the State.

There is a false assumption that democracy means rule of the majority, and nothing more. Often there is no greater tyranny than that exercised by majorities. Without free speech, free assemblage, free press and secret choice, a ballot means nothing. Liberty connotes curbs on the government for the protection of the individual as well as governmental instruments for the expression of the common will. The individual must be protected in his right to get out of step with the entire regiment, or perhaps with the whole army.

For some years I have devoted a large part of my time to the battle for civil liberties. Often the results are discouraging. Public opinion seems apathetic. In time of stress, or on the pretense of emergency, constitutional guarantees are blatantly ignored by the very officials elected to uphold them. But a short time spent in a dictator country — Italy, Germany, or Russia — gives me a fairer sense of proportion, and I return to the United States with a realization that liberty is an ideal, far from attained, but that we have a pretty fair measure of it after all.

Freedom is not merely a means to an end. It is an end in itself, almost as necessary to existence as the food we eat or the air we breathe. In fascist or communist so-

cieties, people may be physically comfortable but they are always apprehensive, and either subservient or hypocritical.

When I refer to political freedom I am concerned with those liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. In a society where interests conflict I realize there can be no absolutes. My freedom to swing my arm ends where the other fellow's nose begins. But the other fellow's nose doesn't begin in my brain, or in my soul either. I have an absolute right to *think* freely and *believe* freely.

The right of free speech for any minority, however hateful its view, receives some public support and often judicial vindication. Mr. Justice Brandeis once made this ringing statement:

Those who won our independence believed that the final end of the State was to make men free to develop their faculties and that in its government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness, and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth; that without free speech and assembly discussion would be futile; that with them, discussion affords ordinarily adequate protection against the dissemination of noxious doctrine; that the greatest

menace to freedom is an inert people; that public discussion is a political duty; and this should be a fundamental principle of the American Government.

In other words, in a democracy, one has the right to make a fight — and this in itself is of tremendous value as is known by any dissenter in a land of dictatorship. The fact that those in authority may not with impunity trample on you, that ideally the same law governs them as governs you, gives one a sense of importance and dignity which he can never acquire in the totalitarian States.

The true democrat has little respect for pomp and circumstance. Note the casual way in which the Scandinavian democracies treat their monarchs, or our attitude toward our high elected officials. In a criminal trial in Detroit, amid impressive surroundings, a wizened old Negro was a witness. He resented a searching cross-examination. Finally he burst out, in the genuine democratic spirit, "Why you ask all these questions about where I was, what I sez and where I et? I goes where I please, sez what I please, eats where I please and I pays my bills."

Because democracy provides an atmosphere wherein any individual can freely express whatsoever is in him, it is a creative as well as a protective force. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that democracy was "an experiment, as all life is an experiment." No small part of de-

mocracy's appeal is its evocation of the spirit of adventure, the sense of exploring the possibilities of new ways of living. These possibilities arise only where things are in constant flux as they are in a democracy. They cannot be explored in a static society.

It is not a matter of chance that the most prosperous countries today — those with the highest mass living standards — are Great Britain and other parts of the British Empire, France, the Scandinavian countries, the United States and other nations with a long tradition of democracy. Democracy may seem inefficient, but its freedom makes for more social, political and economic progress than the bureaucracy, regimentation and rigidity that go with ordered control.

So long as men have the rights of free speech, free press and free assemblage, they have a method of bringing about even revolutionary changes without violence. New York City is an illustration of how the political scales work. Tammany for years conducted a government by favor. The Hall overreached itself, became brazen, created its own opposition. Now LaGuardia is Mayor, Tom Dewey, District Attorney. How did their type come to be elected? Public demand! Emotional upsurgings of the rank and file have characterized our national story and have furnished much of the inspiration for such genuine democracy as we have.

A thousand and one factors work for the rough democratic balance. Any deviation too far from the line of existing institutions raises from beneficiaries of the *status quo* a storm of abuse sufficient to discourage impetuous deviators. But under pressure from the left, such once "radical" measures as direct election of Senators, woman suffrage, direct primaries, income tax, and regulation of utilities have been accepted gradually by democratic methods, developing within the framework of existing institutions.

The dreadful Communist Manifesto of 1848 demanded a public school system, soil conservation, graded income taxes. The horror which these radical measures evoked seems curiously archaic today. Proposals, at one time shocking, gradually become part of our accepted system. The radicals of one generation become the conservatives of the next, not necessarily because they are older or tired, but because many of the things they fought for in their younger days have become established practice.

Today even our capitalists sometimes discuss public ownership without mentioning "socialism." The anthracite coal industry, once sure of its monopolistic position, has lost ground to the oil interests. Today the losses are so staggering that a strange sentiment is beginning to develop among the coal barons that the government should own these natural resources.

For years, the socialists proposed that government issue bonds to pay for railroads. How happy today the bankers would be over such a solution! The ironic fact is that the railroads are borrowing huge sums from the R.F.C., giving an underlying lien. The time may come when there will be a foreclosure, and the government will buy in the properties at a fraction of their value. We have traveled far since the days when the Interstate Commerce Commission was damned as a device put over on a theretofore self-respecting country by men with "wild" ideas.

It's just democracy — an extension of government function made necessary by conditions under which we live — a process that has gone on for generations. It works because it is absorbent, elastic and responsive, because it is less interested than any other system in any one pressure group, and more interested in all pressure groups.

Democracy in Action

AT ALL TIMES our representatives are subject to group pressure. Laws are not made in a vacuum, and the merit of democracy lies in the fact that influence is exercised by a great diversity of groups. The development of pressure or appeal — whether by chambers of commerce or labor unions, by manufacturers or consumers, by urban or agricultural interests, by Northern-

ers, Southerners, Easterners or Westerners — is all part of the democratic process.

It is suggested that invisible vested interests get control. But if, with so many weapons in the hands of our economic overlords, there is no true chance for representation on the part of the underprivileged, how do you account for the passage of measures so abhorrent to these same overlords as the income tax, the Wagner Labor Act, the Wages and Hours Bill, the Security Act, etc.?

In the long run, interests which are strong enough to stir men to action are somehow represented in our democracy. Cotton Congressmen from the South, Industrial Representatives from the North, Silver Senators from the West — see how they function when a tariff bill is up.

So it is all along the line from the "million-dollar" lobby of the privately owned utilities fighting against the holding company bill, to the lobby of the small consumers fighting for it. Whether or not you know your Congressman, it is a mistake to think that he is completely oblivious of your interests. Congressmen keep as close check as they are able on what their constituents want, if for no higher motive than that they want your vote for re-election.

Slow, cumbersome, haphazard, often bungling! Maybe. But this is democracy in action. The only alternative is complete executive con-

trol. Dictatorship might work out better than democracy if rulers were omniscient, selfless, free and responsive, which they never are, or if the people were subservient, which in the United States I know they never will be.

Politics, as such, by no means covers democracy in action. Groups founded to promote this or that activity, Liberty Leagues and Civil Liberties Unions; The American Legion and the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution; Chambers of Commerce and Vigilante Committees, Ku Klux Klan; the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; Rotary Clubs; the A.F. of L. against the C.I.O. and both against company unions; rich and poor, American and foreign; white, red, yellow, black —

The list is never-ending. Conventions, associations, lodges, churches, literary and debating clubs, bunds, cells, and forums; public dinners, private lunches. Petitions to abolish this, or promote that, resolutions condemning or approving an infinite variety of plans. Endless meetings with free discussion of every idea under the sun.

This is democracy in action.

Diverse interests in some things, common interests in others, all of us subject to the general welfare and united only when confronted with a common danger. That is democracy.

The Red Herring of Communism

WE HAVE those in America who, while not fascists, adopt the fascist technique, using the communist bugaboo as an excuse to suppress free speech and labor organization. Note I-am-the-Law Hague of Jersey City. He pins the communist label on all his opponents, and in the name of Americanism, suppresses free speech and assemblage. He has pointed the way to other political bosses and to many industrialists.

Yet communism is so foreign to American ideas that it is actually getting nowhere in this country. After 20 years of effort, the communists polled a negligible vote for the candidate for President in 1936. And in New York State, their stronghold, they didn't poll enough to hold their place on the ballot. Nevertheless, red-baiting groups contrive to create hysterical alarm by grouping as "reds" liberals, independents, socialists, union workers, labor party members and all others who feel that society must be fundamentally improved.

Whether used by political bosses to maintain their power, by industrialists to discourage labor organization, or by "patriots" to maintain their prestige, the result of the red-scare technique in Italy and Germany — Hitler and Mussolini both rode into power on red herrings — is sufficient to cause misgiving.

To democracy, fascism is far more dangerous than communism, for fascism does not require a sudden change. It comes in the guise of order and leadership when men fear the mumblings of discontent. Our fascists would repress the symptoms and thus superficially clear the atmosphere. They fail to realize that when you put a lid on a seething caldron, you may hide the contents but cause an explosion.

Political fascism comes when an executive fastens his hold on the State, eliminating legislative and judicial power. Given the police force, a strong political machine and subservient courts, any corrupt local boss can establish local fascism. Given sufficient public distress, an indifferent or subservient Congress and reactionary courts, the same thing could happen to the nation. Our defense is in our diverse group interests (each and every one of us is a member of some minority group), in our democratic background, in our long tradition of freedom, in our far-flung and variegated population, and in a vigilant press. There are those who, in the cause of democracy, would suppress fascist or anti-Semitic, anti-labor, or any other propaganda which they don't like. They, like the red-baiters, have no real faith in democracy, nor do they believe in a free market for the competition of ideas. They likewise are ready to overthrow democracy in order to maintain it.

These groups endeavor to stop fascist meetings and parades, regardless of the fact that in all probability, if you give the fascists in the United States enough rope, they will hang themselves. Last year the Nazis arranged to hold a parade in New York. Protests poured in to the city officials. "Stop them. Our liberty is at stake!" La Guardia insisted that the Nazis' "rights" be not violated and stationed a sizable police force along the line of march. The goose-stepping of the brown-shirter brought boos, jeers and hisses — a far more intelligent method of deflating their egos than violence, arrest and martyrdom. The Nazis haven't staged a parade in New York since.

The Bureaucratic Menace

QUESTIONS OF FREEDOM in a democracy have taken on new aspects with the increasing activity of government in economic affairs. Greater activity has meant hordes of public employes, numberless government bureaus, boards and commissions. The matters involved have so many angles that Congress can merely pass general laws leaving to these boards the making of regulations, which, if reasonably within the framework of the statute, have the force of law. But unless we are vigilant, we shall establish a bureaucracy that for all practical purposes will be more powerful than Congress or the courts.

For in order to enforce obedience to the general law, or the boards' interpretation of the law, based on their own regulations, investigations must be made, charges drafted, hearings held and decisions rendered. Now in the ordinary sense, these are judicial or quasi-judicial proceedings. But here the citizen has not the safeguards against tyranny which are provided by Anglo-Saxon tradition.

Without making charges against me, any government agency might send an emissary to examine my papers, books and records, and either I produce for inspection what is wanted, or else. . . . If I stand on my constitutional rights and first demand a warrant for a search, I am subpoenaed to produce my books, perhaps in Washington. If I live in California, this is inconvenient. The next step is an interminable series of questions by government hirelings, who insist that I refer to my records to "refresh my recollection." Finally, I consult my lawyer as to what laws I could have violated. He brings out a volume which contains a reasonably short law, voluminous regulations and numberless fine-spun interpretations. For anxious weeks, we await information as to what it's all about.

I don't question the fact that in our complicated business structure it is necessary to have agencies with reasonably wide powers. But if these powers are of a judicial na-

ture, then we should be entitled at least to the same protection that we would have if the matter were handled under the regular judicial system; we should be safeguarded by the same Bill of Rights. Government by commission, instead of by courts, has dangers to democracy which must be avoided, whatever the inconvenience or expense.

The Wagner Labor Act in principle was a necessary piece of legislation. Anyone familiar with the record of certain industrialists, as shown by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, their use of arms, spies and gangsters, of intrigue, threat and force, to intimidate men who wished to join unions, could not help but favor a Magna Charta guaranteeing the right of men to organize. But in administration of the law we have the same undemocratic procedure I have detailed above.

In a recent order the Labor Board commanded Henry Ford not only to "cease and desist" from discharging union men and engaging in vicious anti-union practices, but from spreading anti-union propaganda. The ganging up of Ford "service-men" on union organizers distributing circulars, the beating of unarmed unionists, the constant discharge of union men, the encouragement of a company union — all of these things fully warranted an order against Ford to "cease and desist" from these unlawful acts. But to order a man —

even an industrialist — not to express an opinion, not to spread propaganda, seems hardly consonant with the Constitution which provides that Congress shall pass no law which abridges the freedom of speech. It is safe to say that had the Wagner Labor Act referred to words, as well as to acts, it would have been held unconstitutional. On the interpretation, however, that the expressed opinions of the employer cannot be regarded as separate from his acts, the Labor Board steps in where Congress fears to tread. Cannot we distinguish between words and acts? After all, the theory of democracy is based on this distinction.

Progress by Letting People Alone

THOSE LIVING on the Italian peninsula at the time historians have chosen to call the Renaissance went about their day's work blissfully unconscious that they were indeed the men of the Renaissance. No one meeting his neighbor on the streets of Florence said, "Good morning. How goes the Renaissance?" We too have been living in a Renaissance of which we are similarly unconscious. The past 30 years have been a period of vast and often revolutionary change created by science and invention.

"If society can do this under the present chaotic system, think what we'd do if we had the whole thing organized," says the radical.

To him I would point out that it is not "society" that has done all this. Inventive changes have resulted largely from the efforts of individuals, motivated by the necessity of making a living, or from the efforts of industry to make larger profits. Amid the varieties of opportunities offered by capitalist economy, great progress has been made by letting people alone.

When George Eastman was a bank teller in Rochester, New York, trying to raise \$5000 to promote the Kodak, he approached my grandfather. My grandfather was far too astute to put money in a "box with a hole in it." Eastman got his money elsewhere. Other men, richer or perhaps greater gamblers, made fortunes out of the Kodak. Some of them took other gambles and lost their money. But the point is that Eastman had a chance to peddle his idea until it took hold. Now perhaps some government official, some Commissar of a U. S. Socialist Patent Development Department having more imagination than my grandfather, would not have slipped up on a good thing. But I have often wondered why it is assumed that this should be so, why and how the supermen who are to direct things will choose the good and pass up the bad. No, I'm inclined to think that even my grandfather was more sympathetic to George Eastman than a public official would have been.

What is government anyhow? In

practice it is some individual clothed with power. He is not omniscient; he seldom is willing to accept responsibility. Bureaucracy spreads as function increases. The official has much to lose if his decision is wrong; little to gain if it's right. Can the official afford to take a gamble, or if he can, will he? No, government is likely to be more conservative and inelastic than individuals.

Under a democratic economy, the first third of the 20th century saw the development of six great industries — telephone, automobile, airplane, motion picture, chemical, and the radio. The millions employed by these industries, or whose employment flows from them, give a fair indication of the extent to which employment is due to invention.

The more sources one can tap, the greater variety of persons whose interest may be aroused, the more likelihood there is of getting an invention started on its way to a finished product. It may well be that a democratic system, an economy in which the profit motive is a moving force, plays a more important part in promoting invention than my radical friend supposes.

Labor's Progress

AND LET US SEE what has happened to labor in a century and more of democracy. Compared with the standard of living of a hundred

years ago, the American worker has made enormous strides. We once had working days of 12 to 14 hours in unsanitary factories with wages barely at the subsistence level. Miserable workers dragged fatigued bodies to beds which were never cold — the day workers using them in the nighttime and the night workers in the daytime. A factory in Fall River in 1817 illustrates working hours and wages. The hands toiled from 5 a.m. till 7:30 p.m., with off periods of one half hour for breakfast at 8 and lunch at 12. Men received wages of from 83 cents to \$1 a day, and women and children from \$2 to \$3 a week. Today, the labor of women and children is restricted. Probably the standard week is an eight-hour day with Saturday afternoons or the whole day off. Week-end holidays are not unusual. The movement is afoot toward vacations with pay.

It is interesting furthermore that those employed in manufacturing in 1932 received higher real wages than those employed in 1929 or at any other time in our history. In 1914 the percent of national income represented by wages, salaries, pensions, etc., was about 52. In 1936 it was about 62. Indirectly there have been other additions to wages — workmen's compensation, old-age and unemployment insurance, maternity relief.

The most effective single factor responsible for the progress of workers is the labor union. Tyranny by

industry made unionism important. The centralization of industry makes it essential. Thus there is now opposed to the power of employers an employee power.

But power, always dangerous, may bring bureaucracy, self-perpetuation in office and tyranny in unions the same as in industry or government. For instance, last year in New York City, Marc Blitzstein produced his own proletarian play, *The Cradle Will Rock*. No orchestra was needed, but the musicians' union insisted that eight musicians be paid \$800 a week to sit in the theater. A neighborhood movie house, from which the proprietor draws \$50 a week, must employ, at \$75 a week, a union electrician whose only duties are to press a button two or three times a day, ring down a curtain or turn on the lights — jobs an usher could perform. But such evils in unionism are no more reason why we shouldn't have unions than are other abuses of power a reason why we shouldn't have industry or government.

My fight for civil liberties has for many years brought me in contact with the labor movement. I have seen good unions fail, bad unions prosper. I have met labor leaders with intelligence, courage and consistent integrity, and I have met labor racketeers, more contemptible than the meanest boss. Nevertheless, gains have been won by the labor movement which can never be wholly wiped out. These gains will

be more and more consolidated for the benefit of all of us so long as we cling to our democratic processes. Gains of labor abroad have been wiped out under the dictators. Let labor-baiters remember that Mussolini poured his castor oil first down the throats of the Italian labor leaders. With them and their democratic idealism out of the way he was able to go on to the place he holds today as one of the chief menaces to the peace of all of us.

How About the Unemployed?

BUT WHAT becomes of the millions of men who have lost their jobs as one machine after another has come to do their work more efficiently? It is no answer to say to them that in the course of time society provides new industries and new employment. For meanwhile they are starving. Something must be done about them. Today something is being done.

And it seems likely that in the future the government will be obliged to continue to engage in public work for the benefit of the unemployed. You may not like this tendency. You may protest against high taxes and government extravagance, against waste and inefficiency. You may persuade the voters to put another political party in power. But to avoid calamity your new party in power will be obliged to continue on a course of government spending.

The climb toward higher standards of living through the stimulation of public agencies constitutes a *trend* that has continued for generations. Less than a billion dollars was devoted to free social services — education, health, recreation, charities, etc. — in 1915; yet even in 1930, before the New Deal, almost four billions were spent in this manner. Public parks in 534 cities increased from 76,000 acres in 1907 to 258,697 acres in 1930. The number of public playgrounds was 1300 in 1910, 7240 in 1930. The expansion of public function has been continuous, irrespective of the dealer of the cards. And taxes were necessary for many purposes in 1936 which were not regarded as governmental functions of a generation ago.

Of course we all agree that if we could get economic reconstruction without spending the money, we would be better off. And many hold that we are not getting the reconstruction. But food must be given the hungry, idle men must be given employment.

Let those who cry out against government extravagance in paying \$55 a month to keep a man at work on a highway, think back to the time when there wasn't any WPA, and despairing men were marching toward Washington to be met by club-swinging cops. Suppose that instead of putting the relief applicants on the roads we had gone on telling them that

in this land of opportunity and self-help every man has the liberty of sleeping under bridges. Do you imagine that the 15 million unemployed would have gone on much longer without resort to revolutionary violence?

The Federal Emergency Relief Act was passed. Today instead of revolutionaries, driven to desperate means by governmental indifference, we have an army at work building national assets. Summaries of the work of the WPA show that in one year 93,500 miles of roads were repaired and 29,000 new miles laid down; more than 1000 new school buildings built and 7176 old ones renovated. The forums and other soundingboards for opinion which have been set up under WPA auspices, the work of WPA in construction of health centers, swimming pools, parks, gymnasiums, the educational and recreational instruments of enlightened democracy, pretty well cancel out the criticism of wastefulness.

Is this a plea for Roosevelt, for the New Deal or the Democratic Party? It is not so intended. The fact is simply that the government, moved by a public demand which was sensed by an acute politician, "has assumed a more prominent role in the national economy than before the depression."

If the conservative critics of pump-priming knew their history they would know that the govern-

ment has always used a pump. Much of the national domain was given away. The railroads were pumped into existence by free grants of land, which were the basis of scandalous speculation. Building roads, subsidizing canals, dredging waterways, subsidies to build up a merchant marine, franchises in perpetuity to public utilities, power to banks to issue currency, and in addition a vast amount of plain pork-barrel legislation — all for the purpose of priming the pump.

Controls and activities relating to commerce and industry, transportation, communication, public health and welfare, promotion of education, science and research, have had a tremendous growth through two generations. The Interstate Commerce Commission, Department of Commerce, federal activities dealing with natural resources, those concerning agricultural services and the investigation and suppression of plant and animal pests and diseases; maternity and health bureaus, bureaus of standards, research departments, vocational education and rehabilitation departments, sanitation and irrigation projects — all were on their way before the depression — and before Roosevelt.

The average citizen sees no socialist menace in strenuous government attempts to save our dust-ravaged and eroded farmlands, to make forests grow again,

where they had been killed off by the lumber barons, to throw up huge dams against potential floods, and to use the consequent output of electrical energy; to do a lot of things, in short, that seem badly to need doing. For the most rugged of individualists will hardly deny that it is a prime function of any government to see to it that it has something to govern.

Yet this same citizen, in the Jeffersonian tradition, suspects too much government meddling and rightly resents the impertinences of the strutting bureaucrat. He is uneasy about unelected highbrows. He can smell out the dictator's scent from a great distance. But always he has the American respect for the job well done, whether it is done in the name of government or private enterprise.

There is legitimacy, however, in the argument that this expansion of government spending may mark such a deviation from our democratic ideals as to lead dangerously on to bureaucracy, if not to dictatorship. There is a very real menace in the building up of such political machines as those on the payrolls of the various alphabet agencies could well constitute. This danger appears in every election and the fear of it is a fortunate thing. But in a democratic country that fear will develop a defense mechanism that will make us particularly vigilant against bureaucratic invasions.

The Democratic Mélange

MANY ASSUME that government participation necessarily means an end of private activity or, to paraphrase Lincoln, that we cannot exist half private and half public. Why not? All systems of society are more or less a mixture of various types of economic arrangement. Abroad there is public ownership of railroads and telephones in countries that are nonetheless capitalistic. In the United States many forms of endeavor are socialistic. Our army, our jails, police and fire departments, schools, parks, water-works, postal service and a vast variety of other undertakings are public in character, not run for profit. Nor do we regard this as necessarily inconsistent with capitalism.

We are tending toward quasi-socialization but at no faster rate than the thought, customs and habits of the people approve. This course does not mean the abolition of production for profit, but supplementing it for social purposes. Certainly it does not seem likely that we shall go back to the time when, whatever the need, we prevented government encroachment in any field where private individuals could make money.

If I am right, consider what this means in relation to the development of democracy in the future. Heretofore, to a large extent, the public's business had been nobody's

business. Now certainly we shall be more sensitive as to what is done with our money. We shall demand a higher standard in the election of our public servants because we shall understand better the importance of public jobs to our private interests.

Democracy's Promise of the Good Life

IF WE LOOK AGAIN at the economic situation of 1929, we perceive that it contained promise of a good life for all. There is no doubt that in this country in that year a high mark had been reached in the material standards of life. If those at the top had too many bathtubs, cars, yachts, etc., it is also true that all but those at the very bottom had a variety of goods and services at their disposal such as the "average" man had never before known. Even today, with the machine still sadly out of gear, two thirds of our people are well fed, well housed, well clothed, broadly speaking. In almost every respect our standard of living in 1939, after a decade of economic storm and stress, is still the highest in the world. No other nation, least of all the dictator nations, Italy, Germany, Russia, comes anywhere near equaling our advantages.

For dictatorship is a government of men, not of laws. The will — meaning the mood, the temper, the health, the nervous system — of

the Führer, Duce, Commissar, or Czar is the controlling factor of all institutions, including the courts. If such dictatorships bring security, it is the security of barracks and jails. They develop fear, hatred, collective perversions and war. Either they bring a civilization so abject that people become willing slaves, or they open up a sea of bloodshed.

On the other hand, under the haphazard democratic way of life, individuality, ambition, fluidity, freedom and hope seem to make not only for spiritual but for material progress. The stupendous achievements of democracy in the last 100 years have shown this is so.

What Am I Going to Do About It?

"HAT, no plan!" So said a socialist friend of mine who read my manuscript thus far. "Your ideas are diverse and diffused and spread all over the lot."

"That's inherent in democracy," I said. "There are too many diverse, diffused and confusing considerations."

"Why not simplify the whole thing," he demanded, "and abolish production for profit?"

Simple, isn't it? He means why not abolish the motive to acquire profit. How about the motive to acquire power, which as history and recent world events have shown, causes as much misery as the desire

for profit? How about all the other motives which lead men to promote their own interests at the expense of others?

"The trouble is with the system," continued my visitor.

I was reminded of a recent talk with my daughter Jane, aged 13. Coming home from school one day she announced: "I'm a socialist, daddy. So are all the other kids in my class. But I don't know just how to work it out."

As a little humanitarian, Jane had taken a mentally satisfying short cut. As A. C. Pigou says in *Socialism versus Capitalism*: "If we take as our representative of capitalism the actual economic arrangements ruling in this country now and leave socialism a vague concept, we are tilting the balance against capitalism. For we are setting a nude figure, with all its blemishes patent to the eye, against a figure that is veiled."

No one can deny the destructive aspects of capitalism either in the past or present. But no man should forget that after more than a century of capitalism in America, the worker earns more both in monetary and real wages for laboring little more than half the time of his forebears. He has more leisure, greater education and a far higher standard of living. He is gaining a constantly increasing proportion of the product of his labor and of the national income. He has more political and economic power.

This improvement hasn't come about by letting well enough alone, but by a constant struggle against vested interests. For struggle and compromise have been typical of American democracy. And this democracy has capacities for adventure not matched by any totalitarian state. It is bound by no rules except to respond to what the people want.

Thus, the democratic system, giving free play to thought and expression of all kinds, gradually absorbs new ideas, making use of them when they fit into the framework of existing institutions. Democracy gives the individual a sense of power and dignity and makes the people responsible for their own destiny. Human thought untrammelled finds a variety of ways to accomplish its necessary purposes, and this without confining the human spirit.

The greatest certainty I have is that I would not surrender democracy even temporarily for any promise of a better world. I accept for the time being "the general structure of capitalism," but I would modify it gradually — I would follow the path of gradualness to mold and transform, not violently to uproot. I would, however, insist "that gradualness implies action, and is not a polite name for standing still."

Gradual progress is just what the democratic system has seen for the past hundred years. We are not holding fast to the old dogmas of

capitalist economy; we are not striking out for a new system. We are developing and progressing toward a society, *sui generis*, adapted to the special needs, opportunities, limitations and genius of the American people.

WHAT am I going to do about it? I am going to continue to practice law and make a living. I'm going to enjoy life in my own way as much as I can. I'll probably continue to fight for the underdog and make my living from bankers and industrialists who can afford to pay the fees which enable me to live in the comfort and insecurity to which I have become accustomed. I shall probably vote on the problems of today as they arise, with a realization that one of the ideals of democracy is equal opportunity, that one of the prime duties of government is to formulate policies that will assure men a good living and will give the weak the power to protect themselves from the strong. I shall continue to fight for free speech, free press, free assemblage and democratic rights with the fervent conviction that progress and civilization demand a society in which men are free to inquire and to differ. I shall no doubt hold to my belief that economic systems are a means toward supporting life, that liberty is an end in itself and that there is no inconsistency between freedom and abundance.

Rab and His Friends

By

Dr. John Brown

This story, written by an Edinburgh physician and marking as it does the effective entry of modern surgery into fiction, created a sensation when first published in 1858, and has since been reprinted in many anthologies, including Henry Seidel Canby's "A Study of the Short Story," and "Woollcott's Second Reader."

ONE FINE October afternoon when I was a medical student at Minto Hospital, I saw the large gate open and in walked Rab, a huge fighting mastiff, looking as if taking possession of the place. After him came a carrier's cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up — the carrier leading the horse anxiously. When he saw me James (for the carrier was James Noble, and I knew him as Rab's master) made a curt bow, and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got trouble in her breest."

The woman was sitting on a straw-filled sack, her husband's plaid round her, and his coat over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face — pale, delicate, sweet. She looked sixty, and had on a cap, white as snow; her silvery hair setting off her dark gray eyes — eyes full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate; and her mouth firm, patient, and contented.

"Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor."

She smiled, and prepared to come down. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Edinburgh carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten face to hers — pale, subdued, and beautiful — was something wonderful. Rab looked on, puzzled, but ready for anything — were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four. Ailie sat down, undid her gown. I made a careful examination — she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? There it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so gracious and bountiful — hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain.

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James.

"*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slunk the faithful beast. Rab was brindled and gray, with one eye out, and a tattered rag of an ear forever unfurling itself, like an old flag. He had the dignity and simplicity of great size, and the gravity of all great fighters.

Next day the surgeon examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed, giving speedy relief. She should have it done.

The following day, the students hurried up the great stair, full of interest and talk. The operating theater was crowded. In came Ailie: one look at her quieted the students. She was dressed in her neckerchief, her white dimity gown and carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down, and took that huge and noble head between his knees.

Ailie arranged herself on the table, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, and took my hand. The operation was necessarily slow, and chloroform then unknown. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab saw that something strange was going on — blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, he growled, and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp. But James had him firm.

All over, Ailie stepped gently down, looked for James, then, turn-

ing to the surgeon and the students, she curtsied, and in a low voice begged their pardon if she had behaved ill. The students — all of us — wept like children. Resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, saying "Maister John, I'm for none o' yer stryng nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang aboot on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, showing us how meek and gentle he could be. He took a walk with me every day; but he was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair, straight to that door.

For some days Ailie did well. The students came in, quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces.

But four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden, long shivering. Soon after, her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so. Mischief had begun: a blush of red at the wound told the secret. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it. Rab subsided under the table and was

motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one.

Ailie began to wander in her mind, was more demonstrative to James, and sharp at times. "She was never that way afore; no, never," he said. For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon. Then delirium set in strong. She sang bits of old songs in her tremulous, rapid, affectionate Scotch voice; some wild words; something for James; Rab called rapidly, and he starting up surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow. James hovered about, miserable, but active as ever.

One night she had fallen, as we hoped, asleep, her eyes shut. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying rolled up, she held it eagerly to her bosom. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her child, brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, as she rocked back and forward as if to make it sleep. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn."

"What bairn?"

"The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, dead forty years and mair ago." It was plainly true. The pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered brain, was misread; it suggested to her the

uneasiness of a child; and so once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

She sank rapidly. The delirium left her, but it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still, she said, "James!" He came close, and lifting up her calm, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to Rab shortly, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes and composed herself. She passed away so gently that, when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. Not a spot of dimness was breathed out.

Rab, all this time full awake and motionless, came forward beside us. Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down, soaked with his tears. Rab licked it all over carefully, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat for some time saying nothing. Then he started up abruptly, and pulled on his shoes. "Rab," he said, roughly, pointing to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes.

I sat beside Rab, and, being wearied, fell asleep, and then awoke from a sudden noise outside. I looked out. At the gate, in the dim

morning, was the horse and cart — a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. James came up the stairs with an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets. Then, lifting her, he nodded again to me and, with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode downstairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light, holding the candle in the calm frosty air. We were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with. He laid her down as tenderly as he had lifted her out ten days before. Then, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens, and taking his horse by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me; neither did Rab, who presided behind. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. There was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in that

spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill of a low fever, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

AND WHAT of Rab? I asked for him next week of the new carrier who was now master of horse and cart. "How's Rab?"

Confused and red, he said: "Rab's deid, Sir."

"Dead! What did he die of?"

"Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay wi' the mare, and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' meat, but he wad take naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg — but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else."

I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete.



Concerning the Index

¶ *The semi-annual index to The Reader's Digest for January to June will be mailed free to those readers who request it. Address a postal card to the Index Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.*

Boston's Junior Police Corps

Condensed from *Liberty*

Joseph F. Timilty

Police Commissioner of Boston

EARLY last fall an aging woman came into my office with her 14-year-old son. He had been arrested three times for stealing automobiles and had just completed a term at reform school.

"Can't you get my boy some work," the mother said, "to keep him off the streets, mixing with older boys, fighting and stealing?"

I had heard many such pleas. "Well, Jimmy," I asked, "what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"I'd like to be a copper," he said.

"I thought you hated cops," the mother said.

"Yeah! But they're important and people think they're brave. I'd like to be like that."

The Junior Police Corps of Boston came into being with those words, and today, a regular branch of the Police Department, it is composed of more than 5000 boys 12 to 16 years of age.

Boys naturally admire courage where they see it, in friend or enemy. I knew that if we could find a way to turn youths from admiring the sham courage of crooks to admiring the real courage of the police, we could prevent many from going wrong. This boy showed us how to do it.

We conducted a survey which showed there were thousands who had no place except the city streets. Most of them were between 12 and 16, had finished grammar school and did not go to high school. Many of them looked on social organizations as "sissy." And to them a cop was the bogeyman who broke up ball games in the street, made them stop hopping trucks, kept them from having fun.

Appointed as commander of the junior force was Lieutenant William J. Carey, who, in connection with domestic relations cases, had worked for eight years with children, generally from poor families, often with tragic family background. One police officer from each of our 15 divisions was selected for the corps and sent to school for six weeks to learn about boys. More than 40 child experts, psychologists, sociologists and boys' club leaders lectured before these men.

Within a week of the public announcement of our plan, more than 10,000 boys applied for membership in the Junior Police Corps. We selected 3000, largely on the recommendations of officers on the beats. We picked the "tough kids" and the good ones too.

On October 14, 1938, those 3000 — among them Negroes, Jews, Irish lads, Italians — were impressively "sworn in" at the various station houses as members of the Police Department.

From the start, the boys were warned not to be squealers on any of their pals, nor in any sense to be "stool pigeons." And they were not vested with any arresting power.

First, the boys get a complete basic training in police work by veterans in the department. We do not teach them pistol shooting and other police duties which would be too dangerous at their age. But they are taken on tours and shown every detail of police work in operation. They are given gym classes, taught wrestling and boxing, how to defend themselves against larger persons. They are also taught something of the laws governing the city, and the reasons for those laws.

When they have advanced far enough, the boys are given actual duties. They are allowed to direct traffic at school crossings, and whenever a party is given at a police station for boys of that division, members of the junior police are placed in semi-official command. They are allowed a degree of self-government, having their own sergeants, lieutenants and captains, appointed by Lieutenant Carey.

If a boy violates any of the rules

of the corps, a trial board of boys is appointed, judgment is passed, and punishment, in the form of suspension from the corps for a period of time, is meted out.

The weekly meetings of the corps are devoted in part to lectures and in part to recreation. In the recreation periods the officers and boys play together. When a boy puts out the sergeant at first base, or beats the lieutenant in a 50-yard dash, he isn't likely ever to regard those men as "enemies." Given a new point of view in this association, these boys can accomplish much in spreading true respect for law.

Halloween came shortly after the organization of the corps. Parties were held in every station in the city, attended by more than 50,000 boys and girls. Mingling with them were members of the junior police. That evening, for the first time in many Halloweens, there was not a single fatal automobile accident to any child. And the enormous property damage of past years was cut more than 80 per cent.

If you show a boy that something is wrong, and also show him that it is part of his responsibility to try to keep other fellows, as well as himself, from doing wrong, you will have staunch companions working with you to keep the law. That is what we are trying to do in the Boston Junior Police Corps.

Softball Steps Up

Condensed from Future

Leo Fischer

President, Amateur Softball Association,
and sports columnist of the Chicago Evening American

CALL IT treason if you like — but in this year of 1939, when organized baseball is celebrating its centennial with much fanfare, baseball is no longer the leading sport of American youth.

The comparatively new game of softball has stepped out in front. Some 75,000 people turned out in the rain to watch the national championship finals last year in Chicago. Only in gate receipts does the new game lag behind baseball, and since softball is played mainly for amateur recreation, this doesn't mean much.

Amateur sport though it is — and despite its name — there's nothing sissy about softball. When played by experts, it's as fast and tough a sport as there is.

It is played with bases 60 feet apart (against baseball's 90); the ball is about a half inch larger in diameter than a baseball. It's about as hard, however, and when hit travels just as fast. Pitching is entirely underhand, but some of the better tossers can burn the ball past the plate with all the speed of a Walter Johnson. Since the game can be played on a field less than half the size needed for baseball, it is fast gaining popularity in cities.

So far as can be determined, softball is a direct descendant of old-fashioned indoor baseball, which moved outdoors at Minneapolis some 30 years ago. Recreation and Y.M.C.A. men spread it to other parts of the country, but each section had its own idea of how it was to be played.

In 1933, as a feature of the Century of Progress in Chicago, the first national championship was staged. But the different teams played under such varying systems that the directors of the tournament had to draw up an arbitrary set of rules. Shortly after, the Amateur Softball Association — now the largest amateur sport body in the world — was formed and rules were standardized.

In the last five years the growth of the sport has been phenomenal. The Amateur Softball Association now has commissioners in every state, together with representatives in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Philippine Islands, England, Canada, New Zealand and Japan. Tournaments under its supervision are conducted to determine the state championship teams which compete in Chicago for a world's championship. Last fall some 85 men's and women's

teams representing 42 states took part.

A poll by the Association last year showed more than 190,000 teams playing the game. Each has an average of 15 players, which brings the total to well over 2,000,000 individual participants. Frank G. Menke, in his *Encyclopedia of Sports*, estimates that some 60,000,000 spectators watch softball annually, about 10,000,000 more than he credits to baseball.

Business houses and factories have found softball an ideal recreation for employes. The Briggs Body Co. in Detroit, for example, has nearly 100 interdepartment teams.

And girls play the game with as much steam as men. The feminine world's championship now reposes with a troupe of good-looking youngsters in Alameda, Cal. Previously the title had gone for two years to a Cleveland team in whose line-up is a young lady named Freda Sivona whom Joe McCarthy and Rogers Hornsby declare is as good a ball player as any man they ever saw.

The list of baseball stars who have developed through softball is long — Joe DiMaggio, for instance — and the big-league scouts are combing the softball field for material. And figures seem to show that a softball team can beat a baseball team. In a contest in Indiana a while ago the state softball champs played the state baseball champs. The softballers batted against a baseball on the regulation

size diamond, while the baseball men had to hit against a softball on the smaller field. The softball team won, 3 to 0.

Some years ago Babe Ruth umpired a championship game in New York. As a special feature the bambino strode to the plate to hit a couple of softballs out of the park. Unfortunately the pitcher cut loose with some speed. After five healthy swings, Babe took the ball away from the catcher and fungoed one into the stands.

"I just wanted to see if that ball could be hit," he explained.

A pitcher's speed sometimes gets the umpires into queer situations. In an Iowa game, a batter had two strikes on him, and the pitcher suddenly tossed one of those tantalizing slow balls. The hitter, taken by surprise, took a fast swing and then continued clear around, hitting the ball on the second circuit for a home run. One side argued that the batter had struck out on his first swing. The opposition claimed that the run counted. The umpire wrote us for a decision.

If you're around Chicago next September, see the next world's championship tournament at Soldier Field. After you glimpse these teams in action — many of them including prominent business and professional men of their communities — you'll understand why it has succeeded baseball as America's national pastime. It has everything — and can be played by everyone.

Among Those Present

Alexis Carrel (p. 1), born in France, has been an American by adoption for over 20 years. In 1906 he entered the Rockefeller Institute in New York, where his unique fame in biological research has steadily grown. Dr. Carrel perfected a surgical technique that made blood transfusion — which only great surgeons attempted 25 years ago — a simple operation. He evolved a revolutionary method of making deep injuries aseptic. In 1931 he won the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research. More recently he collaborated with Colonel Lindbergh in perfecting an artificial heart and a synthetic blood stream which make it possible to keep vital organs alive and functioning outside the body. Perhaps his most famous experiment is that of keeping a section of chicken heart alive and growing for more than two decades by artificial feeding and elimination of waste.

Jo Hubbard Chamberlin (p. 70), educated at the University of Michigan, the University of London, and New York University, has taught English at N.Y.U., been associate

editor of *Bradstreet's Weekly*, contributing editor of *Review of Reviews*, and managing editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

George W. Gray (p. 77), described by *Time* as "probably one of the ablest popularizers of science writing in English," was born in Texas and is a graduate of Harvard. He has been a free-lance writer during most of the past 25 years. His two books, *New World Picture* and *The Advancing Front of Science*, have won high praise from scientific men. **Clarence K. Stettin** (p. 99) served in the World War and was attached to the American Peace Delegation in Paris. Since 1920 he has been a foreign correspondent in Rome, Vienna, and at Geneva, covering the League of Nations for the *New York Times*.

Edward Weyer, Ph.D. (p. 53) has made an extensive study of the Eskimos during several visits and two scientific expeditions to the Arctic, in 1932 observing the northernmost primitive tribe living on earth, the so-called Polar Eskimos in North Greenland. Dr. Weyer is now editor of *Natural History Magazine*.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 35, NO. 207

Debt Threatens Democracy

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Roy Helton

+

DEBT IS a speculation of time and growth.

The importance of debt in a man's life depends on his age and his ability to repay. A young man borrows to go to college on the theory that education will enable him to earn more than he could earn without it. It is the same way with a farmer's debt for equipment or fertilizer, or when a man borrows to go into business or to buy equipment for a dental office. The time during which a man's earning power and prospects are growing is the time when he can safely borrow money, and all through this time he may face debt with a confidence that lessens as, or if, his earning power declines in later life.

Our rapidly mounting local and national debt has created a situation so important to all Americans that The Reader's Digest here presents two of the most significant articles of the year on the subject — one an effective and fresh presentation of the seriousness of the problem and the other a suggestion for action on the part of each individual citizen

So, too, with an industry, a city, or a nation. The financial structure of the American railroads, for example, has been built on the theory of continuous expansion. But the rails grew up. They ended their ma-

For growth by 1900. When a large growth begins to level off, the dangerous age arrives in relationship to debt. For it is then that the temptation becomes almost irresistible to increase debt on the basis of past credit and growth.

In the period from 1900 to 1910 the total debt of the railroads was 5½ billion dollars, and their annual net income was \$1,100,000,000. Last year the railroads owed nine billions, and their net income had fallen to 700 million. Thus the

plight of the railroads is typical of difficulties that always arise when a man or a business organization will not admit that the problems of maturity are different from the problems of youth.

Now consider the case of a city. Up to 1900 the population of Philadelphia had been increasing 25 per cent or more every decade. There seemed to be unlimited growth ahead, hence the size of the city's debt did not matter very much. Between 1920 and 1930 Philadelphia's population increased only seven percent and now the debt has begun to catch up with the resources of the city and the situation is serious. Education and various services must be curtailed.

Here are the consequences as read from the Comptroller's report of October, 1938:

Liabilities,	
Interest and charges on loans.....	\$24,801,695
Sinking Fund.....	8,414,359
Deficits and loans to meet deficits.....	34,778,379
<hr/>	
Total liabilities.....	\$67,994,433
Total estimated receipts..	68,462,212

However the accounting is to be managed, and payments of deficits postponed, there is actually less than \$500,000 out of 68 million that represent money honestly available for current expenses. In short, Philadelphia's growth rate has so declined that debt becomes not merely a burden but almost a fatality.

Profound changes have taken place in our prospects as a nation and in the structure of our civilization. The United States is no longer a pioneer country, even industrially. It is a grown-up country in a grown-up world. And our notions about national, civic and industrial debt have to change to fit that fact.

Our population is increasing more and more slowly while our debts pile up. This is not simply an American phenomenon, but also a world phenomenon. In 1850, with a world population of about 1,050,000,000, the total of all national debts was only 7½ billion dollars. By 1890, when the world held nearly 1,500,000,000 people, the debts had mounted to 27½ billions. And now, with about 1,800,000,000 people, the debt is perhaps four or five times larger than it was *even in 1890*. That set of facts seems to indicate that our national governments, as well as our industries, our railroads, our cities and our states are all living more and more on confidence produced by a simpler past.

Or let me put this another way. In the past 30 years state and local debts in the U. S. have multiplied about ten times. Are we ten times better off? No one can make any such claim. We are not even twice as well off, either in our cities or outside of our cities. Better served we probably are, but not ten times better served, and yet locally we are ten times more deeply in debt

and six times more deeply in debt per capita for local government than we were 30 years ago. Where is a process like that going to bring up?

It may be said that our national wealth has increased far more spectacularly than the increase in our debt, so that our debt is of no greater consequence now than it was 30 years ago. But the national wealth is in things, and the national debt is in money. And there is no meaning or comfort in any comparison between the two, as the debtor nations of Europe have long since discovered.

The whole world-wide industrial system has quite suddenly become mature so far as growth in the old dimension is concerned. And it cannot pay debts as it did in the past.

Its growth began to feel the pressure of limitations at the beginning of the 20th century. And with that restriction on growth came the first general evidence of human rebellion: a universal war of hatred because of competitive pressure — the presence on earth of other nations with advancing economic machinery. Then the nations pledged themselves to such further handicaps of war debt as could have been proper only in an age of unlimited free opportunity.

The debts of nations are being defaulted for the same reason that the debts of our old railroads have been defaulted. There is now too developed a competition to permit

repayment. Progress has slowed and armament protection has become paramount. Debt cannot be used as a substitute for growth or progress, and when progress has been limited, debt also has become limited as a solution for the problems of industrial or national maturity.

There is no place on earth where democracy feels safe. It may seem heresy to say so, but under a democracy the problems of debt, far from being chiefly economic, are purely political. For debt is the one thing which a self-governed people cannot face effectively.

What is it that gave Italy back to an absolute ruler? Twenty-seven billion dollars of war borrowings on top of an already heavy debt structure were more than her government could handle as a democracy. What made Hitler the absolute ruler of Germany? What but national despair under the immense load of debt that had been saddled upon Germany by the Allies and by our own super-salesmanship, creating a burden which a Republic could not carry? A master had to appear in Russia, too, because of debt.

A democracy has to punish itself to pay its obligations. But men in democracies recoil from self-punishment through taxation; they borrow money instead. For under the American system no political party, whether local or national, can impose a serious increase in general

taxes and hope to remain in office after the ensuing election. In that fact lies the one serious flaw in the armor of democracy.

No real burden of national debt was felt in the United States between 1870 and 1932. Then we began a new procedure. It is a method whose danger was always inherent in our government, but one we were saved from inviting by the rising tide of our industrial prosperity since 1840. That danger is this: It is easier for any party in power to borrow money than to raise taxes. The danger was enhanced by the income tax, which makes whatever the government exacts personal and painful to the individual. In theory a painful tax is right, as keeping the public aware of the expense of government. In practice it has led to the government's becoming more acutely aware of the political dangers of taxation. Yet how are our mounting bills to be paid except by taxation or by another boom or by national dishonor? It is by such a boom that our President has publicly asserted that he expects to have the debts paid. But on other counts he does not believe in the phenomena which accompanied the last boom. Nor do world or American industrial prospects of today make such an occurrence likely or even credible. But the debt grows and has consequences.

If the United States became involved in war now a moderate guess is that its debt would in-

crease to 85 billions. Does any sane man believe the American people would ever pay such a debt out of taxation of their own will? Or face its problems politically better than either the Germans or Italians?

A great war, in the present state of world finance, could carry all of the great remaining democracies into a debt of such dimension that no self-governing people would or could endure the taxation required to get themselves straight again. That is the lesson of the past 20 years of European history.

Not that we should not still prefer democracy and freedom. Not that any President would desire an absolute responsibility. It is just that the resulting problems, as with Italy and Germany and Russia, could not be dealt with democratically. It is easy to talk of drafting industry and labor as we draft soldiers. But if we do this we must also draft agriculture; and long before that point is reached, the government would have to be absolute, make all our decisions. Individual liberty would have to end. And that, not merely for the duration of the war, but for the duration of the peace that succeeds it; for that is when the pinch would come to us, as it came to those democracies which are now the dictator nations of Europe.

We can still straighten ourselves out, but how much longer shall we have that chance? Only between now and the next war—which

may not be a war of our own choosing.

It is impossible to see how the problems of a suddenly maturing industrialism could have been met without large expenditures. No government could have let ten million people starve. Now, however, the problem must be faced — the problem of carrying these people across a great divide in the nature of our living, the divide between the youth and the maturity of industrialism, and of finding for them a new function. It is not solved by carrying them in vain waiting for a change in the times.

This problem has not been faced

on an adequate scale, because no one in our national political affairs has the courage to admit that this is the problem. Nor has the consequent problem been faced. How can we raise the money to support such a necessary undertaking? There is only one answer: We must pay for our humanity through taxes. And we must accept what brake, if any, that implies on progress at the top, until we have found some answer for those who are at the bottom.

More than anything that can ever face us as a nation, this problem deserves the united intelligence of all parties and all men.



¶ What the citizen can do in his home town to help balance the federal budget

You Can Make Your Government Save

Condensed from The Forum

William Hard

Veteran Washington correspondent

+

I BEGIN HERE to try to interest the home-town citizen in governmental economy. I hope to show him that federal economy must begin in his own home town.

The question is not a partisan one. The Republicans began our present experiment in extravagance. In the fiscal year 1927 our

national governmental expenditures were a bit under \$3,000,000,000. In 1929 the depression arrived. In the fiscal year 1932 the Republicans raised expenditures to \$4,500,000,000.

In 1933 we got the Democrats. They at first intended to reverse the Republicans and go in for econ-

omy. But what happened? Some people say that the President listened to "theorists" who wanted "spending for recovery." He did. But there is a much more powerful explanation.

The citizens demanded spending. In Washington I saw and heard their representatives. I read big heaps of their letters and telegrams. All of them — butcher and baker and candlestick-maker — were demanding spending to help business and give employment.

So the Democrats decided to do it, and do it right. In the fiscal year 1934 they spent \$6,000,000,000. In the fiscal year 1936 they spent \$8,500,000,000. In this current fiscal year of 1939 they are spending \$9,500,000,000.

And the depression seems to like it. We have more unemployed today than we had four years ago. We have more people on relief today than we had four years ago. Why?

I say it is because of certain things we have done to capital. And I say that governmental spending turns out to be one of the worst of those things.

It takes at least \$4000 of capital to equip a job for a worker.

In 1928 new capital was going into private enterprise at a monthly average rate of \$446,000,000. Last year the monthly average rate was less than \$70,000,000. That was not enough to modernize the equipment of the workers now working.

It represented a minus quantity for really new equipment for really new workers.

In 1928 75 percent of our new capital went into private enterprise and 25 percent of it into governmental expenditures. Last year less than 20 percent went into private enterprise and more than 80 percent into governmental expenditures. Twenty percent into jobs which *produce* the wherewithal to pay taxes! Eighty percent into jobs which *consume* taxes!

There is only one end to such a road. It is a government apparently richer and richer and a population actually poorer and poorer.

Most citizens really see that fact today. The polls of public sentiment show that they have gone over from favoring extravagance to favoring economy. But why then does economy fail to happen?

The chief reason is that the citizens, though favoring economy in the polls, uniformly fail to *demand* economy of their representatives in Washington — particularly in the one huge spending item that concerns them directly in their own home towns.

That item is the billion and a quarter dollars we are spending annually for public works.

I pass over the other billions being spent — to help the unemployed, the farmers, the World War veterans. The possibility of savings here — of eliminating graft, inefficiency, extravagance — has been

widely discussed. But here, since we are dealing with human needs and suffering, economies must be achieved gradually, discriminately.

Not so with public works.

Here is spending at its purest. These expenditures are not aimed with any directness at citizens in distress. They are aimed in blunderbuss fashion at citizens in general. We need no discriminating surgical instrument to cut these expenditures down. We can cut them down with an axe. And we, the citizens, have it in our power to do it promptly by our own action.

I say so with humility. I believed once in public works for recovery's sake. I can see that they are not helping now. I am cured. Here is the cure:

Public Works Expenditures, 1931: \$421,000,000; 1933: \$472,000,000; 1935: \$766,000,000; 1937: \$1,100,000,000; 1939: \$1,250,000,000.

Faster and faster to nowhere. In nine years now we have spent over \$6,000,000,000 in public works — and recovery is still behind the clouds. And that figure does not include the Works Progress Administration. It includes only non-relief public works.

There may be something to looking for a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; but I am sadly driven to think that it is futile to plant a pot of gold and then expect the rainbow.

I suggest earnestly that the citi-

zen's first duty in federal governmental economy is to unplant that pot of gold — right in his own locality.

I will now detail the contents of the Public Works pot.

1. *Federal Aid to Public Roads.* Estimated expenditures this year: \$232,000,000.

This aid covers the country like a drizzle. At first it extended only to roads *between* municipalities. Now it extends also — in millions of dollars a year — to roads *within* municipalities.

Till lately it extended only to *main* roads. Now it extends also to *feeder* roads. Last year for feeder roads: \$5,000,000. This year: \$20,000,000. Next year: \$25,000,000.

Till lately it did not extend to the elimination of local grade-crossings. Now it does. Last year for grade-crossings: \$10,000,000. This year: \$40,000,000. Next year: \$50,000,000.

I would like to see a letter to a Congressman from a local Chamber of Commerce saying: "We will improve the pavements of our town, or we will leave them unimproved; but we want the Federal Treasury to start going solvent."

It would shake the Capitol from cellar to dome.

2. *Rivers and Harbors Improvements.* Estimated expenditures this year: \$83,000,000.

These expenditures range from \$10,000,000 for the Fort Peck Dam in Montana to \$4300 for Cypress

Creek in Maryland. They cover some 168 projects affecting 36 states.

When a stream has been improved, then comes the maintaining of the improvement. This year, besides spending \$83,000,000 on improvements, we are spending \$43,000,000 on maintenance.

There is the Ocmulgee River, for instance, in Georgia. For a hundred miles from its mouth it is as much as two feet deep. We began improving it 50 years ago. Every year we spend several thousand dollars maintaining it. In the last full year of record it carried freight to a total value of \$15,000!

We used to improve only navigable streams. Then we began to remove snags from tributaries to navigable streams. We limited the cost to \$1000 per year per tributary. The new Rivers and Harbors bill proposes to raise that limit to \$3000 per tributary. Never yet has any Congressman received a petition from citizens resident on the banks of a tributary saying: "We can remove our own snags from our own creeks."

Some of these improvements are purely political. Some are commercially necessary. Others, while not necessary, are worthy. I could concoct similar worthy projects that would cost us a billion dollars a year, if only we could afford it. The National Economy League uttered a solemn truth the other day. It said that the problem was not merely "waste." It said: "If we

really want governmental economy, there are many expenditures for worthy purposes that will have to be drastically curtailed."

3. *Flood Control.* Estimated expenditures this year: \$98,000,000.

A worthy purpose indeed. And watch it grow!

For flood control in 1932: \$28,000,000. In 1938: \$61,000,000. This year: \$98,000,000.

The federal government was at first asked to control interstate floods. Now it has to control them wholly within states or even within counties. We this year are spending \$11,600,000 of federal money on flood control in California wholly within Los Angeles County. That project, before it is finished, will cost \$70,000,000.

Our projects this year for flood control at federal expense are distributed to some 131 spots in 36 states. All but four unfortunate states are getting either rivers-and-harbors money or flood-control money.

4. *Reclamation.* Estimated expenditures this year: \$93,000,000.

Another worthy purpose — very worthy. But is this just the time for so much of it?

In 1933 we began paying farmers to remove land *from* cultivation. Ever since then we have spent more and more money every year on reclamation projects in arid and semi-arid regions to bring land *into* cultivation, as follows:

In 1934, \$25,000,000. In 1938,

\$65,000,000. In 1939, \$93,000,000.

The Bureau of Reclamation says: "Reclamation projects now being constructed will add 2,500,000 acres to our cultivated area."

The Bureau reclaims an acre from the desert. A farmer plants it to sugar beets. The AAA pays him for not growing too many. Thus we arrive at a circular perpetual motion of expense. Couldn't we slow it up just a bit?

I shed a tear a few paragraphs back for the four states that this year get neither rivers-and-harbors improvement nor flood-control projects. I can now stop weeping for them. All four are blessed with reclamation projects. Our federal government this year is doing something — something — for the waters of all 48 states. This shows that Congressmen are efficient. It even more conclusively shows that constituents who want expenditures make themselves heard.

5. *Federal Public Buildings.* Estimated expenditures this year: \$60,000,000, in more than 700 American cities and villages.

6. *Grants to Local Governments* for Structures Wholly Non-Federal, Wholly Local. Estimated this year: \$392,000,000.

These projects in 48 states cover about the whole possible range of local public cultural aspiration: grants for school buildings, zoos, hospitals, laboratories, nurses' homes; for viaducts, street lights, traffic signals, sewers; for police stations and jails;

for bird farms and fish hatcheries; for gymnasiums, stadiums, swimming pools, parks, country clubs.

The Public Works Administration does not have to wrestle with citizens to accept these gifts. The citizens wrestle with the Public Works Administration to get them. The citizens' latest list of "applications" covers 5807 proposed projects that would cost \$778,163,800.

I note Monroe County, N. Y., a strong Republican county. Its big city, Rochester, is already getting \$400,000 for a sewer. But is Rochester satisfied? Are its surrounding communities satisfied? They are not.

Rochester now wants \$1,233,121 for a city hall. Henrietta wants \$148,500 for a school. Honeoye Falls wants \$53,100 to improve its streets. Irondequoit wants \$54,000 for a town hall. Fairport wants \$17,659 for an incinerator. And so forth.

I said at the start that this is not a partisan question. I say it again. Republican localities are just as voracious for federal funds as Democratic localities.

This concludes the contents of the public-works pot of gold. The trouble with these expenditures is not "waste" in their administration. The true trouble is the expenditures themselves. The true trouble is the tendency to go to Washington and strike the federal rock for bigger and bigger gushes of supposedly costless money.

That tendency is on its way to destroying two things: one, the citizen's character; and, two, his pocket-book.

Last year New England had a destructive hurricane. In the old days it would have struggled through the consequences by itself. In these days it demanded and got a federal appropriation of \$5,000,000 to clear fallen logs off *private land*; it also induced the federal government to go into a plan for buying the fallen logs at its own risk. The government pays the owners a price. It then sells the logs. But note! If there is a profit on the re-sales, it goes to the owners. If there is a loss, the government takes it!

This plan involves some \$15,000,000. Not all New England's six proud self-reliant states, not all its historic financial institutions, not all its great private fortunes, could organize a local \$15,000,000 timber salvage deal. Washington had to do it.

An equal destruction is on its way to the citizen's pocketbook, as taxes take more and more out of his income. Aside from income taxes, federal taxes on the people as a mass — taxes on smokes, motor-cars, drinks, on payrolls, on tires, gasoline, oil, candy, matches, radios, refrigerators, sporting goods, toilet goods, sugar, etc. — will amount this year to some \$2,500,000,000!

Thus federal gratuities to the localities are sapping the citizen's self-reliance and also his means of

self-support. No wonder he begins to tell the public opinion polls that he wants governmental economy. But what does he do about it?

One of our most astute politicians, Senator Ashurst of Arizona, states: "During the years I have been a member of the Senate, I have received thousands of telegrams urging me to vote in favor of appropriations. Only three or four have urged me to vote against appropriations. When the taxpayers cease sending telegrams requesting Congress to provide unnecessary appropriations, the taxpayers will obtain relief from high taxes."

I go a bit further: Citizens must not merely refrain from sending telegrams *for* extravagance. They must send telegrams and letters and postcards *against* it. And not against it simply in general. No. Against it in particular — in some specific instance — in their own state and preferably in their own city, town or village.

During the Revolution we had "Committees of Correspondence" all over the 13 colonies writing to their fellow citizens and to their outstanding leaders on behalf of the American cause. We need local committees now to ferret out local federal unnecessary expenditures and to write to Washington — and to one another — protesting against them. If every county in this nation had a citizens' committee against federal extravagance *in that county* and if these committees coöperate

with one another in vigorous representations to Washington, we would begin to see the sproutings of economy absolutely instantly.

There is no such pressure upon Washington today from the localities. Many citizens are still demanding expenditures. Virtually none are demanding their elimination.

Don't try to excuse yourself by talking about spending theorists, radicals and bureaucrats. Begin to talk about the people who are really responsible: you and your neigh-

bors. If government spending is leading us to ruin, it is because of what Washington is doing for the neighborhoods. Each neighborhood now says:

"Every other neighborhood is getting *its*. We must get *ours*."

Some neighborhood must lead the way out of that suicidal swirl. Why not yours? Why not start Federal Economy County Committee Number One?

When such committees tell Washington to save, believe me it will.



Birth of Nations

¶ IN THE EARLY days of the League of Nations, each nation was entitled to a block of five seats for its delegation. Those who were not included in a delegation had to find places at the sides where they could neither see nor hear. Daniele Varè of the Italian Secretariat saw a chance to gain some extra seats for the Italians when he found an empty desk behind Venezuela. He stole into the Assembly Hall at night and on the card which indicated the name of the state, he wrote "Zembla."

Next morning the experts on international affairs filed in, glancing absent-mindedly at the Zembla plaque and nodding as much as to say, "Oh, of course, Zembla." For the rest of the session, five delegates from "République de Zembla" sat in their national seats, the fact that they were Italians in no way disturbing their comfort.

—London Daily Telegraph, and Fortune

¶ A FRENCH FRIEND of mine, M. Alain Mellet, once had printed on his notepaper the heading: "Committee for the Defense of Poldavia." On this notepaper he addressed to a number of French Deputies a stirring appeal in favor of the people of Poldavia, who were, according to his text, still oppressed. By return post he received many responses, his correspondents offering to speak, to write, to vote in defense of the unfortunate Poldavians.

There was, of course, no such country.

—Sisley Huddleston, *Europe in Zigzags* (Lippincott)

Married Love

By

Alexis Carrel, M.D.

LOVE IS a mysterious thing. Invisible, immaterial, yet as real as steel. As elu-

sive as smoke in the wind — and stronger than death. From wild passion, it may grow into this selfless, indissoluble affection, whose presence in the house even a stranger can easily detect. If carefully nurtured, it will, in spite of the progress of age and the extinction of reproductive life, continue to expand with the full strength of its beauty.

The origin of love is both organic and mental. The substances set free in the blood stream by the testicle or the ovary have a powerful influence on affective and intellectual activities. They permeate the whole organism with sexual desire. They inspire selfless love and dedication. They illuminate the world of lovers with the eternal joy of spring. In other terms, they supply the physiological requisites for the loftiest activities of the mind. Whether conscious or unconscious, the reproductive urge is the source of love. Man is unity and multiplicity. He has to create, love, and pray with all his organs.

Today, as in the remotest past, youth entertains the charming and dangerous illusion of its innate ability at love-making. In consequence, love-making, especially in marriage,

This is the second article of a series by the great scientist, Doctor Carrel — author of "Man, the Unknown," and Nobel Prize winner

is frequently not an enduring success. For married love is no easy enterprise. Unfortu-

nately, the science of marriage has remained rudimentary, although its development is essential both to the happiness of man and to the greatness of civilization.

The immediate purpose of marriage is the gratification of the sexual urge, and fecundation. This urge is an inexorable law of nature. And it is more than a romantic glow. It is the biologic source of aspiration and achievement. It *can* be kept fresh and vital if intelligence and imagination are given creative scope. Such richly shared sex life is a cornerstone of marital stability and happiness.

Married love is a creative enterprise. It is not achieved by accident or instinct. Perfunctory coitus is a confession of lack of intelligence and character. There is profound beauty and even holiness in the act of fecundation. We should not forget that the Church blesses the sexual union of man and woman by a sacrament. Mothers sometimes inflict grave injury by instilling in their daughters contempt of sex. "You will have to tolerate sex. Often you can escape by pleading tiredness." All the resources of science and technique must be used in or-

der to make of marital relations an ever-flowing source of *mutual* joy.

The problem of marriage is to transform mating into an enduring union. Male and female are attracted by their opposite characteristics. The more masculine the man, the more feminine the woman, the more passionate the mating. But sexuality permeates both mind and body. Man and woman are profoundly different. While intimately united, they are separated by an abyss.

An enduring union is thus rendered difficult by the physiological and mental disparities that are the essence of femaleness and maleness. Man is active, hard, logical. Woman, passive, sentimental, and intuitive. Her nervous system, her temperament, prepare her for maternity. Marriage is an association of two different but complementary individuals. These characteristics of the partners are responsible for both the efficiency and the difficulties of the association.

Not only are husband and wife separated by organic and mental differences, but these differences vary from week to week, according to sexual rhythms. Sexual rhythms are incomparably more marked in woman than in man. During the whole menstrual cycle, fluctuations take place in activity, courage, temper, sex desire. Man also manifests oscillations of temper and activity. This knowledge should allow mutual understanding of various moods, and may prevent tragedies.

Success in marriage requires continence as well as potency. In other words, character is indispensable in well-ordered sexual life. Certain periods, including illness and pregnancy, impose continence. To refrain from sexual intercourse during married life demands nervous equilibrium and moral strength. For many individuals, it is true heroism. Before marriage, the ideal state is chastity. Chastity requires early moral training. It is the highest expression of self-discipline. Voluntary restraint from the sex act during youth, more than any other moral and physical effort, enhances the quality of life. The use of prostitutes is injurious. For paid love-making is a degradation of the real sex act. It lacks the essential quality of profound mutuality. It is without the benison of beauty.

Even true love may not protect husband and wife against certain dangers of sexual relations. Early excesses prevent the full development of body and mind. Late excesses accelerate the rate of aging and decay. When exhausted or worried, the husband should not be induced by an oversexed wife to perform the sex act. Reciprocally, the untimely ardor of an ignorant husband may tire or exasperate his undersexed wife. Love is incompatible with ignorance and selfishness. Also with disease. Since chastity in girls, as well as in boys, is far from being the habitual rule, lovers must ascertain before marriage whether they

are free of gonorrhea and syphilis.

There is no apparent natural rule for sexual relations. The frequency of the sex act varies widely. There are sexual athletes as well as weaklings. Copulation can be performed at any time, while in other mammals it takes place only during the heat period. Therefore, intelligence and self-control must replace instinct in the management of sexual life. The enormous variations in individual constitution have rendered impossible the elaboration of precise rules. Each couple must take into consideration their physical and mental peculiarities. For the failure of married life often comes from technical ignorance.

Lovers are seldom perfectly mated. Often the husband has a stronger sexual appetite than the wife. Sex indifference may be induced by the ignorance or brutality of the husband. As in the animal kingdom, the female has to be enticed by the male.

In married life, sexual intercourse has a tendency to become a monotonous performance. On the contrary, it must retain its profound meaning. All senses, especially the sense of beauty, should participate in it. It is the capacity, through mind and spirit, to exalt the symbolism of the act that differentiates man from the animals. Affection must bestow a benediction upon emotional manifestations.

There are abundant resources in the field of sensory and psychologic

stimulation. All the little arts of love-making should be brought into play. The expected, taken-for-granted attitude is to be avoided by both partners. An infinite variety of expressions can be given to sex love.

Small attentions kindle conjugal affection. Endearing words and expressions of appreciation should be liberally mingled with everyday matters not necessarily connected with sex. How can a woman accept the love addresses of a man who at all other times ignores or criticizes her? In the actual lovemaking ritual, words are as desirable as caresses.

In woman, sexual excitation rises slowly. She needs to be prepared for the act. Generally, the masculine orgasm occurs before her senses are totally roused. Thus, she is left unsatisfied, nervous, perhaps disgusted. In order that she may really consummate the sex act, her husband must learn self-control and enlightened technique. It will augur well for the future of the race when women demand a higher intelligence quotient of men as lovers.

Marriage should provide a proper environment for the offspring. The slow development of children, the necessity of their organic and spiritual formation, require permanency in human mating. In other terms, monogamy and indissolubility of marriage. Since the quality of the children depends on the hereditary endowment of the parents, the wise selection of a mate is of the utmost

importance. Only in this manner can eugenics be realized.

Between husband and wife, intellectual union is highly desirable. Feminine intelligence, although differing from masculine intelligence, is not inferior to it. Girls should receive as advanced an intellectual education as boys do. In order to play their specific part in life, they need extensive knowledge. It is folly to confine their interests to the details of housekeeping, or to the so-called duties of society. Love becomes anemic if not helped by intellectual activity. Both the happiness of married life and the future of society depend on intelligence in love. The main enemy of love is the innate selfishness that modern education develops to its maximum in each boy and girl.

The sex act has been deprived of its natural consequences by the technical progress of contraception. However, the biological law of reproduction remains imperative. And transgressors are punished in a subtle manner. It is a disastrous mistake to believe we can live according to our fancy. Being parts of nature, we are submitted to its inexorable laws. Sterile love may sink into monotonous dreariness or selfish folly. Generally, the old age of those without children resembles a barren desert.

Insufficient fecundity is also dangerous. For the only child is deprived of the companionship, formative influence, and help that his

potential brothers and sisters would have given him. In large families, there is more cheerfulness and mutual aid than in small ones. It is probable that three children are the indispensable minimum for the harmony of the family and the survival of the race. The true social unit is not the isolated individual, but the functional group constituted by husband, wife, and offspring. Curiously enough, democracy gives more importance to the individual than to the family.

We have not yet fully understood that love is a necessity, not a luxury. It is the only ingredient capable of welding together husband, wife and children. The only cement strong enough to unite into a nation the poor and rich, the strong and the weak, the employer and the employe. If we do not have love within the home, we shall not have it elsewhere. Love is as essential as intelligence, thyroid secretion, or gastric juice. No human relationships will ever be satisfying if not inspired by love. The moral command, "Love one another," is probably a fundamental law of nature, a law as inexorable as the first law of thermodynamics.

Those who achieve greatness in business, in art, in science, are strongly sexed. There are no sexual weaklings among the heroes, the conquerors, the truly great leaders of nations. But sublimated love does not need material consummation. Inspiration may come from

the repression of sexual appetite. "If Beatrice had been the mistress of Dante, there would be perhaps no *Divine Comedy*."

To conclude: Man and woman have no innate knowledge of the physical, mental, and social requisites of married love. But they are capable of learning the indispensable principles and technique of this complex relation. Prospective husbands and wives will be wise in

applying their sense of material and spiritual values to the selection of a mate, and to preparation for the great adventure. Those who are married, and perhaps already disappointed, should realize that failure is avoidable, that success can still be achieved. For intelligence, which has given man mastery over the material world, also possesses the power to usher him into the realm of love.

Reprints of Doctor Carrel's notable article, "Breast Feeding for Babies," which appeared in the June issue of The Reader's Digest, are available at the following prices, postpaid: Single copies, 5¢; 10 or more, 4¢ each; 100 or more, \$3 per hundred. *Remittance must accompany order.* Address Reprint Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

TO BE CIVILIZED is to be incapable of giving unnecessary offense, to have some quality of consideration for all who cross our path. An Englishwoman once said to the artist, James McNeill Whistler, that the politeness of the French was "all on the surface," to which he replied: "And a very good place for it to be." It is this sweet surface politeness, costing so little, counting for so much, which smooths the roughness out of life. — Agnes Repplier, *Americans and Others* (Houghton Mifflin)

Illustrative Anecdotes — XXVI —

Q A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN of 75 or so went to a physician and requested a general checking-up as to the state of his health.

After looking him over thoroughly, the doctor smilingly reported that everything was fine and shipshape. "Tell me," he asked as the old chap paid his fee, "have you followed any regular regimen which would account for your excellent physical condition?"

"Well, it's this way," his patient replied. "When I was married some 50 years ago, I entered into an agreement with my wife to the effect that whenever I lost my temper and began to blow off steam, she was to remain silent. When she, on the other hand, lost her temper I agreed to leave the house. Well, for over 50 years I have enjoyed a fine outdoor life, which no doubt accounts for my present condition."

— Mrs. Patrick Henry Adams

Nothing Ever Happens

Condensed from The Yale Review

Dorothy Canfield

OUR FAMILY has lived for the past 175 years in a pleasant long valley in the Green Mountains with farms and stone walls and quiet villages on the lower slopes and forests above them. It is so removed from the stirring modern world that visitors often say, "Well, it certainly looks as though nothing had ever happened here!"

From a newsreel point of view they're right. But from our point of view lots of things have happened, things we're proud of, though they're not much to tell, things we're ashamed of, things that make us laugh when we think of them. Here's a sample.

Years ago my great-grandmother heard that Mrs. Hunter, the farmer's wife on one of the mountain farms, never came down to the village to buy things or to go to church because she was afraid people would laugh at her. Her mother had been an Indian, and her skin was very dark, and they were plain people with little money and she didn't think her clothes were good enough. And now she'd stayed away from people so long that she was shy, and went into the house and hid if a stranger happened to stop at the farm.

Great-grandmother no sooner

heard that than she got into her battered old phaeton and drove to the Hunter farm. Mrs. Hunter was hanging clothes on the line when Great-grandmother drove into the yard and before she could dodge away and hide, Great-grandmother hopped out and said, "Here, let me help you!" In a minute, she was pinning up sheets and towels and men's shirts, her mouth full of clothespins. "My, how clean you get them!" she said mumblingly around the clothespins. "What kind of soap do you use?"

By the time they got the big basket of wet clothes all hung up, the dark-skinned, half-Indian woman couldn't feel shy of the quick-stepping little old lady from the valley. They went into the kitchen and had a splendid time talking as they washed the breakfast dishes and then sat down together to the basket of mendings. The question of going to church came up, Great-grandmother asked to see the coat and hat Mrs. Hunter had, said they were just as good as hers, every bit, and before the old visitor had gone, Mrs. Hunter said she would go to church the next Sunday if she could go with Great-grandmother and sit in the same pew.

"Yes, indeed," said Great-grandmother. "I'll be waiting for you on the front porch with my daughter and granddaughter."

Sure enough, next Sunday there was Great-grandmother and her young-lady daughter and her little-girl granddaughter all in their best Sunday dresses, smiling as Mr. Hunter drove his wife up in their lumbering old farm wagon. Mrs. Hunter had a bonnet on over her sleek black hair, the strings neatly tied under her chin, and her dark face was all creased with those nice-looking smile-wrinkles, as she climbed out on the hitching block. It was a cool day; she had put on a warm cloak, and, over this (being a real countrywoman whose idea of dressing up was a fresh clean apron), she had a big blue checked-gingham apron, nicely starched.

My aunt, who was the little girl on the front porch that day, used to tell me about what happened next. She and her young-lady aunt were so astonished to see a woman with a big gingham apron on, *over her coat*, that they were just ready to put their hands up to their mouths to hide a laugh, when Great-grandmother said, briskly, "Well, girls, would you believe it! We've forgotten to put our aprons on. Just excuse us a minute, Mrs. Hunter." And she hustled them into the house, and — although they kept saying it was "terrible" — she made them put gingham aprons on over their coats and she

herself put on the biggest one she had, and they sailed across to church that way, all four of them, aproned from chin to hem, with Great-grandmother glaring so hard at anybody who looked surprised that people soon got the idea.

After the service, everybody came to shake hands with Mrs. Hunter (they knew Great-grandmother would have a thing or two to say to them if they didn't) and said they were glad to see her at church. And after that Mrs. Hunter came every Sunday, the rest of her life — *without* an apron, for Great-grandmother negligently let fall, some time the next week, that it wasn't really necessary to wear them on Sundays.

Well, we laugh over that story, but we're really very proud of it. And we were prouder yet when long, long after Great-grandmother and Mrs. Hunter were both in the old Burying Ground, we saw another little incident that made you think that when once such a thing has happened, the very place itself is different, almost as if one action could make a natural channel along which other actions like it could flow more easily.

One of the families in our town was very poor. The widowed mother was sick, the five children scratched along as best they could, with whatever help the neighbors could give them. Their only clothes were things that other people had given up because they were too ragged. These the

nother patched, sitting up in bed. When the oldest boy — a thin little fellow about 14 — got a chance to go to work for a farmer around the mountain, he had nothing to wear but a very old shirt and some faded, patched blue denim overalls.

The farmer and his wife had never seen anybody in such poor working-clothes (they never dreamed his was all the boy had) and on Saturday when the farmer's wife went to the village to sell some eggs, she bought young David a brand new pair of blue jeans, so stiff they could almost stand alone

you know how brand-new overalls look. The next day at breakfast, they said they were going to church, and wouldn't David like to go along. Yes, indeed he would. When church time came, David appeared with his hair combed slick and smooth, his heavy workshoes blacked, his face as clean as a china plate. And he had on those stiff new blue jeans.

The farmer opened his mouth to say, "You'll be late if you don't get dressed for church," when he saw David's face. It was shining

with pride in the first new clothes he had ever owned. He looked down at the blue jeans with a broad smile, he ran his hand lovingly over their stiffness, and said, gratefully, "Land! I'm so *much* obliged to you for getting me these new clothes in time to go to church."

The farmer sort of coughed, and blew his nose, and said, "Wait a minute," and went back upstairs where he took off his own blue serge suit and put on a pair of blue jeans. Then, dressed just alike, he and David walked into church together, and sat in the same pew and sang out of the same hymn-book and — though neither of them ever said a word to me about it — I'm pretty sure from the peaceful, happy expression on their faces, that they never enjoyed any church service better in all their lives.

So when visitors from the city say, "Goodness, how quiet the life up here in the mountains is! Looks as though nothing had *ever* happened here since the Year One," we think, "Well, now that depends on what you mean by 'happen'."



I KNOW a conscientious old doctor who had all his life been harassed by being routed out of bed at all hours. When he retired from practice, he paid a neighboring night-watchman to come and wake him now and then at a quarter before five, in order to taste the exquisite luxury of sending the man to the devil, then turning over with a sigh of relief and pulling the blankets up under his chin.

— Robert Haven Schauffler, *Enjoy Living* (Dodd, Mead)

¶ The system whereby a great department store spies on its employes and even tempts them to steal

Undercover Man

Condensed from Liberty

(with revisions by the author)

Alfred V. Gerrity

As told to Webb Waldron

Note: Webb Waldron has contributed to leading American magazines for nearly 20 years and has a record for accurate reporting. He vouches for the following story, having taken pains to verify details by talking with several other members of the undercover squad. The various peepholes throughout this great department store were surreptitiously pointed out to him.

"PLEASE, MISTER, give me another chance," the boy begged. "I don't know why I took it. I'll put it back."

"Come along," I said, soothing like, "we'll try to fix it up."

I am on the "undercover squad" in a New York department store, and our special job is to nab thieving employes. I had just caught this salesclerk sneaking an electric razor. He kept pleading with me, but I got him into the office.

"Is this all you've ever stolen from this store?" I said.

"It is, so help me God," he said. "Listen, mister. What's going to happen to me now?"

"You should have thought of that before," I said. "Now sign this confession."

"Do I have to sign it?" he implored.

"You'll sign it if you know what's good for you," I said.

"What'll happen then?" he asked.

"You'll get the money that's coming to you and out you go."

He looked at me with a sick expression, then suddenly grabbed the pen. I'd knocked off another dishonest employe! I took the confession to the chief. He patted me on the back. "Good work, Al," he said. "Go out and knock me off another. We need cases."

There are six of us undercover men. We deal chiefly with petty theft. But some isn't so petty. We caught one employe who confessed to thefts of over \$5000 worth of merchandise. What the total amount of thievery is I don't know, but as for myself, I knock off about a hundred cases a year.

We get tips on dishonest employes in various ways. "Information employes" in almost every department receive \$2 a week extra for reporting anything unusual they observe. Anonymous letters

give us tips. Or an inventory shortage may put suspicion on a certain sales-counter.

We do most of our work from "plants" or hiding places. I suppose the customers would be astonished to know that we undercover men are constantly watching the sales-force from peepholes everywhere in the store. For example, we get into the ventilators that run along the ceiling, then look out through the screened openings. Sometimes we have to use a pair of binoculars. We hide in the stock rooms, make little peep-holes through the sheet-rock partitions. At night, we turn the lights off in the elevators and run them from floor to floor, observing the actions of maintenance men, stock clerks and porters through the little windows. We hide in empty cartons parked on the top shelves of stock rooms, fixed with holes so we can peek out. Sometimes a mirror set in the wall of a department is a two-way mirror; that is, an undercover man in a special hiding place behind it can see through it without being seen. There is scarcely a corner in the whole establishment that can't be covered from a plant.

The toughest catches are the old-timers. For instance, the store was missing high-priced merchandise from a certain counter. Worming into a narrow ventilator under the balcony, I dug a peephole through the plaster right over the counter under suspicion. For nine days dur-

ing the Christmas season, I hunched in that plant 13 hours a day without seeing anything. Then, on the tenth day, just toward quitting time, I saw a saleswoman who had been working in the store over 12 years slide a jeweled compact into her handbag. She was so quick and wary that if I hadn't been watching like a cat, I'd have missed it. I tailed her out of the store and made the grab. If you grab in the store, "old hands" may try to toss the merchandise under a counter before you can stop them, and claim they never had it. Or they may claim they were taking it up to the office to get the price readjusted or get it repaired. If we should make a mistake, the employe could sue the store.

Getting the confession after the grab is ticklish. It enables the store to collect from the bonding company in case the employe has gotten away with merchandise that can't be recovered. If you pretend the thing is going to be fixed up easy, you usually can get a confession if you are hard-boiled. If I can't, I turn the employe over to the chief. If he can't break the employe down, he may turn him over to the police. But usually the store doesn't like to prosecute. Newspaper publicity would hurt the store.

Our easiest meat is the kids who work in rush seasons. One evening, lying on a shelf next the ceiling in the reserve-stock room, I watched the boys loading trays of gloves,

handkerchiefs, socks. One of them dared another to sneak a pair of socks. I wanted to lean over and say, "Drop that, fellas!" But I lay there, watching. Finally the boy who was dared slid a pair of silk socks into his hip pocket. It was a sort of game. Another promptly pocketed a pair of gloves; and then another half a dozen handkerchiefs. Then I made the grab, and I got three written confessions.

Another night I spotted half a dozen boys and girls slipping men's wallets, compacts, ladies' handbags under their clothes. In all, I grabbed off 30 of these kids last Christmas season.

The special officers who police the store at night are checked on, too. One morning when these men were turning in their guns at the office, one of them bumped into the man ahead and felt a bottle. He tipped off the chief and that night two of us undercover men hid in the liquor-reserve room. On his first round, the cop just stood and gazed at the bottles in a rack. The next time, he picked up a few and looked them over. The third time, he parked a bottle in his hip pocket. When we nabbed him, he said, "Well, Gerrity, I've got to hand it to you. But I wouldn't have your job for all the money in the world."

I got a \$2 raise for that job, but soon afterward the news drifted around among the night patrolmen that I was spying on them. "Rat!"

one of them said out of the corner of his mouth as I passed.

As I said, the chief is always yelling for grabs. So we sometimes go down on the floor and try to get a few shoplifters. One day when I was on the main floor in hat and overcoat, looking like a customer, I saw a kid in the crowd at the fountain pen counter who looked as if he was going to take. He picked up a pen, held it in his hand. I slowly edged him back from the counter as if I wanted to get at the pens. Store detectives have learned that trick; if you spot a person with merchandise in his hand, edge him back into the crowd and see if he won't slip off with the stuff. So when this kid got shoved into the aisle and thought no one was watching, he wriggled toward the door. I went after him and grabbed him. I suppose you might say that was making a kid into a thief. But wouldn't he have fallen sooner or later anyhow? Still, I felt sort of lousy about it afterward.

Another way we relieve the pressure on us for cases is to plant merchandise to tempt employes to steal. Sometimes I feel lousy about this, too, but the store in self-defense has to weed out employes who are likely to turn crooked. If they're the kind who fall for the temptation we put in their way, the store can't afford to have them around.

One of our tricks is this: After the store has closed, we load a hand-truck with stuff and roll it out on

the floor. Then we plant on top of a ventilator. A night porter comes along, sees nobody in sight, and the temptation is too much for him.

But one night, when I was planted above a baited truck, a couple of porters came along, fingered the stuff, and one of them said, "You know, Bill, if you was to cop anything, you'd have one of them rats on your neck in a minute!" Then the other said: "Them rats watch us, but I wonder who watches *them*?"

I have often wondered about that myself. If the store doesn't trust anybody, why should it trust us undercover men? Maybe there's an under-undercover squad checking up on us.

Most of the employes in our store are honest. There are a few confirmed thieves, and a certain number who *may* steal if they think they are not being watched. Most

of them haven't the slightest idea we're planting on them. I often wonder why department stores don't tell employes — especially new employes — that they're under observation every minute and can't get away with anything. The store gives each new employe a booklet telling him the facilities and fine tradition of the place. Why doesn't it warn him that there are eyes and ears spying on whatever he does?

The tragedy of it is that under the present system the employe who might be kept honest but yields to temptation for lack of warning and steals only a necktie or a handkerchief may be caught and branded as a confessed thief for life. If my story serves to persuade stores to warn employes that they can't get away with anything, I feel that I will have partly made up for the many lousy things I have had to do on this job.



Notes on This Machine Age

¶ L. K. RUSH, an amateur radio operator of Bemis, Tennessee, has invented an automatic rocker for his baby. The sound of the baby's voice is picked up by a microphone, which starts an electrical device that rocks the cradle until the baby stops crying.

— Albert Benjamin in *The American Magazine*

¶ A SCARECROW installed in a fruit orchard at the Agricultural Station at East Lansing, Michigan, holds a small "gun" operated by carbide gas, which explodes automatically every few minutes. Birds that jeer at old-fashioned scarecrows keep well away from this one.

— *The Country Home Magazine*

☞ Eating weeds, flower bulbs, grasshoppers, snakes,
Food Dictator Saiki perfects a Spartan diet to
make his nation self-sufficient in any emergency

Japan's Diet Dictator

Condensed from The Commentator

Edgar Laytha

JAPAN is prepared to feed its entire population, if need be, on domestic foodstuffs, and at a cost of 5 cents a day per person. The diet would be strange: it might include weeds, roots and even insects, but it would be adequate. Already thousands of persons are thriving on it. Some of them are guinea pigs for the scientists, some are wealthy Japanese setting an example, most are industrial employes who eat the 5-cents-a-day diet because that is what their employer serves them.

Plans are available for putting the entire nation on the emergency diet in case of food shortage in war, or crop failures. In the past, certain parts of Japan have frequently suffered crop failures amounting to famines, during which peasants ate roots, stalks of water lilies and rice husks. But Japan's amazing research in the science of nutrition has a more immediate significance. With a diet which has cost roughly 15 cents a day, and wages based on that level, Japan has been able to undersell the other producers of the world. Let her bring down the worker's food cost by 66 percent, and

cut his wages to match, and she will be even more formidable as a competitor. Also, Japan has found in diet research part of the solution to her greatest problem, the pressure of population upon a poor soil.

The man who has done these things for Japan is Dr. Tadasa Saiki, whose published works on diet have won him world renown. Director of the Imperial Government Institute for Nutrition, has worked quietly for 18 years to lower living costs in Japan. By propaganda in magazines, books, and over the radio, he has educated the public to use cheap foods. Already his discoveries are helping Japan endure the strain of exporting food to the army while China's "scorched earth" policy has balked from securing supplies on the spot. In a crisis Saiki would put the whole nation on scientific rations at the lowest possible cost that will maintain health and vigor.

Under Dr. Saiki's orders, hundreds of food experts are now at work in the provinces, in factories, hospitals, reformatories. Two of them are in the Imperial Palace for even the God-Emperor eat

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(The Commentator, July, '39)

bone-building food prescribed by the Food Dictator, and his children are brought up on a special diet developed by Saiki.

Saiki began his program by collecting 6000 different native foodstuffs and working out the calory value and cost of each. Then he tabulated 500 breakfasts, dinners and suppers, costing no more than 16 sen (about 5 cents) for three meals, each supplying the requisite amount of calories. Books giving the calory content of the 6000 foodstuffs and the calory requirements for men, women, and children at different stages of life are distributed to the public. Every woman's magazine carries monthly articles on the subject. Dr. Saiki broadcasts his concentrated menus over the radio.

In provincial towns I have seen Saiki's experts at work in communal kitchens known as "Food Distribution Unions." The director of each district is the local chief of police. Factories draw their food supplies from these kitchens, employer and employe eating the same meals. At Kawaguchi, center of the Japanese iron industry, some 200 plants have joined in establishing a communal kitchen, the success of which, from an economic and health standpoint, has led to numbers of similar experiments. At present, the five-cents-a-day meals are not mandatory. But the diets are cheaper and more nourishing than the worker's usual fare,

and are spreading rapidly throughout the nation.

The Food Dictator has experimented intensively with plants and animals never before used by humans for food. I once visited Saiki on his sickbed when he had poisoned himself by eating water snakes. A year later, when I saw him, he had tried the experiment again — and again he was ill. Today he eats water snake as if it were fresh chicken. He found a way to prepare it safely, and water snake (which is abundant in Japanese waters) may yet be an important item in Japanese menus.

Bread was unknown in Japan until Commodore Perry opened the door for Western customers. Even today it is usually found only in foreign restaurants, rice remaining the great staple. But the Institute for Nutrition has established a bakery for the emergency manufacture of bread from straw and green leaves.

For the past ten years, 250 experts of the Institute have been compiling data on every plant that grows in Japanese soil, including weeds and flowers. In an indexed file, each plant is charted, the edible portions being shown in color. Saiki's experts are already fine-combing the conquered Chinese territories, preparing the same sort of charts for Chinese plants. When the word is given, millions of these charts will be distributed to the furthestmost parts of the empire.

Saiki has even experimented with the dietary possibilities of canned dogs and cats, snails, frogs and grasshoppers. He considers cats a delicacy, and rats "a delightful food." Once, when I visited him in the evening, the cook brought us a plate of grasshoppers which had been dipped in soybean sauce and cooked brown. Saiki ate them as if they were candy. He offered the dish to me. I could not refuse. "Arigato" — thank you — I managed to choke out, and gulped down one of the insects. It was not bad! According to tables which Dr. Saiki showed me, grasshoppers have a greater food value than fish.

Even more important than finding new foods, however, is the proper exploitation of the more common edibles. Fish heads, bones, scales, skin and guts are now pulverized and shipped, in the form of croquettes, to the army in China. It is asserted that they actually are more nutritious than meat. Seaweed, dried and ground, is made into a sort of macaroni. Typical of Saiki's thoroughness is his advice to Japanese housewives to place peas and beans in the window for a few days, until they begin to sprout. Then by eating sprout as well as vegetable they have nearly doubled the caloric value.

To find the minimum food requirements for different types of work, Dr. Saiki has been conducting extraordinary experiments. Policemen, teachers, postmen, labor-

ers — workers of every type — are brought to the Institute and fed a typical Saiki menu. An hour or so later they are to be seen in glass cages, weaving, hewing stone, running on treadmills. Each has a rubber bag on his back in which his exhaled breath is caught. Rubber tubes lead to dials. Attendants in white coats take down the figures registered. When thousands of these figures have been compiled, the average calory requirements of each type of worker will be established. If a crisis should come to Japan, Saiki would have wages regulated according to the calory requirements of each group of workers.

The most extreme measures may never be necessary, Saiki feels, as long as Japan has soybeans and fish. Many agriculturists agree that the soybean will play as important a part in the 20th century as the potato did in the 18th and 19th. In Manchukuo, Japan controls 70 percent of the world's output. And Saiki's eternal figures tell us that one pound of soybean flour supplies more nourishment than two pounds of meat.

But even more important than the soybean is fish, next to rice the main food of the Island Empire. Japan leads the world today with a yearly catch of roughly 86 pounds per capita.

Japan is an undernourished nation. This "undernourishment complex" tortures the sensitive Jap-

anese, who feel a physical inferiority to the husky westerners. They even brought in American and German doctors before the turn of the century, to change the diet of the entire nation. The westerners tried to raise wheat and rye and cattle, but the plan fell through, not only because it was too expensive, but because the people clung to their rice and fish which they had been eating for 2500 years.

Dr. Saiki's plans will not fall through. And his achievements look formidable from an American point of view. For now across the Pacific a highly civilized and industrialized nation, led at the moment by bold and aggressive militarists, is organized to exist on the barest essentials, should the need arise. Come what may, they know that under the brilliant leadership of Dr. Saiki, their food supply is secure.



Razed Eyebrows

SOME DAY, perhaps soon, women will look in their mirrors and give up the childish wish to look like someone else, someone who represents glamour — hateful, pitiful word! — and glitter and unreality. The first step will be to let their eyebrows grow again. They will be surprised and pleased to find how much more they look like individuals and not like sad, comic imitations of Hollywood bright lights. With the eyebrows in evidence, eyes will seem deeper and darker, thick noses less prominent, big mouths in better proportion, high cheekbones will recede a bit, and the whole countenance will recover its lost balance. For the eyebrow is part of the natural design of the face, and when the eyebrow is altered the design goes too — the design of the individual.

The eyebrow is, first and always, a feature to mark character, and its

absence wipes character from the whole face, gives it a masklike quality and weakens it. John L. Lewis without his furious eyebrows would be nothing but a funny stout man on the Victor Moore type. He owes much of his success to the menacing brandish of those strips of fur above his eyes.

Eyebrow plucking, shaving and shaping are nothing new. Cleopatra did it, and in China it's a fashion as old as China herself. But the American should avoid it. There's nothing oriental about the average girl's face. The modern woman needs all the facial expression she can contrive, and there is no greater aid than a pair of real eyebrows. Besides, what is to become of the eyebrow quizzical, the lovely flying eyebrow, the eyebrow elegant, the eyebrow noble, the eyebrow merry or mournful, if they are all made to conform to a Hollywood whim?

— Sophie Kerr in *Liberty*

Magic in the Commonplace



7 HERE IS a belief among many solitary woodsmen that every color or tint to which a tree is exposed during its life, glows in the fire when that tree is burned. Look deep into the coals and you can find the pinks and violets of dawn, the blueness of the sky, the burning brightness of the noonday sun, the angry black of a thundercloud, the crimson of the sunset, the silver radiance of the moonlight, the brilliant transparency of the stars.

— Larry Foster, *Larry* (John Day)

CLAUDE MONET, the great French painter, used to set off at daybreak with his luncheon basket and his paints and canvases. He would seat himself before a haystack, just a common haystack in a field, and begin to paint. All day long he would paint, covering canvas after canvas till at last it grew too dark to see. Twelve pictures, and all of the same haystack! But what an infinite variety of color as the hours passed, the sun rose and sank again, and the light played upon the stack from every angle and in every degree of intensity.

— Guy N. Pocock, *The Little Room* (Dutton)



7 HE MORNING after my arrival in Germany to study fungi with Professor Oskar Brefeld, the Professor's servant came marching in. In his hands, held as proudly as a flaming Christmas pudding, was a plate heaped high with horse-dung. With a flourish, he placed it on my table, covered it with a bell jar, and assured me that it was absolutely fresh and perfect. Incredible as it may seem, after my first feeling of revulsion passed, I spent three of the most entertaining and instructive weeks of my life studying the fascinating molds which appeared one by one on the slowly disintegrating mass. Microscopic molds are both very beautiful and absorbingly interesting. The rapid growth of their spores, the way they live on each other, the manner in which the different forms come and go, is so amazing and varied that I believe a man could spend his life and not exhaust the forms or problems contained in one plate of manure.

— David Fairchild, *The World Was My Garden* (Scribners)

MY FATHER grew vegetables as other men paint pictures. From the day the first seed catalogues came in February, he planned, devised, forecast. He had the vision of his garden first in his mind, and then he plied his brush with practiced hand. Scarlet, crimson and madder he brought to life in radishes, tomatoes, beets. His eye pleased in the blue-green of cabbage and cauliflower, the emerald of pod and ear; in the rich orange and yellow of carrot, the pumpkin's gold, the eggplant's purple silk; in the rhythm of lines found in a crookneck squash, and in the grace of an ear of corn. So far as his hand could govern, the canvas followed the vision.

— Della T. Lutes, *The Country Kitchen* (Little, Brown)

For collections of similar nature, see *The Reader's Digest* for
October '34, p. 48; June '35, p. 60; March '39, p. 52

Mass production of planes is near, thanks to plastics and an American engineer

Airplanes, Unlimited

Condensed from Scientific American

Forrest Davis

THE FLYING MACHINE, in an age when automobiles roll off the assembly line like shelled peas into a basket, is still hand-made. In some stages of assembly it takes two men four hours to rivet a single foot of a metal plane's surface. For years our aviation experts have been praying — more fervently than ever, since Munich — for some method of producing planes as rapidly as automobiles.

Their prayers seem about to be answered. A new plane-making technique promises to make possible a practically unlimited supply of stout, cheap, fast airplanes. Using a laminated plastic, similar to the glossy table tops and decorative panels found in cafeterias and night clubs, the new process has been developed primarily by Col. V. E. Clark, veteran designer who was chief aviation engineer of the U. S. Army during the World War, and by Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekeland, the father of modern plastics, with the coöperation of the Haskelite Corporation of Grand Rapids, Mich.

For a year and a half a mystery ship had been haunting eastern airports from Florida to Quebec,

undergoing all sorts of endurance tests. Then, in the course of a Congressional investigation early last winter, Dr. Baekeland's son, George W. Baekeland, revealed the existence of a laminated plastics plane fuselage which he said could be molded and made ready for the assembly line in two hours. This was the "Clark 46." Headlines flared briefly, but Colonel Clark squelched the sensation. Only now, after months of grueling tests, does he feel that his plane's performance justifies a public report. This report I am authorized to make.

The January revelation was no news to insiders, either here or abroad. For several years they have known that Clark was working on the mass-production problem. Few doubted his success. The time was ripe for fundamental advances in the laggard art of airplane fabrication and here was no "crank" inventor, but an able aeronautical engineer whose backers included some of the most prominent industrialists and financiers in the country. New, synthetic resins developed by the plastics laboratories had given aviation, as well as other crafts, novel

materials and new tools with which to solve the problem.

The 20-foot fuselage of the "Clark 46," which in time may relegate metal planes to the shelves of history, is sleek, glass-smooth, and rivetless. Its perfect flanks give no indication of the 1600 hours it has spent in the air, deliberately exposed to every possible flying strain, to every onslaught of rain, sleet and snow. Peer into the dark interior; notice the absence of the forest of structural supports found in the all-metal plane. All the space is free. There are no rivets; there is only a faint seam to show where the two 20-foot half-shells that form the fuselage were joined together.

Col. Clark calls the new material from which this fuselage is made "Duramold." Manufactured by a secret process employing phenolic resins discovered by Dr. Baekeland, Duramold does not chip or corrode, resists water, oil and acids and is stronger than metal. Says Col. Clark: "In the form of a simple thin-walled cylinder of given weight under compression, Duramold is, roughly, 10.4 times as strong as stainless steel." Its basic ingredients are cheap and in part absurdly common.

Duramold can be given any desired shape — and will keep that shape. This is all important. Experts in aerodynamics know that bumps or depressions invisible to the naked eye measurably interfere with the flight of a plane. In metal

planes such flaws are hard to avoid; stones thrown up by the wheels leave noticeable dents. In planes of Duramold, true to a few ten-thousandths of an inch, there need be no such imperfections.

Only the fuselage of the "Clark 46" is Duramold. The wings are of improved plywood — used partly because a plastic fuselage was sufficient for experimental purposes, and partly because Col. Clark wanted to compare the behavior of the two materials. Even laymen who have examined the plane have remarked that while the Duramold has stood the tests of 20 months, the plywood shows signs of deterioration and repair.

Within a few months we shall see a plane in which wings as well as fuselage are made of Duramold. Even now, Duramold may be pressed into sections long enough to give a wingspread of 85 feet, ample for most military purposes. Under gunfire Duramold fuselages and wings will fare better than metal ones because they will have no intricate network of supports to be shot away. Because of its seamless, rivetless skin, a high-speed all-Duramold plane will have a frictional drag no greater than glass, and will be theoretically seven percent faster than its all-metal counterpart. At 300 miles per hour, this would be a gain of 21 miles.

But the revolutionary feature of this new process is the speed of manufacture. At the Haskelite plant

in Grand Rapids, nine men molded a half section of the "Clark 46" fuselage in one hour. Two hours for the whole fuselage. Shipped to the Fairchild factory, only five hours and 20 minutes were required to assemble the entire fuselage and fit it, without filing or drilling, to the completed plane. In regular production, the time should be cut even further. There is no reason why Duramold wings and fuselages may not eventually enable us to realize the longstanding dream of airplanes as cheap as automobiles. Clark may become the Ford of the skyways.

Nazi Germany terrified the world by turning out 10,000 metal planes in one year. The democracies — including ourselves — knew that it would take months, perhaps years, to overcome this preponderance. The great Douglas plant, under forced draught, needs 18 months to turn out 500 ships for the British. We can tumble airplane motors, instruments, propellers, fittings, off the assembly line. But production bogs down in the bottleneck of structural parts, with their thousands of man-hours and millions of rivets.

Duramold planes will break the bottleneck. The German war plane program calls for 160,000 skilled workers in the airplane plants alone, plus 240,000 more to make parts. With ten sets of dies, 200 men in a factory covering one city block could build enough Duramold fuselage, wing and tail shells for 300 planes a month. With 100 dies,

2000 workmen, only semi-skilled at that, could in one year mold and assemble 36,000 Duramold planes.

These things are just round the bend of the future. Col. Clark, though long a pioneer, has rivals. Glenn Martin has been conducting research at the Mellon Institute under Dr. William L. Rast, with the hope of evolving his own plastics type ship. Another group of researchers under Eugene Vidal, former director of Air Commerce in the Department of Commerce, has already molded seaplane pontoons which are now being tested by the Navy. In Europe the race for solution of the problem of mass-production planes is furious. Plastics propellers, lighter, stronger and cheaper than metal, are being produced in England as in the United States. Already the German Heinkel works is supposedly making three planes a day of plastics plywood panels — which is primitive compared with Col. Clark's achievements. Another German firm is said to be installing 12,000-ton plastics molding presses, possibly large enough to form structural airplane parts.

The implications of all this are tremendous. When the new science of plastics has helped solve the problem of mass production of planes, the winged fear that made Munich possible need never be repeated. No one nation will be able to cow another from the air for long. Planes may become no more

important in the balance of war and peace than rifles are today. The only possible superiority in the air may depend on morale, flying skill, strategy, and a ready supply of petroleum. If peace lasts until plastics

planes are as much a reality as Fords, their sheer quantity may help to keep the peace. And to peacetime aviation their cheapness and durability may open up vistas as yet undreamed of.



"The Gift without the Giver . . .

¶ THE MOST IMPORTANT lesson in giving I ever received came from one of my neighbors on Henry Street, a naturalized Rumanian immigrant. He had come to me with a request which I was unable to grant. To ease his disappointment, I asked him for advice about finding a suitable location for a blind jeweler whom I hoped to establish with a newsstand. I did not ask for money.

"I give you \$100," said my Rumanian friend immediately. I was reluctant to take his money and told him to go home and think it over. "Miss Wald," he said, "it's me that wants to give the \$100 — the *real* me. If I go home and talk it over with my sons they may say, 'Father, that's a lot of money. Rich people would not give so much,' and the chances are I send you \$25. But that would not be the real me." He took out his checkbook and made his sign (he had never learned to write), and left with me the check for \$100.

—Lillian D. Wald in *The American Magazine*

¶ WHILE TOURING in Spain, an American musician was entertained at a grandee's house, where there was much of the grandeur of the past though less of the wealth of the present. The musician happened to admire some old battle flags of embroidered silk, trophies of the past glories of the grandee's ancestors. Soon after his visit, the Spaniard sent him one of the flags, asking him to receive it as a gift, an appreciation of the joy which his music had given the sender. The musician deprecated receiving such a gift, priceless to the giver, an article of curiosity only to him. So he returned it. But the flag was again sent after him with this explanation: "Your art, sir, gave me unusual pleasure. I want to mark my appreciation in an unusual manner. I know that you admire this banner of silk, for it is no more than that to you. To me, as the symbol of a brave deed of one of our family, it means much more; and I wish to give you something the giving of which I shall feel."

—Felix Schelling, *Summer Ghosts and Winter Topics* (Lippincott)

¶ They call her the greatest woman in Egypt—this big-hearted American who is "Mamma" to many throughout the country

Nile Mother

Condensed from The American Magazine

Jerome Beatty

On tour, writing of magnificent adventurers in faraway lands

EGYPT is a land of wonders, but to me its greatest is Miss Lillian Trasher, once of Jacksonville, Fla., mother to 647 Egyptian orphans and 74 penniless widows. No deserving child or widow has ever been turned away from the amazing open house she conducts at Asyut. Singlehanded she has raised more than \$370,000 in the last 28 years to build this huge institution and to educate, feed and clothe the poor and friendless.

Miss Trasher reminds you of Marie Dressler in her merriest moments. At 51, her hair is gray, her lovely, friendly face browned by the wind of the desert. She has a small staff, all natives but one, and performs with untiring vigor the duties of money-raising crew, hotel-keeper, school principal, and two or three hundred mothers.

Asyut is a city of 60,000, up the Nile 235 miles from Cairo. Miss Lillian's charges come from all over Egypt. Some come as babies and stay until they are married or get jobs. The smartest boys over in the missionary college are usually those Miss Trasher has reared, and whose

school expenses, somehow, she manages to dig up. The orphanage is home to all of them, and the boys come back when they lose their jobs, the girls return to have their babies there. Most of the girl babies are named "Lillian."

The streets of Asyut are crowded with the conglomerate of the Orient — barefoot camel drivers, veiled women dickering to save half a cent in the shops, beggars, undernourished children, their faces spotted with those Arab flies that stick like leeches. In winter, Luxor-bound tourist boats steam by the orphanage buildings which are scattered along a smelly irrigation canal. If the tourists who pay \$350 for the trip would spare a few minutes to drive over there, they could see how Miss Trasher's tight and practical economy clothes, feeds and educates a child for about 10 cents a day; how \$350 would run her orphanage for five days, or keep one child for more than nine years.

One man did just that. He was a British lord on a holiday, and as a result of his visit he gave Miss Trasher more than \$35,000. He is by far her most generous contributor.

Lillian Trasher's father was manager of an asphalt paving company, her mother a Vassar graduate. Lillian was a devout church member, interested particularly in children, and when she was graduated from high school she volunteered as a worker in an orphanage. Later she met a missionary from Asyut who told her that if she would pay all her expenses she could go there and preach to the heathen.

Her parents protested, but she eventually collected enough money, dollar by dollar, from church people and set sail. Her older sister went along as a volunteer chaperone, expecting that Lillian would soon get enough of Egypt and give up. That was in 1910, and Lillian was 23. She hasn't given up yet and she has gone home only on a few not-too-successful money-raising excursions.

She had to live in vile surroundings, accustom herself to bad food and water. She had to preach through an interpreter. She was terribly homesick. Her associates, fearing for her health, begged her to go back home. She wouldn't budge. She soon learned that you can't convert a Mohammedan. But she was sure there was something she could do. She started to learn Arabic, she visited the sick, fed the hungry as well as she could with the little money that came from friends in America.

Four months after she arrived in Asyut, Miss Lillian found her niche.

A sick woman whom she had been nursing died, leaving a baby of three months. She took the baby home and gave it its first bath. Recalling her previous work with orphans, she got her big idea — the Asyut orphanage. Had she had some large church organization back of her it might have been easy. But she was on her own. She was in constant danger of attack by Arabs who often spat at her and yelled obscenities as she passed. But Lillian Trasher has never known fear. A few years ago, in front of the orphanage, four hijackers attacked a hashish smuggler who, with his wife and baby, was on his way into the interior. Miss Lillian leaped into the battle, scorning the flashing knives. She chased the hijackers away, got the woman and baby into the orphanage, and called the police, who carted off the body of the dead smuggler. The woman and child are still with her.

Her friends told her she could never get enough money from America to keep the orphanage going. "If I can't," she said, "I'll collect from the Egyptians." And she started by stopping an Egyptian messenger on the street and telling him what she was doing. He gave her 35 cents. It happened that he was sick and, following the Egyptian belief, thought that if he gave to the poor he'd get well more quickly. The next day he was feeling fine. So began the conviction, now widespread in Asyut, that God

takes good care of those who give liberally to the orphanage.

At first Miss Trasher had only six children. The natives suspected that she was gathering them to be taken as slaves to America. They had never heard of an orphanage. Orphans got along as best they could. They often died and, since they belonged to no one, who cared? If they lived they grew up to be the riffraff of the towns, existing mostly by petty thievery.

But the government of Asyut began to take an interest in Miss Lillian, and with official approval her work grew. When money didn't come from America, and Asyut had been pretty well solicited, she made long trips by donkey to collect money, chickens, vegetables and wheat from outlying villages. The police helped her and allowed her to sleep in police stations.

Even the Governor of the Sudan heard of her and sent from far-off Khartoum a young mother and her illegitimate child, to save their lives. As is the general custom, they would have been poisoned or their throats cut by righteous relatives. Many such mothers seek haven with Miss Lillian. She has children of lepers, too, taken from their parents before they contract the disease.

After five years Miss Lillian had nearly 50 children; then she began to take in widows, whose assistance in caring for the children was invaluable. Today she has a dozen

buildings with endless rows of beds in dormitories, nearly 450 children in schoolroom after schoolroom. There are rooms where 60 girls sew the clothing which Miss Lillian cuts. There are screened cribs for the babies, gardens, orchards, beehives, a cattle shed, a room in which 14 blind girls grind wheat, outdoor laundries where the widows do tremendous washings. All her charges call her Mamma, and she loves it.

There is a church which, a tight fit, holds all of Miss Trasher's widows and children, except the 40 or 50 tiny ones. When they all stand and sing, a lump comes in your throat and you blink back tears. Seven hundred and twenty-one — there may be 750 by now — fed, clothed, and educated by one lone woman. "An American girl can do anything if she tries hard enough," she had said. And there's her proof.

The orphanage is affiliated with the Assemblies of God, a comparatively small American church organization, and through this Miss Lillian collects her salary of \$40 a month and a small part of her running expenses. Most of the latter comes from the people who know her best, the Christian Egyptians.

She lives from hand to mouth. Sometimes there isn't another grain of wheat for tomorrow's breakfast, and then she goes to town with a glint in her eye, and folks know they'd better dig down in their pockets. She gets many contributions of food, grain, and sometimes meat.

One man gives a barber \$20 worth of wheat a year to keep the boys' heads clipped.

Miss Lillian is up at sunrise and works furiously until ten at night. Her shoes are worn, her clothing is simple, her house, part of which is a nursery, is so small that her office is in her bedroom. Half a dozen women from America have come out to help her. They've all gone home, unable to stand the gaff.

One of her friends told me of hearing Miss Lillian at prayer. She was in her tiny living room with Fize Fam, a fine young Egyptian who was reared in the orphanage. Now he is her first assistant and head of the boys' school. They had just discovered that they couldn't quite meet the payroll, which is

\$225 a month, and Miss Lillian was going to town to see what she could do.

"Please, Lord," she prayed, "surely if I do the work here you can take care of the money. Please send us \$200 today."

"Why not ask abundantly?" said Fize. "We need lentils and beans, and clothing for the boys."

"Lord," Miss Lillian amended her prayer, "please send \$300."

Fize brought her hat and coat. "Why not \$500?" he suggested.

She lifted her face and said, "Well, Lord, you do whatever you think is right."

On her way to town she met the mailman. There was a letter from an American, containing a check for \$1000.

✦ *Toward a More Picturesque Speech*

*S*HE REPLIED in a few well-frozen words (Edward Lange) . . . He adored her and the feeling was nuptial (Mac Anderson) . . . He was shirking his way through college (Perc Robins) . . . She's very cosmeticulous (Philo Brockway) . . . She was only make-beloving (Cissy Rubin) . . . Intoxicators (Herb Caen)

How Else
Would
You
Say It?

like pollen (Lois Montross) Mother's hair, soft as a handful of soapsuds (Margaret Lee Runbeck)

THE SEA keeps receding with little curtsies (Franz Werfel) . . . Tick-tock quiet (Herbert Krause) . . . Thunderheads gathering to consult in gutturals (W. Ethridge) . . . A bird not so much singing as sharpening a note (Katherine Mansfield)

THE MEMORY of his light kiss clung

To the first contributor of each accepted item of Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases, the source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address: Picturesque Speech Department, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.

¶ An eminent Englishman calls upon England
to save herself from sham and snobbery

Britain, Wake Up!

Condensed from The London News Chronicle

J. B. Priestley

Playwright; author of "English Journey," "Doomsday Men," etc.

ENGLAND is in grave danger. Threatened from outside, we are perhaps even more dangerously threatened from within by our own weaknesses. It is true that we have inherited a wonderful tradition, of freedom, of empire, of literature and the arts. But it is simply not enough for us to go on and on congratulating ourselves upon what our great-grandfathers struggled mightily to achieve. We cannot be mere inheritors. We ourselves must be energetic and creative, or we shall decay and rot.

Britain is frequently regarded abroad as a rich but tired old man. And it is true that at present we have a rich-tired-old-man government. Probably our commonest error in speech is our description of this country as a "democracy." It is nothing of the kind. What it really is nobody quite knows; it might be described as a plutocracy disguised as an aristocracy.

All our real government is done by the Right People. In every position of authority — in the Civil Service, Finance, the Church, the fighting services — the effort is to find "men with the right back-

ground." Outside of the sciences, a clever lad who has not "the right background" doesn't stand much of a chance. And I suggest that if you are ruled by a private-income, dividend-drawing class, the members of that class will see things in terms of their own interests — rather than in terms of the general happiness of the English people.

In many departments of our national life we have lost the virtues of an aristocratic system and we have not arrived at the virtues of a democratic one. To take a tiny but typical example, one of hundreds: You will see advertisements by titled ladies offering for a handsome recompense to introduce young women to the London Season. In a true aristocracy a lady of title would not offer her social privileges for sale. In a true democracy those privileges would not be worth buying.

From the moment it was known that Honors could be bought, such Honors should have been laughed out of existence. There is not the slightest reason why rich men should be allowed to disguise themselves as feudal barons. This is a real

country, where men and women have to live their lives, and not a fancy dress ball.

We are humbugged day in and day out by this medieval masquerade — by the tradition of a feudal aristocracy and landed gentry. Because of it, half our time we cannot behave like grown-up persons. Our periodicals are filled with nonsense about rich idlers. The country house routine is regarded as the great goal, life at its fullest.

Our urban life seems dreary and rather barbarous because nobody capable of making money settles down to be a citizen. We consider the American millionaires crude industrial brigands. But at least some of them have given their native towns all manner of things, from institutes of scientific research to symphony orchestras. Such benefits are not unknown here, but I will wager that 50 times as much has been spent here on imitating the habits of the landed aristocracy.

This snobbery, running through our national life, is one of the greatest recruiting forces for intolerant and ungenerous Toryism. As soon as anybody is really successful he is taken up and smiled upon by the Right People. And after that, three times out of four, though he may have come from the common people, and owe his success to their affection, he is lost to them. Thus we see how a romantic like Ramsay MacDonald was successfully be-glamoured.

When we can sweep away all this snobbery and sham, as a nation we shall be immediately more honest, more intelligent and more vigorous.

Whenever I move about in England I am still surprised to find how many people live on private incomes or on pensions. Now nearly all of them are pleasant human beings. But their presence in such large numbers is not a good thing. They tend to lead a bored, uncreative sort of existence. They are chiefly motivated by the fear of losing their regular money.

Thus they are naturally opposed to any experiment, to the nation taking any risk, to the faintest threat to their security. They tend to form a solid bulk of shortsighted, timid, deeply conservative opinion. I believe that most of them would be ten times happier if they were compelled to work again, really to save England, for which they have a genuine love.

At the other end of the scale is that terrible army of the real unemployed. The continued existence of these unhappy men is perhaps the darkest blot on modern English history. To give a man just enough to exist on, as our dole system does, with no prospects of work and real wages, year in and year out, is to take the manhood out of him.

The American system of relief work, cost what it may, is far better. Even Hitler can show us something better, and while we have these gray ghosts of men in these

dark, silent towns, we are in this one respect beneath the level of the dictatorships.

For our lethargic state of being mere inheritors and not creators, we must, in large measure, blame the middle classes. It is from them that the great impulse to make this a better country must come. In five years they could remake Britain.

But, at the moment, they show precious few signs of doing it — simply because no lasting vision of a nobler England haunts them. Such is their present style of life that no vision of any kind haunts them. Most of them are living too exclusively near the surface of things; leading a car-and-wireless life — a life without fullness and depth. Strong and generous impulses, moving us to desire and work for the common good, arise only in natures that are themselves strong and generous.

Democracy seems to me to rest upon two propositions. That though men are very different in natural ability, they are alike in the fact that they are equally *important to themselves*, and are therefore likely

to be equally affected by good or bad government.

Secondly, that natural ability may *turn up anywhere*, so that you should give men the same chance to show what they are made of. Real democracy always releases a flood of previously dammed-up talent. But we in England are suffering from an absence of democracy.

Get rid of this rich, tired-old-man atmosphere. Britain should start worrying about its people — not the Right People, but all of them — and let everybody walk clean out of this Thackeray novel of snobbery so many English still live in.

At heart the English are good people. They have an immense store of political virtue — a willingness to coöperate, a sense of fairness, a natural dislike of intolerance — and it is because not enough use is being made of this immense store, one of the few unplundered treasure chests left, that I have made this plea. Very sincerely I believe that the world will be a better place if the English are wide awake and not merely mumbling and grumbling in their sleep.



Window Frame-Up

A book issued by the Army gives all manner of advice to noncommissioned officers. It even tells how to make men who have quarreled friends again. The men are put to washing the same window, one outside, the other inside. Looking at each other, they soon have to laugh and all is forgotten. It works; I have tried it.

— Ludwig Bemelmans, *My War with the United States* (Viking)

Personal Glimpses

IN THE many years he taught philosophy at Harvard, George Santayana held his classes spellbound with the beauty of his speech. He was an ambulatory lecturer, wandering about the room and using pauses in his stride to punctuate his speaking. Joseph Auslander, then at Harvard, told me of one beautiful spring morning, when in the course of his lecture Santayana went often to the window and looked out upon the disturbing yellow of a hedge of forsythia. Finally he paused for a long time, longer than ever before, while the class in the big lecture hall sat with pencils poised to take down his next words. At last he turned to the class and said: "Gentlemen, I very much fear that last sentence will never be completed. You see, I have an appointment with April." And then he walked out of the room. He has been keeping his appointment with April ever since for he never lectured regularly again.

— Louis K. Anspacher

HOUDINI, the magician, employed many deft artifices to foster the romantic element in marriage. On occasion, with an air of portentous confession, he would remark: "Mrs. Houdini, you are a modern woman of liberal ideas. You will not be angry if I keep a date this evening. I expect to meet the most beautiful woman in the world at such and such a corner at six-thirty. I shall be home very late."

This would be Mrs. Houdini's cue to dress herself up in her best frills and keep the assignation. Houdini would pick her up with cavalier gallantry and

whisk her off in a cab to some road-house. With an air of mystery he would order a private dining room, where they would enjoy a gorgeous champagne dinner. Many a waiter was fooled by the illicit and nonconnubial atmosphere of these affairs.

— Harold Kellock, *Houdini* (Harcourt, Brace)

LEONORA DUSE, the great actress, once offered to look after the year-old baby of some friends while the family went for a walk.

"What will you do if she cries?" they asked.

"Do? I'll sing to her," said the resourceful Duse. "I have lots of tricks to entertain babies."

When the parents returned, they found the baby sitting quietly in her carriage, her eyes fixed with a hypnotic stare upon the sofa. There lay the great actress, her head drooping, her mouth open, her eyes shut. She was snoring — regularly, sonorously snoring.

Slowly she opened her eyes. "Sh!" she said. "If I stop for a second, she'll cry."

Then she explained: "I sang for her. I danced for her; I made faces at her; I acted the whole of *Paolo and Francesca* to her, and she hated it all. But the snoring — from the first faint sign — she loved it!"

— Mrs. Daniel Chester French, *Memoirs of a Sculptor's Wife* (Houghton Mifflin)

CHARLES STEINMETZ was an inveterate smoker. When a notice forbidding smoking was posted in the General Electric plant where he

worked, Steinmetz ignored it until an executive asked if he were not aware of the rule. The answer was a cold, indifferent stare. The next day Steinmetz didn't show up, and for two days no one heard from him, while important work remained untouched. Then began a serious search which ended in the lobby of a Buffalo hotel where he was found sitting at ease in a huge chair and puffing a cigar.

Told that the whole company was looking for him, and asked why he had left so unceremoniously, he calmly replied, "I came up here to have a smoke." After that the smoking rule was never applied to him. — *The Pick-Up*

ONE EVENING I put Mark Twain beside May Sinclair, the English novelist, at dinner. It was Miss Sinclair's first visit to America, and she was the most silent guest we had ever had. Although Mark Twain did his best to make her talk, she took him as she took everyone else — almost in silence.

At the end of the dinner, Twain escorted her to the dining-room door. As he opened it for her he fixed his brilliant eyes on hers. With great solemnity he put his fingers to his lips and produced a long-drawn-out "H - u - s - s - h."

As we passed into the next room, Miss Sinclair spoke at last. "Now, why did he do *that*?" she asked. "I hadn't said a word!"

— Elizabeth Jordan, *Three Rowing Cheers* (Appleton-Century)

SO DEPENDENT on the adulation of his audiences was Franz Liszt that he is said to have paid women 25 francs to faint at his concerts. The swoon was

always timed to occur just before the climax of his most popular run. Liszt would leap from his piano stool, pick up the swooner and leave the rest of the audience impressed by his brilliance and dismayed by their own stolidity. Once, however, the hired fainter forgot to faint. Liszt's fingers flew up the keys — but he could not finish the run. So he fainted himself.

— *Lilliput*

THE CREATOR of Robinson Crusoe was by profession a secret service agent, one of the great ones of all time, employed by the Queen and by Whigs and Tories alike. The writing of books was largely a pastime for Daniel Defoe. Yet he was a whole platoon of journalistic shock troops in himself. He turned out pamphlets with effortless clarity and speed. He wrote three and sometimes four newspapers — a monthly, a weekly, a tri-weekly, and, for a time, a daily.

Not only were Defoe's most famous characters fictional, but he himself was partly a figment of his own teeming imagination. He published some books anonymously, but signed his name to the introductions in which he recommended them to the consideration of the reading public. He encouraged himself in letters to his papers and reviled himself in letters to rival sheets. He corrected himself, he quoted himself, he plagiarized his own writings in works which he attributed to foreign commentators. More than any other man who ever lived, he permitted his aptitude for secret service to infect every other practice of his almost innumerable vocations.

— Richard Wilmer Rowan, *The Story of Secret Service* (Doubleday, Doran)

Nobel, the Prize-Giver

Condensed from *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Harland Manchester

ONE DAY in 1861 a group of Paris bankers gave impatient audience to a young man who said he had a big idea. He was a Swede; a thin, sickly, nervous chap, but with plenty of assurance.

"Messieurs," he announced dramatically, "I have an oil that will blow up the globe!"

The bankers jumped, but the young man calmly went on to explain his new explosive. Shortly his hearers cut him off. The whole thing sounded impossible, and anyway, who wanted the globe blown up?

When Napoleon III heard about the young Swede, however, he spoke to a financier, and Alfred Nobel went back to Stockholm with a draft for 100,000 francs. Thus the foundation was laid for the Nobel fortune.

To Alfred Nobel there was nothing sinister about powerful explosives. His father, Emmanuel Nobel, had been tinkering with them for years, and had invented a naval mine used by Russia in the Crimean War.

Alfred was the third of four brothers, and the puniest of the lot. His mother fought a constant battle to keep him alive. As a young man he traveled in Europe and America; and in Paris he met a girl

with whom he fell desperately in love. She died. Saddened and embittered, Alfred returned at the age of 21 to his father's factory and there he went resolutely to work — for work, he decided, was all that life held for him.

Emmanuel Nobel was convinced that nitroglycerin had great possibilities as an explosive, though it was used then chiefly as a stimulant in heart ailments. Under certain conditions it would explode, but no one knew just what these conditions were. Sometimes a container of the stuff would fall to the ground with a thud, and nothing would happen; sometimes a small jolt would cause a shattering explosion. Alfred and his father set out to tame nitroglycerin.

Gradually Alfred took the lead in the experiments, and arrived at the theory that the only sure way of exploding the soupish liquid was to confine it in a stout container and set it off with a sharp primary explosion. He evolved the blasting cap — an invention still the basis of the whole nitroglycerin and dynamite industry.

After securing Louis Napoleon's help, Alfred and his father went hopefully to work, but nitroglycerin still would not behave. In May,

1864, an explosion killed the youngest son, Emil, and four workmen. Old Emmanuel was prostrated, and never recovered.

The Nobels had no permit to work with explosives, and the authorities cracked down. Indomitably, Alfred kept on. He moved his plant to a barge moored in a lake. Chemist, manufacturer, bookkeeper and demonstrator all in one, he hardly took time to eat, and succeeded in ruining his digestion for life. He would show the world, he said, that his blasting oil was safe.

Within a year the Swedish government was using his "soup" to blast a terminal railway tunnel under Stockholm, and he had launched manufacturing companies in four countries.

He was too optimistic; nitroglycerin's reign of terror was about to begin. One morning in 1865, Nobel's plant in Norway soared skyward. A few weeks later, a railroad worker in Silesia tried to cut frozen blasting oil with an axe. They found his legs half a mile away.

The next April, 70 cases of nitroglycerin blew up aboard a ship docked in Panama. Even the wharf and freight house nearby were wrecked and another ship badly disabled. Sixty people were killed, and the damage came to \$1,000,000. A few days later, 15 persons were killed and a block of buildings was wrecked in San Francisco by a nitroglycerin explosion in an express wagon.

Alfred Nobel arrived in New York on a business trip shortly after the San Francisco blast, bearing boxes of "soup." He was about as welcome as the plague. People avoided him, and hotels turned him away. When he announced that he would give a public demonstration at a quarry, only about 20 men came to see the fireworks, and even they kept their distance. He poured a little of the terrible oil on a flat piece of iron, and then raised a hammer. The spectators ducked for cover. There was a sharp report, but Nobel was unharmed. He coaxed them nearer, and in a dry, scientific manner explained that only the oil struck by the hammer exploded. You couldn't blow off the lot, he said, without confining it. Then he touched a match to the puddle. It burned, but didn't explode.

For two hours Nobel put the mysterious giant through its paces. He finished the performance with some real blasts, to show what it would do when given its head. The crowd went away convinced.

Although Nobel's office now was swamped with orders and a fortune was within his reach, he almost failed that year. Several countries passed laws forbidding use of Nobel's "soup," and ships refused to carry it. A safe nitroglycerin had to be invented. So Alfred Nobel invented it, though some say it was an accident.

In northern Germany there is a light, absorbent earth called *kiesel-*

gubr. Nobel's workers ran out of sawdust and used the earth in packing nitroglycerin cans. The story is that one of the cans leaked, and Nobel noticed that the *kieselgubr* drank it up like blotting paper. He mixed three parts of "soup" with one part of *kieselgubr* and his prayers were answered. The stuff could be kneaded like putty and packed in cartridges and it was safe to ship. Nobel called it dynamite. Within a decade, 15 Nobel plants were turning out six million pounds annually of the new explosive.

At 40, Alfred Nobel found himself a lonely, exhausted, melancholy man, with no interests outside his work and few acquaintances outside his companies. He didn't even have a home. They called him "the richest vagabond in Europe."

He tried to make himself over. He bought a fine house in Paris. He returned to Shelley, the god of his boyhood, and had an idea of writing. But he was equally at home in six languages, and never could make up his mind which to use. Even in conversation he wandered from one to another, unconsciously slipping into the language which the topic suggested.

Nobel was a prodigious reader, not only of technical books, but of poetry and philosophy. He liked those writers who bolstered his belief in the constant progress of humanity. Many of his letters — he often wrote 50 a day — were exhaustive discussions of new novels,

plays, and books of verse. He started two novels which he never finished and late in life he wrote a play, in which he became completely absorbed. He went to London for a business conference, talked business for five minutes, then brought out his play and read it. The play was about to be published when he died. His executors thought it best to burn the edition, saving only three copies.

Because he wanted to entertain, he considered marriage, but since his early love affair he hadn't met a woman he thought he could get along with. He made cynical remarks about women, for he was desperately shy and believed himself so repulsive that no woman would marry him except for his money. Yet whenever an attractive woman made a determined attempt to be nice to him, he opened up like a flower.

It was his loneliness that led to the establishment of the peace prize. His correspondence was in six languages, and it was not easy to find a good secretary and an accomplished linguist in one person. He got so he hated to hire secretaries, because he dreaded dismissing them.

In 1876 he tried once more, and Bertha Kinsky, a Bohemian countess, answered his advertisement. She was an attractive woman of 30, well educated, charming in manner and a good listener. Nobel's gloomy, kindly and occasionally sarcastic

manner appealed to her. He, in turn, was much impressed. But before she had actually entered upon her duties, she eloped with young Baron von Suttner.

The couple worked for the Red Cross during the Russo-Turkish War. The Baroness came back appalled by what she had seen, and wrote a passionate anti-war novel. Soon she was a recognized leader in the peace movement. The Baroness and Alfred Nobel had remained firm friends, and now she appealed to him to help in the movement.

Nobel was undoubtedly moved by Bertha von Suttner's enthusiasm, although he sometimes poked fun at her. What she needed was not money, he told her, but a workable plan. There were too many "gas bags" in the movement, he told her, and predicted that his high explosives would put an end to war sooner than her peace meetings, because as military weapons became more deadly, horrified nations would disband their troops.

In spite of his doubts, Nobel decided to leave his fortune—which amounted to about \$9,000,000—to found a prize for distinguished peace workers. Later he included the prizes for science and literature. He intended these awards, not as crowns of success, but as lifebelts for sinking geniuses. Yet the terms of his loosely-drawn will made it impossible for the award committees to consider the financial status of the recipients.

Nobel turned his back on Paris when the French government, alarmed because he had sold his smokeless powder to Italy, placed restrictions upon his work. He lived his remaining days in austere solitude at San Remo, Italy. When his brother Ludwig, who had made a fortune in oil, died, the French papers thought it was Alfred; and he had the peculiar satisfaction of reading his own obituaries. They were not complimentary.

At San Remo he spent most of his time working on synthetic rubber and artificial silk. His heart began to give out, and he went to specialists. He laughed when they prescribed nitroglycerin. He bought a sphygmograph, watched the line which showed the irregularity of his pulse, and pointed out to friends the degree of variation that would kill him. On December 10, 1896, he died.

Before his death Nobel had abandoned the idea that more powerful killing agents would frighten the nations into peace. He pinned his faith on something very like the League of Nations.

At first, he did not intend to found a perpetual peace prize. He suggested that it be discontinued at the end of 30 years, for he believed that if international peace were not assured by then, the world would relapse into barbarism. He said that in 1893. It was just 30 years later that an Austrian house-painter led a *putsch* in Munich.

☛ A hard-working agency's new weapons in the war
against poisonous foods and dangerous drugs

Food and Drug Detectives

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Edward R. Keyes

A UNITED STATES Marshal, accompanied by a federal food and drug inspector, walked into the warehouse of the Economy Drug Co. in Atlanta, Ga., one afternoon in April, served a warrant on the manager and seized 1018 of the familiar blue bottles of Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer. In seven other cities other seizures of Bromo-Seltzer were made. And thus began one of the most important battles in the 33-year history of the government's effort to police America's food and drug supply. It will almost surely end in the Supreme Court as the first full test of the Food & Drug Administration's new power to stop the sale of drugs which "are dangerous to health when used in the dosage . . . suggested in the labeling."

The government will have the tough job of trying to prove that a 50-year-old product for which consumers spend \$20,000,000 every year is dangerous under certain conditions.

Until the new food and drug law was passed a year ago, the government could seize products because

they had been adulterated, because they were fraudulently labeled, or because they were filthy — but not because they were dangerous.

Now that loophole is closed and the government gets many other new powers.

It is able to control cosmetics, devices like trusses, hearing aids, nasal sprays, and frauds of the electric belt variety.

It has power to forbid the sale of any new drug product until its safety has been established.

It can seize products that look like "more for the money" because their packages have false bottoms or are only partly filled.

It can establish standards of identity for all food products — to prevent a packer, for example, from calling his product "jam" unless it contains a certain minimum amount of real fruit. Sub-quality products will have to be labeled "Below Standard."

It can compel products with distinctive names — products like Miracle Whip, Ovaltine, Velveeta — to list their ingredients and the amount of each on the label so that buyers can compare them

with standard mayonnaise, malted drinks, cheese, and what not.

It can compel a patent medicine manufacturer to print a warning on the label of his product if it contains habit-forming drugs. It can also make him declare the quantity or proportions of dozens of drugs to which a great many people are allergic.

It can place a whole industry under permit control in case of a serious outbreak of food contamination in any locality.

The Food & Drug Administration put up a five-year fight to win these new powers from Congress. It was a far more desperate struggle than the fight 30-odd years ago to put the first food and drug law on the books, although it didn't get the headlines that were lavished on the crusade which the spectacular Dr. Harvey W. Wiley led in 1905-06. Dr. Wiley could count on the support of the press; Walter G. Campbell, his successor as chief of the Food & Drug Administration, could count only on criticism. In the intervening 30 years advertising had become a big business, and it was this big business which was under heavy fire.

But the battles of 1905 and 1938 were alike in one important aspect; in both, it was the women who won. Women of the National League of Women Voters, the American Home Economics Association, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. They

brought pressure to bear on Congressmen, disputed industry witnesses at public hearings, tirelessly stumped the women's lecture club circuit, telling the story of the "Chamber of Horrors." The "Chamber" was a series of displays in the basement of the Department of Agriculture building, showing dozens of dangerous products which the bureau was unable to touch; its prize exhibit was a series of testimonial letters endorsing a fake tuberculosis cure, each letter matched with the death certificate of its author.

In the end, it was a wholesale tragedy that persuaded Congress to take action: specifically, the 107 victims of the Elixir Sulfanilamide made by the S. E. Massengill Co. of Bristol, Tenn.

Salesmen had told the manufacturer that there was demand for the wonder-working sulfanilamide in liquid rather than tablet form. So the company chemist went to work to find a fluid in which sulfanilamide would dissolve, and when he found one—a drug called diethylene glycol, already under suspicion in medical circles—480 gallons of the lethal fluid were shipped out for sale all over the country *without being tested on a single laboratory animal*. Since the law did not compel the naming of ingredients on the label, the many doctors who received samples of the product and who later prescribed the medicine for their pa-

tients had no idea what they were administering.

Within 24 hours after Washington received its first report of deaths resulting from the medicine — nine of them in Tulsa, Okla. — the entire field staff of the Food & Drug Administration — 239 inspectors and chemists — was following up every single ounce of the Elixir. From the manufacturer through branch houses and wholesale establishments, through the corner druggist to the ultimate consumer. In addition, each of almost 700 individual samples mailed to physicians had to be traced. Before they finished the job, the government agents had accounted for 99.2 percent of the total production.

The most revealing aspect of the entire episode was the fact that the Food & Drug Administration was able to seize the goods only because of a trivial technical error. The Massengill product had been called an "elixir." According to federal standards an elixir must contain alcohol — and the Massengill medicine did not. Had the product been labeled a "solution" the Food & Drug Administration would have been powerless to act though a hundred people died.

Spurred on by these circumstances, Congress finally conferred the new powers on the Food & Drug Administration which it began promptly to use. In the first month after enactment it made

several seizures. One of them was Causalin, which bore the subsidiary label, "Aminodimethylpyrazolon-Quinolinesulphonate." The press was amused that the 16-syllable designation wasn't enough. But the government was really objecting that the name concealed rather than disclosed the fact that this widely advertised rheumatism "cure" contained amino-pyrine, a painkiller sometimes deadly.

Announced at the same time was the seizure of 275 packages of Lash-Lure in 32 different localities. Tests have indicated that approximately one user in 20 might expect bad effects ranging from runny eyes to death. Yet Lash-Lure couldn't be touched under the old law. Its manufacturer couldn't be sued by victims because beauty parlors made patrons sign a legal waiver before using the dye. Now the Food & Drug Administration has successfully preferred criminal charges against the maker.

Such cases are sensational, but the real backbone of food and drug regulation is built of the day-to-day routine seizures of contaminated food and below-standard drugs. Products diverted to the dump heap last year included:

2,600,000 lbs. of maple syrup dangerously contaminated with lead from syrup-making equipment.

798,000 lbs. of worm-infested Canadian Whitefish.

3,700,000 lbs. of condiment seeds containing insect and rodent excreta.

6,000,000 lbs. of insect-infested dates.

37 shipments of non-sterile surgical supplies.

Back of such performance is endless laboratory research in the field stations and in Washington. Walk into one of the laboratories in the Agriculture building and you will see chemists working on a method of measuring decomposition in fish that will stand up in court. In the next laboratory, cross-sections of corn-ear worm removed from a bottle of chili sauce are being prepared for a microphotograph. Here a technician is checking tests of six nasal sprays, already seized as being good for nothing but to blow infection into the sinuses and middle ear.

In another laboratory, experiments are being run to perfect a new testing technique that shows when tomato juice is squeezed out of whole ripe tomatoes — as it should be — and when it is made principally out of cores and skins.

Each year, the Bureau selects for special investigation a dozen or so divisions of the food, drug and cosmetic industries. Recently, it has made checkups on jams and jellies, candy, macaroni, flour, frozen fish, tomato products, pecan meats, headache and cold remedies, contraceptive devices, and bandages and surgical dressings.

After the bureau concludes such projects, most of the bad actors in the business toe the mark — much to the satisfaction of the ethical

producers, who frequently tip off the government on the activities of the chiselers.

Some industries require almost constant supervision. Even the most law-abiding apple grower, for instance, cannot always guarantee that his fruit has not too much poisonous spray residue. And then there is crabmeat, which is easily contaminated and is packed by some operators who haven't even elementary ideas of sanitation.

To keep pace with such increasing perplexities, the bureau last year fitted up a testing laboratory on wheels. From March to September, the trailer rides north up the Atlantic Coast with the crab fishing season; in the fall it is hauled around the apple-growing country in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

Some industries have achieved so high a standard of sanitation that, though their output may offend in other ways, the bureau rarely worries about its purity. The fruit and vegetable canning industry is a case in point. Not one death has been caused by a commercially canned food *produced in the United States* in the past nine or ten years.

Of all the emergencies with which the Food & Drug Administration must contend, floods present the greatest challenge, for when the waters rise they contaminate everything they touch. During the Ohio River flood, food

and drug inspectors moved into the Brown Hotel in Louisville when the water was still at the second-floor level—moved into rooms without heat, without light. In boats the inspectors checked stores and warehouses, marking goods which had been contaminated. After the waters went down hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of foods and drugs went to the dump in trucks, with mounted guards to keep off hungry pilferers. Despite sickness and fatigue, the inspectors stuck to the job night and day with almost fa-

natical fervor. Thanks to this earnest spirit among food and drug inspectors, consumers are getting the kind of protection that money can't buy. At least, it's the kind of protection that money isn't buying.

In the last fiscal year, the government spent only 1.1 cents per citizen to protect the public against the ever-present threat of poisonous foods and dangerous drugs, while it spent about \$1 a citizen on naval armament against the remote threat of an armed invasion.



"Hopeless Cases"

"**D**OCTOR, we want you to select from a foundling asylum a boy and a girl whom we can adopt. We do not want attractive children, who get opportunities for adoption. We insist on having the most hopeless cases! We will give these children the benefit of living in the country, with healthful surroundings."

This seemed the strangest commission ever given a medical man, yet I recognized the integrity of my visitors. They were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erskine Beall who, having married late in life, realized it would be impossible for them to have children yet believed that they owed childhood a debt.

I selected a boy and a girl: each was cross-eyed, bow-legged, rickety, and had other congenital deformities. I feared that when Lord and Lady Boun-

tiful saw them they would abandon their plan, but I was mistaken. They legally adopted both children. Specialists were called in; eyes were straightened, adenoids and tonsils removed, and a harelip on one of them made almost normal.

So pleased were the parents with the results that after two years I was again invited to select two children; and, later, still two more. I have watched the growth of the six children year by year, and the changes wrought in them are beyond belief. The last time I met the Bealls, I asked if they would soon be ready for two more babies.

"Very soon now," was Mrs. Beall's prompt reply, "but this time we want two black babies."

—Dr. William E. Aughinbaugh, *I Swear by Apollo*
(Farrar & Rinehart)

☛ Experiences for the asking!
Every great city contains material for 1001
hours of creative adventure, free-of-charge

Metropolitan Odyssey

Condensed from Cue

Morris Markey

Author of "This Country of Yours," "Manhattan Reporter," etc.

TOWN PLEASURES can cost plenty, but no imaginative person need accept the stupid idea that all big-city amusement must be paid for in cash. New York, the city I know best, lies handsomely before you, wide open and admission-free — *if* you'll only generate enough originality to step out and find it. Take a single deep breath of ingenuity in any large city, and you can be off on a very odyssey of adventure.

For instance, at the Bush Terminal Docks — the largest freight piers in the world — I once found a cargo steamer just in from a voyage around the world, and invited myself aboard. The first officer was a hospitable fellow who seemed to relish a new face; soon he was telling some fine tales of the four months' cruise. A Lascar crew was working the cargo up from the hold — goat-skins and patchouli, horse-tails and human hair from China, elephant tusks and myrobalan and snakewood. Some were heaving on a big case, chanting to it in unison: "O, a mighty case; Allah's blessing on it." As the load grew

heavier, the chant became shrill and resentful. "An evil case, defiling the hands that touch it."

At last the burden came to rest and the Lascars flung themselves panting upon the deck. The officer told me they were actually prisoners on board! Port authorities never allow them ashore because of immigration laws. At sunset they appeared on deck in robes of spotless white, their prayer rugs under their arms. Their serang, or priest, offered prayer and presently they were all beating their heads, crying to Allah for mercy. In the distance blazed the lights of Manhattan, a city whose streets they would never walk.

Any oaf can pay \$2.20 admission to a big-league ball game, but sometimes it's more fun to watch a good sandlot team in action. For a hat-breaking experience, I suggest that you pop up to Jasper Oval and watch two colored teams whang that old ball around. The brand of baseball is excellent, but it's the saffron comedy that you'll relish most. The players talk to the ball like a Dutch Uncle; they josh each

other, the spectators and themselves. "Feet, take me home!" they cry as they round third base, and if they get a home run they ride right up to heaven on golden shoes. It's a Darktown Strutters' ball game with every player a combination of tambourine-slapper and Joe DiMaggio.

In sedentary mood, when I want amusement without stretching shanks' mare, I attend an auction sale. The "spiel" of the auctioneer is hypnotic; under its influence sales resistance crumbles. But you don't *have* to buy; the fun lies in watching others frantically bidding for overstuffed objects which they bear off to already overstuffed apartments.

If your appetite for adventure takes a spiritual turn, any city gives you full opportunity to gratify it. There are more than a hundred different sects with churches in New York: Buddhist, New Thought, Swami, Hard-Shell Baptist. You can hear sermons in 20 languages and watch services of exotic beauty. There is among others a tiny congregation which gathers every Sunday afternoon at St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church at St. Ann's Ave. and 140th St. The services here are for deaf mutes, and the minister preaches his sermon in flickering, graceful gestures of the hands. The congregation prays in concert — and the chorus of hands, moving in symbolic speech, spells out the Lord's Prayer. Afterwards a voice-

less "choir" leads the worshipers in the singing of hymns that have no sound. No organ plays, for the congregation would be unable to hear it. Only the rhythmic waving of hands — a touching and unforgettable sight — announces to the visitor that these men and women are praying and singing, lifting up their aspirations out of a lifelong silence.

I commend to you also the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Every day, Gregorian chants are sung in the ancient Roman way, unaccompanied, with only a tuning fork to give the pitch. The anxieties of the workaday world seem far off indeed as the voices rise in the antique measures and then fade in diminishing waves against the groined vault of the chapel.

Every playwright goes, at one time or another, to a law court for his big "trial scene." You can go, too; there are dozens of courts open to the public. Shun the celebrated trials, because there are crowds and it's hard to get in. But appoint yourself a jury of one and slip quietly into the back row of any Magistrate's Court. Humor, pathos, tragedy pass in review. A man is brought in for beating his wife; she weeps and begs the judge to let him off. A crap game has been raided; "John Sylvestro and 30 others" are charged with illegal gambling. Greasy bail-bondsmen hover about like predatory flies. Pickpockets, drunks and prostitutes pass like characters in

a chapter from Balzac's *Human Comedy*. It's an experience for anyone with a capacity for questing.

Walking along the waterfront, I met Mr. Banjo Williams. His pipe glowed as he sat in the doorway of his home — a little cabin on an Erie freight barge; his invitation to come aboard was heartiness itself. The shack was furnished with a ruined cot, an iron stove, a sea chest and a faded picture of the schooner *Hyssop*. Banjo could remember when he sailed the *Hyssop* to the South Seas, with casked brandy and New Testaments in her hold. At various times Banjo had been a copratrader, a salesman of zithers in Bali and a beachcomber in the Lesser Antilles. But an unsuspected chapter of his life was revealed when I spotted a battered copy of Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

"How did you happen to get this?" I asked.

"I knew the guy that wrote it, and wanted to see what kind of a yarn he could tell," replied Banjo. "I shipped under him on a couple voyages. He should have stuck to skippering."

Then for the next hour he held me enthralled by stories of Conrad's prowess as a first officer and later as a captain. I left that little cabin with the feeling that the great Conrad — one of my literary heroes — was a better man than I had ever realized.

You will have to stay up late or get up early if you would see the

West Street 'ood markets, the biggest free show in town. At three a.m. every day food for 6,000,000 people chokes the streets on the lower West Side. Much of it is sold at auction, an utterly bewildering auction conducted in a brass-lunged gibberish, unintelligible to the layman. As the dawn breaks in the midst of the brawling madness, you'll go home a little breathless, but certain that New York will eat for another day at least.

You positively must double-as-terisk Butler Davenport's free theater on East 27th Street. It's a Thespian side dish that will forever after flavor your memories of the theater. Butler Davenport is an actor of the *old* school (he might have been a contemporary of Booth) who after many years of struggle and privation has succeeded in establishing his own playhouse. The physical equipment is on the rickety side, and the company is composed of unpaid young men and women who hold jobs during the day and become actors after supper. They shift their own scenes and make their own costumes; occasionally, one of them breaks through into the Broadway theater. I once remember seeing Davenport do *Hamlet*, and his rendition of the melancholy Dane — though somewhat shaggy along the edges — was in many ways the best performance of *Hamlet* that I have ever seen. It was done with the simplest of props, and fantastically bad support from

the company, and it brought me alternately to wild tears and laughter. There is no charge for admission; if you care to, you drop a coin in a contribution box.

For those who enjoy watching the manufacturing wheels go round, New York is a permanent carnival. Whether you are interested in fishing tackle or fine cheese, you can find where it is being made and go look at the process. Presenting yourself to the manufacturer with a confession of your curiosity, you are almost certain to be welcomed. Go, for instance, to one of the great newspaper plants to see how your paper is put together. The visitor can trace the progress of a news item: when a reporter telephones a scoop at the last moment, copy desk, linotype and presses start grinding at a furious tempo and the printed page is on the street eight minutes later.

Instead of doing such an obvious thing as "killing" time in a movie or at a dull bridge table, why not give a creative twist to the roulette wheel of adventure? Journey up to Columbus Circle, where of a balmy summer's evening, the four and seventy jarring sects of politics and economics heave their soapbox theories at mankind. Or go to the little

clinic in the 30's where Dr. James S. Greene conducts his hospital for speech disorders. Here you will listen to eager speakers, all former stutterers whom the clinic has helped to conquer their disability. For a civic thrill, listen in at a meeting of the Board of Estimate which spends \$600,000,000 a year. It is a financial circus; Mayor La Guardia is the ringmaster, a brisk, whip-handle of a man with an engaging irascibility and a mocking humor. Then, to cool off, wander out to one of the big airports and watch the sky-going ships roar off, or come slipping in for a sweet landing.

Acres of Diamonds points out the infinite riches that lie about us in ordinary life. Any great city is a diamond-sown acre of experience. I happen to live in New York. But the encounters I've had can be found in every town. Seeking them is more than an entertaining hobby. Essentially these adventures are essays in other ways of living. They get us out of the poky little rut we tend to dig between our homes and offices, widen our eyes to the immense variety of American life. Best of all they are accessible, free of charge, to anyone who has the originality and desire to reach out and claim them.



AN ELDERLY LADY who bore her years remarkably well was asked by a child if she was young or old. "My dear, I have been young a very long time," she replied.

— Montreal Star

¶ Here are the "must nots" that govern radio news — and the reasons for them

For Further Details—

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Frank D. Morris

"FLASH! Hanover, New Hampshire: Nine Dartmouth College students were killed in the Theta Chi fraternity house when a furnace explosion filled the room in which they were sleeping with carbon monoxide gas. . . . New York: Two men wanted for murder. . . ." Walter Winchell went rattling on through his Sunday evening broadcast, oblivious of the commotion he had caused.

Hundreds of parents with sons at Dartmouth immediately bombarded the NBC studios with frantic phone calls. Was their Robert or David listed among the dead? What were the names of the boys? How could they get more details? Telephone and telegraph wires to Hanover hummed — all because of a quarter-minute radio "flash."

Hours later, the morning newspapers appeared with a complete account of the accident, and life settled back to normal. But the tragedy wasn't easily forgotten at NBC. A few more breaks like that and censorship might be upon them.

NBC's first corrective step was to organize a regular department to handle all such news programs. The

Hanover example was the first in a still growing list of "mustn'ts." The list includes items that would make a tabloid editor chuckle. For example: "Early in the evening children are listening in, so sex, crime and juicy stories are out. At 11, however, we can be more liberal with our treatment and types of news stories.

"No flash stories about plane crashes, school fires, riots, etc., until complete details are available and rescuers have the situation under control."

Reason — once when a race riot broke out in New York's Harlem, many people heard of it in a radio news flash and flocked in from distant parts of the city to see the excitement, thus greatly hampering efforts of the police to quell the disturbance.

When a transport plane dove into the Pacific near the Golden Gate a while ago, NBC — to forestall a flood of phone calls from relatives of every person believed to be flying anywhere in the vicinity — kept the story off the air for hours until they knew who were on the plane and what happened to them.

Even when prison sirens scream and squads of grim-faced guards set out to bag an escaped convict — a story always good for a streamer newspaper headline — the NBC newsmen shut their eyes to the exciting details. Instead they caution the public in this fashion: "Here is a special bulletin. Officials of the state penitentiary report that one of its inmates has not been accounted for. Motorists in that vicinity should be careful about giving lifts to strangers. Housewives are advised to beware of tramps asking for meals."

Not long ago the Bureau of Standards in Washington handed out a mimeographed description of a new chemical which, after exhaustive tests, had convinced chemists it would stop, with one dab, a run in milady's stocking. Complete details were given, including the ingredients and how to mix them — information every woman listener would gobble. The radio editors sighed and shook their heads. It couldn't go on the air. Some fool woman might get the instructions wrong and concoct a lethal mixture.

"No suicides," says NBC, "unless it is a Donald Coster or an Ivar Kreuger." Most other suicidestories are too full of emotionalism and suggestion for impulsive listeners.

"Never refer to stutterers, cross-eyed persons or physical handicaps." An indignant letter telling of the humiliation of one so afflicted who was listening in with a group of normal persons caused that one.

"Be careful about using similes on the air," is another rule. One news commentator, in describing an embarrassing situation, said, "It is like having your gas turned off on Thanksgiving Day, with your house full of guests." Spoken a few days before Thanksgiving, these words caused a number of gas company employees, who had tuned in late, to rush to their phones and deny vigorously that the gas was going to be turned off.

These are not the only misunderstandings that produce headaches for the broadcasting systems in their daily news reports. Along about 1933 the press associations — Associated Press, United Press, International News Service — began to wonder why they should hand out choice news items free to a competing medium, and ruled that no more news stories were to be given the broadcasters. Let them dig up their own. The situation has been patched up, and now the radio chains *buy* news from the associations, but relations with the press are still unsettled.

In their pioneer days — only a scant few years ago — news broadcasters, who were mostly ex-newspapermen, tried city-room methods, preparing for the air stories as a reporter would write them: the gist of the story summed up in the lead paragraph, followed by a more lengthy and detailed treatment of the subject. That makes palatable reading in your newspaper, but try

reading it aloud and it sounds as stilted as a Fourth of July oration. Attempting to appeal strictly to the ear, radio men next tried the town-crier method, which proved too formal. Now they try to make their news broadcasts sound as though a man has just come home, bursting to tell his family about the collision of two fire trucks he has just seen down the street — conversational, chatty, folksy.

The programs of the professional commentators, Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter, Edwin C. Hill and the like, are usually commercially sponsored and are made up like a vaudeville bill. Each item is an act that must be "spotted" to give variety to the whole show, with the last item usually humorous to put the audience in a pleasant mood for the commercial sales-talk that follows.

News broadcasters still work under handicaps. They try to bring to the ear what the newspapers bring to the eye. But in the daily paper you can select whatever reading you want; radio, on the other hand, dishes it out and you either listen or you tune to some other station. If you don't assimilate a newspaper story in one gulp, you can reread it; on the radio you must catch it on the first bounce.

This is why a news broadcaster uses pronouns sparingly. If he is talking about President Roosevelt, he does not say "he" or "him" every time he mentions his subject,

but refers to "The President" or "Mr. Roosevelt." Late tuners-in may not know about whom the announcer is talking. Columbia found this out when they aired a bulletin reading, "William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of President Hoover, died today in Washington." This brief announcement instantly brought in a flock of phone calls asking if the report of *Hoover's* death were true. Radios had been tuned in at the split second when the ex-President's name was mentioned.

But radio is learning, and the terrific speed of its impact upon the public holds certain advantages. This was dramatically exhibited on a Lowell Thomas program. Paul Clark, a 14-year-old boy, was in a hospital in Point Pleasant, N. J., suffering from a severe kidney ailment and, to save his life, the doctors had prescribed a peculiar medicine — watermelon juice. But this was in December and there were no watermelons ripening in New Jersey. Hospital authorities communicated with Thomas and in his first news item he explained the boy's plight. Exactly four minutes later NBC was offered, by telephone, a watermelon for Paul, and within 14 minutes dozens of similar calls arrived, while one melon actually had reached the hospital, and Paul was kept alive. Unrehearsed radio dramas like that are young radio's unspoken answer to "The Power of the Press."

Dwellers in the Shadow—1914

Condensed from Current History

Samuel T. Williamson

On the bright Sunday forenoon of June 28, 1914, Nedjelko Cjabrinovitch stood on Cumuria Bridge in Sarajevo. In his pocket was an oval metal object. At the corner of Franz Josef Street, four blocks away, stood Gavrilo Princip. In his pocket was a pistol.

The crowds that packed the sidewalks stirred as four automobiles slowly approached. In the first was the Mayor with the Chief of Police. In the second was a man with shoebrush haircut, handlebar mustache and angry eyes. Beside him was his wife, in a white dress. It was their 14th wedding anniversary.

Cjabrinovitch knocked the cap of his bomb against a post, then cast it at the second car. The chauffeur saw the danger and speeded up, and the bomb wrecked the third car. The two leading cars streaked to Town Hall, where the Mayor, in an address of welcome, assured Archduke Ferdinand of the loyalty of the Bosnian people and of the joy with which they welcomed the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. "Enough of that, Mr. Mayor!" Ferdinand interrupted wrathfully. "I pay you a visit and you receive me with bombs!"

The Mayor fumbled through the rest of his speech. When the royal party left, their car turned into narrow Franz Josef Street. General Potiorek, Governor of Bosnia, called out, "That's the wrong way! Drive straight ahead."

But for that change in direction, 8,000,000 might not have died within the next 50 months. When the chauffeur put on his brakes and backed, Gavrilo Princip could not miss. Ferdinand and his morganatic wife died at 11:30 that Sunday morning of June 28, 1914.

FAR to the North, the afternoon sun shone on the sails of a Kiel regatta in which Wilhelm II of Germany was racing his American-built schooner *Meteor*. A navy launch shot alongside the yacht and Admiral Müller tossed a message aboard, folded in a cigarette case. Wilhelm turned pale when he read of the assassination.

In Paris that afternoon Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who had christened the *Meteor* 12 years before, watched the running of the Grand Prix at Longchamps. At Kiev, Russia, Igor Sikorsky arrived safely from St. Petersburg on the first successful flight of a transport plane.

In New York, Mrs. Margaret Sanger was under indictment for disseminating birth control information. In Baltimore, a little black man named George Baker took part

in a ceiling-shaking meeting of Jehovah's Disciples. Soon he would be known as Father Divine.

July 2: Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, believed that now was the time to settle accounts with troublesome Serbia, provided Germany would stand by. He told Berlin that Serbian plotters contemplated Wilhelm's death should be attend Ferdinand's funeral. "I see a dark future," mourned 84-year-old Emperor Franz Josef.

At Hammondsport, N. Y., on this Thursday, Glenn Curtiss flew the *America* at 60 miles an hour, carrying a 2000-pound load. The plane was built for Rodman Wanamaker for a transatlantic flight in the interest of disarmament. Orville Wright had recently said: "The airplane will end war, for when the men who make war find their lives in danger, they will be less likely to decree war."

Rockefeller Institute announced that day that Dr. Alexis Carrel had kept the tissue of a baby chick alive in a test tube for 28 months. In Little Falls, Minn., the 12-year-old son and namesake of Representative Charles A. Lindbergh was on vacation from grammar school. Anne Morrow (7) was at the family summer home at North Haven, Me.

Joseph Chamberlain died that day in London. His son, Arthur Neville, was a Birmingham alderman and business man.

July 6: "Austria must decide what to do about Serbia. Whatever she decides,

Germany is her friend and ally." Thus the German Foreign Office gave Austria a blank check. "Now or never," noted the Kaiser—and left on a three weeks' yachting trip through Norwegian fjords.

Off Cape Haitien this Monday, Ensign Richard E. Byrd of the U.S.S. *Washington* saved a seaman from drowning. The Treasury Department reported collections of \$71,000,000 under the new income tax law. This amounted to one tenth of the federal government's receipts for the fiscal year, bringing satisfaction to Representative Cordell Hull (Tenn.), author of the law.

James A. Farley, of Grassy Point, N. Y., Supervisor of the Poor of Rockland County, was circularizing voters in the hope of breaking the local Republican organization. In Decatur, Ill., an 11-year-old boy was studying ventriloquism in the Wizard's Manual, a mail order house booklet. He was Mr. and Mrs. Berggren's son Edgar.

July 14: Premier Tisza of Hungary was persuaded by Foreign Minister Berchtold to agree to military measures against Serbia.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt announced on this day that 700 Marines would be transported to Guantanamo for possible duty in Haiti and Santo Domingo. His wife was in New Brunswick with her three children, James, Anna and Elliott.

John L. Lewis, 26-year-old orator, was trying to organize the steel

industry for the A.F. of L. Joe Louis Barrow, whose parents were cotton field hands near Lafayette, Ala., was exactly two months old. Jack Johnson was heavyweight champion of the world.

Anthony Eden was in the Fourth Form at Eton. The Prince of Wales, a special student at Magdalen College, Oxford, was playing college-boy pranks in London with a group of fellow students. Bessie Wallis Warfield of Baltimore, graduated in June from a girls' school in Maryland, was planning her December debut at the Baltimore Bachelors' Cotillion.

July 18: Russia warned Austria that she "would not be indifferent" to any attempt to humiliate Serbia. Expecting no crisis, Maj.-Gen. Ferdinand Foch, commanding a French army corps at Nancy, left on a fortnight's leave of absence in Brittany.

In the U. S., Brig.-Gen. John J. Pershing was at Fort Bliss, Texas, in command of the Eighth Brigade. Since the American seizure in May of the Mexican port of Vera Cruz, army border patrols were extra watchful. Serving with the First Cavalry at Monterey was 2nd Lieut. Hugh L. Johnson, who had just been ordered to study law at the University of California. Across the border, 19-year-old Lazaro Cárdenas was captain in the Mexican revolutionary army.

The second baseman of St. Basil's College nine in Toronto was Charles Edward Coughlin. In Berlin Albert

Einstein was manager of Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physical Research. The holder of a Catholic scholarship at the University of Bonn was a 17-year-old cripple named Paul Joseph Goebbels.

July 20: In the workingmen's quarter of St. Petersburg, Cossacks charged a crowd that was singing the "Marseillaise." Almost simultaneously President Poincaré arrived for a visit of State, to strengthen the Franco-Russian alliance. "Serbia has friends in the Russian people," Poincaré told the Austrian Ambassador, "and Russia has an ally, France."

At this time an obscure young man named Chiang Kai-shek was instigating a revolt in Manchuria. In London, Major Edward Swinton of the Royal Engineers had just been told by a mining engineer of an American machine that could cross rough fields and "climb like hell." This was the caterpillar farm tractor; and Sir Edward believed that it might be transformed into an armored contraption capable of charging enemy machine-gun positions.

July 23: Austria-Hungary sent an ultimatum to Serbia. Asserting that the Sarajevo assassination plot was hatched in Belgrade, it demanded public display of humiliation by Serbia and dismissal from government service of all persons deemed hostile by Austria-Hungary.

Near Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, the diminutive 21-year-old Lieut. Francisco Franco was in command of a detachment of Moors, fighting

Riff tribesmen. At the Vatican, Mgr. Eugenio Pacelli was an under-secretary to Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State.

That afternoon at Owosso, Mich., Thomas E. Dewey (12) delivered his regular copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, as did the 15 boys working for him.

July 24: Austria-Hungary notified other powers of her Serbian ultimatum. Poincaré was out at sea; so was the Kaiser. Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Secretary, pronounced the ultimatum "the most formidable document addressed by one State to another that is independent." The Czar termed it "very disturbing." Grey tried to bring Austria and Russia together, and complained "My usual week-end was curtailed."

William Christian Bullitt, of Philadelphia, a recent Harvard Law School student, stood with his mother this Friday in a Moscow hotel and watched Russian crowds demonstrating for war with Austria. In London was an exiled Russian traveling salesman who went under a variety of names, of which the most common were Maximovitch and Litvinoff. One of his friends, Joseph Djughashvili, was in exile at Turukhansk, Siberia, close to the Arctic Circle. Litvinoff knew him by the name of Stalin.

Harry L. Hopkins was a supervisor of case work for the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and was paid \$26.25 a week. The youngest bank president in the country was

Joseph P. Kennedy (25) of the Columbia Trust Company in Boston.

July 26: Austria termed Serbia's conciliatory reply "unsatisfactory" and severed diplomatic relations. Serbia mobilized. Germany continued to seek to localize war between Austria and Serbia.

On this Sunday afternoon, Commandant Eamon De Valera of the Irish Volunteers took part in the landing of munitions from a yacht just off Howth. After a brush with the constabulary, De Valera and his men escaped with all but a few smuggled rifles.

Events in Europe had made no more impression upon Arthur Vandenberg, editor of the *Grand Rapids Herald*, than they had upon most other American newspaper editors. Twelve-year-old Lucius Beebe, living on the family farm at Wakefield, Mass., had recently blown up neighbors' outhouses with dynamite carelessly left unlocked by road builders.

Herbert Clark Hoover, an American mining engineer, had returned to London after having failed to persuade European governments to exhibit at the San Francisco Panama Pacific Fair.

July 28: Britain told Germany that she would remain neutral if Russia and Austria fought, but she "would be forced to rapid decisions" if Germany and France went to war. Kaiser Wilhelm returned from his Norwegian cruise boiling with rage because he had not been kept informed. He was relieved to read Serbia's conciliatory reply to Austria and he wrote

"No more cause for war exists." One hour later Austria declared war upon Serbia by telegram.

Manuel Quezon, resident Commissioner from the Philippines, was expected in New York on his way to Washington to work for immediate Philippine independence. Edna St. Vincent Millay, a Vassar sophomore, was writing verse. The name of the violinist in the four-piece orchestra at Elitch's Garden, Denver, was Paul Whiteman.

Extract from a confidential file in Milan Police Headquarters: "Benito Mussolini, revolutionary Socialist editor, has received a large amount of money to intensify revolutionary propaganda."

July 30: Belgrade bombarded by Austrians. Russia mobilized. Germany asked France whether she would be neutral and informed Britain that in the event of war with France she "might be forced" to march through Belgium. "The stupidity and clumsiness of our ally (Austria) has been made a hangman's noose for us," wrote the Kaiser.

Professor Eduard Beneš of the University of Prague was vacationing in the country. He had never engaged in politics but he believed that war would break up the empire of the aged Franz Josef and pondered what steps to take to help free his fellow Czechs.

"F. H. LaGuardia, Attorney-at-law" read a sign on the door of a Greenwich Village office. Walter Lippmann, one of the young editors of *The New Republic*, bought a

railway ticket from Brussels to Switzerland.

August 1: At 3:45 p.m. France ordered mobilization. Germany's mobilization order was one quarter of an hour later and at 5 o'clock she declared war on Russia.

William Randolph Hearst had recently put out his first newsreel. He had bought a movie camera and at San Simeon that summer wrote and directed a series of film stories. In New York, Marion Douras, daughter of a Brooklyn lawyer, hoped to get into Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies and take the stage name of Marion Davies.

In Switzerland, Ignace Paderewski mourned the failure of his party of the night before. Only a handful of his friends had come. The absent guests had been called to the frontier. "This," said Paderewski, "is the end of my artistic life."

August 2: Germany gave Belgium 12 hours to allow troops to pass through her territory to the French boundary.

Among those mobilized this Sunday: In Paris, Edouard Daladier, Professor of History at Lycée Condorcet; in Mulhausen, near the French border, Lieut. Hermann Göring of the Mulhausen Regiment of Infantry — a thin, handsome 21-year-old youngster.

In Westbrook, Maine, 12-year-old Hubert Vallee spent a busy afternoon behind the soda fountain of his father's drugstore.

August 3: At 7 a.m. Belgium rejected Germany's ultimatum.

Mary Pickford was earning \$100 a week in her second year in Hollywood. Also in his second year in Hollywood was Charles Spencer Chaplin, making \$150 a week on the receiving end of custard pies for Keystone Comedies.

Noel Coward was 14. Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan*, in which Coward played a small part, had closed after a long London season and he was visiting in Cornwall and watching British cruisers steam by. Beatrice Lillie was rehearsing for her debut at the Alhambra in London.

Harold Ickes, a Chicago lawyer, was concerned about how to keep alive the Progressive Party of which he was State Chairman. In Black Hills, Wyoming, Dr. Francis E. Townsend was practicing medicine with no thought of old age or of \$200 a month.

August 4: At 2 p.m. went Britain's ultimatum to Germany. Berlin had until midnight to make satisfactory reply to the demand that German troops keep out of Belgium.

The Duke of York, second son of King George and Queen Mary, was

a midshipman on the middle watch of H.M.S. *Collingwood* with the British Fleet at Scapa Flow. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, celebrated her 14th birthday at a theater party in London.

Mohandas Gandhi, a wealthy Hindu lawyer, arrived in Southampton, England, after his ship was delayed passing through mine fields. Leon Bronstein, a Russian political exile also known as Trotsky, arrived in Switzerland from Vienna.

Permission to enlist in a Bavarian infantry regiment was granted to Adolf Hitler, a pale young postcard painter from Austria.

11:59 p.m., August 4: "That evening," wrote Sir Edward Grey, "some of us sat with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street. I was there in touch with the Foreign Office to certify that no satisfactory reply came from Berlin. Churchill also was among those present, ready to send out at the appointed hour the war order that the Fleet was expecting. Midnight came. We were at war."



Fellow Sufferers Make Fine Friends

CL J. HASKELL BETHERUM was arrested in Oklahoma City when he asked two policemen why they were driving without lights. His \$6 fine was paid with pennies donated by sympathetic citizens in response to a newspaper's invitation for contributions from "anyone who has ever sassed a policeman, wanted to sass a policeman, or who had been sassed by a policeman." Among the contributors was the judge who fined Betherum.

— *Pathfinder*

Royal Matriarch

Condensed from Life

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

DURING the coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth, a London newspaper set up "cheermeters" to measure the acclaim along the route of the royal procession. The microphone registered mechanically what was apparent to everyone. It was Queen Mary's show. Wherever the Queen Mother's coach passed, a roar burst from the densely packed throngs — a deep and spontaneous tribute to this remarkable woman who will go down in history with her husband as one of the most beloved monarchs of England.

"Go and ask your mother," the late King used to say when his children came to him with a difficult question. And to his advisers he often remarked: "On this matter I must have the Queen's advice." In the evening, which the royal couple almost always spent together — he with a detective thriller on his knee, she with her needlework — they would discuss the day's events. And "Mary's" opinions generally became the King's. His peppery temper never ruffled her. Calmly but firmly, she could always bring him around. At York Cottage once, the King was sitting near the fire-

place with a group of men, the Queen with some ladies in a corner of the drawing room. His Majesty suggested that a window be opened. When the Queen demurred, he declared in a quarter-deck tone: "But it's so damned hot, my dear!" "If you took your feet out of the fireplace," she replied quietly, "and came where I'm sitting, you'd feel as I do — damned cold!" The windows were not opened and seats were exchanged.

Queen Mary rarely appears in public now. To avoid interfering with the popularization of the new monarchs, she has carefully withdrawn from the limelight. But to the average Briton, the Grand Old Lady of Marlborough House remains the stalwart of the realm. And "the children" still come to her when in difficulties. At 71 she is as keen as ever, her eyes as bright, her carriage as regal.

At Marlborough House, the Queen Mother lives a comparatively quiet life — a welcome respite from over 25 years of hard, self-sacrificing work. Running London's second largest Royal residence, at a cost of about \$10,000 a month, is no small task, however.

She supervises every detail herself. Each of its 200 rooms must be in perfect order. Every bill, a voucher for every penny spent, crosses her desk. Prime Minister Baldwin once remarked: "If we could only have Her Majesty as Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

Her daily volume of fan mail is tremendous. She reads every letter, scribbles the gist of her reply on the envelope for her secretaries to attend to. She still has over 100 charities that she visits regularly. What time remains she divides among her hobbies, her friends and her grandchildren.

Marlborough House, where, 69 years ago, she first met "little Georgie," her future husband, remains essentially a piece of Victoria's England. And so does the Queen Mother. Rules of Court etiquette are strictly enforced on her callers. And her dictum when she became Queen 29 years ago — "I will not have anyone around me about whom there is a breath of scandal" — is still law. This is the Queen Mary of popular conception — severe and unapproachable. But her close friends see a different person — an understanding, kindly woman with a keen sense of humor.

Queen Mary's principal hobby is collecting china and old silver. She knows values to the shilling, and her love of bargaining has cost many an antique dealer dear. But her main interest lies with her grandchildren, "Lillibet" and Margaret

Rose. Every Monday afternoon, when the family is in London, Queen Mary takes the children to places of interest around the city — the Tower, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey — patiently explaining their history. There is not a part of the vast British Museum that she does not know. Case for case, painting for painting she shows to the children, holding them entranced with endless stories and reminiscences.

The wise old lady frequently says of her granddaughter: "Elizabeth must be taught to be a queen, but she must not be spoiled." And wisely, King George and Queen Elizabeth are leaving the details to "Grandmama." It is not so simple. Elizabeth is a headstrong child, conscious of her position. But "Granny" has her own methods. Some time ago when she took Elizabeth shopping, a crowd gathered outside the store. Excitedly, little Elizabeth burst out: "Do hurry, Granny. There are so many people waiting to see me come out." A curt command from Queen Mary, and a tearful little girl was led out a back exit by a lady-in-waiting and taken home. On another occasion, Elizabeth said something about "when I am Queen." Frostily, in the Victorian manner, her grandmother replied: "Before you become a queen, my dear, you will have to learn to be a lady."

Queen Mary was not to the Palace born. Her father and mother,

the Duke and Duchess of Teck, often had a hard time making ends meet. Once the family ran into debt and moved to Italy for a year and a half while their fortune was being repaired. Princess May never forgot those 18 months. She gave up her piano lessons, of which she was so fond, to learn sewing and house-keeping. She was forced to mind every penny. In Italy she became interested in the study of art which has meant so much to her all her life. Back in London, Queen Victoria took a great fancy to the "simple, unassuming young creature" who would, unlike the rest of the family, sit with her doing needlework by the hour and listen patiently to Victoria's endless stories of her husband, of Edward's misdeeds, and her own ideas of the world in general.

Both Albert, Duke of Clarence, and Prince George were in love with their cousin, Princess May — she with Prince George. But Victoria the Autocrat decreed that she was to marry Albert. Then, in 1892, Albert died. Reluctantly, a year later, Victoria gave her consent and Princess May became the wife of Prince George, Duke of York. The years that followed, during which five sons and a daughter were born, were happy. Not that the life of the Royal Family always went smoothly. Queen Victoria governed her family, like her Empire, with an iron hand.

When, in 1910, "George" and "May" became the King and

Queen, they were little known and not popular. But Queen Mary went to work with a will. The brilliant but slovenly administration of Edward was replaced by a machine that functioned like clockwork. Industrial fairs were given Royal patronage at the proper moment, the work of the Royal Family was coördinated. The King instituted the custom of staying in London over the week-end — discouraging the Friday to Sunday flight from the capital which damaged the merchants so heavily. His Majesty appeared at theaters, at the opera, at art exhibitions — sometimes obviously grouchy and at "May's" insistence. But he appeared and London flourished.

And then came the war. The King and Queen were tireless in encouraging the nation. Meals at the Palace were cut to one meat course a day. To save coal, heating was restricted to a minimum, hot baths to one a week for each person; a thousand and one things were done to make the nation feel that their monarchs were with them, heart and soul. And by the time the war was over, King George and Queen Mary were the father and mother of England.

In the years that followed, the Queen was quick to perceive the social revolution that was brewing. When the Labor Party came in to power, she had a difficult time with the King, whose traditional conservatism welled up. One

day he said bitterly to one of the Labor leaders: "I suppose you will want me to leave here pretty soon. And I shall have no place to go." "I don't think so, Your Majesty," replied the bluff worker. "And if anyone should suggest it, you can always stay with me, Sir." That helped to break him down and finally Queen Mary persuaded him to meet "the damned reds" at Lady Asquith's house. He found that they were not so bad, after all, and even permitted the Queen to invite some of them down to Sandringham and Windsor for week-ends. Again, "May" had averted trouble.

No one who saw the Jubilee in 1935 will ever forget it. For hours, densely packed crowds stood in front of Buckingham Palace and roared *God Save the King* and *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* again and again. And when King George broadcast his Jubilee message and with a choke in his throat said ". . . my wife and I thank you . . .," the writer saw tears in the eyes of the most hardened newspaper men. It was not synthetically manufactured sentiment that one saw on faces in the street. It was personal admiration and love for two people who with infinite tact and patience, with all the gestures dear to the heart of an Englishman, had done a good "job of work."

The death of the King was a hard blow to Queen Mary. But as hard a one was to follow. She adored "David," her dauntless and uncon-

ventional eldest son. With his father he was less popular. During his career in the Navy, "the sardine" — as his fellow midshipmen called him — was always inciting his colleagues to breaches of order. His father would be furious. But with Queen Mary's intercession, His Majesty would finally say with a sigh, "Takes after his grandfather, I suppose."

The full history of the desperate family councils preceding the abdication will probably never be written. To the Queen Mother it meant not only the loss of her favorite son — her pride and joy — but the destruction of the prestige of monarchy which she had worked so hard for so many years to build. When Prime Minister Baldwin came to her with the final news of the abdication, he found a broken woman. With choking voice, she dictated her message to the nation. England should not judge her "beloved son" too harshly and should remember and be thankful for the great services he had done his country.

But Queen Mary did not lay down her burden. If ever the monarchy needed a strong hand on the helm, it was now. And it was she who steered the ship again into clear water. Outwardly calm as ever, she attended to her Christmas shopping, demonstrating to all of London that business would go on as usual. Immediately she took Queen Elizabeth in hand, showed her the routine of the Palace, instructed her

in the hundreds of little things that the mistress of Buckingham must know.

With the new King and Queen, Queen Mary set to work to rebuild the position which Edward had blasted. Her success has been extraordinarily rapid. "Bertie," the shy nervous boy, has changed into a graceful, dignified Monarch. During the recent Royal visit to Paris, Queen Elizabeth did her job like a veteran. "It was amazing," a French diplomat told the writer, "to see her always do the right thing at the right moment."

The Queen Mother has reason to be proud of her work. Conversations with bankers, tradesmen, clerks, farmers and barkeepers all

over the country will show the inquirer that England again trusts its King. The pomp and ceremony of the Palace, the happy family life of the monarch, the Royal stables, and all the other symbols which the Englishman demands have been restored. And that, as the officials along Whitehall frankly say, will stand the Empire in good stead during the coming hard years.

When Queen Victoria drove around London in her Jubilee procession — the greatest triumph a British monarch ever had — someone in the crowd yelled — "Go it, old Girl. You've done it well." That is the feeling that many an Englishman has in his heart for Queen Mary. She's done it well.



¶ WHEN Jack London was in Korea reporting the Russo-Japanese War, an official came to his hotel one day and told him that the entire population was gathered in the square below to see him. London felt enormously set up to think his fame had spread to the wilds of Korea. But when he mounted the platform that had been erected for him, the official merely asked him to take out his bridge of artificial teeth. The crowd watched closely as he did it. And then for half an hour they kept him standing there, taking out his teeth and putting them back again, to the applause of the multitude.

— W. Orton Tewaon

¶ WHEN the first telephone line was put in for King Ibn Saud in Arabia, Moslem religious leaders protested against such innovations and works of the Devil from the land of the Infidel. Ibn Saud listened to their complaint, and gave judgment: "If the telephone is really a work of the Devil, the holy words of the Koran will not pass over it; if the holy words do pass over it, it assuredly cannot be the work of the Devil. So we will appoint two mullahs, one to sit in the Palace and one in the telephone exchange, and they are to take turns reading a passage from the Holy Book, and we will see." By this test the religious leaders were convinced.

— F. Barrows Colton in *The National Geographic Magazine*

China's Charming Language

Condensed from "Inside Asia"

John Gunther

Well-known journalist, author of "Inside Europe," etc.

EVERY Chinese word is a single syllable. There are, moreover only a very few syllables — sounds — that a Chinese can pronounce, perhaps six or seven hundred in all. As a result, there are numerous words which, though represented by different symbols, are pronounced the same way. The single sound *shi* may mean: a lion; a corpse; a house; poetry; ten; to swear; to pass away. And it has 55 other meanings as well!

So the Chinese must learn to recognize meaning by context; also they have a system of tones (four in the north, nine in Cantonese), whereby meanings may be differentiated by the tone of the speaker's voice.

Chinese words *are* differentiated, however, in writing; every "shi" above is a different written character. Every Chinese word is a picture, a different picture. Many words are compounded of several pictures. There are about 40,000 different words in Chinese, each with its own character. Probably not a dozen men in China have accomplished the tremendous feat of memorizing them all. A Chinese child going to school learns about 2000 characters by the time he is

ten. An average newspaper uses about 7000 characters every day.

Though the pronunciation of Chinese differs widely throughout China, the pictorial symbols are identical everywhere. This uniform written language has played a colossal role in keeping China together.

Words are created in a fascinating manner; for instance "gossip" is a symbol portraying three women. "Plunder" is a man chasing a man. Others:

Wife	<i>Woman with broom</i>
Hermit	<i>Man and mountains</i>
Lawsuit	<i>Two dogs</i>
To think	<i>Brain plus heart (N.B.!)</i>
Good	<i>Woman and child</i>
Prisoner	<i>Man in a box</i>
Rain	<i>Drops of water</i>
Home	<i>Pig under a roof</i>
East	<i>Sun through trees</i>
Worship	<i>Man kneeling</i>

As Western ideas came to China, the language struggled to absorb them. New concepts were represented by putting together symbols for old ones. For instance:

Railroad engine	<i>Fire wagon</i>
Railroad station	<i>Fire-Wagon-Stop</i>
Capitalism	<i>Money-as-Basis-Policy</i>
Communism	<i>Together-Production-Policy</i>
Parliament	<i>Discuss-Govern-Country-Assembly</i>
Election	<i>Lift-Hand-for-Cchoice</i>
Telephone	<i>Lightning-Language</i>

One cannot but note with delight

the succinctness and concrete intelligence embodied in this transfer of concepts to language. What could more admirably express the idea of "Republic" than "People-as-Host-Country"? If we in the West said

"Single-Decision-Pattern" instead of "Dictatorship," or "Together-Peace" instead of "Democracy," and kept on doing so for a generation or so, we might know better what we think.



¶ That letter you've been meaning to write may cheer a friend, or make a friend of a stranger

Put In Your Three Cents' Worth!

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "A Prairie Grove," "An Almanac for Moderns," etc.

ONE OF the best things in life costs just three cents — sometimes only two.

Plus the gracious impulse to write a letter, an unlooked-for letter, the kind of letter that brings to the lucky recipient a lift for the whole day.

Too often it goes unwritten. We fool ourselves that we haven't the time.

Was anyone ever busier than Abraham Lincoln, or was there anyone who should have grown more sick of the onerous weight of correspondence? Yet he found time to write many thoughtful, generous letters. When thousands were dying daily on the battlefield, and his heart was bowed with all the griefs of the nation, he could still find a

minute to write that famous letter to Mrs. Bixby:

DEAR MADAM:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
A. LINCOLN

We all intend to write letters, of condolence, of congratulation, of appreciation, and friendship — tomorrow, or next week. For years I intended to write to my fifth grade teacher, who had started me, as I realized looking back, on my career as a scientist and writer on *Nature*. More than that, she had helped to formulate the whole philosophy by which I live and because of which I am a man happy in his niche in life.

Finally I wrote that letter. It came back, enclosed in a note from the school principal, saying that my old teacher had died two years before.

The word we had not sense to say, — Who knows how grandly it had rung?

So I tried once more, this time to the professor of one of the stiffest science courses in college. He was regarded as an unapproachable old bear, but finding that his teaching had stuck as almost none other had, I wrote him how much his course had meant to me. Here is the answer I received:

I found your letter last night just at a time when I was feeling particularly low. It seemed to make my whole lifework worth while. I may say that in 35 years of giving the best I know how to give, I have never before received one word of appreciation from a student. Thanks.

I was riding in a bus one day when there was an accident. Women and children, bruised and cut with flying glass, became panicky. The driver took charge of everybody

and everything at once, helping the injured, marshaling witnesses, sending someone to telephone for the ambulance, and keeping calm under the unjust abuse of the truck driver who had run into him. After the ambulance had come, the driver got into his seat, wiped some blood off his eyebrow, and started to finish his run with his battered bus. Said a man next to him, "I'm going to report you!" Indignantly, I began to intervene, but he hastened on: "For efficiency and courtesy. If you'll tell me where to write, and give me your name, I'll tell your company you're the best man in a pinch I ever saw."

"Gee, Mister," said the driver, letting out a long breath, "I wish there was more in the world like you." How often someone performs unusual services for us that we allow to pass unpraised, taking courtesy and helpfulness for granted!

The post is available to everyone, and correspondence is not an intrusion comparable to a personal call on a stranger. There is no reason why, if you have something friendly to say, you shouldn't say it in a letter, even to an exalted personage whom you have never met. And its results can be momentous for you.

When Robert Browning wrote this he had never met the recipient; he simply yielded to the impulse in his heart as he excitedly scrawled:

I love your verses with all my heart,
dear Miss Barrett . . . the fresh, strange

music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true new brave thought; but in thus addressing myself to you, your own self, and for the first time, my feeling rises altogether. I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart — and I love you too.

Gasping but delighted at his audacity, Elizabeth Barrett of Wimpole Street dashed off instantly her reply:

I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. . . . Such a letter from such a hand! . . . Sympathy is dear — very dear to me: but the sympathy of a poet, and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me.

All the world knows of the romance that followed.

Why anyone should deprive himself of a friend that he might have, even at long range, is hard to understand, with the postal department collecting and delivering from one to five times a day in every community.

True, we are not all of us as fluent as men of letters are. But no flowery style is requisite. Your friends want to hear from *you* in your own characteristic style. No rhetoric takes the place of sincerity. I treasure a message sent me in a dark hour by a faithful old Swedish servant who urged me sympathetically to "yus kip agon."

One woman who had lost her husband told me that the letters she prized most of the 150 she had received were not those that wept with her, but those which told her something that the writer remem-

bered about her husband — a kindness he had done, unknown to her, a characteristic remark he had made. You can probably do no kinder thing than to give back to the bereaved some fragment that you keep, in your memory, of the one who is gone.

Perhaps the most painful communication is a letter to a creditor you can pay in part only, or not at all. For years it never occurred to me that there was anything I *could* say. But once when I was deep in debt I wrote a short note to each of those who had trusted me. I explained that I hoped on an approximate date to make a payment on my bill, and I did not omit to thank them for the credit they had extended.

By return mail I got a fistful of appreciative letters. My biggest creditor wrote:

If all our customers showed the same consideration, business would be much pleasanter and we would know far better where we stand. Please do not feel pressed by your little account with us.

Even the credit manager of a city department store (who certainly must have heard all the excuses), replied that he was grateful for the letter and was ordering a 30-day extension on my bill. A letter acknowledging a debt and stating your good intentions about it does as much for your credit, just when you need most to use it, as anything short of immediate settlement could do.

Silence is golden, when someone is playing Chopin, or when the thrush is singing. Postal silence, when you really have something to say, is sheer Stone Age stupidity. For what has civilization perfected the alphabet and typewriter, and

mail service by train and plane, if not for use?

So put in your three cents' worth. That letter you've been meaning to write may cheer the heart of a friend, or make a friend of a stranger.



Trapped Sunlight for Every Room

Oscar E. Millard *in* The Passing Show

A NUMBER OF years ago, Pierre Arthuys, French engineer, was living in a gloomy Paris flat. One day, flying over the city, he looked at the expanse of roofs bathed in sunlight, and wondered if the rays might be trapped and reflected by mirrors into the dark buildings. The result of much experimentation was a device which has literally put sunlight on tap, and has made it possible to flood with natural light basements, subway stations and even mine galleries far below the earth's surface.

The Arthel Heliostat consists of a large motor-driven mirror which, mounted on the roof, follows the sun and reflects its rays to a fixed mirror placed above it and facing downward over a shaft or courtyard. The resulting powerful beam is the "main" from which narrow shafts of light are collected and reflected by smaller mirrors from room to room through small apertures near the

ceiling. The main beam has a strength of 32,000 candle power, sufficient to light a whole block of flats or offices. The motors are self-starting and thermostatically controlled.

For a number of years such heliostats have been in use in France, Belgium, Holland and North Africa. Every floor of a big department store in The Hague is lit by an Arthel, and at the Central Post Office in Amsterdam the sorters of mail have their own special sunbeams which they can regulate to their requirements. In use also are small Arthels, weighing only a few pounds, for private homes. The saving on electric lights runs as high as 80 percent in southern latitudes. Since there is no heat in the sunbeams gathered by the heliostat, the people of hot countries find the system especially useful. They can keep their blinds drawn against the day's heat and yet have daylight in all rooms.

Q Home talent shows are still fun,
but staging them is now big business

Nothing Amateur But the Cast

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Webb Waldron

EVERY YEAR, hundreds of thousands of otherwise prosy Americans smear grease paint on their faces, don fancy costumes, and escape into the make-believe world of an amateur show. For charity's sake, they say. But really because they love it.

Here is the swank Vincent Club of Boston on a lark. In the dressing rooms below stage an excited gang of young lovelies are climbing into nifty blue and gray costumes for the Dance of the Yanks and Johnny Rebs. Out front the daughter of a distinguished Harvard professor gets a hand for her gorgeous Sophie Tuckering of "I'm Taking the Steppes to Russia." Tonight, in Albuquerque, the Junior Service girls are dancing in a show. So are the Elks of Ashtabula, the Junior Leaguers of Harrisburg and Portland, the Kiwanians of Trenton, and the Legionnaires of Bent Tree, Nebraska. Everybody is putting on a show.

Amateur performances were always fun, no matter how raggedly amateur, but of recent years they have become increasingly professional. In the Junior League show in Washington I saw several numbers that would have qualified in a

smart Broadway revue. They have snappy direction, smart costumes, handsome sets, expert lighting. And they have these things often, thanks to the professional guidance of John B. Rogers or Jerry Cargill.

These two men have created a fascinating and lucrative profession as producers of amateur shows. They furnish everything except the cast. Rogers puts on 500 amateur shows and 75 outdoor pageants a year, rehearses 100,000 participants. Cargill, who runs about 100 shows, has captured most of the Junior League bookings, the cream of the trade.

In 1903, Rogers, a tall gangling law student at the University of Michigan, had bad luck with his eyes and went back discouraged to his home in Fostoria, Ohio. The local Knights of Pythias were getting up a show. Young Rogers helped stage it, worked hard, made the play a success. It occurred to him that here might be a job—putting on amateur shows. He wrote the words and music of a play, with 12 leading characters and a chorus of 60. Then he got a date in a nearby town, designed costumes and sets, recruited an amateur cast. The

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(The Kiwanis Magazine, June, '39)

play made a hit, and Johnny Rogers was launched on a career.

Today his staff of salesmen range the land, their ears to the ground. Is there a rumor that the Elks of Kalamazoo want to raise some cash? Then why not a minstrel show? Will Akron have an anniversary next year? Then why not a pageant to celebrate the event?

In Fostoria, Rogers has built up the most complete plant in existence for the creation of entertainment by and for the average American. Strolling with him through his shop, I found in one room a staff of seamstresses sewing nifty uniforms, in another room women packing rakish lavender gowns to be rushed off to Boston. Rogers' head designer was sketching out a silver and crimson costume for the Junior League show in Denver. One of Rogers' bright young men was whipping together a lyric for the Kiwanis Club show at Trenton, N. J.

Jerry Cargill got his start in 1920 as one of Rogers' best salesmen. Then he left to try his luck in New York, and became the leading vaudeville booker on Broadway. When vaudeville died, Cargill turned again to the amateur show.

Rogers and Cargill both stick to musical shows. There's more general excitement and fun than in drama. Then too, a musical show has a bigger cast, and the more people in a show, the more friends there are to buy tickets. Three or four weeks before the date of the

show, a young director from the Rogers or Cargill staff arrives in town to organize a talent meeting. Everybody suspected of any kind of ability is persuaded to come. The director sets the tone of the whole project — gaiety — and the meeting develops into a party that runs to all hours.

From that point on, the director builds the show, weaving cast into script and score, dashing off new song-and-dance numbers on the spot to fit special talent, mixing theatrical instinct with tact. If Sue, prominent deb, proves to have two left feet, the director extracts her from the dance team by telling her that she is just the person for the skit in the second act.

He can't bully his cast as he would on Broadway. He hasn't hired the cast, it has hired him. In spite of all the drudgery of rehearsals, he must keep alive that spirit of fun with which the whole thing started. He must make everybody in the cast feel like a star. Sometimes, indeed, he may be the first to start a person on the road to stardom. (Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Buddy Rogers and John Boles are a few of the many stage and screen celebrities who first faced an audience in a John B. Rogers amateur show.) He must write most of the publicity and advise on ticket selling.

The director must above all be an executive, and one with infinite diplomacy. In a New England pageant, the scenarist played up some

colorful slave-trading episodes in the town's early history. When the director arrived, he found that those slave-traders were the ancestors of the best people in town. The script had to be changed. At a Texas pageant the townsfolk wanted the director to include 15 or 20 Indian fights, because there had been that many in the vicinity. He persuaded them that it would be better to combine them all into one big fight, retaining the best features of each.

Most of Rogers' 75 directors come from small towns; they seem to be more alive to the foibles and vanities of the average human being. He gets 600 applications a year; if he finds 20 who have the makings of a good director he is lucky.

Shows put on by Rogers alone have earned a total of \$8,000,000 for charitable purposes. On four performances, the Vincent Club show in Boston made \$22,000 profit above all expenses, including a \$3500 fee to the producer. Playing two performances, the Pittsburgh Junior League show made \$21,000, the Tulsa show \$16,000.

Ordinarily pageants are organized for some community purpose, giving thousands an opportunity to get out of the rut of daily living, and they aren't expected to make money. Yet the Antietam pageant at Hagerstown, Md., last summer made a \$15,000 profit, and the Whitman Centennial Pageant at Walla Walla, Washington, in 1936 made \$10,000 profit in a town of

only 15,000 people located in a sparsely settled ranch country.

But in knocking about among these amateur shows — loitering backstage, sitting in on rehearsals, chinning with slim debts, bronzed engineers and bald fat bankers as they painted their eyebrows, practiced their dance steps and waited their cues — I found myself forgetting that the show was being put on to make money for a hospital or to glorify a town. I found myself absorbed by the spectacle of the actors themselves. Their eagerness to submerge themselves in their parts — to give everything they could to the success of the show — was at once touching and exciting.

At the Antietam pageant, the producer had rehearsed two casts of 2500 people each, thinking that one would get bored after a few performances and the other could replace it. But the members of the first cast refused to give up their unsalaried jobs. They played enthusiastically through 36 performances!

The hundreds of thousands who pay to see these amateur shows reveal the eagerness of people for the spoken theater in towns that often have not seen a stage show for a generation. "If a Broadway show should come along right after a town has had a good amateur show," said one director, "it would be a sell-out for a week. The amateur show just whets the appetite for stage performances."

Broadway columnists, please copy.

Have you ever heard of another banker like this one?

He Banks On His Home Town

Condensed from Barron's

Karl Detzer

ORGAN CONCERTS, mint juleps, daily hymns, free lunches and free flowers, hollyhocks beside country roads, education for ambitious youths, new forests planted on outworn farms — all these are part of the banking business as practiced by John Marvin Yost, 38-year-old head of the First National Bank of Pikeville, Kentucky.

Pikeville is a coal-and-corn town of only 4500 people, yet the bank has 3500 customers. Coal output is declining; the bank's deposits have nearly doubled in Yost's six years of management. Earnings have been more than enough to pay stockholders six percent on their investment, Pikeville is a pleasanter place to live in, and banking a pleasanter business. These are Yost's replies when skeptics ask what hollyhocks, hymns and free lunch have to do with it.

"No bank is stronger than its town," he insists. "My job is to make this town happier, more ambitious, to give it a sense of future security. My breaks from established practice are for these purposes. They're all paying out."

Thus business, not philanthropy, causes Yost to advertise in the local paper, urging ambitious high school graduates who can't afford college to see him at once. In six years 150 boys and girls have responded, borrowed money — most of it without security — and gone to college, and not one has defaulted on repayment. Eighty have paid all they owe, the rest keep up interest, return small amounts as they earn them. The majority take two-year state normal courses; 25 percent take four years, get college degrees; more than half remain in Pikeville after graduation. This year 25 of them are in specialized schools studying nursing, teaching, law, dentistry, engineering, aeronautics and business administration. Yost rejects half the applicants as bad risks not only for the bank, but for community leadership; he guides those he picks to occupations most needed in Pike County, helps many start in business, makes each take out \$1000 life insurance as a prologue to business stability, lends the money to pay for it.

"They've had no time yet to contribute much to the town," he

admits. "But they're stocking our valley with alert, educated, ambitious leaders, the kind it pays any bank to cultivate. We never give away blotters or calendars, instead we give education, which pays back both in money and in citizenship."

Bank examiners, at first skeptical of what seemed mere altruism, agree after six years that the loans are sound.

No bank put Yost through school. A local boy, at 18 he got a \$30-a-month job at the bank, has worked nowhere else, has run the bank for six years, earns \$6000 salary.

At the rear of the bank a big, cheerful room with deep chairs, many flowers, and the air of an exclusive club houses a modern electric organ. There each day the 11 employes and as many townsfolk as wish spend 20 minutes before the bank opens, singing hymns, hearing a Bible reading, and a brief talk by Yost. In a year's course hundreds of citizens drop in to take part in the service, or to enjoy short organ recitals by one of the clerks, at noon or just before closing time.

In these same informal surroundings patrons discuss loans and bank business, while a pretty girl serves sandwiches, soft drinks, tea, juleps if they prefer them, and at holiday season, chicken, fruit cake and wine. The bank is equipped with a kitchenette.

"Too many bankers stress nothing but safety," Yost exclaims. "I contend that coldness and safety

don't necessarily go together. More good business deals are made across a luncheon table than across a counter, so I serve lunch. I want our bank to be friendly, so we have organ music. We're putting a big fireplace in the lobby, with easy chairs around it, and a supply of magazines. I advertise regularly, 'Meet your friends in the lobby,' and our people do."

Photomurals of Kentucky scenes soon will line the walls, and early American timber trim will replace marble and bronze, to make for informality. Gay window boxes outside, flowers everywhere in the lobby, a loud-speaker to carry organ music to the street, all these help Yost make banking a pleasant business. This fall he will extend the influence still further by putting a carillon on the roof, to send the music of bells daily across the valley.

This short, chunky, curly-headed banker, bubbling with diverse enthusiasms, labors 13 hours a day making his scheme work. He dictates letters in a booming voice, is violently hospitable, is given to brief, shouting rages, loves flowers and music, is inordinately proud of Pikeville. To him it is a hard-boiled business principle that a shabby town cannot be successful, so he advertises:

"Sweet peas planted now will beautify our community next spring."

"This is the season to paint your house."

"Let us help you plan your flower garden."

This, Yost believes, is good banking practice, and he points to the fact that in five years deposits have grown from \$1,300,000 to \$2,041,000, total resources from \$1,770,000 to \$2,325,000, that profits and surplus have gained steadily from year to year.

"Discouraged people in drab surroundings don't forge ahead," he contends. "People who don't forge ahead don't need banks. Give them a cheerful place to live, children to boast about, a future to strive for, and their bank profits."

Last spring the bank gave away 5000 packets of hollyhock seed, and planted uncounted thousands more along roadsides for a distance of 28 miles — at the cost of a supply of blotters. Five years ago the bank bought a few packs of the seed, gave them to anyone who promised to plant them. Each fall since then it has collected the seeds from the dried stalks, redistributed them in the spring, sent its janitor to plant them along highways in his spare time.

The bank grows not only hollyhocks, but gladioli. Three years ago it was forced to foreclose on a small outworked hill farm which no one wanted at any price. Today it carries the land under "Assets" as "Real Estate, \$1.00," has 30,000 gladiolus bulbs growing on it, has given away 10,000 bulbs which thrive in the front yards of Pikeville.

In a small conservatory at the bank, clerks and tellers raise flowers as respite from their ledgers. They keep a card file of all birthdays and wedding anniversaries in town, among their own customers, customers of the other bank, or of no bank, and send bouquets, as they do to hospital, churches and schools. These same clerks work to music, even when the organ is silent. An electric phonograph, turned very low, takes the edge off counting-room clatter with soft music from a large collection of fine records, most of them good symphonies.

Yost realizes that coal can't last forever, and that the county is unsuited to manufacturing. Nor will the steep hillsides permit large-scale agriculture. Fruit, berries and poultry, he believes, will solve the problem, if scientifically handled.

Therefore he runs a model chicken farm — his own investment, not the bank's — to prove to his neighbors that they can make money in the business. "Chick Manor: A Finishing School for Hens," he calls it, mails out thousands of postcards to farmers inviting them to see it, announces that it is "air-conditioned, with running water, modern plumbing, radio, telephone, electric lights, excellent cuisine."

Astonished farmers troop in to see what John Yost is up to now, and he proudly displays all the gadgets, including the blaring radio, which accustoms hens to noise, and prevents fright when anyone enters

their coops. Then he opens his books, shows how little he has invested, how many eggs he sells, how many pullets, how the flock is growing, what his profits are. Twice a year he fills the bank windows with little chicks, and by means of printed signs changed daily shows their age, original cost, present value, margin of profit.

When asked about the telephone in Chick Manor, Yost explains: "That's for my wife to call me to breakfast," proving that even a successful banker is not above rising early and working hard to earn an honest dime.

Result: farmers are going into the poultry business, with money borrowed from the bank. Truck gardens and orchards are part of Yost's future plans, and to save the eroding soil, the bank is planting forests of small walnut trees in scores of upland meadows. It buys the trees cheaply from state nurseries, sends its janitor and handyman to plant them. Yost explains to farmers: "You'll have a cash crop in seven years, and a stand of

timber when the coal gives out."

To prove that his is not a one-man bank, Yost makes every employe serve a day a month as "officer of the day." Each must run the bank that day, making all decisions except on loans, which are handled by an older employe. Yost yells "No!" as loudly as any other banker to requests for loans on security he considers poor. He just happens to believe in youthful ambition and in his home town, and that banking should be a pleasant business.

It *is* pleasant, all the way from the two small, gaily uniformed Negro boys who open your car door at the curb, to Yost's office at the rear, where the bank's coat of arms, conceived by him and painted by his secretary, hangs over his desk. On its shield are a pipe organ, naked Kentucky mountains with a planting of young trees, a row of hollyhocks, and a pair of mint juleps, rampant. At the top a hospitable door stands open; at the bottom, surrounded by flowers, is Yost's brief motto: "Happiness in Work."



Race-Track Logic

☞ A HORSE-RACE enthusiast, asked the results of his afternoon at the track, replied: "I broke even, and boy, did I need it!"

— F.P.A. in N. Y. Post

☞ A WOMAN, collecting a pile of bills from a bookie, exclaimed: "When I think what I might have lost if that horse hadn't won I could shoot myself for being such a fool as to back him."

— Maurice Hall cartoon in *Punch*

¶ The real revolution in the affairs of mankind is being born in the laboratories — not at the dictators' council tables

Take a Look at the Future

Condensed from *The North American Review*

G. Edward Pendray

Writer, editor and lecturer on scientific subjects,
author of "Men, Mirrors and Stars," etc

IN THE LABORATORIES of today the distant future is being born. Recently I asked 50 outstanding scientists and engineers what developments in their workshops were most likely to affect the life of the average man within the next 25 years. Their answers foreshadow new products and changes in ways of living, which by 1964 or sooner will bring vast realignments of trade, industry and even international affairs.

These forecasts are based on the assumption, proved by past experience, that we are 25 years or so behind the times. It takes about a quarter of a century for most inventions and discoveries to pass from the laboratory into common acceptance. Television, for example, was patented in 1884; vitamins were discovered 27 years ago; the electric range, just now beginning to reach a mass market, has been under development nearly three decades.

As a result of all this invention progress, the home itself may be completely revolutionized. Research

has already indicated that there are better ways to warm a house than by burning oil or coal to heat water, which heats the air in a room, which in turn heats the people surrounded by the air. One answer may be infrared rays, next in the spectrum to radio short waves. These rays transmit radiant energy, much as the sun's rays heat us after passing through the freezing cold of celestial space. Infrared ray lamps may be so accurately focused — some experimenters say — that they can boil an egg inside a flask of water perched on a cake of ice. Already patents have been issued to cover cooking with these lamps.

By means of such lamps, or by the high frequency waves now used in fever therapy, warmth may be directly generated in the human body without wasting heat on the air. I have seen research workers, experimenting with these devices, sitting warm and comfortable in their shirtsleeves, though the temperature of the air was about that inside a good refrigerator.

Picture the housewife of 1964 —

on a winter's day. Wearing stockings made from coal and a dress of spun glass, she stands in her kitchen. The windows are open, the temperature is only 50°, but she is warm as she cooks her mango-tomatoes (fourth crop since April raised on her water-farm) with infrared rays. And she has plenty of time to enjoy her television set, because dusting the house (whose walls are of plastic, whose bathroom was molded in one piece) is no longer a major chore.

In the house of the future electricity may eliminate both spring cleaning and the allergic sneezes of its occupants. The air in a room will be passed through an electrically charged area, then through a series of metal plates oppositely charged. The plates capture about 99 percent of all solid matter in the air — dust, soot, pollen — even bacteria. A few of these “electrostatic precipitators,” as they are called, are already in use in department stores and office buildings. Several engineers have already built precipitators for their homes in smoky Pittsburgh. The wife of one of them reports that her curtains need washing only three times a year, while her neighbors must wash theirs once a fortnight.

Inexpensive ultraviolet lamps are already used in meat markets to preserve food against bacterial decay; in restaurants and soda fountains to sterilize glasses. Hospitals are using them experimentally to

reduce the danger of infection during operations. Much research remains to be done, but it is not inconceivable that during epidemics, health commissioners, instead of warning against crowds, may urge attendance at public gatherings, where the crowds will get baths of invisible germ-killing radiation.

In the next quarter-century, man may learn to harness the miraculous downpour of free energy from the sun — the greatest of all sources of power. Last autumn a patent was granted to Dr. C. G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, for a simple and inexpensive solar power machine which is capable of competing with coal in the generation of steam. This device captures the sun's rays on a troughlike aluminum mirror, driven by clockwork to follow the sun's movement. The mirror brings the rays to a hot focus upon a glass tube containing a thin stream of water. On a bright day, the water soon becomes hot enough to flash into steam.

Dr. Abbot's solar machine can do all kinds of cooking satisfactorily. Insulation so preserves the temperature of the water overnight that in the morning there is heat enough left to bake biscuits. Ranchers and farmers in dry, sunny regions have shown keen interest in it; several hundred solar water heaters are said to be in operation, mostly in California.

In a month the sun lavishes on

the earth as much energy as man will ever get from all the coal that lies beneath it. With the development of means to transmit electricity over long distances — now in prospect — one can imagine a big international company building a world-wide ring of solar power stations on which the sun never sets.

There is also promise in the use of thermocouples and photoelectric cells which translate radiant energy such as we get from the sun directly into electric current. If the present rate of progress continues, we may some day live in houses covered with "photoelectric shingles" which provide all the household light and power — since the sun pours down upon a good-sized roof in a single cloudless midsummer day as much electrical energy as the average family now uses in a year.

For the present, this is a pipe dream — as once were airplanes, radio and television. The attack upon the sun as a source of power is organized and financed not only in private and industrial laboratories, but also at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently endowed with \$600,000 for research on the problem.

These researches suggest strange possibilities. Cheap, abundant solar power might change the Sahara, Arabia, Palestine, into thickly populated gardens; our own arid West might be irrigated and fertilized by the sun that now curses it. And na-

tions may scramble, not for coal and oil, but for control of the great sunlit desert spaces.

Radical changes are already under way in methods of lighting our homes. Instead of producing light by the incandescence of a hot wire, the new fluorescent lamps work on a new principle. The tube of the lamp is filled with thin mercury vapor. Current discharged through the vapor produces ultraviolet radiation, invisible to the eye. The inside of the tube is coated with certain chemical compounds. Ultraviolet radiation causes these chemicals to emit light. Fluorescent lamps, now on the market in two shades of white and five colors (gold, red, pink, blue and green), produce from 30 to 50 times as much light per watt as the common incandescent bulb.

As another possibility, the walls of a room might be coated with fluorescent materials, which would emit light when stimulated by hidden sources of ultraviolet. There would be no shadows or dark corners; light would come from every direction.

Since the dawn of history our clothing has been derived from plants and animals. But last year a patent was issued for a new artificial fiber, Nylon, that can be made from coal, air and water. Its strands are claimed to be as strong as steel and as fine as those of a spider's web. And there is the new Vinyon, made from petroleum products,

which is virtually unshrinkable, fireproof, water resistant, and more elastic than silk. Such synthetic fibers may not only drive silk from the market, dealing a body blow to Japan's economy, but may rival cotton and wool in the manufacture of textiles and clothing.

Threads of glass, too, are now being spun; one eighth the thickness of a human hair, they are twisted into yarn, and woven on standard weaving machines to produce a fabric which is lustrous, silky and warm, but as yet heavy and expensive. Now used only in industry (as insulating material, or for filtering corrosive chemicals), glass cloth may soon be seen as trimming for hats, in ornaments and handbags. By 1964 it might form a large part of our wardrobes.

If glass is competing with textiles, resins from coal are competing with glass. Resin glass will transmit ultraviolet rays — which ordinary glass does not. Imperial Chemical Industries, of England, is making lenses and eyeglasses of these resins. In a recent demonstration, they were pounded with a hammer without being harmed. Plastics eyeglasses may soon be on sale for a dollar a pair, highgrade binoculars for \$3, cameras for \$5.

Dr. Colin Fink, head of Columbia's Division of Electrochemistry, expects that chemistry, besides replacing ordinary window glass, will replace the wood used by the cabinet-making trade with new plas-

tics. And already Micarta and other plastics are being substituted for metal, particularly as bearings. These non-metallic bearings wear longer, and they need no oil: they are lubricated with water.

For agriculture's next 25 years, experts predict changes as vital as any in the last 2000. Hydroponics, or "soiless farming," is already well launched. And at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Dr. A. F. Blakeslee, of the Carnegie Institution, has achieved amazing results by treating seeds with a chemical, colchicine, which appears to produce a doubling of the chromosomes — the part of the seed which transmits hereditary characteristics. As a result, the plant seems to skip at one jump many centuries of the process of evolution. The possibility of thus creating new species of plants at will is momentous, and geneticists have called this discovery as important to the plant world as the invention of the steam engine was to transportation and power.

The headlines these days are all of dictators and the threat of war. Probably we do wrong to try to guess the future from the front page. We must read the finer print to find those events, presided over by cautious, quiet men bending over test tubes, which will really change the world. The features of 1964 are being molded, not by statesmen or dictators, but by the scientists. It is here that the real revolution is taking place.

I Take a Bath

Condensed from Punch

THE SUN had set when I arrived at Sohag in Upper Egypt. I was tired and dusty, but expectant. For at Sohag, so I had been assured, there was a hotel with modern improvements. After two weeks in hotels without modern improvements, this would be paradise. What I wanted was a bath.

The proprietor received me with open arms. Pointing me out proudly to the citizens of Sohag who had accompanied me from the station, he said that I was the first Englishman to patronize his hotel. Accompanied by 12 elders of the town he proceeded at once to display his hotel's magnificence. He showed me the bedroom with its five iron bedsteads and its five pairs of wooden sandals; with the pride of a mother showing off her first-born he showed me the European water-closet (complete except for the water), upon which I congratulated him. But my heart was heavy. There had been no mention of a bath.

The proprietor then showed me the electric light. He drew my listless attention to a mosquito-net. At last, when I had given up all hope, he paused dramatically and drew himself up to his full height.

"If monsieur, being an Englishman, should by chance require a bath, why, *wullaby el azim*," he cried in a burst of pride, "the bath exists and my servant will instantly prepare it."

The bath, it appeared, was virgin; no one had ever dared it before. The 12

elders crowded round patting me on the back as if I had recklessly agreed to ride an unmanageable horse. The hotel servant, with an armful of green sticks, entered the bathroom, and shortly great volumes of smoke began to roll down the corridor and out the window. Seeing the smoke, the whole population of Sohag turned out. The Fire Brigade stood by. Small boys swarmed up all the palm trees which commanded a view of the bathroom window.

After an hour of labor on the part of the hotel servant and growing excitement among the populace, the smoke abated and the proprietor announced that all was ready. Pale but calm I put on my dressing-gown. I put on the wooden sandals. I picked up my towel and soap and I went to the bathroom. There was the bath. Underneath it glowed the embers of the fire which had made it hot. In it was an inch of tepid water the color of ink. At the door were the proprietor and the 12 elders peering excitedly over each others' shoulders. On a palm tree just outside the window, was the face of a small boy, and from the distance came expectant murmurs from the population of Sohag.

By nature I am a modest man. But I looked at the eager faces of the 12 elders and the small boy, I listened to the murmur of the crowd and I realized that I was as one dedicated. With a bashful smile I took off my dressing-gown.

"The Englishman has taken off his

clothes!" shouted the boy in the palm tree. There was tense silence.

"He has stepped into the bath!" A sigh went up from the crowd.

"*Wullaby!* He sits in the bath! He pours water over himself! Not even his head is spared!" Cries of amazement and admiration were heard.

"*El bamd' il Allab!* The Englishman is still alive! He has risen from the bath. It is finished."

It was finished. I put on my dressing-gown. I put on the wooden sandals.

With dignity I received the congratulations of the proprietor.

In response to the urgent appeal of the 12 elders I allowed myself to be seen by the populace for a moment from the bathroom window.

With the plaudits of the crowd ringing in my ears I went to bed, knowing what it is to be a king.



Keep Up with the World

Excerpts from a regular department in Collier's, The National Weekly

Freling Foster

UNLIKE large American cities, London disguises many of its police radio cars, particularly those operating at night, so that they appear to be milk wagons, newspaper delivery trucks and similar "night" vehicles. The officers in them wear plain clothes and receive their instructions in code.

WALNUTS now are being shelled by a machine at the rate of 900 pounds an hour. As the nuts are carried between parallel belts, they are slotted, injected with a mixture of oxygen and acetylene and then passed through a flame that causes the gas to explode, throwing the shells into one receptacle and the meats into another. Sixty percent of the meats come out whole or in unbroken halves.

AT LEAST ONE species of the sundew, a plant that lives on insects caught with the aid of a viscid secretion exuded by its tentacles, is so sensitive that when a small piece of beef is suspended on a wire within its reach, the plant extends its nearest tentacle and grasps the meat inside of an hour.

BECAUSE OF the heavy transpiration that takes place in trees, an acre of forest releases into the atmosphere more moisture than an acre of lake or river.

IN LARGE American logging camps, the humidity in the air is checked regularly with a psychrometer to determine if the atmosphere is dry

enough for a chance spark of any kind to start a disastrous fire. When it registers as low as 30 percent, all logging is stopped.

ARISTOCRATIC Frenchwomen, shortly before the Revolution in 1789, vied with one another in decorating their large wigs with toy windmills, ships, animals and houses. One of the oddest of these headdresses was the "Kitchen Coiffure." It included a dishcloth, a bunch of onions, a knife and fork, and a scrubbing brush.

WITHIN living memory fashionable Frenchwomen "made up" their veins with a blue paint to enhance the whiteness and transparency of their skin.

TIMES SQUARE in New York City has buildings whose electric sign space earns a larger rental than all the interior space combined.

ASIA TODAY still has tribes in which children are betrothed before they are born — two families agreeing that the first boy is to marry the first girl.

THE North Sea Mine Barrage, the 6000-square-mile belt of destruction between Norway and Scotland which bottled up the German Navy, consisted of 71,000 mines, every one of which had been located and destroyed 12 months after the Armistice.

NOISES sound louder at night than in the day because their propagation is not impeded by ascending currents of air which have been warmed by the sun.

WHEN Stalin, dictator of Russia, makes a railroad journey, the engine driver of his special train is a woman, Sinaida Troizkaia, whom he trusts more than any man.

UNLESS necessary no inhabitant of Albinen, Switzerland, ever leaves the village, which is built on a mountaintop, because the only way to get to and from the outside world is by a ladder that is 600 feet, or 50 stories, in height.

WHEN American women began traveling alone on railroad trains in the 1870's, many carried a closely bundled large crying doll, so they would appear to be mothers and have no trouble in securing seats and discouraging the attentions of lonely gentlemen.

SCATTERED throughout England are some 400 "camping coaches," or remodeled railroad cars, in which about 50,000 persons each year spend their summer vacations. The coaches, permanently located on beautiful country sidings, accommodate private parties of from four to ten and cost from \$10 to \$25 a week, which includes linen and tableware.



Irishism: "The sooner I never see your face again, the better it will be for both of us when we meet."

— *Pacific Coast Banker*

☛ Exorbitant "costs," blackmail and extortion are common practices among crooked Justices of the Peace

Justice by the Piece

Condensed from The American Mercury

Mitchell Dawson

+

WERE YOU ever hauled up before a justice of the peace? If not, you probably will be. Sooner or later it is the lot of most Americans to meet the squire and hear him drone, "— and costs!"

He and his twin, the police magistrate, do more business than all our other judges combined. The great bulk of minor civil and criminal litigation in our rural and suburban districts flows through their makeshift courtrooms, where "justice" is administered by men untrained in the law, without supervision, and with every inducement for exploitation, oppression and fraud.

To most people, perhaps, the "J. P." is a comic figure or a lovable old philosopher — or a little of both — but serious investigation shows the overwhelming majority to be neither amusing nor quaint. The system has been denounced again and again, by bar associations, by the American Judicature Society, by commissions on criminal justice, and a few states have lately taken steps to set up better courts.

But in most sections of the coun-

try, the squire is still engaged in the business of dispensing justice by the piece. He parcels it out at fixed prices quaintly known as "costs." The costs go into the pockets of the justice and his handyman, the constable. In most states it is the only way these worthies have of getting paid.

In criminal cases under this system, it is always better business for the squire to find the defendant guilty and squeeze the costs out of him, than to let him go and try to collect from the county. Everything is arranged so that the expense of administering justice will fall on the defendants instead of the public. Some states offer a bonus of higher costs for convictions than for acquittals. Others say that a magistrate is not entitled to *any* costs unless he convicts the defendant, though the U. S. Supreme Court has held this unconstitutional.

In civil cases — minor debt disputes and the like — the situation is much the same. In order to induce plaintiffs to file suits before him, the squire often has to agree not to charge any costs unless he

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can get them out of the defendant. In both types of cases the results confirm the timeworn wisecrack that J. P. means "judgment for the plaintiff." In certain Tennessee counties judgment was entered for the plaintiff in 98.3 percent of 25,088 cases, and in Michigan or Mississippi a defendant faces about the same odds.

To build up costs, the squire does as much paper work as he can: complaint, 50 cents; warrant, 50 cents; docket entry, 25 cents; and so on up to a hundred or more items. In ruthless hands these modest fees may add up to more than the amount involved in the case itself. In one civil suit involving a \$9 debt in West Virginia, a justice collected \$19 in costs. In Hamilton County, Ohio, the costs on a \$4.89 milk bill were \$8.20; on a \$10 claim for room rent they were \$16, on the attachment of a car for a \$7.50 debt they ran to \$33.10.

The number of justices in most states far exceeds the actual need. New York has about 3600, Illinois 3500, Tennessee 2800, and North Carolina 5000. The majority don't make enough from their office to buy bread and butter. But for those who make the most of their opportunities, the rewards are substantial and sometimes handsome. In less than 13 months one squire in Ohio took in \$4553 from the operation of a single traffic light.

Competition in most places is so keen that justices must have busi-

ness "feeders." A common arrangement is the collection of accounts for business firms on commissions running from 10 to 50 percent plus costs. If the squire doesn't collect from the defendant he gets nothing; thus the judge becomes an active and interested agent for the plaintiff.

The parties to such alliances say that no harm is done because the defendants really owe the money. But the temptation is constant to make the defendant pay regardless of legal rules. Writs tie up wages, property legally exempt is attached, and defendants who owe nothing are badgered with suits. Two Maryland justices entered judgments aggregating \$127,836 and costs of \$2348.10 against a group of defendants who had never dealt with the plaintiff and didn't know he existed.

Blackmail and extortion are widespread. "Before turning the warrant over to my constable," the squire writes his victim, "I am giving you this chance to come in and settle." Faced with the prospect of a fine or jail, the victim pays and the squire gets his cut.

Constables, deputy sheriffs and highway police in cahoots with the squire pick up vagrants, drunks, gamblers, unlicensed hunters, fishermen and dog owners, roadside petters and speeders, knowing that fines will be measured by how much the squire thinks he can get and not by the gravity of the offense. How-

ever, the justice will, of course, lend a friendly ear when party headquarters telephone in behalf of a particular defendant.

The biggest returns come from such operations as the time-honored Saturday night roundup in which dozens are booked as drunk and disorderly, resisting an officer, or whatever. If the prisoner calls for a lawyer, the J. P. puts his case over for a week and orders him locked up unless he furnishes bail. If he wants to give bond, the squire obligingly calls in a shark who will do the job for an exorbitant commission.

Speed traps — the most familiar of the shakedown devices — are especially prevalent in Connecticut, Illinois, Ohio, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey and New York, according to motor club officers, who are this year increasing their efforts to put crooked magistrates out of business.

Last year five officials of the little village of Dixmoor near Chicago were convicted on charges growing out of the operation of a speed trap. The fines were supposed to go into the road and bridge fund, but instead they were diverted into the village treasury and paid out in salaries. "My cops have to make at least 10 pinches a day," said the justice. "That's the way we eat!"

Of course thousands of honest and competent justices carry on their duties with the full respect and support of their communities.

But while there is a growing tendency near our big cities to choose lawyers to serve as justices, untrained lay justices are in the majority the country over, and their courtrooms are wherever they hang their hats, frequently the living room, kitchen or basement of their homes.

Further, the statutory requirements, if any, for keeping records are loosely enforced. Consequently the squire gets careless about docketing cases. In Ohio the proportion of cases brought in by the police but not entered on the docket is said to run as high as 90 percent in some sections. Fines collected in such cases usually stay in the squire's pocket, and state and county governments lose enormous sums. West Virginia forced one justice to surrender \$8000 he had salted away in less than a year. Five others were caught and resigned; another disappeared. The district attorney of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, recently sent several notorious magistrates to jail and removed others for faking cases and padding accounts.

The justice courts could have been wiped out long ago if the public had cared enough. They were wiped out in most of our big cities, but reform stopped at the city limits. Some prosperous towns and villages have put their magistrates on salaries and furnished them with courtrooms, but this still leaves the courts isolated judicial units. A so-

lution to the problem would be the abolition of the squire's office and the creation of a new court as an integral part of the state judicial system. But usually this is impossible without difficult constitutional changes.

An alternative would be to set up an efficient minor court system concurrent with that of the J. P. and at the same time reduce the

J. P.'s powers — thus drawing his business away until he fades out of the picture. In 1936 the Virginia assembly did this. The Indiana legislature passed a similar act this year. But until this trend really takes hold, countless Americans will be at the mercy of an outmoded court system and its most vicious manifestation — the Justice of the Peace.



Caught in Bronze

THE MANNEKEN, a charming little fountain statue, is Brussels' oldest and most beloved citizen. In 1648 the Manneken was a real little boy, the son of a prominent citizen. One day he disappeared and the distressed father promised the authorities that if they would find his boy, he would present to the city a bronze statue of him. But he stipulated that the statue must represent the boy in whatever attitude he was found. Finally the child turned up on a corner in the innocent, though immodest, act of using the gutter as a drain. The father kept his word and the Manneken Fountain became the pet of Brussels.

The statue is often decked out in one of the many costumes of its wardrobe, which is kept in shape by a Master of the Manneken's Wardrobe, an official on the city payroll. The Manneken has appeared as an American Boy Scout, as a Japanese warrior, as a courtier of Louis XV in a fine suit actually given

him by that monarch. When the French dominated Belgium, he wore the tricolor. When the House of Orange ruled, he wore the orange colors. But he did not adopt a gray uniform or spiked helmet in 1914, and at the close of the war he was raised to the rank of corporal and cited for bravery. The citation read:

"Surprised at his post in August, 1914, by the sudden invasion of the enemy, he received them with the utmost *sang-froid*, showing by his gesture his complete heedlessness of danger. Proud of his past and conscious of the necessity which his title of Oldest Citizen of Brussels placed upon him of giving an example to his fellow citizens, he maintained his position for more than four years without faltering.

As modest in triumph as he was strong in adversity he remains today a model corporal, strict and faithful in his performance of duty."

— Sydney A. Clark, *Many-Colored Belgium*
(McBride)

¶ An experienced lifeguard warns against dangers that cost 7000 lives annually

Drowning Is So Unnecessary

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

James W. Danner

+

"PLACE, PUSH, rise, release, rest." Artificial respiration begins. "Place, push, rise, release, rest." Death rides at your elbow, staring out of the boy's swollen face, the sightless eyes.

"Place, push, rise, release, rest." The only sound save the quiet sobbing of a mother. And the odd sound a father's hand makes when it pats a woman's shoulder.

They have taken her away now. Most of the crowd has gone. But a father waits — clinging to one thin thread of hope — dumbly watching, watching. Your muscles ache, you are numb with weariness. But the father grows old before your eyes. You cannot stop! You must go on!

They are using the second tank of oxygen now. One chance in a million. "Place, push, rise, release, rest." The minutes crawl into hours and the body under your hands stiffens imperceptibly.

Finally *rigor mortis* sets in. You cannot argue against that, and you stumble to your feet. They lead away a bowed old man with unseeing eyes. You want to say something to him, but you can't. Your throat hurts, and there's a sickness

deep down inside of you. Mechanically you help wrap the lad in a sheet. They take part of you away with the boy.

Now you know what a drowning is. Seven thousand people in the United States will die like that this year — and many thousands more will come close, too close, to this choking fate.

Seven thousand people — this year, and the next, and the next.

And those deaths just aren't necessary!

I am a lifeguard at a beach where we have made 305 rescues in the last three years. I know what I am talking about. I know how easily a drowning can happen, to even the most expert swimmer. And I know how easily it can be avoided.

Practically all our drownings are due to reckless disregard of plain common sense. On behalf of my fellow lifeguards, who have seen again and again how quickly folly leads to stark tragedy in the water, I emphasize these essential "don'ts":

Don't swim far from shore, unaccompanied by a boat. The exhilaration of cool water gives you a false sense of power. But this stimulation

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lets you down suddenly and you are shocked to find all at once that you are too exhausted to return to shore. You could have swum just as far *parallel* to shore. This sounds like threadbare advice. But every summer day at any beach you see exuberant swimmers plunge in and strike out as if they were starting to swim the English Channel. You don't hear of Channel swimmers drowning; they know their strength and have boats at their elbows. But the lone swimmers at our beaches get in trouble only too often.

Incidentally, it's sound advice never to swim alone, even in shallow water. Each season some mischance brings death to solitary swimmers who disregard this elementary precaution — who could have been saved had a helping hand been near.

Don't swim until two hours after eating. If you do, the sudden screaming pain of stomach cramps may double you forward in a knot. Often every muscle is paralyzed. You can't move a finger to save yourself. Surrounded by friends, you may disappear so suddenly they won't be aware of it. This danger is common knowledge; yet foolhardy young people annually defy the risk — and pay the penalty.

Don't stay in swimming until you are very cold. Muscular cramps affecting the foot, calf, thigh or arms often result from exertion when fatigued and chilled. Muscular cramps are less overwhelming than

stomach cramps but are more common. They may be very painful, and the affected member may be made entirely useless. But the biggest danger is the blind unreasoning panic into which cramps throw most people.

The ordinary stitch in the side, such as you get from overfast walking, is not a cramp. When a muscular cramp does occur, if the victim keeps cool, he can usually swim to safety without the use of the disabled member. Or, the cramp may be worked out. Take a deep breath, hold it; bend over and seize the affected area and work out the cramp with a firm kneading motion.

Don't plunge into cold water when exhausted or overheated, especially after playing strenuous games. It is a severe shock to your heart and may induce stomach cramps. Indeed, the most sensible way of first entering the water at any time is to wade in, gradually splashing the water over the body and minimizing the shock.

Don't try to rescue another person by plunging in yourself, unless you have had lifesaving training. At our beach during the last three years 40 bathers, unskilled in lifesaving, attempted to aid drowning persons, were grabbed in strangleholds, and had to be rescued themselves.

Even the best lifeguards seldom make swimming rescues. They use equipment: a boat, buoys, heaving line, surfboard. Anything which will support a person or which may drag

him to safety may be used: a log or plank may be pushed out, or an oar or fishing pole extended, or a towel flipped out may be enough to save a life, since many people drown each year within only a few feet — or even inches — of safety.

Don't fight against a current should you become caught in one. Each year good swimmers are drowned simply because they don't understand this principle. In a stream one should always swim diagonally across the current, with its flow.

Don't get panicky if caught in an undertow. The undertow is merely the receding movement of water piled up by wave action on a sloping shore. It won't "suck you down." It will merely carry you out into deeper water. But the next crest will carry you several feet toward shore again. Swim only with the crest; relax and rest during the trough, letting it carry you out. Remember that it will take you out a lesser distance than you were brought in. Just before the next crest comes, get your feet well up, parallel with the surface of the water, and swim with all your might. Repeat the process, and you will soon reach safety — if you keep your head.

Some dangers seem too obvious to mention. Yet swimmers defy them daily. We lifeguards wonder why they will recklessly continue to dive into water without knowing its depth; why they swim around piers or jetties, where currents and deep holes are treacherous; why non-swimmers let themselves drift beyond their depth while using inflated beach apparatus.

And finally, *why* don't people obey a lifeguard's orders without question? Practically all calls for help on rough days are due to the failure of bathers to heed our warnings promptly. Don't be lulled into false security because a lifeguard is only a 100 feet away. Before he can get to you, you may go down suddenly, blind fear clutching at your heart, water in your throat stifling your cry for help.

By the time the guards come, your body may be yards away if the currents are strong. They will dive for you in a long line, back and forth. But they may not find you in time.

Remember this always: Death is at your elbow in the water. And drowning is a horrible death. Don't let anyone tell you it is not. So don't ignore the common-sense rules that prevent it.



WHEN the Tatar curses one, instead of exclaiming, "Go to —!" as we do, he says: "May you stay in one place forever!" — *Trips*

¶ The fly, born and matured in filth, is uniquely equipped for transmitting that filth

Our Enemy, the Fly

Condensed from Your Life

Alan Devoe

FROM two things, the adage has it, none of us is exempt: death and taxes. The naturalist might add a third: flies. Buzzing at the sunny windows, hovering hungrily over the dinner table, flies are so inevitably a part of warm-weather existence that most of us accept them casually.

We pay for this indifference more dearly than we know. We pay for it with outbreaks of cholera and anthrax, with typhoid, trachoma, tuberculosis, and with much of the inexplicable summer dysentery of our babies. *Musca domestica*, the housefly, is as deadly an enemy as we could entertain.

Our housefly starts life as a tiny egg, much smaller than a pinhead, deposited by a female fly in a manure pile or in any rotting refuse. Within 24 hours it hatches forth as a transparent legless grub. Before a day has passed its size has so tremendously increased that its inelastic skin can no longer contain the body. The skin therefore splits, and the grub crawls out to grow a new one. Three times within as many days this splitting and shedding of old skins occurs, and then

on the fourth day, its transparent color changed to a dull white, it crawls away from its feeding place and burrows into the ground.

During this underground burial of about three days, there form inside the pupal jacket the striped body, the six legs, the two veined wings, the multi-faceted eyes — a tremendous metamorphosis for so short a time. Then the pupa bursts and the adult fly emerges. Tunneling upward, it comes out into the sunlight, ready — when its wings have dried and stiffened — for its eight or ten weeks of adult life.

From egg to adult has taken less than ten days. And this adult fly is ready immediately for breeding. If a female, in less than a week it will probably lay its first batch of 100 or more eggs, repeating at ten-day intervals. In view of this speed, and of the housefly's vast fecundity, it becomes apparent how huge the tribe would grow were it unchecked. Nine generations is average in the season from mid-April to September. The offspring of a single pair of houseflies in that time, if all lived, would amount to the astronomical figure of 335,923,200,000,000 flies.

The adult housefly's life is no prettier spectacle for the squeamish than was its infancy. Its prime concern is food. It relishes with equal enthusiasm decaying garbage or other filth and the lumps of sugar on your dinner table. And it flies directly from one kind of food to the other, a disturbing fact in view of its highly specialized anatomy and physiology.

In the first place, its entire body is covered with a tangle of fine, close-growing hairs; and similar hairs grow on wings, legs and feet. The fly is thus equipped with the finest of catchalls. In the second place, there is the extraordinary structure of its feet. Each foot is equipped with an adhesive pad of sticky hairs. It is by means of these that the fly negotiates slippery polished surfaces so nimbly and can walk upside down on ceilings; but it is also by means of these sticky pads that it picks up and transmits myriad germs.

Furthermore, the mouth parts of the housefly are a pair of soft, fleshy lobes at the end of its proboscis. There is no chewing mechanism. (The flies that bite you sometimes in muggy weather are not houseflies, but another variety called tabanids.) Accordingly, a fly can feed on a lump of sugar only by first softening it. To do this the fly regurgitates on the sugar a drop of fluid from its last-digested meal. It is this gruesome antic that the fly is performing at our dinner table when he

seems to be exploring the sugar bowl; these regurgitated droplets, together with the insect's excreta, make up the "flyspecks" that are every housewife's plague.

Such, then, is the life story of the fly — a creature born and matured in filth, and uniquely equipped for transmitting that filth wherever it may go. Its danger to man can hardly be overstated. "In the case of more than 30 different disease organisms," says Dr. L. O. Howard, consulting entomologist of the United States Public Health Service, "laboratory proof exists that they are carried by the fly." Doctors and writers in medical journals likewise have repeatedly and emphatically pointed out its great menace to national health. Careful tests have shown that the bacteria on the hairy body of a single fly may number as many as five million and that a single buzzing *Musca domestica* can infect a whole household.

What can we do about it? The answer is that, while as individuals we can accomplish a good deal, as whole communities acting together we can accomplish much more. Flies are migrants: recent tests in Dallas revealed that a flight of 13 miles is by no means beyond the fly's ability. It will do little good, therefore, for the citizens in a town's residential section to battle against houseflies if a few miles away there is an unsanitary dump or exposed manure pile where they breed by billions. Old-fashioned privies should

be screened and borax used; no leakage above ground should be allowed from cesspools.

All town-dwellers, however, must coöperate if this menace is to be removed. We must see that our garbage cans are of metal and tightly covered. We must make sure that our town or city disposes of its garbage by incineration and not by dumping. We must fight continuously against adult flies that get into our houses, wielding the old-fashioned swatter, spraying, using flypaper.

Especially in the late fall should we do a thorough job. Eggs laid then live dormant through the winter and make possible the year-to-year continuance of the fly tribe.

Musca domestica, of course, like every other creature under heaven, has its natural enemies. A part of our fight should be to encourage these. Although it may go against the grain, we ought, for instance, to

protect spiders, probably the house-fly's most effective enemy, and also toads, lizards and salamanders. Above all, we ought to encourage birds. It would be impossible to reckon how many houseflies are devoured by such expert aerial hunters as the swallows and swifts, or how many eggs and larvae are consumed by vireos, orioles, nuthatches and chickadees. Putting out suet and bread-crumbs for birds in winter, and offering suitable nest sites in the spring, are important steps in the antifly campaign.

The ancient Greeks sacrificed an ox to *Musca domestica* every year at Actium, and the Syrians of antiquity made similar propitiations. But, despite his long and deadly presence in our midst, there is every hope that, with effort, we may one day enter into that blissful era, prophesied in the Koran, "when all the flies shall have perished, except one."



So That's How It Started! — XVII —

IN THE LATE 19th century Evanston, Illinois, nicknamed "Heavenston" by Frances Willard, was a Methodist-minded town, so pious that the town fathers, resenting the dissipating influences of the soda fountain, passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of ice cream sodas on Sunday. Some ingenious confectioners, obeying the law, served ice cream with syrup but without soda. This sodaless soda was the Sunday soda, and became so popular that orders for "Sundays" crossed the counter every day of the week. When objection was raised to christening the dish after the Sabbath, the spelling was changed to Sundae, and so developed one of America's most characteristic dishes.

— Richard Lloyd Jones, quoted by William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography* (Oxford University Press)

❁ Poverty-stricken but intensely patriotic,
Poland resists both Fascism and Communism

Poland: Key to Europe

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Raymond Leslie Buell

President, Foreign Policy Association

+

POLAND undoubtedly has the capacity of becoming a great power. It is the fastest-growing country in Europe; in 15 years it will have as large a population as France. Its position astride the crossroads of Europe gives it immense military and diplomatic importance. Furthermore, the Poles have high intellectual ability; as one writer has said: "In all Europe there is no other people, with the possible exception of the French, which is naturally so gifted."

Through some of its leading personalities Poland has well served the cause of world culture. Copernicus was a Pole. Two of the three most distinguished foreigners in the American Revolution were Polish — Count Pulaski, who met his death on our behalf, and General Kosciuszko. During the following century the novels of Sienkiewicz and the music of Chopin were known to an international audience. Today the names of Paderewski, Rubinstein, Conrad, Reymont and Madame Curie are world-famous. Poland was the first country in Europe to establish a department of education, and one of the first

to have a parliament and a bill of rights.

The Poles, however, face a serious economic problem, arising out of population pressure against an agricultural economy. They number 34,500,000. The population density is less than a third that of Belgium; but Belgium is heavily industrialized, while Poland is predominantly a country of peasants.

These peasants lived grouped together in hundreds of tiny, primitive villages, going out to their fields daily during the planting and harvesting seasons. The low level of their existence is indicated by their diet, which consists chiefly of rye and potatoes. They are virtually self-sufficient in food, but have extremely low purchasing power.

The poverty of these people is proverbial. It is said that during the depression the peasant would split a match four or five times. The same water would be used over and over again to boil potatoes, in order to save the salt. A peasant village at night is often without any form of light. A writer describes conditions in the northeast, the poorest part of the country, as follows: "At

the end of each winter the horses, having exhausted their supply of fodder, are propped up in their stalls in the hope that spring may arrive in time for them to be carried to the pastures before death releases them from their sufferings. The peasants themselves are mere skeletons racked with fever and malaria, their clothes skins and rags, and their foot-coverings of bark cut from trees." Even if, as some Poles insist, this is an exaggeration, the depressed level of the peasants in many parts of Poland is difficult for Westerners to imagine.

In 1933, during the depression, the richest seven percent of the population had an average monthly income of only \$27, while the rest somehow got along on an average of \$4.50. The national income had increased 20 percent by 1937, but the individual's share is still very little by American standards.

Yet the country as a whole gives an impression of stability. Urban workers are somewhat better off than the peasants, and the cities have a flourishing appearance. Bright, well-dressed people throng the streets and cafés day and night.

One of the motivating forces in Polish life today is the memory of a glorious past. In the 16th century, the Polish domain stretched across Europe from the Baltic Sea to the Crimea — the foothold on the Baltic being won after years of hard fighting against the Germans. Poland was then the cultural center of

Northern Europe, as well as an asylum for people fleeing from religious and political persecution in other lands.

But the grandeur of medieval Poland rapidly decayed. A custom developed whereby any deputy to the national parliament could "explode" it — that is, adjourn it — by imposing his veto, and this veto nullified all decisions previously made. Four fifths of the legislative meetings between 1652 and 1772 were thus "exploded." Parliament was hamstrung, and the king deprived of military and financial support.

In the absence of an effective central government, some 16 or 17 great families maintained luxurious courts and regarded themselves as sovereign princes; the rivalry between them led to anarchy and disintegration. Russia, Prussia and Austria took advantage of the situation to lop off chunks of Polish territory. By 1793 these three countries had divided among themselves two thirds of Poland, and the remains were converted into a Russian protectorate. The Period of Captivity commenced, and it lasted despite numerous Polish rebellions until after the World War. Then, as the result of the peace treaties and a two-year war with Russia, Poland recovered its independence and about three fifths of the territory it held at the height of its power. It is now the sixth largest state in Europe. In territory it is

exceeded only by Russia, Germany, France, Spain and Sweden; in population, only by Russia, Germany, France, Britain and Italy.

During the Great War, Poland suffered greater devastation than any other nation except Belgium. Almost 2,000,000 buildings were burned; 11,000,000 acres of land were put out of use; 6,000,000 acres of forests were destroyed. Before leaving at the end of the war, the Austro-German armies blew up 7500 bridges and destroyed 940 railroad stations. The human loss beggars description in terms of homeless refugees, starving children, families ravaged by disease. Except for the remarkable staying power of the Polish people, and for relief extended by the United States, Communism might easily have triumphed during this period.

The task of reconstruction was tremendous. Three different systems of law, social insurance, and public administration, which had developed during the Captivity, had to be unified. Yet since the war Poland has created a centralized administration manned by a civil service of high quality; set up a single system of roads, railways, posts and telegraphs; established a stable currency and built an imposing port at Gdynia. The Poles have lived down their reputation for inefficiency — Lloyd George could no longer say, as he did once, that one might as well give a clock to a monkey as Upper Silesia to the

Poles. The divisive psychologies which arose among the three parts of Poland during the Captivity are being eliminated by the school and university system and military conscription, and a new national unity is being forged.

Only one thing now stands in the way of national solidarity: the presence of a large minority of non-Polish peoples, totaling one third of the population. The most important minorities are the 750,000 Germans, the 3,300,000 Jews, and the 5,000,000 Ukrainians. Most of the Germans are in full sympathy with National Socialism, but they are scattered all over the country and are unorganized. The Jews are even more widely distributed. The Ukrainians, on the other hand, are a compact majority in southeastern Poland, and are politically well organized. The Ukrainians in Russia, Poland and Rumania have long tried in vain to gain their independence, and the presence of so many Ukrainians in Poland may weaken that country in time of war.

Poland is not a democracy in the American sense, but neither is it a totalitarian state. Parliament is dominated by one party, a middle-of-the-road group which enjoys the support of the army. The government has sometimes resorted to "protective custody" — a feature of totalitarian regimes — and placed in concentration camps, without a court order, persons accused of "menacing peace and public secu-

city." The government radio can be used only by supporters of the party in power. Thus civil liberties are severely curtailed.

However, opposition parties, both of the Left and Right, carry on propaganda and hold meetings, and opposition newspapers continue to be published. And although Poland has the largest Jewish population of any country in Europe, it has not adopted the anti-Semitic measures used by Germany.

Poland is making a determined effort to keep from being drawn into either the Communist or the Fascist camp. Wedged between the two great totalitarian imperialisms, its position is extremely difficult. But the Polish spirit is highly individualistic, and hence anti-totalitarian. Furthermore, there is no country in Europe today, except possibly Ireland, where the Catholic Church has such influence; and the Church in Poland does not wish to suffer the fate of the Church in Germany and Russia. Poland may be able to prevent either Fascism or Communism from dominating the continent. It will resist the ideology of the anti-Western powers provided the democracies give it proper support. In more ways than one, Poland holds the key to Europe.

The fate of Poland is bound up in the future relations of Germany and Russia. Should they fight, they would inevitably do so on Polish soil. Whoever the victor might be, Polish independence would be im-

periled. The Poles lived under German and Russian rule too long to relish the prospect of playing host to a victorious army belonging to either power.

On the other hand, the whole of Central Europe today fears that sooner or later Germany and Russia will reach an understanding. Between 1802 and 1879 Prussia and Russia were in alliance, with profit to both parties. The internal regimes of Russia and Germany are becoming more and more similar, and a strong element in each of the armies favors an agreement whereby Germany would have access to Russia's raw materials and provide Russia's industries with badly needed technicians. Poland would be as vitally involved in any such alliance as in a Russian-German war, since an alliance might well be followed by a new partition of Poland.

Poland's foreign policy, therefore, has had two objectives: to keep Russia and Germany apart, and to obtain outside assistance in case of attack by either. Whether Poland succeeds any better than Czechoslovakia in maintaining its integrity depends upon its determination to fight at the first sign of German aggression. If the Poles sacrifice Danzig, the Corridor and Upper Silesia without a struggle, they will be doomed. If they can resist the Nazi forces a month or so, it is probable they will receive help in time. Although political

considerations may have justified France and Britain in throwing away the Czech forts and 20 divisions of troops at Munich, they cannot equally afford to throw away Poland's 35 divisions.

Up to the present time, Poland hasn't wanted Russian aid in case of a German attack. Although both the Poles and the Russians are Slavs, and hence hereditary enemies of the Germans, the existence of Communism in Russia has been a barrier to Slavic unity. The Poles have feared that if Russian troops once entered the country, they would not leave and would propagate Communist sentiment. And even before the Bolshevik Revolution, lasting differences separated the two peoples. Poland has always thought of itself as a bulwark pro-

tecting Europe from the semi-Asiatic influence of Russia. However, Poland's national interests undoubtedly will now force it to think in terms of Slavic unity to a far greater extent than it has done in the past. Russia is in a far better position than France or Britain to send troops quickly to Poland's aid.

Less courageous peoples than the Poles might shrink from contemplating a future bound up with such difficult internal and external problems. But Poland's confidence in itself, its attachment to its past, and its intense sense of mission may carry it through. An ardent patriotism will enable this country, if need be, to suffer adversity and carry on when other states having higher material standards might falter and even collapse.



Humor from the Congressional Record

Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma

I KNOW A FARMER who is the tightest tightwad that ever tightened a wad. He is so stingy that he works his crossword puzzles up and down so that he will not have to come across.

One time I was working for him. It was so hot that every time I lifted a wheat bundle on the end of a fork I saw ink spots all around. This farmer came out to see how the hired hands were getting along. We had a jug of water and a jug of oil under the same shock of wheat. The farmer got thirsty, fumbled around under the shock of wheat, and got hold of the wrong jug. Without taking his eyes off the hired hands, he brought up his arm, pulled the cob out, and turned up the jug — glug-glug — and got his mouth full of the black oil; but he would not spit it out — not this fellow — no, sir. He just waited until the binder came around again, and he hailed it and got under it and oiled the whole machine.

— *Congressional Record*, May 9, '39

At the Drop of a Coin

SLOT MACHINES are now being installed in hotel lobbies and railway stations to sell accident insurance policies, good for 24 hours and carrying a maximum indemnity of \$7500. When a quarter is dropped in the slot, a glass panel slides back, allowing the purchaser to write his name and that of his beneficiary. The machine imprints the time of day upon the policy, releases one document to the insured and retains a duplicate in the machine.

— *Automatic Age*, and *Popular Mechanics*

HANDY FOR the person who hates to write letters are the automatic "talking letter" machines which have been installed in post offices in Germany and the Netherlands. One simply drops in a coin and speaks into a microphone. A moment or two later, out drops a phonograph recording of the speech, neatly wrapped and ready to be stamped and mailed like an ordinary letter. The recipient can play the record on any phonograph.

AN AUTOMATIC telegraph transmitter has been developed by Western Union for installation in drugstores, railroad stations and other public places. Your message, written on a specially sensitized blank, is deposited in the machine and immediately a facsimile is transmitted automatically to the main telegraph office. An illuminated panel tells you "Message being transmitted," and when the process is finished another panel reading "Thank you" lights up. Coin slots provide for payment.

IN THE railway station at Copenhagen, Denmark, one can get the use of a typewriter, complete with stationery, carbons and stamps, by dropping a few cents into a machine.

— *Travelers*

FOOT OSCILLATORS, now installed in shoe stores, department stores, rest rooms, beauty shops, golf clubs, gymnasiums and private homes, stimulate circulation and massage tired feet while the patron sits in a chair before the machine. A dime in the slot provides a five-minute treatment.

— *Automatic Age*

TO HELP Pennsylvania farmers dispose of an egg surplus, slot machines, dispensing hard-boiled eggs for a nickel, have been installed in bars and taprooms.

— *Barron's*

A POST OFFICE in miniature, called the "Mailomat," automatically makes one operation of purchasing stamps and mailing letters. As the letters are fed into a slot, the postage necessary registers on a dial. After the correct amount is deposited in the coin slots, a metered stamp is printed on the envelopes and the letters are ready for collection. Handling mail is thus speeded up, because the metered stamps need no post-office cancellation. Within a half hour of its introduction in New York City this spring, an eager public had used the first machine for 700 pieces of mail, including air mail, foreign and special delivery. Although not yet purchased by the post-office department, the machine has been approved for private distribution, and may soon be found in hotels and other public centers.

❧ A labor leader who believes that labor must help industry to function more efficiently if labor is to be benefited

Sidney Hillman

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Joseph Gollomb

THOUGH only 51, Sidney Hillman has been a top labor executive longer than either William Green or John L. Lewis, who are both older. He has been president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America since its inception in 1914. And when the Harmon Foundation voted an award to Hillman for outstanding public service, it also said of the Amalgamated that "it has been a laboratory where labor's new share in the life of the community is being worked out."

Unlike the spectacular John Lewis, Hillman is the despair of the caricaturist. He affects you like a quietly uttered understatement, just before you recognize it as such. There is a balance about his appearance that suggests a smoothly geared personality. As a boy in Russia he first studied for the rabbinate, but gave it up, broke with his family over orthodoxy, and at 15 left home to fend for himself.

At first he worked in a chemical factory and at night studied the economists. Russia was on the brink of the 1905 revolution and in

a parade of students one day Hillman joined the chant for a 10-hour working day. The police swooped down and threw scores into jail, Hillman with them. When released, after eight months behind bars, he fled Russia and came to America.

In the Hart, Schaffner & Marx factory in Chicago he learned the trade of cutter of men's garments. At first he worked without pay, then he got \$6 a week. Three years later he was still at Hart, Schaffner & Marx making \$11 a week, the average wage for all workers there for a week of 54 hours. In other shops in the industry, conditions were worse: the pay was less, the hours longer; 12-year-old children were employed; toilets and drinking water were shut off to keep employes from taking time out.

On September 22, 1910, five girls walked out on strike against Hart, Schaffner & Marx. At first there was laughter at this assault on the biggest manufacturer of men's garments in the world. Then 6000 other employes joined them, and inside of three weeks 45,000 other men's garment workers in Chicago struck.

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(The Atlantic Monthly, July, '38)*

After ten bitter weeks of strife, Joseph Schaffner unexpectedly announced that the workers were in the right. Like many another business head, he had left labor relations to his overseers. "I was so badly informed of the conditions in my shops," he said, "that when I found out what the real conditions were I concluded that the strike should have occurred much sooner."

Hart, Schaffner & Marx then signed a simple agreement that brought their employes back to work. Its essence was the setting up of an arbitration committee consisting of employers and employes equally represented to settle any grievances in the future.

Sidney Hillman, enthusiastic for this, had a stubborn time getting the workers to try a technique of labor adjustment other than the only way they knew, the strike. Hillman's attitude was: "A strike settles nothing. An employer may win a strike and find it was so costly that he has lost his business. A union may win, and discover it has lost both the industry and the union. A constructive labor attitude must be in terms of the achievable. We cannot ask from industry more than it can soundly afford to give us. We cannot defeat an industry; when we do that we defeat ourselves. Labor must be industry-conscious."

In 1914, discontent in the ranks of the United Garment Workers against their own union leadership

brought Hillman again to the fore. There were charges of "corrupt practices" and "autocratic administration of the union's business." The demands of the protesting group, representing two thirds of the union's membership, were refused recognition by the union heads. Thereupon they held a convention and nominated Hillman as their leader. The upshot of this revolt was their expulsion from the American Federation of Labor — and the founding of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Sidney Hillman was elected president.

Ever since, the union has followed Hillman's leadership eagerly. Long after he has secured a majority of the membership of his union for something he recommends, he labors passionately to convince the rest. He argues with subordinates whom he has the right to order. The rank and file are convinced he understands their problems completely; they have been known to cheer his recommendation that they accept a 15 percent wage cut.

The Amalgamated has written democracy into the whole framework of its constitution. Officers of the union can be elected only by a general referendum. The membership can initiate legislation, or change the constitution. Any member can prefer charges against any officer, and, if dissatisfied with the decisions of the union's lower courts,

he can carry his case to a general convention of the Amalgamated. Unlike bludgeon-ruled unions, whose chiefs let years pass without giving their members a chance to express themselves through a convention, the Amalgamated holds one every two years.

Before he begins negotiations with a manufacturer or orders a strike, Hillman has an exhaustive survey made of his antagonist's business, while he himself studies his man for the human equation.

In Cincinnati, for instance, the Rock of Gibraltar for open-shop manufacturers against invasion by the Amalgamated was "Golden Rule" Arthur Nash. Nash ran his business on what he called "God's Plan," which included a bonus system and other welfare features for his employees; but he forbade them to join a union. Hillman's study of the man convinced him that Nash was sincere. Instead of trying to recruit among Nash's workers, Hillman enlisted the aid of churchmen to point out to Nash that his employees were subjected to greater speed-up than in most sweatshops, that wages paid by him were 25 percent lower than in union shops. Hillman worked on his man three years apparently without result. Then one day Nash ordered his employees to join the Amalgamated. "I unionized," Nash said, "because I could not sleep nights over a job I had to do and could not."

A unique reaction for a manu-

facturer to get from a militant labor leader was experienced by the Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis. After a hard struggle the Amalgamated signed up the shop. A year later Hillman received an urgent telegram from the head of the firm asking for a conference. He found the 64-year-old man pale and shaken. "Mr. Hillman, I wanted you to be the first to know that after 50 years of business we are liquidating. But it is not in the least the fault of the union and I will make a public statement to that effect.

"The truth is, we're overextended on inventory; I owe the banks \$300,000 and they refuse to extend the loan."

"Perhaps they will," Hillman offered, "if you tell them that the Amalgamated will advance \$100,000 to tide you over."

The manufacturer stared. When he told the bankers they stared too, but they extended the loan. The Kahn Tailoring Company used only \$30,000 of the Amalgamated's loan and repaid it within a year.

"The Kahn Tailoring Company," explains Hillman, "was the only big employer of men's garment workers in the city. If it closed there would be some 900 of our union members without jobs." In a similar situation, the Amalgamated advanced \$125,000 to another employer.

In 1922 the union established banks in Chicago and New York.

A year after the New York bank was established it was offered a million and a half dollars profit if it would sell. The offer was refused. Hillman stated: "Our banks have been set up to perform services for our workers, not to chase riches." In 1926 there were 36 labor banks in the country. By 1933 only the two Amalgamated banks survived.

To save workers from loan sharks the Amalgamated banks inaugurated the small loan at six percent. Other financial services included credit unions, a cooperative investment corporation, and a foreign exchange branch. The Amalgamated has built garden apartments for some of its New York members, and has helped the workers to buy them with loans from their own bank. Today over 4000 live in these modern homes that cost them five dollars a room less per month than the normal rental for similar apartments in New York.

In 1933 the American Federation of Labor took the Amalgamated back into its fold, but in 1935 again cast Hillman and his union out, along with the other nine unions that had formed the CIO.

At the time when CIO efforts to bring Little Steel to its knees were filling the press with stories of violence and death, Hillman was put in charge of CIO efforts to organize the textile field. Of 1,200,000 workers in that industry 39 percent were women, nine percent children. The

lowest labor and living conditions in the country's manufacturing system prevailed in the textile field. The industry's distribution system was a profit-eating maze.

The Amalgamated contributed half a million dollars to the cause, and Hillman went to work to help bring order out of this chaos. Inside of ten months he organized 900 of the leading textile manufacturers into two powerful groups, signed up union contracts with them affecting a quarter of a million workers, and increased the membership of the United Textile Workers from 30,000 to 450,000 — all this without violence or bad blood.

The Amalgamated has reduced the average work week for its members from 60 and 70 hours before the advent of the union to 36 hours in 1933. In 1911 the average wage in the men's garment industry was 20 cents an hour; in 1932 it came to 65 cents in Chicago, 58 cents in New York. In the same year non-union shops paid as low as 35 cents.

Hillman seems to mean it when he says that labor should be "industry-conscious." The Amalgamated has introduced production techniques in the making of men's garments that have increased output, saved overhead, and thereby raised profits for manufacturers. Hillman points out that the more industry is helped to function efficiently, the larger the share of the derived benefits labor can demand.

¶ With widespread indifference to vaccination,
an ancient scourge makes headway once more

Is Your Family Insured Against Smallpox?

Condensed from *Hygeia*

J. D. Ratcliff

ONE DAY last year William Hinkley, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, felt badly. He had a fierce headache, a backache, and a temperature of 102°. A doctor might properly have diagnosed influenza. But a few days later, a rash appeared. William Hinkley had smallpox — the current type of mild, non-virulent smallpox that has broken out in hundreds of places in the United States. Two hundred other people went to bed with the same disease before the thoroughly alarmed townsfolk marched to doctors' offices to be vaccinated.

For five years now, smallpox has been on a steady upward march in this country. Some of our states where vaccination is not compulsory have a higher rate of infection than most other places in the world! Last year over 14,000, chiefly in the Middle West and Northwest, had smallpox, a disease which could be completely eradicated if the simple precaution of vaccination were universally adopted.

There is absolutely *no* reason for the prevalence of smallpox. Against its cruel, disfiguring and often lethal wrath science has provided as per-

fect protection as it has against any disease.

In 1798, the English physician, Edward Jenner, announced his epochal discovery that if men would scratch into their arms a little fluid from a pock on a sick cow, they could escape the disease which regularly sent one out of every ten people to the grave. For 140 years, millions of people have heeded Jenner's message and have been protected. That smallpox is at all prevalent in America today is only because thousands of children go unvaccinated, and tens of thousands of adults depend blindly on the protection they got as children.

There are two varieties of smallpox. The milder type, which has spread to many parts of the country, is not necessarily fatal, but it is a loathsome and prostrating disease. The severe form, known as variola major, continues to be the most dreaded of scourges. At any time, in areas where vaccination is not practiced, an epidemic capable of killing six out of every ten stricken may break loose. The significant thing about the present mild strain is that it indicates the

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(*Hygeia*, July, '39)

immunity of the population is low. The ground is ready for the great killer.

Smallpox is caused by a virus so small that it is visible only under the finest microscope. How this potent dynamite is carried about no one is quite sure: probably in countless ways — flies, dust, perhaps even the wind — for cases pop up spontaneously, without the stricken person having had any intimate contact with another who is sick.

Once the virus is in an unvaccinated body, it multiplies for from eight to 21 days before anything happens. Then suddenly there is a violent headache. And a backache. Body temperature shoots up. In this early stage the doctor can rarely be sure what is the matter. Then clinching evidence — papules — appear.

These little red welts crop up on the face and wrists, later spreading to other parts of the body. Features become so distorted that the face is almost unrecognizable. The crusts which eventually form on the sores may take as long as 40 days to drop off, leaving a horribly pitted skin. Blindness frequently results.

This is the disaster that millions of people court by not availing themselves of Dr. Jenner's protection. For Jenner's vaccine, scientifically established and universally accepted, is the specific defense against smallpox. It is made by inoculating a healthy calf with a previously processed virus strain.

In biologic laboratories the exudate from the resulting sores is purified, mixed with glycerine and packed in ampules. A tiny amount of this vaccine, pressed into the skin, will set up a mild infection, stimulating the body to build protective factors called antibodies.

Although basic principles haven't changed since Jenner's time, methods of vaccination have. Some doctors scarify (break) the skin, but most prefer the multiple pressure method. A drop of vaccine is placed on the left arm, chosen because it is less active, and the point of a needle, held obliquely, is pressed against the skin about 30 times, making minute nicks that draw no blood. The resulting scar is no larger than a shoe-button — a happy contrast to the whitish patch of skin as large as a nickel, common a decade or so ago. Vaccinations can be made on the leg as well, but more medical attention is required because of the danger of contamination.

To combat the appeals of those who, even today, consider vaccination with hostility or alarm, doctors can present a body of convincing statistics. Prior to the United States' occupation of the Philippines about 40,000 people died of smallpox there each year. After an aggressive vaccination campaign, deaths dropped to nearly zero in 1909. Then the native legislature allowed the campaign to come to a standstill. Smallpox came back with a terrible vengeance. In 1918-19 there were

50,000 deaths, 90 percent of them among unvaccinated children under ten years of age. The disease raged around the garrisons of vaccinated American troops, but only one soldier contracted it! After this dark visitation vaccination was resumed, and in 1925 there was only one recorded case of smallpox in the islands. That one was imported from China.

For a more immediate argument, consult the incidence rate of the disease in the United States. The 13 states with compulsory vaccination laws have less than one case per 100,000 population each year. Those in which there is local option had six times as many cases, and those without any vaccination laws — 22 states — had nearly 26 times as many cases!

And let no one enjoy the smug assurance that the great killer can't return. Variola major struck Colorado in 1922 and left 1086 dead; and took a minor swipe at Detroit in 1925, killing 175. The Minnesota epidemic in the winter of 1924-25 took 505 lives. Thousands who had been exposed rushed for vaccination.

If vaccinated within three days of exposure, a person is safe. Hence, if one could be sure of the time at which he was exposed, there would be little need for advance protection. But no one *can* be sure. Not

more than one in a dozen victims have the vaguest notion as to where they got the disease. From a public health standpoint, an unvaccinated individual is the focal point of a potential epidemic. Hence we should have compulsory vaccination, strictly enforced, in all states.

But the intelligent man won't wait for legislation, when he realizes that smallpox still looms as a peril which he can positively insure against by a few painless moments in a doctor's office. Infants should be vaccinated between the ages of six months and one year. At this time the reaction is slight. This procedure corrects the foolish practice of allowing a child to go unvaccinated until he enters school, thereby allowing him to pass through these highly susceptible years without protection.

For anyone in doubt about his smallpox immunity, revaccination every five to ten years is the best precaution. If the vaccination does not "take," you can be reasonably sure that you are immune. But such immunity may or may not be permanent. The safest way is to try again after a five-year interval. Every individual needs that badge of protection on the arm which indicates that he is positively safe from what has been and may be again one of the worst of scourges.



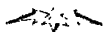
B O O K S E C T I O N

REACHING FOR THE STARS

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

NORA WALN

Author of "The House of Exile"



*N*ORA WALN was born and raised as a Quaker in Pennsylvania. For 13 years she lived with her husband in China, and in 1934 she went with him to Germany. This is the penetrating story of her four years under the Nazi flag — four years in which she learned to understand and love the German people, and to have pity for them in their present plight.

"Reaching for the Stars," says Dorothy Thompson, "is one of the most beautiful tributes to Germany and one of the most damning documents on Hitlerism that has come from any pen."

It has been a nation-wide best seller since publication.



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REACHING FOR THE STARS

IT WAS a soft summer day in 1934. My husband and I had motored leisurely across Belgium. Now the way was barred by a slender pole neatly painted red and white.

"Heil Hitler," exclaimed a young man in a uniform of green jacket, black trousers, and high black boots.

"Heil Hitler," we responded to the convention.

Atop a staff beyond the barrier waved the Nazi flag—scarlet ground for socialism, white circle for nationalism, black hooked cross for anti-Jewism. It was a banner of no flimsy stuff, but cut from a notable weaving. The branches of trees had been trimmed to give it space.

Trams from Belgium and from Germany were meeting at the frontier to exchange passengers. Every man, woman and child had to show a card with a photograph on it, and respond to the "Heil Hitler" salute. A woman from the Belgian side who persisted in saying "Grüss Gott" instead could not pass.

A frontier officer came from the roadside office. He bowed politely, inspected our credentials, took our

engine number, asked about our luggage, and bowed again.

The barrier opened. Life in Germany had begun.

Our way led through carefully kept forests, by tidy farmsteads, past terraced vineyards, and in and out of neat hamlets each with its own tall church spire. At places where the view was best good benches were set; and frequently a rest house at which to procure beer, milk, coffee or wine. The roadside, even in isolated places, was cleared of useless growth. Commercial advertisements were few: an order had been issued from Berlin for the removal before 1936 of all those then defacing the landscape.

In Blankenheim we stopped for coffee. After the inn host had placed our cups he dialed a radio and brought us Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. Evening shadows lengthened while we listened. Then, from somewhere hidden close, came the notes of a thrush. The bird, gifted with but a narrow scale, sang clear and true, adding his voice with all a thrush's power to Schubert's message. As I listened, there swelled in my heart a renewed confidence in the affairs of the world.

Suddenly we lost the melody of thrush and Schubert in the boom of the "Horst Wessel" song and the tramp of booted feet. In double file down the village street marched 32 young men. Near six feet tall and handsomely built; stripped to the waist, their smooth skins reddened by sun and wind; trousered in gray-green cotton cloth freshly laundered; booted to the knees in stout leather — they strode along in the vigor of physical health and mental contentment. Thus the first German labor corps I saw went by, their eyes glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

"Heil! Heil!" cheered the villagers. "Heil! . . . Heil! . . . Heil!"

Before we rose to go the thrush sang again.

At Bonn the hotelkeeper came out to the curb, greeting us as if truly glad we had come. It made me feel that I had come to live among a warm-hearted people.

From the room in which we dined I could see a brilliantly lit café across the street. This café was filled with singing people. They sang in emotional voices as people do who have pleasure in sentimental melody. Between songs the women buttered bread for their men and put on slices of meat or cheese. Hearty eating and drinking did not hamper the volume of their singing. I heard songs from Brahms, Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn, all sung as if folk songs.

Later, as I prepared for bed, a

quartette of male voices gave a song which they announced had been used by a city watchman of a bygone day. This is what I heard:

Human guarding cannot aid us,
God must guard us, God who made us,
Lord, by thy grace and might,
Grant to us a peaceful night.

Here was a peace like that in the *Deutsch* communities of my own dear Pennsylvania. These people had the same substantial build and the same homely ways as their kinfolk across the seas whom I knew so well in my youth. Memory told me these were people I could love and trust. Less homesick than at any time since I came to Europe, I listened. On the wings of their song I drifted to sleep.

I HAD BEEN apprehensive about living with the National Socialists. Not only did I know what I had heard in France and read in newspapers and magazines, but I had been in Heidelberg when they came into power and I had been turned against them by what I saw there. My feeling had been so strong that I had at first refused to come into Germany, although I knew my husband had cherished a desire to study music there through 28 years in China.

Now I was ashamed of my behavior. Child of a Pennsylvania Quaker, and wife to an Englishman whose favorite composers are German, I have always lived in homes with doors wide open for German

visitors. Wanting to think things over quietly, I took the morning mail to Bonn University campus. En route I bought copies of the local papers. They reported troubles in other parts of the world: unrest in France, misery in Russia, a ship-ping strike in California. This seemed a sorry planet; but here in Germany at least there was peace. There had been an insurrection over the week-end within the National Socialist Party, but the Führer and his aides had soon brought order.

Several copies of *The Times* had come together from London, catching up with our new address. And I suddenly saw that Germany was in the headlines:

"Herr Hitler's Coup" — "Arrest and Execution of S. A. Leaders" — "A Party Purge" — "Ex-Premier Among Victims" — "Growing Death Roll in Munich."

Under these headings I read column after column of restrained English prose narrating the execution of an unknown number of Germans by their fellow Germans. My reading was broken in upon by a German voice: "We are professors of the university. We noticed you had copies of the London *Times* and would appreciate sharing them." Thus two men introduced themselves. I gave them the papers and they sat down, both reading from the same sheet. Their faces went white as they read, yet neither made any comment. When they had fin-

ished, they folded the papers neatly, returning them with thanks.

I went back to the hotel and told my husband I intended to leave. I learned again that he meant to stay. After sitting a while embroidering, I realized that he was right. Violence may occur in any land. I had never left China because it occurred. I could not now run away.

THE RHINELAND is rural even where urban, and every man is a landed proprietor, be his estate but a window box. I never saw a no man's land of old tin cans and rubbish. I never came upon an ugly back-yard corner. Everywhere were flowers in array, neat paths and pretty lawns; in each garden there was an arbor or a tree with clean table and chairs set beneath its shade.

"For us, where there is something growing, there is always hope," I was told, and this was added: "If you will look you will find the seed of blossom in every German heart. Tucked under the crustiest exterior each German has a sentimental love of forget-me-nots and rustic water-falls."

In lovely Düsseldorf, flowering vines clamber up houses built flush on the street. It seemed they must spring from the pavement. I learned that their roots are nourished in well-tended beds in the cellars, the trunk stems carried through wall and sidewalk in encasing tubes.

Walls do not generally shut homes

from view. In passing one may enjoy the flower gardens, and also glimpse the householder surrounded by his family at coffee, or busy at cultivation. Even on huge estates, where there are gardeners enough, owners wheel heavy barrows, plant and weed, in serene busyness.

The heavy summer heat in this valley was more trying than any I had ever known, but the people seemed impervious to its discomfort. At every week-end the populace, on bicycles and on foot, went in family groups to wooded hill and riverside meadow, freshly and neatly clad. Little folk rode in baskets fastened on the bicycles of their parents, or were carried pickaback. They picnicked in beauty spots everywhere, and left not the least scrap of litter.

Boisterous in their enjoyment, they danced in the open, the blonde heads of the women shining in the sun. Young people strolling with arms around each other's waists stopped unabashed for long kisses. Aged couples laughed at them and did likewise. It was usual to see people whose hands were gnarled with toil playing musical instruments. No gathering was without its song. They scattered music over their great river, over their vine-clad hills, and along their forest ways.

"Still, sprich durch die Blume,"
was the reply when I asked a friend a simple question about

Nazism. "Hush, speak through a flower!" It seemed a curious answer. Because I looked puzzled it was amplified: "Do not speak the names of government officials or Party members unless you praise them."

Full meed of praise one heard, yet never a thorough discussion of the tenets of government. In places where there was music, a young man could go to any table and with no introduction bow and ask a girl to dance. Strangers, they danced. They have this social freedom, and yet a simple question on anything related to their government brought either an extravagant speech lauding National Socialism or such a reply as this, said behind a hand: "We have the police, but that is not the end. We have the secret police and the more secret police. Who they are nobody knows. I may be one. My wife may be one. Hermann, here, may be treating us to beer with money he gets as a secret agent."

Never before had I been so close to the frequent passing of tragedy, nor among a people who accepted tragedy as did these. Every few days I encountered stories that appeared incredible in a land so outwardly serene and gay. For instance, I saw a woman go by, tall and fair, her beautiful face so marked with pain that I must ask about her.

I was hushed and not answered until we were in our host's house.

Then, after the servant had left the room, pillows were put along the crack of the door, a wad of plasticine stuck in the keyhole, and the telephone disconnected "because inventions for listening in on families are easily applied to the telephone and some chance remark overheard might be judged treason."

These arrangements completed, I was cautiously told about the woman. Two men wearing the brown Nazi uniform had taken her husband away. Three months later four men wearing black uniforms with the "death's head cap" had brought back a coffin, and informed her that her husband had committed suicide. It was forbidden to open the coffin. The Party officials stayed until after the funeral, and the widow was made to pay 5000 marks for "burial services."

My narrators carefully explained that the husband was not a Jew, but an "Aryan," a distinction in tragedy of which I did not see the point. He had been a respected member of the community, yet neither the community nor his kin had made any protest. This was explained with the sentence: "It is not wise to interfere between individuals and the Party."

ONE MORNING I went to the grocer's shop to leave my daily order.

"Grüss Gott," I said absently as I entered.

"Don't use that greeting to me,"

exclaimed the grocer woman. "I may forget sometime and give the same reply."

"Suppose you did?"

"Ach! Who knows what would happen? We dare not greet God here any more. We must hail Hitler. I have three little children. Who is to protect them if I am taken away?"

She showed me a communication she had received through the morning post. There was no writing — just a newspaper clipping which reported that various people had been selected to send in a memorandum as to those who were not using the "Heil Hitler!" greeting. Certain shopkeepers had been found negligent.

"This is not a thing to be careless about," she asserted. "The long arm of arrest reaches everywhere. There is no court of appeal from the secret police. Seldom can relatives or friends even find out where the arrested is taken."

"Heil Hitler!" she said loudly as I left.

Going to the shoemaker to have some repairs done, I learned that he was away — indefinitely away. A Party man had found a book by Bertrand Russell behind the shoemaker's clock. It was a book telling of paths which lead to peace.

Lecturers stumped the Rhine Valley continuously, extolling the virtues of National Socialism — unheckled and uncontradicted. Hoping thus to widen my vocabulary, I

became a steady attender. I learned how to shout in a dozen ways that democracy was dead, and I listened more than once to the prediction that within five years Hitler would have the Versailles Treaty torn to ribbons, and in ten the German legions would stand on the frontiers of Russia.

The creed I heard the Nazis proclaim resembled in no way anything I had been taught or suspected about the Germans. Some of the people around me were enthusiastic about their ideas. The majority kept cautiously out of the Nazis' way, but lived, cheered, sang and marched to their order.

I learned that many new jobs had come into being with the Nazis. The bureau of overhead administration needed thousands of clerks. Hundreds who knew languages were wanted for censorship work, as every-tenth letter in the ordinary post and all the mail of people on the suspect list must be opened.

There is a scarcity of skilled workers, technicians and chemists, but there are too many people wanting professional and clerical jobs, and too many small shopkeepers. If a person wants to be a hairdresser and there are enough hairdressers, he cannot be one. Boys and girls about to leave school have to state their preference for careers, but if that work is not needed they must take something else. White-collar people, too, must take what is offered; "it does a man

who has only pushed a pen untold good to wield a shovel for a change." No one can change a job without permission from the Labor Front, and hours of work are "24 if our Führer needs 24."

My Nazi acquaintances were serious, earnest people, alike in physical fitness, enthusiasm, and possession of well-fitting uniforms. They were always able to get good cars to take me to look at Nazi works, and generous in giving their time to my education. Each seemed sincere in the belief that the road on which Germany was now started was the right road. Several of them assured me that their Führer was a man to whom voices spoke as voices spoke to Joan of Arc.

During a sad fortnight a few months after we arrived, the Nazi secret police made many silent arrests. I knew three of the arrested. They were taken without accusation and thrown into prison without trial. Arrests were usually made at an hour when the police would find the wanted man relaxed, at dinner or in bed. Other members of the household always behaved as if hypnotized. Their minds were filled with memories of what they knew of others who had been taken in this way — disappearing forever, returned in a closed coffin, or, if let out alive, coming back starved in body and crazed in mind. Yet they did nothing.

"It would have been no use. We should have been shot."

I saw and heard German men and women rest their heads in their hands and cry in despair, "We never had this in Germany before. It is not right. But what can we do?" Many times I witnessed this.

There was much patient suffering.

Also, very frequently, I heard a hope expressed: "This terrible time will pass. It can't last." By some miracle, apparently, with no civic effort on the wisher's part, a Santa Claus, a fairy godmother, would make everything right again.

RABBITS nibbling in a field of clover display no corporate concern when a weasel slips in among them. Seemingly their caution is only enough to register brief personal alarm. Individually anxious, the rabbits hastily hop aside from the path the quiet weasel is pursuing toward his selected victim. Crouched in hiding, they are still, heedless to the pitiful death cry of their fellow. When the weasel has gone, the remaining rabbits soon present a tableau of contentment on the meadow, a pretty pastel in fawn and green.

I kept picturing the Germans of my own kind, people privileged to some education, as rabbits. My image would have been truer if I had seen the company of liberals the world over as rabbits of a clover field, myself among them.

But I did not see this. Despite the internationalism to which I had

been led by careful educators, I still beheld the map of the earth as in the usual school geography — the land done in blobs of color to denote the nations, and responsibilities limited by national boundaries.

My scorn was a self-righteous scorn. It was none the less bitter because I had found in Germany a people of whom I can write unconditionally that they are the most generously kind, the quickest to sympathy, of any people I have yet known. I found their desertion of the cause of free speech disconcerting, and their failure to stand by kin and neighbors astounding.

But a woman brought up in the Quaker faith cannot long indulge comfortably in righteous indignation. Her conscience will begin to twinge. To remember that in the name "Friend" the people called Quaker have an ideal set before them; to believe that if one will appeal without fear to the good inherent in every other there will be response; to form no hasty conclusions — these are precepts a Quaker child learns. I resolved to subdue my emotions and give more intelligent attention to these people among whom I had to live.

To understand better the German present, I looked into their past. I studied in many libraries. And I came to feel that from the middle of the 18th century until the Great War people lived very pleasantly here. In the realm of

mind and spirit, Germany was a garden of the earth. Idealism and individualism were features of German thought. Their universities developed an academic freedom which did not exist elsewhere. There was unselfish devotion to science and learning.

Horace Mann, Carl Schurz, and a host of ardent men and women transplanted to America the ideas that the Germans had created for raising the moral and intellectual level of civilization. In their homeland these ideals today lie prostrate under the fist of Nazism. But from the Germans we received a great gift, and for them and all mankind we hold a noble tradition in trust.

Up to the Great War absolutism in government, combined with the greatest intellectual and spiritual freedom, was the peculiar characteristic of German life. The absolutism was benevolent, and the people found it comfortable. Therefore they did not assume the burden of civic responsibility, and they learned nothing of self-government. After the war, with their hereditary rulers gone, the German people were children suddenly flung from parental care, uneducated for the task that confronted them.

"Politics spoil the character," according to a German proverb, and I found few people concerned with their government, except those actively employed in it. "We love the Fatherland, but we are not temperamentally suited to the man-

agement of affairs other than our own," I heard again and again.

One afternoon, out driving, I turned into a street full of little boys. They were part of 10,000 youngsters called into Cologne to march past Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels. Now they were footsore and weary, and I offered to take some of them home.

The last child lived in a small village about four miles away. Before he got out he thanked me for the ride, shaking hands with great politeness, as all the others had done, saying, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" And then, like his companions, clicking his heels together and lifting his right hand, the palm spread, he exclaimed: "Heil Hitler!"

He seemed so very young. I waited to see him safely in. His mother, a fair woman about my own age, opened the door and stooped for his kiss. His arms tight around her neck, he told her in high excited treble:

"Mummy, I kept step all the way. I never once lost step. I kept marching in the tracks of the boy before me. All the long way I did."

Many of his elders in Germany were similarly preoccupied with keeping step.

WE HAD BEEN invited to enjoy Christmas Eve with a family living some distance away. On the drive there, each person we saw appeared engrossed with Christmas. A woman was busy setting a row of

white candles in her front window. A man pulled a cart heaped with holly. Mistletoe in a great bunch swung on the back of a soldier. Axe in belt, a broad-shouldered youth strode forward carrying a hemlock on his shoulder, whistling "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht." I was happy to be driving through a German Christmas-card landscape to Christmas in a German home. But at the entrance and exit of every village, and sometimes before houses, stood a sign against Jews — erected by the anti-Jewish bureau of the Nazi Party.

We arrived and were welcomed. Our host and hostess introduced us to their children, other relatives, and friends. We had conversation, and more conversation. Supper was expected, but did not come. Our hostess pulled a bell several times.

At last a butler appeared. "I cannot serve the food," he announced. "There is a Jewess among you."

"Frau von D. is a Catholic. You have served her every Christmas Eve for 23 years."

"I do not serve her any longer. I obey the Party. I do not hand food to a woman of Jewish blood ever again."

"Very well," our hostess answered. "The children will serve. You may pack your things and go."

"You cannot dismiss me. I belong to the Party."

"That will do," interposed the

master of the house. "You may stay until after Christmas, but you will not appear abovestairs again."

"No," said the butler. "It won't do, and you had best not annoy me. I know too much about you — international pacifist!" He thrust his head forward on a bull neck, and advanced a step with clenched fists. "I have a list of every illegal phone call and visitor you have received. You read the *London Times* — you are often in the borderlands."

"Get out!"

The butler turned and was gone. Then our host said gently: "It is Christmas Eve — please forgive my roughness, my friends."

At supper, no one could eat, but all made a pretense. The chauffeur came in to serve, and he said, "Cook and I are against the conduct of that fool — he is a poor deluded sleepwalker."

"*Wir sind ein schlafwandelndes Volk*," replied our host.

Staring at them, I thought that perhaps this was the answer to German conduct, and said it over several times to myself: "A sleep-wandering people."

ENTERING a chemist's shop to have a prescription made up, I found the radio going full blast, in accord with the government order that those who speak for the Party shall be listened to in every shop, square, factory, school and home. The proprietor's wife served me, as usual when I went there.

"*Ach* — we drink a witch's brew," she exclaimed bitterly, waving her hand at the noise. "To think I worked to help this party into power. They heralded their approach as deliverers and they stay as conquerors. A woman cannot speak her mind any more."

She explained that she had met a friend on the street who had asked, "How is business?" and she had answered, "Bad — practically non-existent." This conversation had been overheard by a boy of 15, son of her nearest neighbor. He had reported it at the next meeting of his Hitler Youth Group.

"They have a weekly confessional," she went on. "The creed of the Party teaches that loyalty to the state ranks above loyalty between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and friend. Nazi instructions are that he who does not report observations makes himself guilty of the crime as if he had committed the error himself. My neighbor's son meant me no harm; he only did what he thought was right."

"My punishment is light, really, compared to what some of my friends have received. Every work-day morning, for six weeks, I have to present myself promptly at 8 o'clock at the ward office of the Party. When the official is ready to receive me, I have to say 'Heil Hitler!' and give the Nazi salute as I open the door into his private office. Then I must stand before his

desk — he remains seated — and, raising my hand in the salute, hold it there while I repeat 'Heil Hitler! Business is good today!'"

One evening I called on Dr. Z., an elderly professor. His two little grandsons played about the room a little while. The Doctor told me about them. The mother had died at the birth of the little one. The father had never seen this child; he had been in a concentration camp since the spring of 1933.

"I am sorry he was taken," I said.

"And I am proud," answered this old German. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. I am proud that my son lies in chains for her. These boys and girls so imprisoned are the heroes of my Fatherland — their courage will echo down the ages."

"What did he do to get himself arrested?"

"He refused to withdraw a remark he had made to the effect that the Versailles Treaty is less unjust than the treaty which our side would have imposed if we had won after four years of bitter struggle."

I asked: "Do you think your son right in saying that?"

"I do. Right in saying it, and right in sticking to his statement."

UP FROM MUNICH over smooth *Reichsautobabnen* we traveled to Austria. As soon as we crossed the border the country appeared

poverty-stricken. The road became rough, the houses needed repairs and paint. But the people carried themselves with nonchalance, as if well content with their own side of the boundary.

We asked a man we overtook if he would like a lift. When settled, he asked: "You have come from the Devil's Reich?" I probably stared outlandishly. He threw back his head and laughed; then sobered and said, "A man must laugh while he can. The calamity our brethren across the way suffer is about due to roll over us." I reminded him of Hitler's agreement to respect Austrian independence. He hadn't the least faith in it.

We lived in Vienna eight months. There we heard no question, "Are you Jew or Gentile? Are you black or white? What is your creed?" Vienna merely asked, "Are you a musician?" Marian Anderson was taken to the Viennese heart. She was an American, a colored American, an unknown contralto. She began her first concert in the smallest of concert rooms. Before she had finished the first half of her program a crowd had gathered that crammed the doors, and still they came. She was taken to a larger hall to finish, and, before she had finished, that hall was crowded.

In Vienna I heard such music as I had never heard before, and can never hope to hear again. This was the music at the sunset of that day of European civilization which was

called at its dawn "the Renaissance." Night had fallen on Germany when we arrived there. We reached Austria while the sun was yet coloring the clouds with brilliant light.

But darkness was impending, and everywhere men knew it.

BACK IN Hannover, Germany, I visited many famous forests — part of the vast system which covers a quarter of all Germany and is carefully tended by the state forestry organization. These are the woods of the German fairy tales. Light shines in shafts of gold through the conifers and cuts bars of silver across the trunks of oak and beech. Through the trees move foresters dressed in uniforms so soft in their gray-green color as to be almost unnoticed. Pathways lead through the woods: aisles where year by year pine needles are piled to sink into a cushion of springy softness on which footfall makes no sound. Rest houses provide meals and shelter for wanderers; and a nice thing about this forest wandering is that every German is a delightful person when encountered in the woods. Only by realizing that — by knowing one another better — can we humans get past the false barriers of nationalism which have so corrupted society. Individually we must come to appreciate the truth our liberal forefathers glimpsed — that the nature of man and the operations

of his mind are fundamentally the same everywhere.

Amid their trees, my doubting heart leapt up to faith in Germans. In the voice of the wood I seemed to hear a promise that this era in which Germans are living is but a purgatory through which they will pass.

WE SPENT a lovely winter in Dresden, and there two young German friends visited us. They were anxious to visit what was then Czechoslovakia, only 25 miles away. "We have heard so much about the hellishness of democracy," explained Rudiger, smiling. "We want to talk to Germans who have experienced democratic life." And Otto added: "We have read books about democracy, although we know that it is wrong. If caught with any such book we shall be immediately arrested and taken to a concentration camp for re-education. And if we do not learn there we shall be put to death. But, brought up as we are — preached at constantly that we must be ready at a moment's notice to give our lives at the Führer's command — well, some of us are acquiring a different attitude toward death than our parents have. Death is not to be feared, we are told."

They went out to do some shopping, and were late to lunch. When they did come, Otto's sleeve was torn, and the knuckles of his right hand were bloody. But he was walking on air.

They had come on Jew-baiting. The victim was an old woman, but she was defending herself — and the honor of a Germany some people think dead. The baiting was being done by a boy in the Hitler Youth uniform. Otto pushed through the crowd, told him to stop. He did not, so Otto knocked the boy down.

A man then came up to Otto. "He had fine teeth. They are now in his stomach," Otto informed me.

A policeman had then taken charge of Otto. They had walked a long way, presumably to jail. But in a quiet street the policeman had suddenly released Otto, shaken his hand, and said: "Congratulations. I envy you youth and courage. Now be off — quickly."

IN ONE WAY or another the Nazis managed to fetter the intellect and spirit of the people. Artists found that they had to conform to the Nazi rules or lose their positions. Finally the Propaganda Minister forbade all criticism of art, literature, music and drama. The command extends to remarks about stage, cinema and opera performances. The government decides what is good and what is bad; the people's part is to be grateful for what they are given.

Propaganda is the supreme art in the Third Reich. Yet not all the people are fooled by it. One day I bought a paper which stated that rumors about the concentration of German troops on the Austrian bor-

der were without foundation. Turning to the news vendor, I said: "There — see what a liar you are. Yesterday you yourself told me about this mobilization, and today you sell me a paper telling me it is untrue."

He winked at me. "You have not yet learned to read the newspapers here," he said. "You are not cheated when you buy my papers. These are the papers of a new time. You read the news, and then you enjoy the mental exercise of taking each item and transposing it. What is printed is the opposite of what should be there, but there is enough truth mixed in to confuse and give zest to the solution of the puzzle!"

LIFE IN GERMANY was punctuated by events which kept the thought of war recurrent. Once some men in neat uniforms who called themselves "the war protection service" came to give us instructions as to what to do in case of falling bombs. They had sandbags, which they wanted to put in our attic. I explained that I do not take part in wars, and refused to have the stuff brought in. They went away without dispute; but they came again when I was not at home and arranged the attic exactly as they had planned, giving the "household instructions" to the maid.

Our daughter was often home late from school because of "war protection" lessons. She told us of the school's "air-raid cellar" which all

her class were taught to enter with out panic, with instructions on how to conduct themselves when there. Each child would have two books and a packet of concentrated food. The teacher would read aloud, and the children would take turns reading.

"We have struck the word 'pacifist' from the German vocabulary, I heard frequently. Yet I also often heard another phrase: 'I have locked all Quakers in my heart.' This greeted me in castle and cottage. It was said by ardent Nazis as well as by their opponents. Whenever I heard it, I always queried, 'Why?' The answers, often from men in uniform, were all like this one: 'When we were defeated and forsaken, the Quakers came to us. They brought not only food, but friendship. They restored our faith in human goodness. They came as friends.' I was humbled by this remembrance, ashamed where I had been impatient.

AS I WENT for a stroll along the lovely green bank of the Elbe, I noticed a well-dressed woman pacing restlessly back and forth on the path. Her sensitive face was pale, her eyes bewildered. She stared at the river. I had decided to go and ask her trouble when a policeman came up and began to walk along by her side.

I sat down on the grass to read. Soon I was interrupted. The policeman stood before me. He asked:

if I would stay with this woman until five o'clock, when she could go home and find what she had lost; it would be in the right-hand drawer of her desk. He was afraid to leave her alone, for fear she might throw herself in the river.

I decided to take her home with me if she would come. She burst into tears when I asked her, and sobbed, "You are both too good." Then she was concerned for me. "You must not get you into trouble — are you married to a German?" I told her an Englishman. That reassured her. On the way home she told me her story.

Some time ago the Nazi authorities had called in her German passport, and had not returned it. Then they had sent her a notice to be out of the country in a fortnight. She could not go without her passport, but when she asked for it they told her they had never received it. The very man to whom she had handed it accused her of either hiding or destroying it. She was a widow, and her relatives and friends refused to be mixed up with anyone who was in trouble with the government. She did not know why she was in trouble. No one would tell her.

Her fortnight was up tonight. She did not know what they would do to her if she stayed on; but she was sure that it would be better to be dead than found.

She explained about the policeman. For years he had been on the beat by her home. Now he had

promised to get the passport and put it in her desk. She did not believe he could do it. Her faith in things was worn out.

We played chess and read aloud, and at half past five I took her home. Her passport was there. I helped her pack a small trunk and two bags. She left a nicely furnished house. She had inherited a comfortable fortune. She could take but ten marks out of the country with her. Still, she was glad to get away even if all else was forfeit to the Nazis. Sometime after seven I saw her depart for Paris, where her sister lived.

I felt in a horrible trance as I dressed for the opera that night. *Tosca* seemed less tragic than present-day life.

IT WAS April, 1938. I was packing, for we were going home to England. The sun, pleasantly warm, streamed in my open windows. Birds sang. Children were playing marbles outside. I thought of how short human life is, how there are good and bad in all of us, and what the more energetic in each generation do to others. An incident concerning Hitler came back to me:

In a small Rhineland town, the people wove a carpet of flowers and placed it on the road over which their Führer was to pass. When he arrived, his car and those that escorted him halted. He got down. Wheels were not allowed to crush the blossoms.

The cars and the escort went around. The Führer walked through the village. He spoke gently to men, women and children. He took the hands of two little ones who ran to him. Babies went into his strange arms fearlessly.

No one who saw this could correctly call it play-acting. He was moved by the gift of flowers put on his road. He was grateful for love.

When he had gone, they said: "He is our true German Führer. He would not let a flower, a bird, or a person be crushed if he knew it was to be done. He is enthroned in our hearts. Heaven sent him."

The village had been troubled. A minor Nazi official had put up a sign: "Jews must go." The village had just one Jewish family, beloved by all. One of the fair babies whom their Führer had taken into his arms was a child of this family. The people accepted that as a sign. They took down the anti-Jewish poster.

On the morning we left, beautiful Dresden was daubed with the yellow paint of anti-Semitism, and hung with scarlet in commemoration of the Nazi Führer's birthday. In obedience to command, every habitation displayed the banner of the hooked cross.

WE DROVE to Kassel, where we went to find a stranger, of whom we had been asked to bring news to England. She was at her home, with her five children. Her husband, a pastor, was in a con-

centration camp. She was grateful for the invitation for some of her children to come to England, but thought Germans ought to stay in their Fatherland. The "cause" would be lost in Germany if those with eyes that saw the decline of morals, hearts that felt it, and tongues that dared rebuke it, went into exile.

"Father could come out at any time," a six-year-old told me. "God gives him courage to stay in."

"To come out," explained the daughter of eleven, "he has to sign a promise to support everything the Nazis do. He has to take the oath of blind obedience to Adolf Hitler. Our father is a Christian. A Christian cannot approve or be quiet in the face of the things the Nazis do."

"Christianity is a religion of love," offered the tiniest solemnly. "Love and sorrow for all whom the Nazis hurt; and love and sorrow for the Nazis, too."

THE WHITE CLIFFS of Dover welcomed us to England. Almost immediately I began to prepare this account of my experience among the Germans, hoping to help understanding between Germans and people who live outside the Third Reich. We who inhabit this earth must draw closer together in brotherly love than we have done. We must take more interest in each other.

I have faith in the goodness, the

courage, and the endurance of the Germans. They are a people whose true nature is not to hate, but to love all their fellow men. In ages past the Germans reached so high in getting truth for mankind that they touched the stars. They have brought down for us gifts beyond estimation. That contribution is not ended.

Often I have heard it said that Nazism will last a thousand years. I think that those who speak for it overestimate the time of its duration. Nazism is a materialism. My estimation is that a very small proportion of the Germans are materialists. They are mostly people whose poetic comprehension is more developed than their common sense.

Those of us who have a wide German friendship are kept continuously close to the civic troubles of Germans. We never know from which German the mail will bring an appeal, "Help me to get out," or, "Will you take my children?" When telephone or doorbell rings we do not know whose voice will say, "I have had to flee."

A government does not stand long, without drastic modification, when this begins to happen.

IN ENGLAND, many German guests have crossed our threshold. From the things they have told me, it is my conclusion that tension is steadily increasing in all the lands over which the banner of the hooked cross waves.

There was Angela, for instance. She was 18, yellow-haired and blue-eyed. She held a Nazi job, which she combined with an unofficial mission. Accredited as a Nazi worker, she could move about with a freedom she would not otherwise have had. Her unofficial mission was "listening to the voice of the people."

She dialed my radio, picking up a succession of German stations. I heard nothing unusual. Other nations, including my own United States, were being portrayed as dens of iniquity.

She said: "You may think that our radio is the voice of our people, but it is not. The voice of Nazism is trumpeted, but the true voice of Germany is a murmur so low that few can hear it. Many of us who were formerly deaf to all but the cause that had enthralled us are listening now to news that is never published. What we learn we are passing from one to another."

Her record was written in her memory. In Germany they wrote nothing down. If record was found, friends would have been endangered, and the carrier's chance to work toward the re-establishment of civilization in Germany would be over.

Discontent is widespread. The Nazis never have represented all the people, and now many who were won by misrepresentation, or conquered by fear, are stirring. Neither propaganda nor violence is the power that it was. People are

uncertain as to how to effect a change, but they want a change. Pastors who refuse the oath of allegiance and condemn wickedness from their pulpits have a greater following than those who do not — and when they are taken into concentration camps that following increases. Lay folk take courage against fear from the pastors' example.

Angela wanted me to be less silent than I had been. She asked me to condemn every breach of the humanities committed in Germany,

and combine this with outspoken belief in the goodness of the German people. She wanted me to ask all my friends to do the same. She said that it would help.

Much in Germany has already gone, but brave men and women there hold up the edifice of civilization and the populace is awakening to the danger of catastrophe. The faithful among the Germans need the aid we can give them — our prayers, our friendship, and all the recognition and support our statesmen can devise.



Fooling the Animals

¶ FOR YEARS millions of hungry sea gulls have flown inland and seriously damaged Swedish crops and gardens. Experts at first tried to reduce the number of gulls by destroying their eggs but found that the gulls merely laid more eggs.

Now, armed with saucepans and cooking stoves, the experts boil the eggs and carefully replace them in the nests; whereupon the gulls, not knowing the eggs will never hatch, sit upon them hopefully until it is too late to try again.

— London *Sunday Referee*

¶ ATTENDANTS at the New York Aquarium employ electric eels to reform the aquarium cats when they make passes at fish instead of tending strictly to their mice. The curious cat is allowed to "play with" an electric eel. One touch of the paw is enough;

the cat picks himself up off the floor a reformed character.

— *Newsweek*

¶ THE MYSTIFYING SPECTACLE of 3000 white Leghorn chickens wearing red goggles at the Essex County (N. J.) Penitentiary farm, is explained by Warden Floyd Hamma, who says that the glasses have stopped the costly fighting among his Leghorns.

The guards had found that a harmless peck causing a slight scratch was immediately transformed into a death fight by the sight of blood. If the chickens saw red all the time, they thought, this felonious tendency might be curbed. So they devised the goggles of a small strip of leather fitted with red isinglass and wired to the beak. There has not been a fatal fight among the Leghorns since.

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

☛ The plight of fighting planes, caught by a sudden storm and having to land on the deck of an aircraft carrier or go down at sea

Wheels Over Water

Condensed from Popular Aviation

Robert A. Winston

Flight instructor at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

+

AS WE APPROACH the carrier, a radio message gives us the order of landings. Our skipper acknowledges over the voice radio and I settle back in my single-seater for a half-hour wait. More than 50 planes must be taken aboard before it is my turn.

The first squadron spirals down toward the ship, while the remaining four squadrons cruise in wide circles above her. Ours will be the third to land. The minutes drag, and glancing idly at the ship I see that only three planes have landed. The ship appears to be rolling heavily, and studying the wave pattern I see the cause. The long swells piled up by the prevailing northeast trades are scarred by a cross-chop from a fresh southeast wind so that the carrier, which has to head directly into the wind before she can take us aboard, is getting the bigger waves almost broadside. This sudden shift of wind can mean only one thing: bad weather.

The clicking of static in my earphones grows louder. The disturbance is closer than I had realized. A long line of white clouds is off to the south, their tops gleaming in the noonday sun. The ship is headed toward them and the distance is closing so rapidly that it is apparent that some of us are going to get caught. As the ominous wall approaches, I can see a dense curtain of

rain streaming down from its lower edge. In addition to bad wind, we are going to have poor visibility.

I watch the race against time which is taking place below us. As fast as one plane manages to get aboard, another breaks off from the section above to take its place in the landing circle while from the level above another three-plane section breaks off from the squadron and spirals down to await its turn. Five squadrons of high-speed warplanes circling around a landing 100 yards long and 20 yards wide — a rolling, pitching platform moving ahead into a rainstorm bearing down on it at 20 or 30 m.p.h. There is a rhythm about the whole procedure that is fascinating, for it cannot be hurried; departure from the timing rules would result in chaos. I realize what "air discipline" really means — no hurry, no panic, just the same timing under pressure that would exist under ideal conditions.

The solid wall of rain reaches the ship's bow, envelops her superstructure, obliterates her completely. She is gone like a ghost — and only half of the second squadron is aboard.

My section leader wiggles his flippers as a sign to close up formation, and moves down just above and to one side of the section ahead of him. From bright

sunlight we plunge into the gray wall that rushes headlong to meet us. Dimly I can make out the dark shadow of my section leader's plane. And I know he is just as busy as I am, trying to keep the last plane of the section below him in sight. The whole squadron is held together in the same manner, each trusting the man ahead of him, with the skipper flying by his instruments at the head. And somewhere in that blinding white stream are two other squadrons, linked by similar invisible ties, all relying on their skippers to take them through to safety.

We are in a tight spot: if individual planes get separated and start milling around in that blinding deluge, someone is going to get hit. I fight off a desire to pull up and out of all this uncertainty.

Suddenly we burst out into the clear, intact — 18 planes still following the leader and no one pulling out in a pinch — another score for air discipline. As I look back at the cloud front the squadron of heavy bombers erupt from it like a string of darts from some gigantic crossbow, and fall in behind us. I glance at my fuel gauge. Gasoline for perhaps another hour: after that, a water landing on wheels built for good solid ground or a hard wooden deck. Well, maybe I can set her down so she will float a while. But one look at the angry sea below is enough. The waves are 30 feet high, with a nasty cross-chop; and to fly into a solid wall of water at 60 or 70 knots would shred any airplane ever built. Frantically my mind leaps back to the land — there *must* be land somewhere that we could reach. But the answer is on my chartboard: "Nearest land out of range."

This must be how it would be in war-

time, I reflect. After the carrier had been bombed or torpedoed and you had no place to go — no place but the water. At least it would be quick! The face of the man across from me — my wingman — is tense and set. He catches my eye and grins, points his hand to indicate a long dive and then holds his nose like a small boy jumping off a springboard. I know he has a wife and two children back home.

The utter incongruity of the situation! Here we are sailing smoothly along in bright sunshine, helplessly watching our engines run down like unwound clocks. Three whole squadrons about to go down at sea, under a blue sky.

The carrier's radio booming in my ears snaps me back to strained attention: "From *Lexington!* We have reached clear weather only a few miles south. Proceed through bad weather area until you sight us. Acknowledge!"

Our skipper's response is followed immediately by acknowledgments from the other two squadron commanders. Again we close up and plunge into the driving rain. Gradually it thins, and ahead of us lies the carrier in a natural amphitheater of bright sunshine that glistens on her wet deck. She is barely making headway as she wallows through the troughs of the giant swells stirred up by the storm. We get into position and our skipper breaks off the first section without delay. The first two pilots manage to get aboard but the third is waved off when the stern of the deck drops out from under him just as he is about to land. He has to go around again for another try. I glance apprehensively at my fuel gauge. Enough for half an hour. The bombing squadrons circling above us have bigger tanks and

a proportionally longer flying range.

At last the first section is aboard and it is our turn. Not until we spiral down close to the water do I realize how much the ship is rolling and pitching. I have never seen her tossed around like this before. I struggle out of my parachute harness, for the heavy pack would drag me down like an anchor if I should skid off that wet deck, even if I managed to get clear of the plane. Watching my leader's approach carefully, I try to time my arrival so that I will be coming aboard just as he clears the landing area. Two thousand men aboard that ship are concentrating on each landing, trying to get us in before our tanks run dry. Every second is important, for one bungled approach may mean that someone goes down at sea.

The plane ahead of me is almost up to the ship. I see the stern ramp rise yards above it, then drop far below. A moment later the plane is on, but instantly there is a blast of white steam from the ship's stacks — the signal for a deck crash. I pull up and out. As I circle again for another approach, I can see the deck crew walking the smashed plane up the deck, like ants around a dead wasp. The pilot . . . ?

Now I am over the stern, which is luckily level for a moment. Chopping the throttle off, I hold my breath and ease the stick back. A jolt as the wheels strike the deck, a jerk as the landing hook engages the arresting gear. I am safely aboard.

I exhale slowly. My knees begin to shake so I can hardly keep my feet on the brake pedals while the mechanics chock the wheels. I climb weakly out, then get a real thrill when I see my section leader is safe, inspecting his plane's wrecked undercarriage.

My wingman and I climb up on top of the after gun turret, which gives us a grandstand view. Half a dozen other planes manage to get aboard safely, then the ship strikes a huge swell that makes her stern pitch high in the air just as one of the bombers levels off for a landing. The pilot noses over in a frantic attempt to get down, and the plane's wheels strike the deck with terrific force. With a tremendous bounce, the big plane sails past our turret and squashes down into the mass of parked planes beyond. There is a confused jumble of men and planes, sirens and whistles, but the after part of the deck is clear and planes continue to come aboard with machinelike precision.

It is all over. Every plane has been brought back aboard under almost impossible conditions. Five are badly damaged, two of them beyond repair, *but not a single man has been injured.*

As we relax in the comfort and security of the wardroom after a hearty meal, the operations plan for tomorrow is announced. The maneuvers will continue where we left off. First call will be at 3:45 in the morning — we will take off again at dawn.



A MAN can stand a lot as long as he can stand himself. He can live without hope, without friends, without books, even without music, as long as he can listen to his own thoughts.

— Axel Munthe, *The Story of San Michele* (Dutton)

Lessons in English—VI—

By *Alexander Woolcott*

Radio's Town Crier; author of "While Rome Burns," etc.

♦ **A** LOS ANGELES physician calls upon me to deplore a recent action by a western legislature. It seems that although most of the solons involved are college graduates — at this damning detail in his report my informant's typewriter fairly shuddered — they have just ordered ten thousand roadside signs bearing the legend: "Drive Slow." Seemingly I am expected, on hearing this, to recoil as from shock or at least to manifest my cultural superiority by a titter of condescending amusement. Now either response is well within my range as an emotional actor but in this instance I can oblige with neither. "Drive Slow!" I would object to that only on the score that it is a trifle verbose. Why not omit the word "drive"?

But clearly my correspondent would be at peace only if the signs were to read "Drive Slowly." From the rest of his letter one can gather that some scantily-equipped schoolmarm has left him under the lifelong impression that any descriptive word, when used adverbially, must have an *-ly* tacked on behind. But on this point common usage and the most impressive historical tradition are against him. Alike against him are the dons at Oxford and the urchins in his own backlot. Indeed, I would gladly wager that he is often against himself. For example, I question whether, as a martyr to consistency, even he would direct a motorist to drive straightly ahead. Perhaps he, too, is old enough to recall the time when another Roosevelt was in the White House. If so he may remember the virile advice imparted on one occasion to the schoolboys of the nation. With bared teeth and clenched fist, the great Theodore exhorted us, in part, as follows: "Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard." I wonder if my misguided friend would have had him bid us hit the line hardly.

Or he might prefer the way they sometimes order these things in Massachusetts. In the Berkshires, on the road that runs from Stockbridge into the lovely Tyringham valley, a roadside sign of similar import but somewhat different literary style utters this injunction: "Motorists, exercise caution!" Against this version I would venture only the trifling objection that the spellbound driver might possibly run over a child while he was in the process of reading it.

¶ Traffic studies show that the pedestrian, through his own fault, is the victim in a surprising proportion of accidents

The Reckless Walker

Condensed from The Washington Post

Robert Monaghan

WHEN YOU HEAR that 32,000 people are killed and a million injured in motor accidents annually, don't picture merely the mile-a-minute driver wrapping his machine around a tree, or a car full of tourists sideswiped by a truck; think equally of the average citizen afoot. *For pedestrians constituted 40 percent of all last year's traffic casualties; in large cities nearly three fourths of all traffic fatalities were pedestrians!* Furthermore, traffic surveys show that, far from being wholly innocent victims of the mad-cap motorist, pedestrians are often actually to blame for their own death or injury.

It isn't — as most people think — the heedless child dashing into the street who is the commonest casualty. School children have learned safety-first, and now account for only one tenth of all pedestrian deaths.

It's the adult, who ought to know better, who gets himself killed. About two thirds of the fatalities are middle-aged or over.

Aroused by such facts, 65 American cities have lately passed laws compelling pedestrians to observe

traffic signals, while 38 have prohibited jaywalking and told pedestrians otherwise to conduct themselves becomingly. In Milwaukee, Dallas, Cleveland, Providence, and Kansas City, legislation was followed up with intensive safety programs. As a result, pedestrian accidents were reduced in these five cities by an average of 45 percent in a year's time.

The campaign methods varied. Denver's director of safety decided to arrest pedestrians involved in accidents in which their fault was clear. In a short time 25 pedestrians were arrested and convicted. All came to court nursing an injury and the two who were hurt the most drew the stiffest fines — \$50. The city expected a blast of public protest, but none materialized and when pedestrian accidents dropped 25 percent in five months Denver began to regard the scheme as a sound means of pedestrian protection.

Dallas dramatized the new emphasis by giving pedestrians tickets for reckless walking. Dallas also discovered that Mexicans were suffering twice as many pedestrian

deaths as might be expected from their number. Public meetings were held in the Mexican quarter. Translated into their own language, previously unintelligible safety regulations began to make sense and the death toll of Mexicans was cut in half. At the end of the year Dallas pedestrian fatalities were down 58 percent. Conclusive proof that when safety rules are understood and acted on, lives are saved.

As one effective part of the campaign in Cleveland, police officers have orders to lock up all drunks found wandering alone in the streets — on the theory that an intoxicated pedestrian is an "accident about to happen." The measure, regarded as simply protective arrest, was taken after the Coroner discovered 45 percent of those killed were intoxicated.

In Seattle one ridiculously simple discovery was made. The authorities found that pedestrians would obey traffic signals when waiting time at the curb was shortened — that after 18 seconds of waiting the average pedestrian came to a boil and started to cross, lights or no. Today in Seattle, you rarely wait longer than 18 seconds, but you wait. Seattleans are so signal-conscious that if you try to beat the light, a bystander is likely to jerk you back on the curb.

There are good statistical reasons for disciplining pedestrians. Three out of five deaths among them are caused by carelessly crossing the

street in the middle of the block, often from between parked cars. Studies in several cities show that three out of four pedestrians ignore traffic signals entirely, while 98 percent of the motorists obey them to the letter.

On rural roads, despite constant injunctions to walk on the left, facing traffic, pedestrians carelessly continue walking with their backs to traffic. Do they know that more than seven times as many are killed walking on the right as on the left? And that, because of higher speeds, a country accident is seven times as likely to be fatal as in the city?

One significant sidelight on the pedestrian problem is furnished by the study of 1000 pedestrian fatalities in Connecticut and of 600 in the District of Columbia. Respectively 95 percent and 89 percent of those killed had never been licensed to drive, though old enough to be eligible. In other words, while the pedestrian's fault may sometimes be negligence, it is frequently plain ignorance of vehicle speeds and behavior and of driver reactions.

Hence, despite all that traffic engineers are doing to make the pedestrian's life safer, the biggest part of the job is up to the pedestrian himself. And authorities today urge the following elementary rules with renewed insistence:

Cross at the crosswalk. That's where the motorist expects to see you, and there, if anywhere, he will have his car under proper control.

It isn't enough to wait for the green light. When you start to cross, watch out for cars attempting to turn in behind you. An estimated nine tenths of the pedestrians killed or hurt while moving with the proper signal are struck by turning vehicles.

The first few steps off the curb are the most dangerous. Three fourths of all pedestrian accidents at intersections occur before the walker reaches the middle of the street.

Walk briskly. Don't hesitate, don't run, don't turn back. You can straighten out many a confused situation by simply holding up your

hand as a signal to the driver to slow down or stop.

When an approaching car appears to be less than four car lengths away, wait until it passes before attempting to cross. If it's moving 25 miles an hour or more, you can't reach the middle of the street ahead of it. And it can't stop.

When you're waiting for traffic to clear, stand on the curb, not in the street. It's frequently a side-swipe or protruding door handle that causes accidents.

And wherever you are, remember always that every rule for safe driving is matched by a rule for safe walking.



Meshes of Fashion

Ruth Carson *in* Collier's

SIX YEARS AGO when Mrs. John Worthington moved to Cape Cod and first saw creamy piles of fish net, ready for tarring, she got the idea of using fish net for curtains and lampshades in the old house she and her husband had acquired. Soon she was experimenting with fish-net turbans, belts and beach things. In 1935 she interested a fashion magazine in her creations, and the Cape Cod Fish Net Industries was born.

In a loft Mrs. Worthington and a few fishermen's wives draped and stitched nautical caps, bags, kerchiefs tipped with cork, provocative dip-net skirts. Down on the beach, pots of salt sea water, mixed with dyes, boiled up and

the netting took on the subtle shades of the Cape — the wine red of cranberry, the rusty color of sorrel and the soft pink of the Truro cliffs. The fish-net fashion spread so fast that they soon had to move the business into an old schoolhouse.

From beach wear, fish net graduated to evening and all-year-round wear, and now the top milliners of the country are using the material for exotic creations. This year more than 100,000 yards of fish net will never reach the sea. Mrs. Worthington employs 14 Cape Cod natives, and now she has her eye on an expert sailmaker. There are things to be done with sailcloth, she believes.

Among Those Present

Raymond Leslie Buell (p. 98) has been Professor of Government at Harvard, and at various times a member of the Government and International Relations Faculties at Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. In 1927 he became Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association, and in 1933 its President. He has made repeated trips to the Continent, studying political and economic conditions, his most recent investigation bearing upon the minority problems in Central Europe. He is author of several books on international affairs.

James W. Danner (p. 92) is captain of the lifeguards at Huntington Beach, Bay Village, Ohio. For the past four years he has been teaching classes in lifesaving at Ohio State University, where he is now a junior in the school of journalism.

Mitchell Dawson (p. 88) has practiced law in Chicago since 1913. Recently he served as chairman of the public relations committee of the Chicago Bar Association, and later on a committee of the American Bar Association. For a time he contributed a column of legal comment to the Chicago

Daily News and other papers, and has written extensively for the magazines.

William Hard (p. 5) was *The Nation's* Washington correspondent for several years, and later N.B.C.'s political commentator. Today he broadcasts occasionally on economic and political subjects, and for the past dozen years has lectured widely in the East and Midwest.

Roy Helton (p. 1) was born in Kentucky, educated at the University of Pennsylvania and taught in several Philadelphia schools. Recently he has been engaged in making population studies for the Pennsylvania Planning Board. He is the author of "Sold Out to the Future," the memorable article on debt which was reprinted in the September '32 Reader's Digest and later expanded into a book.

Robert A. Winston (p. 129) says that the incidents described in "Wheels Over Water" which occurred north of the Hawaiian Islands during the 1937 fleet maneuvers, are typical of operations he has experienced aboard several aircraft carriers on which he has served.

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VOLUME 35, NO. 210

¶ Evidence that under the guise of the "Consumers' Movement" radicals are attacking our entire economic system

"Guinea Pigs, Left March!"

Condensed from The Forum

Stanley High

UNTIL about 1927 the American consumer was isolated, anonymous and generally peaceable. Today he is an Army with Banners. More than 80 organizations are mobilizing him; 20 agencies of the federal government lend him aid. Through home-demonstration agents of the Department of Agriculture, 7,000,000 farm women have been made consumer conscious; the Consumers' Project of the Department of Labor has more than 50 publications on its free list. Consumers' Research, which grades products for the benefit of its \$3-a-year subscribers, has a subscription list of 50,000. Consumers Union, which does the same for \$2.50, has a membership of 88,000. The amount of consumer buying based upon the

recommendations of such organizations is estimated as several million dollars a day.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters and the Parent-Teachers Association have also begun to shoulder the consumers' burdens; consumer coöperatives have won the support of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Courses in consumer education are compulsory in two thirds of our high schools; nearly 300,000 college students give some consideration to consumer problems and 24 state departments of education include consumer classes in their schools' curricula.

The literary spread is equally impressive. *Your Money's Worth*—the book which blew the first bugle

— sold more than 100,000 copies; *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* sold nearly 300,000. Widely read also are *Skin Deep*, *Counterfeit*, *40,000,000 Guinea Pig Children*. Many of these books are required reading in hundreds of high schools.

More than ever before, the average American has turned — by force of depression circumstances — from the making of money to the proper spending of it. The consumer movement was an inevitable and (when shed of other aims) a desirable result of that shift. It includes sincere and public-spirited groups with no other motive than to combat the excessive claims of some advertising.

But also, pressure groups have invaded the consumer movement. There they are waging an ideological war. Their object is not to increase the effectiveness of the consumer in the American economic system. They are out to discredit, if not to destroy, the system. Some of them even prophesy that this movement will be the most potent of all forces now laying siege to our economic citadel.

This aspect of the consumer movement begins by attacking advertising. Shortcomings of the advertiser and his product are exposed, enlarged and often made the basis for erroneous generalizations. Honest advertisers and their products come in for scant attention. The eager consumer is left where this propa-

ganda aims to leave him — with the conclusion that not only advertising but the whole structure and personnel of American business are dangerous, fraudulent and in dire need of replacement.

This left wing of the consumers' movement dates from the appearance in 1927 of *Your Money's Worth*, written by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. "We are all," they wrote, "Alices in a Wonderland of conflicting claims, bright promises, fancy packages and almost impenetrable ignorance. It is the purpose of this book to explore that Wonderland." They exhaustively explored it. They found well-known cosmetics which were dangerous; widely advertised mattresses which were uncomfortable; and a whole catalogue of items from typewriter ribbons to roofing cement on which the profit was "gorgeous." The consumer, they concluded, "can be organized by the million to jump through the hoops of the advertiser." Can he be organized to make the advertiser jump? They thought so.

Schlink, having expressed the idea, promptly organized it. His organization was Consumers' Research — the first to lead the consumer to wise buying. Consumers' Research set up its own laboratories, enlisted the aid of college professors and began grading various products scientifically as "recommended," "intermediate," and "not recommended," and selling its advice to subscribers.

But this was not merely an effort to streamline the nation's market baskets. It sought to mobilize the nation's marketers against the Big Bad Wolves of advertising and commerce. J. B. Matthews, as communist vice-president of Consumers' Research, pointed out that "the complete case against business civilization can only be stated by enumerating the violated interests of consumers." Matthews foresaw, through the consumer movement, capitalism destroyed and a consumer society, more Marxian than Marx, established in its place.

The field, however, was ripe for an even greater harvest. When, in 1935, a number of Schlink's associates fell out with him on matters of labor policy, they established — as a more leftist rival — the Consumers Union. Many of its sponsors are connected with such organizations as the Friends of the Soviet Union and the International Labor Defense. Its operating head is Arthur Kallet, graduate of M.I.T. and one-time co-worker with Schlink. Kallet speedily put the Consumers Union in the forefront of the consumer drive on business. In the opening paragraph of his book, *Counterfeit*, he says: "This is the story of a ring of counterfeiters operating wherever money is exchanged for goods — a ring so bold that its plants are run openly, so powerful that the law cannot admit its existence. The ring doesn't counterfeit money; that's a job for small-time plunderers. It

counterfeits goods. You've never heard of the ring? Why it owns the big factories in Millville, the department store on Main Street, the automobile agency and the little shops around the corner."

The remedy (he adds) must not be sought in legislation but in a fundamental change in our economic system. Goods-counterfeiting cannot be ended, so long as industry is privately owned.

This frankness is not unusual. At the Washington hearings on the Tugwell Food and Drug Bill, a representative of one of the "testing" consumer organizations met, in a Capitol corridor, the heads of one of the large drug firms he had been aggressively attacking. "Why are you fellows going after us so hard?" asked the capitalist. "I happen to know that you yourself use our product in your home." "Of course," said the consumer-organizer, "the product is all right. It's the profit motive we're after."

Many consumer coöperatives fit into this same anti-profit pattern. "The consumer coöperative movement," says a bulletin of the United States Department of Labor, "has a far-reaching social philosophy. Its final aim is to supply every need of life, social and economic, without profit and by united effort."

The leftist aspect of the consumer movement has had considerable aid and comfort from the New Deal. In 1933, a Consumers' Advisory Board was set up under the

NRA. A year later, Mr. Roosevelt appointed, as "Consumers' Advisor to the President," the leftist social worker, Leon Henderson, who is now a member of the SEC. Henderson supported the establishment of consumer councils throughout the nation. Although this part of the program came to an end with the demise of the NRA, the administration has carried on, giving active support to the extension of consumer coöperatives and, through its various publications, contributing to the developing militancy of the consumer movement in general.

The literature of this movement echoes widely the anti-business refrain. In *Poisons, Potions and Profits*, announced as "the antidote for radio advertising," the broadcasting companies and radio advertisers are charged with a "consistent record of exploiting radio solely for profits at the expense of the consumer." Another volume, *Partners in Plunder*, attempts to show how almost every agency of any importance is "gouging the American consumer." "The demand of profit," says this book, "is a demand of something for nothing. From a business-controlled civilization, Fascism stems as naturally as does war."

Johnny Get Your Money's Worth carries the gospel, in short sentences, to grade school children. "The manufacturer uses advertising," the youthful audience learns, "because customers are easy to fool. The rea-

son businessmen spend millions of dollars to advertise to boys and girls is that they can be fooled especially easily."

To help the country's school children to that foolproof condition — and with it an anti-capitalist point of view — appears to be an accepted policy in some educational quarters. "Advertising," says a bulletin prepared by the Idaho State Department of Education, "has assisted in bringing about a fake scale of value in our civilization." In Virginia, educational authorities issued a series of questions to guide teachers in preparing consumer studies. Among them were: "How do propaganda and advertising lead to waste in family and community life?" "How does control of scientific research for profit deny freedom for all men?" "Capitalism," said this guide, "is based upon the principle of profit to the owner rather than service to the masses of the people."

The net result of this campaign among the nation's young people is to create the conviction that advertising in the U. S. is without a respectable leg to stand on. "About 90 percent of all advertising," said a high school student in a recent prize-winning speech on "The Consumer Pays," "is either misleading or dishonest. Hoaxes and untruths galore are the brain children of the various ad-men."

The step from such callow generalizations to the conviction that the

entire economic order is in an equally disreputable plight is short. The "instructor in consumer education" in a California high school put on, as one of his projects, a Consumer Education Exhibit. On 15 tables, each presided over by a high school student, "facts" purporting to debunk the advertiser and manufacturer were spread out and various pupils gave exposure demonstrations. One pupil, in seven minutes, pulled back the veil of falsehood from the face of the country's magazines, rating them in terms of the percentage of truthfulness in their advertisements. The truthful proportion varied from 20 percent in a leading weekly down to 12 percent in a well-known farm journal.

"Each child exhibitor," said an account of this occasion, "was fully

aware of the frauds of the system against which he gave proof, its profit-consciousness, its sole dedication to price, its needless scarcity, its counterfeits and adulterations, its mendacious advertising and high-pressure salesmanship. They knew the hoodwinking, chiseling and gypping that is Big Business."

Generalizations of that sort are obviously leagues removed from anything which could legitimately go by the name of consumer education. They indicate that, somewhere en route to enlightenment, the consumer jumped the tracks and wound up not so much enlightened as indoctrinated. The consequences may be bad for the economy of the nation, and probably even worse for the pocketbook of the consumer.



Uproot the Seeds of Totalitarianism

By Mark Sullivan

Distinguished political commentator; author of "Our Times,"
"The Education of An American," etc.

TO DRIVE into the mind of America the most important lesson that America needs to know, I repeat here certain thoughts that I have reiterated in the past.

Scores of times I have written that Communism is not the antithesis of Nazism but the twin of it: that Communism is fundamentally

identical with Nazism and also with Fascism; that the three — Communism, Nazism and Fascism — are not three new states of society, but one. To repeat the proof now is hardly necessary. Since the signing of the Russo-German pact the world knows it.

Now there is ahead of us in Amer-

*Condensed from the N. Y. Herald Tribune, August 26, '39.
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ica a clear fight between this Communist-Nazi conception of society and the American conception. I have said that repeatedly, and I say still more: certain ideas toward which America is being led are common to Nazism in Germany, Fascism in Italy and Communism in Russia. They are ideas from abroad that are being grafted upon our American system.

Some — and observe carefully that I say “some” and do not say “all” — some of the New Deal is identical in principle with, or is parallel to, or has precedent in, or takes inspiration from, the Nazi-Fascist-Communist conception of society and government in Europe. And —

The nature of some of these changes introduced in America is such that they have an automatic quality of self-expansion from within themselves. The first step compels a second, the second compels a third, and so on. And each of these advances in the Communist-Nazi-Fascist system of authoritarian society and government has the effect of choking the American system further and further.

If we let a part of Nazi-Communism take root here and grow, we shall presently get the whole of it. The section of American thought that most endangers us is that fatuous section which thinks we can take some economic parts of the Nazi-Communist system but escape the part that is deprivation of spiritual rights, the suppression of free thought, the persecution of individuals and minorities.

What needs to be done, needs desperately to be done, is to go over the New Deal with the most intelligent care; to separate and hold that part of it which is consistent with the American system — which is, indeed, as some of the New Deal is, a needed reform and improvement of the American system — to keep that part of the New Deal and make it workable by improving the administration of it.

And to take the other part of the New Deal — the part which if kept will bring death to the American system — pull it up by the roots and abolish it forever.

These things can be done. They require only intelligence and care.



❧ Four brothers of Hammond, Ind., with little capital and no government aid, had an idea — and a happy community of low-income home owners has resulted

A Home and an Acre—\$2600

Condensed from Barron's

Arthur Van Vliissingen

FRANK, Joe, Bill and John Hoess in turn left school after the eighth grade. Their father earned small wages, there were nine other little Hoesses, and the boys had to go to work.

Eventually they got into business for themselves and now employ 60 men in their Hammond, Ind., machine shop. By accident they are in the low-cost housing business as a sideline, and to their astonishment their sideline is making them famous. Not borrowing a cent, without benefit of housing experts, without benefit of subsidy, frankly bent on making money, they have done a job of providing better homes for workmen that has attracted national attention.

No, a Hoess house has no tiled bath. It has no bath at all. Neither has it a furnace, nor a cellar. But it does have an acre of ground; it is a good, sound house, better than the buyer can afford to buy or rent almost anywhere else in Chicago's industrial suburbs. And the niceties can be built in later.

The Hoesses' success is no accident. They know first hand what a low-wage family needs — and what

it can afford. Through sheer common sense, they arrived at the same conclusion reached by experts: few families can safely pay more than two years' income for a home. The average American workman earns \$1300 a year — in good years. The Hoess brothers sell him a new house and an acre of ground for \$2600.

In the mid-20's, the brothers took a flyer in real estate. They paid \$15,000 cash for 34 acres eight miles out of Hammond. Grimly they kept paying taxes on the tract through the depression.

When conditions improved two years ago, they decided to try to get their money back. So they cut Burr Acres into 34 one-acre lots all facing on the paved road. They're freakish lots, 55 by 750. It would have been better to build a second road so the lots could have been wider and shallower, but this would have unduly boosted costs. "And you can raise just as good vegetables on a long, thin strip," the Hoesses remark, drily. "Gardens are the main idea."

The original plan was to put up double garages well back from the road and sell them to families who

would live in them until they could build a better home. Before the first garage was finished, a steel mill laborer offered to buy it floored and roofed but otherwise incomplete.

"I'll put in my own partitions, do my own painting and plumbing, hang my own lighting fixtures," he said. "And I'm not going to build any other house; I'll add to this one when I can afford it."

The Hoesses sold him the garage and the acre of ground for \$1600, getting \$150 down. And they changed their plan of operation.

They decided that other workmen would want just what the first customer wanted. They dropped the garage idea, and began to build small houses. The largest, 24 by 28, sold for \$2800. They sell them at any stage after the house is enclosed from the weather, deducting whatever it would have cost to finish the job. The buyers are mechanics, accustomed to work with tools; most of them finish their homes in the spare time that is all too plentiful these days.

The houses are not skimped. They are soundly built, with union labor, of excellent materials. The job complete takes about ten working days, but usually the buyer takes over before the house reaches that stage.

Each house has a well with hand pump. A sanitary privy built by the WPA at a cost of \$26 for materials is the only touch of outside help in the project.

Most purchasers add rooms for furnaces and garages. Such additions must harmonize with the general design. "We are fussy about exteriors," Frank Hoess explains, "because the neighbors have to look at them."

Nominally a 10 percent down payment is required, but this is more a pious hope than a rule. Anyone who qualifies as a moral risk and has a job can buy a house on a shoestring. A typical sale may have an unpaid balance of \$2000 and call for monthly payments of \$25 for 99 months. This takes care of principal and 6 percent interest computed monthly on unpaid balance. There are no fees or finance charges. Selling expense is negligible; a Hammond real estate broker spends his evenings and week ends at the tract waiting for customers to appear. If the Hoesses ever catch him drumming up prospects or high-pressuring, they probably will fire him. They think people who buy instead of being sold are the best risks.

The typical purchaser earns \$1200 to \$1500 a year in a steel mill or oil refinery. He lived in town until he moved out here, never cared to work around home. Now, to his own surprise, he finds himself building a chicken house, planting a garden, or excavating a basement because his wife wants a laundry.

John Hoess manages the properties and collects the monthly payments. "These guys," he says, "are

getting ahead for the first time in their lives. They work harder, and what's more, every one of them swears he loves it."

One buyer decided after a year to trade in his house on a bigger one. He got \$300 more for the house than he had paid, because he had improved it. Three hundred dollars for a year's spare-time work looks fine to the fellow who earns only \$150 in a good month. Almost all the places have been similarly improved.

As you drive out, the first house you come to belongs to Leonard Leach, a painter in an oil refinery. The Leaches have two small children. In front of the house is a flower-bordered lawn. In the rear is a chicken house, well stocked. Half of the long back yard is in vegetables for the Leaches' own table; the rest is in hybrid field corn. Leach is going to buy two shoats this fall, and feed them his home-grown corn. He is enthusiastic about his home. "With all these vegetables, we don't have to buy much food but a little meat and some bread and butter. When we butcher the hogs, we won't even have to buy meat for a while."

Mrs. Oscar Ludders, wife of a steel mill laborer, was putting up cucumber pickles the day I dropped in. "You don't know what heaven this is unless you ever tried to live in town on little money," she said. "We generally lived in an alley house behind another house. The

kids had a yard about as big as that chicken house to play in. I didn't dare let 'em out on the street. We used to have the doctor almost every week. Now the kids never have anything the matter with them. In town we got mighty few eggs and vegetables and no fruit. Here, our strawberries give us dessert almost every day from June to frost. We have raspberries and blackberries. We got ten eggs today from the hens. We eat all the vegetables we want, and I keep busy canning. I figure to put up 100 quarts of wax beans, and about 150 quarts of tomatoes and chili sauce. I put up corn and beets and fruit. We raise enough potatoes to carry us through the year. If my man gets out of work we can eat — that's more than we could do in town."

Paul Dezelich, oil refinery worker and one of the few foreign-born residents, has set two new styles that are catching on. His front yard is planted with a picturesque combination of flowers and vegetables, all in the same beds, Tyrol fashion. Petunias glow among green and red cabbages; lacy carrot tops are set off by a background of zinnias. Dezelich's mixed garden halts more passing automobile traffic than all the other places combined.

Out back he has chickens, ducks, pigs, a dog. Last and most important, goats. Gentle brown Toggenburgs that yield a gallon of rich milk apiece when fresh, tapering down to a quart later in the season.

And white goats, marvelous for roasting. One Sunday last fall the Dezelichs invited all the neighbors and all the Hoesses to an old-country outdoor feast. They barbecued a goat, carved off smoking strips for a hundred guests. Goats for milk and goats for meat are now found in half a dozen back yards. The children get all the milk they want to drink. And the milk truck from town makes fewer stops at Burr Acres.

Half a dozen of the neighbors have cash-producing sidelines. One railroad shopman has more than 500 hens and gets \$300 a year from eggs and chickens. A Tennessee-bred woman makes and sells candlewick bedspreads. But most of the residents get by without needing much cash. They swap their home-grown products — two dozen pullets for a pig, half a peck of peppers for a peck of apples. They carry a bushel of green beans to the store, and return with a sack of flour. These city-bred workers, many of them from crowded slums, have adapted themselves to rural surroundings and developed the neighborliness and thriftiness typical of the best American country traditions.

They help each other in every emergency. Half a dozen babies have been born in Burr Acres since 1937, few in hospitals. "What, spend \$50 that we need for garage lumber?" exclaimed one young mother with a three-day-old daughter. One neigh-

bor was laundering and keeping an eye on the cooking dinner, another was on her knees wiping up the living-room floor.

The men swap work according to their specialties. A painter helps his neighbor to mix the right color for his new shutters. Next week the neighbor, a pipefitter, helps the painter install water tank and bathtub. Or a man who is ill in early spring finds his garden planted when he gets around again.

The low-income worker rarely saves a dollar. His business sense is underdeveloped. He is easy pickings for every plausible installment salesman. But once he gets a cheap rural home he acquires the property owner's sense of thrift and responsibility.

John Hoess puts it, "When he can use his time to improve what he owns, he gets a very real satisfaction far beyond the money he gains. These people are using their excess energies and hours to create wealth. This means that they have more money to save or to spend on other things.

"And look at the children! You can hear them bragging about their corn and their cow and their bees. I'm betting that those youngsters won't grow up to be wasteful. They know too well the work it takes to produce stuff from the soil. Parents tell us that boys and girls who were hard to manage in town have grown out of it in the country. The kids who used to ruin the streets

have taken their places as productive members of the family."

When they saw how well their plan was working the Hoess brothers bought several more tracts of inexpensive but fertile land close to Burr Acres, and are gradually building these up. All told, they have erected 44 houses and are using the \$1000 a month they receive in purchasers' payments as a revolving fund to build more.

The Hoesses believe that Hammond, with a population of 65,000, could stand 500 such houses a year for ten years without moving any families out of anything but slums, tar-paper shacks, and trailer camps. Likewise they believe the United States could absorb a million such houses a year, and they earnestly wish that such a program would

get under way wherever there is cheap, farmable land within 20 miles of the factories. The brothers insist that such projects would prove excellent investments.

"We aren't making much on each sale," Frank Hoess points out. "But we probably net 5 percent after all expenses and losses. If we keep this up during our productive business years, we should have, after we retire, regular monthly payments coming to us from several hundred small home owners who are profiting by owning these places and will strain every effort to keep them. This is purely a business undertaking. There isn't any charity about what we are doing. But if there were — well, we think a little charity is good business, too."



The Weeping Willow's Family Tree

ALL the weeping willows of Great Britain and America owe their existence to a fragment of a basket used as a container for figs sent from Smyrna to Lady Suffolk, in England, early in the 18th century. Alexander Pope, the satirical poet, who was present when the gift arrived, drew out one of the withes and remarked, "Perhaps this will produce something we have not in England." He had it planted on the bank of the Thames at his villa at Twickenham, where it sprouted and grew into a fine weeping willow tree.

Years later, a young British officer, leaving for the American colonies, plucked a twig from Pope's willow, and carried it, wrapped in oiled silk, throughout the Revolution. At the end of the war he presented the twig to John Parker Custis, son of Martha Washington. Planted on the Custis estate of Abingdon, in Virginia, the withe took root and became the ancestor of all weeping willows in the United States.

—A. Hyatt Verrill, *Wonder Plants and Plant Wonders* (Appleton-Century)

That's Hollywood ════════════◆

by Peggy McEvoy

◀ NUNNALLY JOHNSON, one of the town's top scenarists and major wits, was having an academic discussion with W. C. Fields the other night on the subject of tippling. The conversation drifted to the D.T.'s.

"Do you ever get them out here?" Johnson inquired of the screen comedian, who has been known now and then to take a drop or two — or maybe three.

"Out here," boomed Fields, "there's no way of knowing where the D.T.'s leave off and Hollywood begins."

◀ LEO CARRILLO has a Mexican gardener on his ranch who recently announced happily to his master that he had adopted a beautiful baby. Carrillo, who takes a patriarchal interest in the lives of his ranch helpers, asked Pedro to bring the baby around for him to see. Pedro proudly produced a beautiful baby indeed — but, to Carrillo's astonishment, one of unmistakably Jewish origin.

"Why Pedro," exclaimed Carrillo. "That's a little Jewish baby, and you're Mexican — didn't you mean to adopt a Mexican baby?"

"Oh, no!" replied Pedro emphatically. "Jewish children take care of their parents when they get old!"

◀ ADOLPH MENJOU, famous for his extravagant wardrobe, is equally famous for his predilection for exaggeration. Following a recent appendectomy he boasted to his friends:

"The doctors told me I had the greatest pain known to medical science!"

◀ GROUCHO MARX, after much evasion, finally succumbed to the blandishments of a realtor who wanted to show him a palatial ocean-front estate which was for sale. The salesman drove the comedian up the mile-long, beautifully landscaped approach, escorted him through the house, the stables, the gardens, the kennels, babbling of the wonders of this dream

palace by the sea. Groucho patiently plodded after him, nodding gravely, apparently much impressed. Finally he was ushered out on the flagged terrace and the salesman waved proudly toward the broad expanse of the Pacific.

"Now what do you think?" he challenged.

"I don't care for it," replied Groucho thoughtfully, and he waved in turn at the view. "Take away the ocean and what have you got?"

¶ ONE of the more puckish of the Hollywood writers has an eight-year-old son who has been quite a trial to his teacher in a Beverly Hills school. The other day, getting more out of patience with him than usual, the teacher announced in annoyance: "Roger, you're going to stay right here in this classroom after school today!"

She nearly fell on her face when the youngster gave her a broad wink and flipped: "Okay, Cutie-Pie, it's a date!"

¶ NANCY LEE NUGENT, five-year-old daughter of Elliott Nugent, after overhearing a conversation of grownups one afternoon, balked at being packed off to bed. The mystery of her rebellion was cleared up when she tried to get away with this one:

"Mother, I'm allergic to naps!"

¶ WHAT NEXT department:

"A DUDE RANCH FOR DOGS"

THIS INSTITUTION offers the following allurements to owners of pampered canines: "If your dog is a husky fellow, he'll enjoy every minute of the sports — if his vitality is low, see how quickly he'll respond to the invigorating mountain air and our marvelous food."

¶ DOG LOVERS are also finding some food for thought in this ominous query in a Tailwagger ad: "Does Your Dog Have D. O. (Doggie Odors)?" They are warned: "D. O. is a monstrous setback to a dog's personality."

☞ The Germany of today mirrored
in her travelers to the U. S.

As Nazi Tourists See Us

Condensed from *The Living Age*

Paul Martin

Tour manager for an internationally known travel agency

As told to Peter Cary

“**H**OW LARGE is your army? What is the price of butter?” These are the first questions asked by Nazi tourists visiting the United States. The answers amaze them. And they are surprised that in America people don’t steal the pennies left on news-stands, the milk entrusted to a doorstep, or the packages placed on top of a mailbox; that matches are given away with cigarettes; and that it is not forbidden to photograph the George Washington Bridge. It is all so unlike what they were told to expect here — and what they have at home.

As tour manager for a large travel agency, I have been guide for many German professional or trade groups — Nazi brewers, doctors, bakers, engineers, businessmen — come to study American methods and incidentally to enjoy themselves. Their reactions are a reflection of the isolation in which even well-educated Germans live, and an unconscious revelation of conditions in Germany today.

All German tourists take it for granted that the beacon on the

Palmolive Building in Chicago is for anti-aircraft defense, and some believe that the canvas covers on the telescopes atop the Empire State Building conceal machine guns. They are puzzled by the lack of armed guards about New York, the absence of sentries along our Canadian border, the scarcity of uniforms everywhere. When they learn that the regular army of the United States numbers less than 180,000 men they are stunned.

To them butter is a symbol of what they have had to give up for German rearmament. They cannot believe our butter is so cheap. The window of a chain grocery store will keep a group of tourists occupied for hours, shaking their heads in wonder. They feel both envy and disbelief as they observe our plenty — the immense volume of production; the enormous variety of low-priced goods in a Sears Roebuck catalogue; the high-piled fruit stands; the profusion of merchandise; the well-made, inexpensive clothes, typewriters and radios in a department store.

Even here, they go right on think-

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(*The Living Age*, October, '39)

ing in terms of Göring's "campaign against waste and spoilage." They are shocked to find the extravagantly lighted signs of Broadway turned on before dark, surprised that we make no effort to salvage empty tooth-paste tubes, amazed that Americans can buy tires without first applying to the government and waiting for weeks. Our automobile graveyards leave them speechless. The brass fire-hydrants in front of our office buildings cause much comment. Germans cannot imagine a country where every bit of brass is not snapped up for munitions. Some even remark: "You won't have those hydrants long!"

A group of engineers was flabbergasted by the sight of at least a thousand cars outside a Detroit automobile factory. "The factory then has so many executives and engineers?" they asked. It was hard to convince Nazis still waiting for Hitler's *Volkswagen*, a cheap automobile promised for the masses, that these were the cars of workmen. One or two were sure they had been planted there to impress tourists.

For people to whom every uncultivated square yard is treason against the nation, our millions of untilled acres are appalling and they have no conception of our country's size. By the time they reach Chicago from New York they think they have seen it all, and their mouths fall open on learning that the Pacific coast is still a two days' train ride away.

They expect to see a wilderness. They think we wiped out the Indians in a pogrom such as that suffered by the Jews in Germany (except that the Jews deserved it), yet they expect to find Indians in Chicago. They want to see buffaloes in Buffalo, N. Y. They all think Germany invented good roads, so it is painful to discover that with the exception of a few hundred miles of their military highways ("highways of peace") this country has tens of thousands of miles of roads that are much better.

The deluge of words about German superiority is enough to drive the tour manager crazy. Yet I often feel that the tourists talk chiefly to convince themselves, for their alternating surprise, resentment and apology tell another story. Struck speechless by the view from the Empire State Building, they recover quickly and explain that if they weren't made poor by "encirclement," they could have a building twice as high. But their materials must go for more important things, such as "defending our honor and integrity." Besides, "Germany makes wonderful optical goods, dyes and chemicals. . . ."

The Nazis' consciousness of race breeds strange misconceptions in the minds of even educated, intelligent men. According to their blood theories, the Pennsylvania Dutch who settled here two centuries ago are still "Germans." They think that the United States is 25 percent

German, that all our important citizens are either German or English, that Baron von Steuben won the American revolution. They almost weep over the legend that German would have become the language of the United States had not a "confused German delegate of democratic tendencies" voted against it at a meeting of representatives of the thirteen colonies. They want to know the Jewish and German population of every city. It is a temptation to exaggerate the latter. When the Nazi tourists are tired or disgruntled, a sure way to restore good humor is to announce that everyone speaks German in the town which the train has just passed.

Milwaukee, with its large German-American population, is a painful disappointment to them, for the Mayor is a Socialist, and the Milwaukee Germans go to church and read liberal German-language newspapers. They recover from these shocks to Nazi ego by explaining that the people of Milwaukee have been misled by the Bolsheviks, by the Jews, or at any rate by the Pope — who according to them is a Mason.

They cannot grasp the fact that America is populated by Americans, and consider us a nation of mongrels. They are surprised to hear foreign languages so little spoken here. Yet they point with scorn to our "lack of national unity." How can an American feel that he belongs (as do Germans) to a "folkdom united by blood and soil,"

when one American is an Irishman and his neighbor an Italian or a Pole? Though they know New York has a large Jewish colony they are scornfully amazed by its enormous numbers of Catholics and Masons, even more by its Italo-American population of more than a million. Their racial feelings come out when one mentions the Rome-Berlin axis: the Italo-German agreement, they say, is something they have to put up with — the *Führer's* wise politics, but not true friendship.

Many of them seriously think that the President's real name is Rosenfeld, that American banking is a Jewish monopoly, and that Morgenstein (J. P. Morgan) started the World War singlehanded. They are only vaguely aware of Washington or Lincoln. In trying to explain Lincoln's historical importance, I once compared him to Bismarck as a unifier of his nation. An infuriated tourist almost crowned me with a beer stein. I had insulted Bismarck by mentioning him in the same breath with "this Lincoln of whom I have never even heard!"

They think the New York *Times* is a Bolshevik newspaper. If they read in our press opinions contradictory to their own, they say, "It is all a lie." In their papers, they insist, they get only one version of a story — the correct one. Some don't mind the shortage of news in the Nazi papers. Others would like more, but admit censorship is necessary — "it would not be good for

the masses to be distracted by confusing details."

Our universities, according to these tourists, produce too many intellectuals and too many opinions. They call our democracy cumbersome, despicable. Our "so-called freedom" is merely indolence and unwillingness to serve the "will of the nation." The United States, they believe, is on the verge of a Communist revolution led by Roosevelt, who is a cross between a "red agitator" and a "second-class Führer." They are incensed at learning that we as well as Germany have unemployment relief and a public-works program, because they had been led to think that 16,000,000 people are out of work and starving. The final jolt is the discovery that WPA wages go as high as \$95 a month, and that WPA workers are not conscript laborers living in barracks under army discipline.

They take back with them to Germany radios, silk stockings, cheap gadgets. This on very little money, for the Nazi government limits each of them to four dollars a day in cash—a restriction they find hard to explain. I have seen some of them, millionaires at home, pawn cameras or jewelry for pocket money.

They also take home with them some indelible impressions. They arrive passionately convinced that Germany is unsurpassed in every respect, and while seven years of propaganda cannot be wiped out in two weeks, the visit here is a disil-

lusioning jolt. How much of a jolt, one cannot tell, because they keep such thoughts to themselves. Apparently they dare not risk an indiscreet remark, lest it get back to Germany. Though three thousand miles away, they walk in fear.

Our own lack of fear, and our freedom, they cannot understand. While sitting in the bar of a Pittsburgh hotel, a group of tourists offered to bet that I could not criticize Roosevelt without being arrested. I stood up on a chair and, feeling very foolish, denounced the President in good Republican language. The rest of the room booed, cheered and laughed good-naturedly. But the Germans awaited the arrival of the G-men (G for Gestapo). It took them days to get over the fact that I was not put in "protective custody."

Equally revealing was an incident at Niagara Falls. My tourists were allowed to trail along after me as they pleased. One of them climbed out on a perilous ledge to take a picture. I called him back sharply, gathered the whole group, and laid down the law. For the rest of that expedition, I ordered, they were to walk in a column, two by two, with myself at the head. They fell in readily with this regimentation, and soon were singing "*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*" and other marching songs. At the end of this trip, several of the tourists told me that it had been the happiest day of their American visit.

¶ How an Illinois Job-Creation Contest
has aroused thousands of young people to create
little businesses of their own

They Thought Their Way to Jobs

Condensed from The Rotarian

Maxine Davis

OUT IN Illinois this summer the National Youth Administration sponsored a Job-Creation Contest for boys and girls up to 25 years of age. More than 5000 youngsters entered, with original ideas for new services, gadgets, and ways to find work. Evidences of resourcefulness were so numerous and heartening that I went to Illinois to talk with entrants and prize winners.

"How about thinking up a job of your own?" the NYA had said. "Hundreds of young people have invented jobs in the past. You don't need luck to *think your way to a job*. Your hobby may become your business. Your neighbor's need may show the way to a new service job. The idea for a simple gadget might make you a fortune."

The Job-Creation Contest which backed up this exhortation ran from May 22 to July 22. Entry blanks were showered like rain all over the state. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of prizes were donated by organizations, schools, individuals. Several big concerns donated two jobs each. In Rockford the W.C.T.U. raised \$300.

The 375 prizes included, in addition to cash and jobs, an airplane trip to the New York World's Fair, a tractor, 200 baby chicks, accordion lessons, and a permanent wave.

To judge the value of the contest one should meet some of the entrants and observe the wit and initiative they used. Many contestants had been using their ideas to earn a living before the contest opened. Others invented them under the spur of competition. August Mazzone is an intelligent Italian boy who took to making windowboxes for the neighbors in the drab, flowerless area of Chicago where he lives. He makes the boxes, gets the earth to fill them, plants and installs them, and clears about 85 cents on each.

Gene Tyhurst of Robinson won a prize with a service most of us wish some bright boy would inaugurate in our own town: a house-to-house shoe-shining service. He finds many people who want their shoes polished regularly, but are too busy to take them to the shop. It's not unusual for Gene to get as many as five pairs in one house.

Enough good ideas emerged in this NYA contest to keep a lot of jobless young people busy for years. For instance, Marven Treiber's silverware laundry. Marven is a lean, gray-eyed, brown-faced lad of 19 who is taking a predental course. He'd seen his family struggle with the silver. So he decided to buy a burnishing machine on installments and start a silverware laundry, collecting silver from housewives or restaurants one day and bringing it back the next, clean and glistening.

In Rockford, Richard and Buster Welliver had run errands for neighbors, to make pin money. They figured, "If the people next door need us, merchants do too." So they opened a Shoppers' Service. As soon as they had a little ahead, they invested it in mimeographed advertisements to hand out with each delivery.

Today they have a staff of ten boys with bicycles. The Shoppers' Service does any errand you wish, and any service costs a dime. They collect for C.O.D. parcels with no extra charge. If Mrs. Thrifty sees a bargain advertised in the morning paper, the Shoppers' Service will rush down and buy it for her. The boy with the bike gets a nickel and the brains of the business collect a nickel from each job. The boy earns from \$4 to \$7 a week, and Richard and Buster never less than \$25 each.

Myrtis Pauline Rose of Maunie

observed that people these days need birth certificates as evidence for old-age assistance or insurance, to secure passports, and even to hold jobs in some states. Myrtis learned that where birth is not a matter of record, it can be attested by securing affidavits from the attending physician and near relatives. So Myrtis makes a business of informing people of their need and tracking down birth records, handling all details for a fee of \$1.

Mitro Pellock in Benld has turned a hobby into a business. He collects biological specimens — frogs, perch, crayfish, earthworms — commonly used in high school laboratories, preserves them, and sells them cheaper than biological supply houses can. The first two schools he approached ordered \$26 worth. His total expenses for preservatives and other items were only \$6.50. He got orders from seven of the next eight schools he visited, and expects to supply a hundred next spring.

All over Illinois practical ideas like these have come to light. Naturally the largest number of entries were from Chicago. I found Y. L. Kessler there in a laundry, helping his mother. A couple of years ago Y. L. had an idea, but it needed capital. So he thought up another idea to finance it. He made cardboard stencils, bought a can of phosphorescent paint, and got neighbors to let him paint house numbers visible at night.

When he had \$50, he went to the streetcar barns, where one can buy tokens at a 10 percent discount in \$50 lots. Then he set up a sign on a busy corner during rush hours and sold tokens to hurried passengers, making approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cent on each. When a policeman picked him up, the Chicago Surface Lines gave Y. L. a permit and assurance that he was doing them and their passengers a service. Now he makes as much as \$5 a day, and has \$520 in savings.

Jane Mulaney wanted to work in one of Chicago's big department stores, but they never seemed to take on beginners, though they often advertised for experienced saleswomen. So Jane went to the neighborhood drygoods store where she often made small purchases for her mother, and asked to learn all about bags and hosiery. When she had learned the fine points of this merchandise, she marched down to State Street with experience and a reference. When I visited her counter, she talked me into buying a brand of stockings I'd never considered before.

Samuel Aronson of Chicago noted the hundreds of trips students and student organizations made each year. He established a travel agency on his campus, looking after tickets and schedules for vacationing undergraduates, field trips of the botany department, glee club and debating society tours, and the like. After school was over

a travel company that knew his work gave him a steady job.

Ted Stromquist of Maywood sells photographs of houses, selecting homes that give most evidence of the owner's care. He takes two dozen pictures a day. These he develops and mounts, and in the evening, when he is likely to find the owner in, he goes from door to door. So far he has sold 40 percent of the pictures taken. The first month he made \$90.

Many inventions were submitted to the contest judges. You may argue that the chances are pretty slim these days that a young man will make any important mechanical discovery, but William J. Campbell, state director of the NYA, answered that objection on the radio:

"Don't believe it. Opportunity to invent is still as abundant as ever, and the present generation is better trained, more mechanically-minded, more alert and ingenious than any generation in history. An industrial leader told me recently that in the past two years men in his plant had made no less than 70 important inventions and improvements."

Illinois youth responded with scores of ingenious ideas. There is August Mazzone's band of transparent rubber, with reinforced edges, to protect wrist-watches from water while washing dishes, from sand on the beach, from dirt while gardening.

Over in Urbana, William Harris won a prize with his invention, which he calls the Kant Warp Tee Square. The head is of black walnut and the blade, of a transparent plastic, is recessed into the head so that it is rigid. The old-type T-square is fastened together with screws and glue, and if dropped or humped, may become loose.

The engineering department of the University of Illinois is testing Harris's T-square. The dean says that if it works, as he believes it will, he'll adopt it as standard equipment. Some of the campus supply stores already carry it, and William made \$92 out of his invention in the first two months.

Most of the gadgets were inspired by watching simple operations around the home or neighborhood. Wade Riggins of Rockford made a screen to catch refuse that clogs drains and kitchen sinks. Dave Daer fashioned a new kind of thumb tack, triangular instead of round, with three prongs, so that it can be used on the very edge of drawing paper. Martha Hollis of Springfield devised a step-ladder with adjustable legs that can be set up level on steps or uneven ground. Earl Chambers of Lacon developed an idea for an automobile cooler to make cars comfortable in summer; the essential is dry ice.

Everywhere in Illinois young folks caught the spirit of the contest. Some boys rented a vacant lot next to a Chicago high school

and check bicycles for two cents. They have as many as 1000 customers a day. A girl in Toulon is making appetizing lunches for invalids. Charles Connor has a reading service for people with poor eyesight and others who are bedridden. Charles gets the paper, book, or magazine they want, and reads for 50 cents an hour.

Administrator Campbell, who has served on a volunteer basis since he was elected Chicago's district attorney, is full of hope for continuing results of his job-creation contest, and for those which undoubtedly will follow elsewhere.

"An older generation has talked hard times and insecurity so long that their youngsters are licked before they start," he says. "But American youth never has had security. That is one of the explanations of American genius. I cannot conceive of American youth without the spirit of adventure. And that is what we hope the job-creation contest will inspire."

In leaflets, radio talks, newspapers, Campbell and his staff advised youngsters: "Study your neighborhood, the people who live there, and how they live. Note the gadgets or services that would add to the safety, comfort, or beauty of homes, stores, and streets. Outline your ideas, improve them through study. Then experiment with them. Thus you can think your way to your job. You'll be the boss, and nobody can fire you."

¶ The enterprising American who carried
Coney Island to the savages

Barnum of Borneo

Condensed from The American Magazine

Jerome Beatty

Author of a series of articles on magnificent American adventurers

IN SINGAPORE, a British tin prospector exclaimed admiringly, "You Americans!" and told me how he paddled upstream through the most uncivilized part of Siam, tramped miles into teakwood forests, and came upon a tiny group of huts where few white men had ever been. There, in the shack of the nearly nude headman, mounted like a god, was a big, black Mickey Mouse doll.

An American carnival troupe — The Mammoth Tait Shows — had come up the river on barges and pitched its tents at the edge of a little roadless Siamese village. The headman and his wives and concubines had walked two days to this village to see the show. They rode the merry-go-round, were astounded by the sword swallower and the trained seals, and brought home a Mickey Mouse.

In Borneo, a Dutch merchant told me that the wild Dyaks think that Americans spend most of their time riding Ferris wheels, and that their king lives in Manila and is named Eddie Tait.

So, when in Manila, I went to see the king and his carnival. There

was almost everything that you find in an American amusement park: all kinds of exciting rides; a Magic Show, where a buzz saw cut a woman in half; Chinese jugglers; American motorcyclists defying death and gravity in a motordrome; a 600-pound Gorilla Woman from Africa (via Harlem, I suspect); Zabelle, He Knows No Pain; and Moitri, The Hindu, who swallowed 15 goldfish and spat them up alive.

Eddie Tait is 55 years old, a stocky, cocky, continuously excited little fellow. I first saw him in the middle of his carnival's hullabaloo. He was anxiously watching a stand where, surrounded by admiring Filipinos, an American sailor was knocking iron milk bottles off a table and filling the arms of his Filipina girl-friend with Tait's dolls and boxes of candy.

Eddie grinned sadly. "These Orientals can't throw, but no matter where I am, an American sailor always comes along and takes me for ten bucks' worth of dolls."

Tait has made a fortune out of small change coaxed from the strange peoples of the Far East. He has taken his carnival on ships and

bamboo rafts, by truck and carabao cart, through those primitive lands that touch the North Pacific, the China Sea, the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, the Strait of Malacca.

He never cheats his public, runs no gyp games, gives the people their money's worth; so the Tait shows are always welcome.

When Prajadhipok was King of Siam he came with his retinue whenever Tait played Bangkok. Natives from Angkor, the massive ruined city in French Indo-China which is one of the wonders of the world, go home declaring they never saw anything so amazing as Freckles, the Pig with the Human Brain.

Sultans pay Eddie to give "command performances" for the royal retinue and try to buy the merry-go-round. A Moro chieftain carrying a spear once rode the Caterpillar Ride for three hours at a stretch. A warrior in Borneo brought his family of more than 50 women and children, lined them up outside the fence around the Whip, grimly bought a ticket, and uttered wild cries of defiance as he took the ride. In some lands, warriors who have dared ride the Dodgem are looked up to as heroes.

At that, Eddie slows all his rides down. Even the bravest Oriental won't tackle a fast one.

He always has one show on tour, often two, and when they leave Manila with 40 or 50 people of a dozen different nationalities and

about 300 tons of gear, they don't come back for two years.

Born in Chicago, Eddie landed in Manila in 1909 and opened its first motion-picture theater. Later he got into motion-picture production, and so far he has produced 51 feature pictures in Tagalog, directed by Filipinos, with all-Filipino casts. One, *Zamboanga*, was good enough to be shown in the United States. "They are pretty bad," he admits, "but the Filipinos like them better than the society dramas sent out from Hollywood."

Rosie Del Rosario is Eddie's big star. "She's tremendous!" he said, with honest conviction. "We held a voting contest here to decide who was the greatest actress the world has ever known, and Rosie won by a mile! Mary Pickford got only 11 votes."

When Eddie first organized his carnival shows he confined them to local performances. His earliest tour came 20 years ago when he was asked to take his carnival to Singapore for the Borneo-Malay Exposition. He laid out a route and was gone two years, seeing things that were stranger to him than anything he had to show the natives.

Eddie's merry-go-round horses at first were of all colors — only one was white. He noticed that brown men would fight to get on the white horse, neglecting the others. It turned out that they were Mohammedans who expected to ride white horses in heaven. So

Tait quickly painted all the horses white.

Some of his handbills are printed in four languages, and since many of his customers can't read, he uses lots of pictures. Often he employs local storytellers, men who sit in the shade and for tiny fees tell stories and bits of news. Eddie's advance man describes to them the marvels that are coming. They spread the news.

In the back countries, Eddie finds the natives prefer bolts of cloth, cooking utensils, and cigarettes for prizes. In the cities, dolls, candy, and china statues are successful bait. He has given away as prizes 35,000 Mickey Mouse and Popeye dolls. News about these American celebrities reaches the people through their movie theaters. Now they want Charlie McCarthy; Eddie has 1000 Mae West dolls that even the Igorots won't take.

Everybody in the Far East knows Eddie Tait. He's the man people go to when they want something done for charities. One afternoon a week, wherever they are, his shows entertain poor children free, and in most spots that means almost all the kids. He keeps the shows clean and never has to close anything

when youngsters come. When he first went on tour, to his great annoyance he had to take along as chaperons the mothers of his Filipina hula dancers. Now the mothers have found that their daughters are safe, and they stay home.

The biggest moment in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Tait — she always travels with him — came in a little village on the edge of Batavia, Java.

"We sent word to the school-teachers," Eddie said, "to bring their kids down for a free show the next afternoon. There were about 2000 and they had a swell time — poor little boys and girls, Chinese; who had never seen a carnival. When they'd ridden on everything and seen all the shows, one of the teachers said the kids would like to thank us by singing a song.

"So May and I stood on a platform and darned if those kids didn't begin, in broken English, 'Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light'! There we were, the only Americans within miles, and 2000 ragged Chinese kids were thanking us for merry-go-round rides by singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. They had learned it just for us."



"He kissed her, hard toothraking kisses that broke his lips and hers with exquisite, salty pain."

— From "*Clay Acres*," by Pauline Benedict Fischer.

It isn't love, though, till you dislocate your jaw. — *The New Yorker*.

Nature's Births and Babies

Condensed from Natural History

Raymond L. Ditmars

In charge of the department of mammals, New York Zoölogical Park;
author of many books on animals and insects

ANIMALS produce their children and care for them in such diverse ways that at times Nature seems merely acting from whimsy. How comes it that baby buffalo and deer walk immediately after birth, while bears and lions are born blind and utterly helpless? Is it by whim or by planning that 21 months are necessary for development of an elephant's embryo and only 21 days for that of a mouse, that a 100-pound seal may give birth to a 20-pound youngster while the baby of the larger kangaroo is dwarfed by your little finger?

At the Zoölogical Park one day, a keeper showed me a baby hyrax — an African animal resembling a guinea pig — less than a week old. This infant, already a quarter the size of its mother, was actively darting about. A door slammed and the frightened parent leaped to a shelf a yard high. The infant also made the leap.

Nearby was a kangaroo as high as a man. The head of a still helpless four-months-old youngster protruded from her abdominal pouch. When born, the baby was an inch long, about one three-thousandth of its mother's weight. What a contrast with the much younger hyrax!

Most manlike of wild creatures are the apes — gorilla, chimpanzee and orangutan. The ape mother produces a single infant, which is nursed and coddled as is a human child. The period before birth, however, is shorter than with the human, and growth is faster. A 150-pound orang mother may give birth to a five-pound infant which will reach sexual maturity in eight or nine years.

Hoofed animals have no nestlings, no babies born blind. In some instances, their young walk immediately after birth. But among flesh-eating animals utter helplessness of the young is the rule. A 300-pound bear produces one to four blind, hairless mites no bigger than kittens.

One might expect that the larger the animal the longer the period of development of its young. The baby elephant, born after nearly two years' gestation — the longest among mammals — weighs 150 to 200 pounds as compared to 8000 pounds of mother. It is not weaned until three or four years old, and takes 15 to 18 years to reach maturity. But the world's most gigantic mammal, the 40-ton whale, has a gestation period lasting only about a year. However, the single young

weighs in excess of seven tons and attains full size in about five years.

Bats, the only mammals capable of true flight, are careful mothers, wrapping membranous wings about their progeny at the slightest disturbance, and frequently taking them on nocturnal flights. Among tropical vampire and giant South American bats I have never noted a multiple birth. The baby clings to its mother's breast when small, later hanging beside her, within reach of her protective wings. My young giant bats attained full size in five months, with wing spread of two feet. Other species of bats have two to four young, and it is astonishing to see a northern brown bat soar off with her family of four clinging to her, their combined weight appearing to be as much as hers.

In rodents, or gnawing animals, we find the shortest gestation among mammals — about 21 days with mice and rats. Newly born mice, blind and hairless, demonstrate the deficiencies that result from this short period. Contrariwise, the guinea pig, or cavy, carrying progeny up to 70 days, produces lustrous-coated, bright-eyed babies which within a day or so scamper after the mother.

Porcupines have open-eyed babies which in a few days erect their own protective covering of needle-sharp spines. The Canadian porcupine produces youngsters larger than those of a bear, though the porcu-

pine is only one thirtieth the bear's weight.

Among pouched animals or marsupials — kangaroos, opossums, phalangers — there are no obstetrical troubles. Periods of gestation may be 40 days or less, with a shift of the undeveloped young to the incubator pouch. A brood of 12 opossums, writhing pink mites, could snuggle in a soup spoon.

Topping all others in eccentricity is the echidna of Australia, a four-legged animal with the bristling spines of a porcupine, the long darting tongue of an anteater, and a beak like a duck. The female lays one or two leathery-shelled eggs which she tucks into her abdominal pouch. When the nearly shapeless, hairless infants are hatched she rears them with milk!

The parental life of birds has many vagaries. Thus the female tinamou of the Guianas, after laying an egg, flies away, leaving the male to incubate it — a 56-day process. Often while he is still attending a half-grown chick the mother comes back and lays another egg, delegating to the father the double duty of incubation and infant care.

Quite opposite is the behavior of the Old World hornbill. Before laying her one or two eggs the female selects a hollow in a tree, into which the male plasters her with mud. Only a small peephole is left, through which the imprisoned spouse receives food from her mate.

The female Emperor penguin of

the Antarctic lays a single egg which, as there are no nesting materials, she rolls onto her feet, where a body flap protects it from freezing. If in moving about for food she loses her grip on the egg, penguin courtesy demands that another penguin pick it up and care for it until the second penguin too must move about. Eggs are thus shifted back and forth among male as well as female adults.

Among smaller birds the 14-day incubation period of robins is fairly average. This speed of development is matched by rapid subsequent growth. Within two weeks the bird leaves its nest, and in a few days more attains full size.

Most reptiles lay eggs, although a number of snakes and a few lizards produce living young. The only reptiles that build nests are the crocodilians. Some nests are little more than a hole scooped in mud, in which eggs are deposited and covered. But the alligator makes an actual nest, imbedding its eggs in debris and leaving them to be hatched about two months later by the heat of decomposition. I have seen mother alligators lurking near the nest, though there is no attempt to feed the young. Turtles, lizards, and snakes all shift for themselves as soon as hatched or born.

With snakes that give birth to living young, the gestation period is four to five months. Fortunately the poisonous snakes of North America, rattlesnakes, the water moccasin and copperhead, seldom have

over a dozen young ones. Harmless garter snakes and water snakes have as many as six dozen.

A water boa or anaconda from Trinidad gave me my most impressive picture of a litter of infant snakes. The mother was 18 feet long, 10 inches in diameter, and weighed about 175 pounds. One morning I found her cage crawling with 72 infant anacondas, each a yard long and close to two inches in thickness.

The eggs of amphibians — frogs, toads, salamanders — though laid in large numbers, are generally abandoned so that comparatively few survive. However, the male of the aquatic Surinam toad presses a hundred or more eggs into cavities of the female's back, within which minute tadpoles develop and hatch. Caplike covers that have grown over the cavities then pop open as if hinged.

Among fish we find again wide diversity. The pointed-tail ocean sunfish attains a length of ten feet and a weight of 1200 pounds. A baby sunfish, found for the first time recently in the Sargasso Sea, was one tenth of an inch long. To attain the bulk of the parent it would need to increase its weight 60,000,000 times!

In number of eggs the ling is a star performer, laying as many as 28,000,000. The cod produces 6,000,000 to 10,000,000, the salmon, its eggs relatively large, about 15,000. A platter of shad roe may contain from 25,000 to 150,000 eggs. But

some fish produce not more than 100 eggs, building nests of grass and guarding them from intruders. Others incubate their eggs within the parental mouth. The little sea horse transfers the eggs to a pouch on the abdomen of the male. Some fish produce their young alive.

Among invertebrates, spiders stand out in solicitude for their young. Our common water spider carries her eggs in a bag of silk. When the infants are about to hatch, the mother tears the bag open, spins a nursery web for them and guards them with such devotion that she may be torn limb from limb rather than desert. The common wolf spider carries her several hundred babies on her back until they are strong enough to shift for themselves.

The most precocious insect youngster is the common European oil beetle. The larvae develop from eggs laid in leafy debris, but are not at all interested in their abode. Each one gets the idea — how is one of Nature's mysteries — that it must have a diet of bees' eggs. The tiny thing climbs to a flower, waits for a bee, climbs on its back and so reaches the bee's hive. There it feeds on eggs until it bursts its first larval skin, and then on honey until it again bursts a larval shell and emerges in adult form.

As examples of widely different life-cycles among insects, take the katydid and the 17-year "locust" or cicada. Katydid eggs, imbedded in the autumn under scales of bark, hatch with the spring. The tiny green creatures, at first not bigger than a flea, shed successive skins and by August are handsome green insects with stridulating organs which produce the rasping "katydid" and "katydidn't." This is the mating call, which continues several weeks. Then eggs are laid, and the katydid dies.

With the 17-year locust, the female imbeds her eggs in a twig; tiny hatchlings later drop to the ground and burrow, obtaining juices from tender roots. After a 17-year babyhood, alone and in darkness, the larva emerges from the soil, the back splits open and a creature with glittering wings writhes forth, fitted to fly. Mating time is short — a few weeks devoted to egg-laying for the next generation's 17 years of subterranean youth.

Thus Nature relentlessly experiments all along the line of evolutionary development, sometimes with bizarre results, sometimes producing examples of devotion and sacrifice involving instincts which we like to think of as peculiarly human.



Art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere.

— G. K. Chesterton

The Telephone Rang at Midnight

Condensed from The Commonweal

Albert J. Mason

JOE's first halting words snatched away the last clinging vestments of sleep.

"We . . . we had a little accident. You'd better come right away . . . Memorial Hospital."

Joe and another boy, Ray, had been out driving with our son.

My thoughts spun in a whirlpool of panic, leaving speech rudderless. "What did you . . . is anybody . . . (*My God! Jim!*) Jim . . . is he hurt?"

Silence.

"They . . . they sent an ambulance for him." Joe's voice seemed to fade, then swell painfully. "You'd better come at once."

"Yes, yes, right away." I found myself drawing trousers over my pajamas.

A dressing gown, gray head above it, appeared. Father, who was living with us, demanded, "What is it?"

"Jim's hurt. Auto wreck. I'm going to the hospital." Shoestrings became ropes in my hands.

"I'll go with you," Father announced, and even as I protested (he is nearing 80), he was throwing on clothing. In a few seconds I was flinging back the garage door. Father climbed in the seat beside me.

"Fast, but not too fast," warned an inner voice. "Keep your grip. Jim needs you." All I said to Father was, "God! I've been afraid of this." He didn't answer.

My wife was 500 miles away. No chance to send for her; I must handle this alone. Even as I dodged traffic and beat a signal by split seconds, my thoughts raced . . . my son's roadster hurtling end over end . . . laughter-loving boys crushed, cut, bleeding. And Jim! "They sent an ambulance for him." My heart thumped madly. "Steady. Keep your mind on driving. Don't take unnecessary chances."

We jerked to a stop at the entrance, where a neon sign said much in one word, "Emergency."

Inside we met Joe, his head a mountain of bandages, face a pasty gray, shirt torn and crimsoned. But he was on his feet.

"Joe, are you all right? Where's Jim?"

"He's not here. They . . ."

"Not here!" I looked wildly up and down the dim-lit hall. Faintness advanced, retreated. Several internes and nurses were about. I had a fogged impression of compassionate faces above white garments. Frantic relatives must be

routine here, yet they projected silent understanding. It *is* real — this gentle condolence of those who serve suffering and sorrow.

From a ward appeared Ray — an apparition! Half his face was buried under taped gauze. Several teeth were gone, his lips lacerated. He mumbled something. He, too, was on his feet. But *my* boy?

Ray just leaned against the wall, his pallor matching its whiteness. Joe's eyes mirrored stark fear.

Time's pendulum hung motionless. Finally a firm hand touched my arm, and I turned to face a traffic officer, low-voiced, kind, maddeningly deliberate. "Are you the father of the other boy?"

"Yes. Where is he? They said . . ."

"Take it easy, sir. He was taken to General Hospital. You know the way?"

"Yes, no, that is . . . I've a general idea. Tell me and I'll . . ."

"Wait a minute. We'll lead you." Another officer joined him. I started for the door with Father close behind.

As the patrol car shot out the gate, I was close on its tail light. The siren screamed, higher, higher, clearing a path. A mile, two miles, three. Father sat there loosely, his mute presence lending strength.

Unexpectedly, the police car swerved in a turn. I followed . . . on two wheels, in loose gravel. "Close!" . . . A narrow street, grades, curves, a long driveway.

In the elevator, one of the officers said, "Brace yourself, Buddy. He's pretty bad." Will power found somewhere a last small reserve to draw upon. Father's hand gripped my shoulder. (He said afterward that his knees "sort of gave way.")

The elevator stopped. "Wait here a minute," and our guide disappeared up the hall. We obeyed numbly. I believe my least confused thought was, "Keep your grip."

How long, how long? At last the officer came back — smiling! "The boy's going to be all right. He's conscious. The doctor says come in."

As soon as I saw that Irish smile, even before Sergeant O'Hara had said a word (I later learned his name so as to commend him to his chief), I knew! We hurried into a hall that smelled of ether. "This way." We followed into the operating room.

The doctor, too, was smiling — conveying a message more reassuring than words. Jim, looking much better than I had expected, was stripped to the waist, stretched out on the white table.

"Hello, Dad. We had a wreck, I guess." His hand groped for mine, gripped it firmly. "Why, hello, Grand-dad. You too?"

"How do you feel, Jim?" Father asked.

The patient managed a smile. "Fine. I'm all right."

"Sure you are," I grinned

through a mist. "We'll have you out of here in no time!" Jim closed his eyes and lay motionless. I felt that I should say something more. "Now don't worry about anything, son. Take it easy . . ."

The doctor lifted a loose dressing to reveal a long, deep gash in Jim's forehead. He pointed to spots where the hair had been cut around vicious scalp wounds. Stepping back, he beckoned me aside.

"Perhaps you would like to move him to a private hospital?"

"Is . . . is it all right to move him?"

"In an ambulance, yes. That left elbow is pretty bad. Deep cut, probable fracture. Whatever gashed his forehead just missed the eye by a fraction of an inch. We thought at first his skull was fractured. X rays will tell, of course, but now I am almost positive it is only a concussion. Lucky, that's all. However, he must have complete rest for a long time."

FOR YOU, who are just as proud of your boy, or girl, and who, like Jim's mother and me, cannot sleep until you hear the gay "Good nights" and the welcome click of the latch, this experience of ours holds one key to our real American Tragedy.

Jim had not a chance that night! *Any driver in that same spot at 11:06 p.m. would have been struck.* Fate picked him and his schoolmates as the victims. Jim's car was "wrecked

by a wreck" — a decrepit car which should not have been granted license plates, driven by a drink-befuddled moron who should never have had a driver's license. There were four in the front seat, in itself a misdemeanor in our state. After "partying" at roadside taverns, they had hurtled into the highway with no lights showing on their car.

Oddly enough, I hold no bitterness; only gratitude that my son and his friends, by some miracle, are alive and well today. Others I have known have been less fortunate. There have been 11 automobile casualties in the families of my friends and neighbors, including two deaths, all within recent years. At least eight of these accidents, to my positive knowledge, were caused by witless or drunken fools.

Not all accidents, of course, are similar in circumstances, *but thousands of them are*, and these are the most readily preventable. If we would only insist upon more rigorous inspection of cars and more searching requirements for drivers' licenses, including the prompt conviction of every motorist guilty of drunken driving, we might save at least some of the "one in three children who will be killed or injured during their normal lifetime."

Take it from one parent who knows: no effort is too great if it will spare some of the terror of that dread midnight call.

☞ A sweeping religious revival —
fanned by expert showmanship

Buchman and Moral Re-Armament

Condensed from Christian Herald

Marc A. Rose

HOLLYWOOD humbly took a lesson in showmanship one night last summer.

Four symbolic pillars of light pierced the sky over Hollywood Bowl. Before 30,000 spectators, the searchlights dimmed, and to the skirl of bagpipes, an international column of men and women marched in behind the massed flags of their nations. A Japanese shook hands on the great rostrum with a young woman from Shanghai; the head of the teamsters' union fraternized with the head of their bitter opponents, California's organized farmers; a leader of London's unemployed spoke, as did a former head of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, a screen actress, a baroness, and Ruth St. Denis, the dancer.

Warm letters were read from President Roosevelt, from Henry Ford, from the governors of 25 states and the mayors of 40 cities. And from notables in the arts and the professions.

"Tonight," said the boss of this imposing show, "you witness the preview of a new world order."

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman talks like that. Moral Re-Armament, he

says, will regenerate the world. He has some reason so to believe. In a year, it has swept across Britain and spread its influence to 50 nations, arousing a fervor which marks it as one of the most conspicuous religious movements of modern times. The tremendous Hollywood rally was the climax of an American campaign that progressed from a meeting attended by 12,000 in Madison Square Garden, New York, in a steady crescendo as it moved west.

Moral Re-Armament is a new garb for the Oxford Group, now 20 years old. The term, appropriated as a new sales slogan, is designed to catch a timely market. England, faced by the dictators, frantically redoubled her preparedness efforts. But guns will not solve this sick world's problems.

"The crisis is fundamentally a moral one," said Dr. Buchman. "The nation must re-arm morally. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across every country. . . . It would be the end of war."

That was said on May 28, 1938 a date that Buchman's followers

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believe will become historic. But it was after the humiliation of Munich that Moral Re-Armament began to snowball followers. Millions of Englishmen were groping for something to hold on to. The mood was epitomized by a young man who wrote to the *London Times*, "We young people of England have nothing to live for, and what is worse, nothing worth dying for."

Moral Re-Armament offered a hope. Thirty-three Members of Parliament issued a manifesto, saying "something of this kind is urgently required." Earl Baldwin and 18 other dignitaries came out with a statement that "the real need of the day is moral and spiritual re-armament." Showers of endorsements followed, signed by church and labor leaders, newspaper proprietors, and famous athletes. "Bunny" Austin, Davis Cup player and the idol of young England, collected all the other endorsements, added his own, and turned out a book which sold a half-million copies and was translated into seven languages, including the Arabic.

Moral Re-Armament was boosting British morale, and eager hands were stretched out to help. The use of 10,000 billboards was donated, and Moral Re-Armament slogans were printed on 5,000,000 milk bottle tops. Buses gave preferred space to cards; 20,000 shopkeepers put up posters; stamps appeared on half a million letters.

Crowds of 40,000 at football matches sat patiently while famous footballers made talks. These talks were in terms of the crisis but they carried the Group emphasis on the necessity of "changing" individual lives and bringing about a better society through regenerated men and women. Only God-guided individuals, they said, could create a new world order.

Not England alone felt the quickening. Moral Re-Armament won a strong following in Holland; the Queen several times publicly endorsed it. The Scandinavian nations developed a considerable enthusiasm, and better relations resulted. One journalist, active in stirring up ill-feeling between Norway and Denmark, was influenced by Moral Re-Armament to apologize publicly and to mend his ways.

The message with which MRA seeks to guide a groping world is, for all its careful invention of a new vocabulary, as old as Christianity. The only sure foundation for world peace is for men to lead good lives. If men will be good, there will be no wars.

That has been said before, but seldom with such salesmanship. The Oxford Group uses every modern facility to put its message across. Its alert press department is quick to accommodate reporters with prepared announcements and speeches. Its enthusiasts built up keen newsstand interest in *The Rising Tide*, a 50-page pictorial his-

tory, by approaching dealers before copies were due and advising them to stock heavily. The actual sale, reported at several million, was less than 50,000.

The Buchmanites studiously shun familiar or controversial religious terms which might stand in the way of prospects. Thus, new members are not "converted"; they are "changed." They do not "confess"; they "share." The Buchmanites' "quiet time" is close kin to the "retreat" and even closer to Quaker worship.

The striking emblem of MRA is four pillars upholding the three letters. The pillars represent Absolute Purity, Absolute Honesty, Absolute Love, Absolute Unselfishness. Toward these Four Absolutes the faithful group member strives. He will seek God's guidance—direct, personal messages telling the devout whom to see today, what to say, where to go, what to wear.

The Group's technique is not that of the great revivalists at all. There are no orations at its rallies. One member after another arises to tell how he has been "changed." He tells how much MRA has meant to him, but never just what MRA is. Dr. Buchman does not count much on public meetings except for contacts. The real work of winning converts is done in more intimate gatherings.

There are no fixed meeting places; no trustees, clergymen, or even committees; apparently the

movement owns no property. The collection plate is never seen. MRA workers live at the best hotels, ride the best liners in the finest suites. Yet money is never mentioned. Dr. Buchman has had no income for 20 years and lives entirely on faith. Nobody knows where the ample funds actually come from, nobody accounts for them. Presumably rich sympathizers contribute quietly. Members make sacrifices. One Englishman sold his estate and went to live in a flat, being guided to give the bulk of his funds to the cause. Others have cashed insurance policies and annuities to help support the work. Dr. Buchman does not worry about such matters. "Where God guides, he provides," is a typical Buchmanism.

The man whom admirers rank as one of the great leaders of our age is no dramatic figure. "F. B.," as he likes to be called, is tall, baldish, thick-set but not paunchy, and carefully turned out. A sharp nose above a small mouth gives a shrewd look to a plump face. A bachelor, he looks content with himself and his surroundings. You don't talk to him; he talks to you, is hard to interrupt. His aggressive manner is not always popular. A new convert once said to him, "I must share with you that I do not like your personality."

He was born in Pennsylvania 61 years ago, and certainly nobody would have guessed that his six

tieth birthday would call for a dinner in the House of Commons and speeches over a world-wide radio hookup. The Buchmans, thrifty Swiss stock, came over in 1740. "F. B." was ordained a Lutheran minister. He served a poor congregation with notable zeal, founded a hospice for orphans and destitute boys in Philadelphia. He served his church in the Orient and later worked among college students here.

On a trip to England when he was 30, he had a profound religious experience. A woman preacher talked before a handful of poor people in a little English church. Dr. Buchman happened in. Something she said — he does not remember what — started a train of thought which ended in a kind of soul explosion which shook him deeply. It was not until 13 years later, in 1921, that Dr. Buchman started his peculiar personal evangelism among the students and dons of Oxford. Later his followers went to South Africa, where newspapers dubbed them the Oxford Group.

The Group was no world-shaking affair until it was rechristened with its catchword title to fit the demands of the hour. Skeptics, cynical about the new guise, recall the early emotionalism, the evangelistic vaudeville put on by "the dinner-jacket evangelists." Nonetheless MRA is now a force to be reckoned with. It has unquestionably brought serenity and a new

and better way of life to its followers.

A Swiss manufacturer refused to move his factory from Basel to Geneva, though it would have meant lower costs and taxes, because it would put 200 men out of work. The fleet director of one of America's great oil companies resolved to live by the Four Absolutes and got his men a wage increase and vacations with pay.

One person changed, the Groupers point out, can affect the lives of whole communities. A southern hosiery manufacturer who had accepted the Absolutes of the Group asked himself, "Have I been honest and unselfish?" He went over his books and found that he could afford to pay his men higher wages. He called in his employes, explained the situation, and told them frankly of his religious experience. His employes caught the spirit. Paid by piece work, they had been in the habit of tampering with their machines so as to speed up output at the expense of quality. They, too, owned their fault and mended their ways.

These, say the Oxford Group members, are perfect but by no means unusual examples of how the effect of changed lives ramifies.

It is not to be supposed for a minute that all the celebrities who have endorsed the objectives of MRA are professed followers, or that they will guide their conduct by its Four Absolutes. About all

that most of the "testimonials" say is that the signers subscribe to self-evident propositions. One congressional leader who had signed a statement for the Washington meeting explained later, "Sure, I'm for MRA, whatever that is. It's just like being against Sin. . . ." Yet the Oxford Group uses these names freely; the not too alert listener gets the impression that most of the great of earth have actually joined.

The movement centers its proselyting on the fashionable, believing that salvation will spread down from above. This is a conviction Dr. Buchman holds with touching sincerity. When he arrived on one of his visits to America three years ago, he said to ship reporters, "Think what it would mean to the world if Hitler surrendered to the control of God. Or Mussolini. Or any dictator. Through such a man God could control a nation overnight."

The "guidance" of Group mem-

bers often seems strange to outsiders. Workers tell of an employe of Goebbels' press bureau who was "changed" and whose dispatches were profoundly influenced by his new directions from God. And where is he now? Why, he is in Berlin, still writing Nazi propaganda. There is a Japanese notable, too, who was "changed." He was "guided," one must assume, when he accepted a high post in the government now making war in China. Unlike other great religious movements, the Oxford Group has produced no martyrs.

But that it has revitalized religion in the hearts and souls of hundreds of thousands is to be acknowledged ungrudgingly. Beyond that MRA is significant chiefly because it shows how desperate men are for some kind of religious ethic in a day of uncertainty. It may be the forerunner of the next great spiritual awakening. But there are few who will admit that it *is* that awakening.



Illustrative Anecdotes—XXIX—

ONE DAY in the Yosemite Valley, I was told that there was an old man in the office of the hotel who in 1851 had been one of the company that had discovered the Yosemite. Eagerly I seized the opportunity of finding out what it was like to be the first of civilized men to behold one of nature's most marvelous works. "It must have been wonderful," I said, "to have the Valley burst suddenly upon you."

The old man spat over the edge of the veranda and looked reflective for a moment. "Well," he said, "I'll tell ye. If I'd ha' knowed it was going to be so famous I'd ha' looked at it." —Florence Finch Kelly, *Flowing Stream* (Dutton)

¶ Farm camps and shop work for boys who hadn't a chance reveal the potentialities of decentralized industry and salvage hundreds of young lives

Farmer Ford Raises a Crop

Condensed from *The Country Home Magazine*

Karl Detzer

A SLIGHT old gentleman in muddy boots tramped across fields from his home near Detroit several mornings last summer for 6:30 breakfast with a group of 16- and 17-year-old boys who run a truck garden and roadside vegetable stand. He arrived punctually, sipped a little milk while the others devoured ham and eggs, enthusiastically joined in their talk of crops, weather and markets. Afterward he went with them into the fields.

One day when three of them were weeding a cabbage patch awkwardly, he asked for the hoe and showed them how it should be done. He showed them how to plant potatoes, cultivate corn, pick beans; how to accomplish more with less effort. The old gentleman knew all about such things; he had grown up on a farm.

His name is Henry Ford. His breakfast hosts are 67 underprivileged sons of disabled war veterans or veterans' widows. They live in a model camp which could give the Army pointers on neatness, and they cultivate 380 rich Ford acres.

Ford pays them \$2 a day, plus food, lodging, and a share of the profits. They raise and sell immense quantities of vegetables, learn farming, salesmanship, simple bookkeeping, self-discipline and a trade besides. All have known hunger. But now they gain an average of a pound a month and are only healthily hungry.

More important to industry and to agriculture, they prove one of Ford's oldest contentions: that farm and factory can be combined with profit to both. They prove, also, to his complete satisfaction, that young America is eager to work hard at any job which produces tangible results and a fair wage.

"Shovel leaning isn't one of our problems," Mr. Ford says.

The farm near Ford's home — and half a mile across fields from the small white cottage where he was born — is called Camp Legion. It is finishing its second successful year. Ford has a second camp, Willow Run Farm, 15 miles away, which accommodates 64 more boys. There Ford has harnessed a tiny, meandering stream which most

farmers would call a nuisance, and has built a small shop at the dam site. The boys will work there this winter, making Ford parts.

Thus, in a year-round operation Ford raises food, makes machine parts, and prevents seasonal idleness — the curse of both agriculture and industry. Besides, he creates industrious citizens out of youths who weren't getting a chance. Indeed, his chief interest, which makes him visit the farms sometimes four or five times a day, is not so much in efficient operation as in the young human beings he is helping to help themselves.

Take, for example, the boy we will call John. Son of an invalid widow, he has known fearful poverty all his life. At 16 he hadn't eaten a square meal in five years, and was on the road to permanent unemployment. A veterans' organization reported his plight to Henry Ford, and within a week John arrived at Camp Legion. At first he devoted all his energy to eating, showed little promise of becoming industrious. But his tentmates settled that, as they settle all such problems.

"Work or get out," they ordered. "We all will get an even share of profits, if there are any, next fall. And nobody is going to grab any of that dough who doesn't earn it. Now get a hoe."

Shamed into work, John went into the fields. Soon he was doing his full share. When his turn came

to sell vegetables at the roadside market, he really found himself. His enthusiasm was so great that he outsold his mates two to one, placated the most exacting customer, kept the neatest salesbook. John will get along.

Like most camp boys he sends all but a few cents of each paycheck to his poverty-stricken family. Next spring, after a winter's shop work, he and his companions will leave this farm-and-factory community, and new boys will take their places. The old ones will enter Ford's apprentice school, study mechanics, electricity, chemistry, and other subjects for which they show aptitude. They will work while studying, earning \$4.20 a day; when they reach 18 they will become full-time employees at the \$6 minimum Ford wage.

In camp they make and enforce their own rules. "Al" Brown, old-time boxer in the Ford employment office, supervises both camps, chiefly at long range so as not to interfere with the boys' chosen leaders. Ford's own dietitian makes out the menus, cooks from Ford's lake freighters prepare the meals, and farmer-teachers advise on crops.

John and his companions do the rest. They make their own beds, clean the camp, wash dishes. Each tent is responsible to a tent-leader, with leadership rotating from week to week. A boy who early proved his mettle acts as camp foreman.

Self-imposed discipline is strin-

gent. Last spring a judge asked Brown to accept three boys who "deserved another chance." No one in camp knew their stories. Three weeks after they arrived, something happened. Neither Ford nor Brown knows what the newcomers did. They do know that all the boys held a mass meeting, then escorted the three to the camp limits, ordered them not to return. The others never mentioned them again.

Last year Camp Legion marketed 60,000 ears of sweet corn, 3000 bushels of soy beans, 6000 bushels of field corn, 1500 bushels of tomatoes, 1150 bushels of potatoes, tons of other vegetables in 60 varieties, which because of their high quality brought 20 percent over current market prices at the roadside stand. A sizable crop of buckwheat, sowed on land that in early summer had grown half a ton of peas, matured in time to be ground in Ford's Greenfield Village mill, and sold at a profit. Ten hives of bees set in the buckwheat made 1000 pounds of honey.

After deducting all costs the boys divided the farm's net profit of \$6000 equally, each getting \$96.97, in addition to his \$2 daily wage. To Henry Ford's delight, most of them at once placed the money in interest-bearing accounts at the 'Ford employees' bank.

This year, with twice the acreage and twice the number of boys, and with improved methods, the

camps expect to produce three times as much food.

"These farms have passed the experimental stage," Ford says. "We've long known that industry must be decentralized, and this is a step in that direction. Although it always will be necessary to have a large main plant, we must scatter small feeder plants in rural areas. They will help solve both farm and industrial problems by giving country folk winter work, and letting the shop worker raise food in the summer when industry is in low gear."

Ford is proving in his camps that the plan is practical, and at the same time is salvaging hundreds of young lives. He is instilling in John and his fellows not only self-respect and ambition, but his own firm conviction that waste is wicked, that punctuality is among the greater virtues.

At Camp Legion it was Henry Ford himself who eliminated waste in the power plant by hooking to the heating system the V-8 motor that runs the light generator. Water pumped through the motor to cool it comes out hot and is stored in a huge insulated tank. Piped through radiators, it heats the building, then is used in the shower baths.

The boys are impressed, insist on showing the plant to visitors, say proudly, "Mr. Ford figured it out himself."

He helps them figure, too, how to grow more food with less labor,

how to conserve time and strength, how to profit by each working hour. They heed him not because he is their benefactor but because at 75 he thinks faster than most of them and can swing a hoe with the best of them.

The respect is mutual. Henry

Ford says: "They're like most young Americans. Give them a chance, and they'll help themselves."

They are doing just that, and raising a bumper crop of vegetables, while Henry Ford is raising a bumper crop of men.



The Minor Pleasures of Life

J. B. Priestley

THERE never was a golden world, and I don't suppose there ever will be, yet every now and then — in moments of delight — we catch the glint and gleam of it. I don't mean lumps of colossal, glittering happiness, but moments brought by little things. There's delight in ordinary city streets — the smell of roasting coffee alone might stop a desperate man from committing suicide. I once stood several minutes outside a fishmonger's in an ecstatic marine reverie, because I had caught sight of a noble, rich-looking fish, and it had set me thinking about the sea — all the oceans in the world, their vast extent, their strength and mystery, the incredible variety of life in them.

Do you remember the enchantment, when you were a child, of waking one morning in a strange, muffled, bluish world, to find snow blanketing everything? I still feel the magic of that. The beginnings of journeys are delightful: settling down in a railway carriage, or

having a preliminary prowling over the ship. But better still is coming home after a long absence, the moment you open your own front door. Then there's that delicious moment at the theater, when the orchestra is fiddling away at the overture, and the footlights have been turned up so that at the bottom of the curtain there's a magic brightness, suggesting the immediate possibility of every kind of enchantment.

Think of the tiny things that bring delight: a child laughing, somebody playing the piano well in a strange house, the sight of a friend's face in a crowd, the smell of a dusty country road after a little shower of rain. How one of these things can light up and change a whole day! There's a little poem about that by Robert Frost:

The way a crow	Has given my heart
Shook down on me	A change of mood
The dust of snow	And saved some part
From a hemlock tree	Of a day I had rued.

— *The Listener*

The Man Who Wouldn't Die

Condensed from the New York Sun

Bob Davis

Veteran newspaper columnist; author of "People, People Everywhere," etc.

"MEDICAL SCIENCE," said the army surgeon, "is not the last word in saving lives. Any doctor who served at the front knows that. In numerous cases where medical and surgical skill has failed utterly, the wounded man recovered by sheer willpower and returned to his colors.

"I'll give you one instance," the surgeon went on. "Among the wounded at a temporary hospital behind the lines of Château Thierry, in 1918, was an Irishman from Iowa. A bullet had entered his right side, back of the collarbone, passed through his lung, diaphragm, gall-bladder and liver. There were 13 perforations in his intestines, six of them double punctures."

"Was he conscious?" I asked.

"Thoroughly, and in a communicative mood. During the examination and while we were preparing to operate, he said, in a voice heard by every conscious man in the hospital: 'I'll be all right, Doc, don't worry about me.'

"We administered ether, opened the stomach, sewed up the perforations and did whatever else was necessary. It was astounding that he survived. But with surprising vitality he came out of the ether announcing that he was 'all right.'

Close by were a dozen other terribly wounded men. One of them sat bolt upright, looked at the Iowa private and broke into laughter. 'If that guy can pull through, so can I,' said he.

"From that day until a week later, when I was called to another section, the patient's sole salutation was: 'I'll be all right, Doc. Don't worry about me.' He became the man who would not die, and in the very soul of those about him he implanted a determination to live! He had several lapses, high temperature and pulse, with distressing symptoms; but not once, even in his frequent deliriums, was he shaken in the belief that he would recover.

"He formed a messenger service among the nurses. 'You tell that bird over there with a busted conk,' said he, 'that I've got from 13 to 20 holes inside of me and that I'll be back at the front again. Say to that fellow who thinks he is goin' to be paralyzed that this war ain't yet started, and tell him to get back on his pins as soon as he can.' To an officer whose right side had been blown away by shrapnel he said: 'So long as your heart is still there you should bother. A young feller like you can stand a lot of hard luck and still have the best of it. When I

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get back I'm gonna tell my buddies that a month in the hospital is a furlough.'

"The day of my departure I stopped to say good-bye. 'Lemme know where you'll be and I'll shoot you a letter, Doc, so you'll know when I get back to my regiment. A man can't spend his life lyin' here with a bunch of nurses waiting on him. Goo'bye, Doc, don't worry about me.'

"Inevitably that optimistic note, repeated daily, inoculated every man in the hospital. Out of the 12 more seriously wounded, four died, but the remaining eight had so thoroughly come under his influence that they all pulled through. Doc-

tors and nurses alike felt the power that emanated from that one man, crying out so that all could hear, 'I'm all right.' — Later I met one of the surgeons who was there when the optimist was discharged. He told me that every other man in the ward believed that he had been led from the grave by the Iowan.

"That soldier taught me that a patient discouraged is on the downgrade, and that medicine without hope is hopeless. Among the souvenirs I brought back from the war was a letter, written at the front by a soldier who had rejoined his regiment. I quote it in full:

"'I'm all right, Doc, don't worry about me'."



Models of Brevity

¶ AN ENGLISHMAN told his son at school that he was too busy to read long letters and requested him to be brief. The boy replied: "S.O.S., £.s.d., R.S.V.P."

— Dean Inge, *Lay Thoughts of a Dean* (Putnam)

¶ REPRESENTATIVE Maury Maverick replied to a five-page attack by a constituent: "Dear Sir: Ph-f-f-ft."

"Yours very truly."

— *The Forum*

¶ SIR Herbert Beerbohm Tree, to a would-be dramatist: "My dear Sir: I have read your play. Oh, my dear Sir!

"Yours faithfully."

— *The Albatross Book of English Letters*

¶ BERNARD SHAW one day received an invitation from a celebrity hunter: "Lady X will be at home Thursday between four and six."

The author returned the card; underneath he had written: "Mr. Bernard Shaw likewise."

— *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*

¶ Loyal Germans in exile, leaders of the anti-Nazi underground organization, use daring methods to sow distrust of Hitler in Germany

"To the Level of a Dog"

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Quentin Reynolds

ALL OVER Germany men and women are receiving surprises from the postman. Frau Schulte, Stuttgart housewife, opens an envelope, out of which slips a package of soap with a picture of a lovely woman and under it the words "Eccentric Shampoo." Inside she finds a small booklet headed "A Day of Armistice," from which she learns for the first time what President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Chamberlain, and President Lebrun of France have said about Hitler and his aims. She discovers that the civilized world looks with horror upon the man the law tells her she has to worship.

Frau Schulte's husband and two sons read the booklet also. Herr Schulte is apprehensive about being caught with it in his possession, until he finds a line printed inside the cover: "We took your name out of the Stuttgart directory. We realize that you did not ask that this be sent you." Ten thousand other families in Germany received a similar package of soap that morning.

Herr Werner in his Munich butcher shop opens a thick package

handed him by the postman, and finds an orange film envelope labeled "Agfa—Hard Glossy." Inside he discovers—not film—but a pamphlet headed "Indictment," a beautifully written criticism of National Socialism and of Hitler. Twenty thousand of Herr Werner's countrymen received packages of "film" that morning.

Thousands of Germans eagerly opened envelopes labeled "100 Postage Stamps" only to find beneath the few stamps a pamphlet addressed to German workers. Again, what purports to be the annual report of the Berlin Savings Bank turns out to be the historic reply made by Thomas Mann to the University of Bonn when it revoked his honorary degree. To other pamphlets are signed the names of Heinrich Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger and other writers, once great figures in Germany but now exiles.

The government-controlled newspapers print vitriolic editorials against the writers of the pamphlets. Nazi leaders roar through microphones that it is treason to read them. At first the propaganda

ministry tried to combat the campaign by screaming that this was part of a world-wide Jewish plot. But, after all, Thomas Mann was not Jewish. Nor could the Nazi leaders make any headway with their claims that this was a Communist plot. The Mann brothers and Lion Feuchtwanger had never been Communists; had never, in fact, been political figures. Then, too, the pamphlets were not anti-German; they were only anti-Hitler. Each article insisted upon one fact: that the writers were Germans who loved their country.

All the exiles ask is a return to democratic principles. All they ask is that National Socialism be repudiated and some other form of government substituted that will guarantee individual freedom of thought, of worship and of action. In their pamphlets they often quote from our own Bill of Rights.

Admittedly haters of war, they tell the German people that Hitler is bringing them closer and closer to a needless war that can end only in ruination for their country. Despite all efforts to stem the tide, more than a million pieces of propaganda have been mailed or smuggled into Germany during the past year. The exiled writers are pounding furiously on their typewriters, and much of what they earn goes to finance this costly campaign. Other contributors are bankers or lawyers, simple farmers or workers, and they too are helping to defray

the expense of a campaign that may be the turning point in the history of Nazi Germany.

With headquarters in Paris, Switzerland, London and New York, the underground organization doing this amazing job of propaganda hasn't even a name. But it has found a slogan: *Auf den Hund Gebracht* (To the Level of a Dog). It is no secret that meat can be bought only at fabulous prices in Germany. There are few dogs left; one by one they have disappeared into the stewpot. This is not the meat of a free and glorious people. To eat dog meat has a debasing psychological effect; it brings one down "to the level of a dog." Troop trains crossing into Czechoslovakia a few months ago halted during the night at a small village; next morning's daylight revealed the painted legend on the sides of cars: *Auf den Hund Gebracht*. The slogan has spread like wildfire across Germany. As if by magic, stickers printed with the slogan appear on billboards, on shop windows, on automobiles.

During a recent speech of a German labor leader at a factory near Berlin, the dramatic effect of a pause for emphasis was ruined by a loud cry from someone in the crowd: "Why is meat so high?" "Who said that?" the speaker demanded furiously, but saw only blank stares. That has happened dozens of times. Let enough people cry, "Why is meat so high?" and

their voices will swell to a chorus that Hitler cannot ignore. Once men in the streets of Paris cried, "We want bread!" and it wasn't long before their voices crystallized into something more frightening to the rulers of the country.

The German underground organization has more than 5000 active assistants in Germany. No Jews or men who have been in concentration camps are allowed to participate, because they are too closely watched. Most of the helpers are workmen, small businessmen, intellectuals. Volunteers as well as paid smugglers scurry across the German border laden with bags of pamphlets. Eager hands receive them and the process of distribution begins. Thousands of pamphlets are addressed to names taken at random from directories. Thousands are delivered by hand. A housewife is apt to find a pamphlet in an empty milk bottle outside her door. A man will open his newspaper and a pamphlet will drop out. Pamphlets are discovered on the seats of taxicabs.

The greatest whispering campaign in history is taking place in Germany. Workers during their lunch hour gather to speak guardedly of a new statement by some famous exile. If a man reads a pamphlet, many, many others will soon hear of its contents. Words leap from mouth to mouth despite every effort of the Gestapo. Leaders of the underground recently

have adopted new tactics: they deliberately mail propaganda to Gestapo men and storm troopers, hoping by this bold move to shake their confidence in the power they thought invincible.

During a daily radio broadcast sponsored by the underground organization, a voice from a million radios cried: "German Freedom Broadcast — calling you despite the Gestapo." Nazi authorities finally found a way to scramble that program, but now ten radio stations — some inside Germany, others in France, Switzerland and Holland — broadcast the writings of renowned exiles, emphasizing one thing always: this is anti-Hitler, but not anti-German. Radio stations inside Germany are portable so that they can be dismantled and moved at the slightest sign of government interference. Anyone caught listening to these programs may, of course, be sent to a concentration camp. But radio dealers report that buyers of short-wave sets ask for earphones. Loud-speakers awake the neighbors, is the excuse; but it is difficult to learn to what program a man is listening if his set is tuned down and earphones are clamped to his head.

The underground also fosters the Niemoeller Bund, followers of Pastor Niemoeller, the militant, courageous preacher who was sent to a concentration camp for reminding his congregation that there is a will above that of Hitler's. The

Niemoeller Bund ask only that their government permit them to worship as they please, and that Niemoeller be freed to preach without state censorship. This Bund is just one part of the underground opposition, a small fire that daily gathers in strength and intensity.

Until recently the underground worked anonymously. But men who wouldn't talk three months ago are now anxious to let the world know that an opposition to Hitler is growing outside of Germany.

"We know finally that our work

is bearing fruit," said one leader.

The Gestapo has specially trained men trying to fight the underground. They are fighting shadows, however, and so far have found no defense against the steady stream of propaganda that flows across the borders, constantly in new guises.

Last May Day Hitler pleaded in his speech for unity. Why was that necessary? Here was the first crack in the wall of his confidence, the first sign to the underground organization that its carefully planted seeds of discontent are maturing.



Only Yesterday

Samuel Crabtree, to his brother in England (1818):

THIS IS the country for a man to enjoy himself: Ohio, Indiana, and the Missouri Territory. You may see prairie 60 miles long and 10 broad, not a stick nor a stone in them, at \$2 an acre, that will produce from 70 to 100 bushels of Indian corn per acre: too rich for any other kind of grain. I believe I saw more peaches and apples rotting on the ground than would sink the British fleet. I was at many plantations in Ohio where they no more knew the number of hogs than I did; and they have such flocks of turkeys, geese, ducks and hens as would surprise you. The poorest family has a cow or two and some sheep and in the fall can gather as many apples and peaches as serve the year round. They adorn their tables three times a day like a wedding dinner — tea, coffee, beef, fowls, pies, pickles, good bread; and their favorite beverage is whisky, or peach brandy at 40 cents per gallon. Say, is it so in England?

There is enough to spare of everything a person can desire; have not heard either man or woman speak a word against the government, or the price of provisions. The country abounds with game and deer; the rivers abound with ducks and fish. There are elk and bears; swarms of rabbits; an abundance of turkeys, weighing from 18 to 24 pounds. If you knew the difference between this country and England you would need no persuading to leave it and come hither. — Reprinted in *The Heritage of America*, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins (Little, Brown)

Grim adventures of the Donner Party—
the most amazing saga of America's westward march

Epic of Endurance

Condensed from The North American Review

Fairfax Downey

GRANDMA KEYES was 75 and bedridden, but just let them try to go without her! She waved aside their tales of Indians and other perils of the long journey to California in that year of 1846. So her son-in-law, James F. Reed, placed her on a featherbed in his covered wagon, and the pioneer family, joining friends, the Donners, rolled westward from their Illinois home. Soon the indomitable old lady would lie in a grave in the Kansas prairie. Yet the flaming spirit which had filled her would carry the Donner Party on in the face of death by knife and bullet, thirst, starvation and bitter cold.

Unscathed they traversed the lands of the savage Sioux while spring waxed into summer. Campfires glowed on picnic gaiety at hearty meals of buffalo and antelope steaks, followed by songs and reels to lively fiddling. No dark presentiments foreshadowed the cruel destiny which would forever engrave the story of these

emigrants on the annals of the West.

In southwest Wyoming, they encamped with other wagon trains by Little Sandy Creek, and argued routes. All must scale the Sierra Nevadas by the same pass, but how they should reach it was the burning question.

Thousands before them had gone over the well-worn Oregon Trail to the Northwest. But these were among the earliest settlers California-bound. They were

lured by General John C. Frémont's reports of the paradise he had newly explored west of the Rockies. And they were encouraged by President Polk's announcement in 1845 that he intended to annex the vast territory, then feebly held by 500 Mexican soldiers and populated with a mere sprinkling of Mexican ranchers, mission monks and Yankee fur traders. A trickle of migration was starting. Presently it would become a roaring flood.

There was a book, too, which had fired the imagination of these Middle Westerners — *The Emigrants'*

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This narrative is based on records of survivors of the expedition, and on the book, "Ordeal by Hunger," by George R. Stewart; and other source material.

Guide to Oregon and California, by Lansford W. Hastings. None suspected that the hypocritical Hastings was scheming to recruit settlers so he could raise himself in still-Mexican California to the pinnacle Sam Houston had achieved in Texas. They only knew that Hastings had taken several parties through successfully, and that his cut off — southwest through Wyoming to Fort Bridger and thence south instead of north of Great Salt Lake — would save 200 weary miles.

Hastings had left word he would wait at the Fort and lead the way. But veteran frontiersmen warned against the new route, and when camp was broken on July 20, only 20 wagons followed on Hastings' route, while a far larger train stuck to the older trail.

Onward under the captaincy of good-natured George Donner rolled the smaller, more adventurous party — 87 souls with their goods and cattle — typical builders of the West. Together, sharing a dream, marched Americans, Irish, Germans; the learned and the unlettered; elderly folk and infants; one family whose scant belongings did not fill one wagon, another with a string of wagons and \$10,000 sewn in a quilt. Certain individuals stood out. James Reed, impetuous and able. Diminutive Tamsen Donner, an ex-schoolmistress, George's wife. Powerful Will McCutcheon, six-foot-six. Charles Stanton, with the clear gaze of the idealist. William Eddy, a dead shot.

Tall, bearded, sinister Lewis Keseberg, a German.

Reaching Fort Bridger, the Donner Party learned that Hastings had gone on with another train. But Jim Bridger, Indian fighter and trapper, assured them the Hastings cut-off was shorter and mostly good going. They'd strike one dry stretch, maybe 40 miles, but could carry water and grass. He lied to them, and for that sin ghosts should have risen from the Sierra snows to haunt Jim Bridger the rest of his life.

The covered wagons encountered rough and rocky ground. At Weber River they found a note from Hastings, fastened to a tree, which told of trouble met by a better-manned train ahead in Weber Canyon and urged that they avoid the canyon and cross the Wasatch Mountains. Wearily, double-teaming the oxen for steep climbs, they tackled it. Every mile had to be hewn through the wilderness. At last they got through, but it had taken them 21 days to go 36 miles. Summer was almost gone, provisions were dwindling. Snow soon would bar the Sierras.

Near the present site of Salt Lake City, they loaded grass and water and plunged into the desert march. "Only 40 miles," Jim Bridger had said. It was nearer 80! Day after day they toiled on under glaring haze, the distant mountains seeming always to recede before them. Mirages mocked them. Once the

entire train beheld itself reflected as if in a gigantic mirror. One of the emigrants stared at a flanking file of 20 replicas of himself, aping his motions. Water was almost gone, and men and beasts suffered agonies of thirst. The train stretched out, disintegrated. Wagons were abandoned, and oxen unyoked to be driven more quickly. Once loose, some of the crazed animals stampeded into the desert.

For five torrid days they marched. For five frigid nights the children huddled against the dogs for warmth. When at length they reached a spring, they had lost a fourth of their oxen.

The Donner Party was now dangerously behind schedule. Crippled by loss of cattle and wagons, they could never complete the journey without more provisions. In desperation, they sent Stanton and towering Will McCutcheon ahead to press over the pass to Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento Valley and bring back food by pack train. Meanwhile the remaining wagons creaked onward; and now they were in Indian country again. The furtive Digger Indians dared make no direct attack, but by theft and whistling arrows they whittled down the surviving cattle.

The tempers of the harassed pioneers were worn raw. On a steep hill, two wagons became entangled. Teamster Snyder furiously beat his oxen. When Reed protested, Snyder crashed the butt of his whip down

on the other's head. Reed's hunting knife flashed, and Snyder fell dead.

Rough-and-ready pioneer law tried the killer. Plainly he could plead self-defense. But Reed, considered an "aristocrat," was not popular, while Snyder had been a jolly fellow around the campfire. Keseberg propped up the tongue of his wagon for a gallows tree and demanded death. The sentence, however, was banishment and Reed strode off, unarmed, into the wilderness. Later his family managed secretly to provide him with a horse, rifle and food. Fortunately for the Donner Party, they would see him again.

Death marched often with the emigrants from now on, as desert sands again clutched the wheels and Indians raided by night. Old Hardkoop, a Belgian, put out of Keseberg's wagon to lighten the load, fell behind and disappeared. Those with saddle horses refused to go back for him. It was every family for itself now. The desert also swallowed Wolfinger, a German reputed to carry a large sum of money. Accompanied by two young compatriots, he had dropped behind, and when the other two returned without him, they evasively declared that Indians had killed him. The kind Donners took in Wolfinger's widow, and dully the train pushed on, plagued by thirst and hunger.

Hope revived at the Truckee River where Stanton, returning from Sutter's Fort, met them with two

Indian *vaqueros* driving seven pack mules laden with provisions.

They rested, recruiting their strength. Between them and the Promised Land of California lay the lofty Sierra Nevadas. Already it was late in October, yet normally the pass would be open until mid November. Alas, these Middle Westerners were not mountaineers and could not read the signs of an early winter.

Past the present site of Reno they rolled and into the frowning Sierras. Hurry, for God's sake, hurry! They streamed by an abandoned cabin on the shores of Truckee Lake. Wagons discarded, goods packed on bucking oxen, the smallest children carried in their arms, they flung themselves at the snow-covered pass. Mules breaking trail sank into deep drifts.

That night the snow swept down, piling up 10-foot drifts. The emigrants retreated to the lakeshore cabin and hastily erected other shelters against the raging storm. Around them, the snow built vast, soft prison walls.

To attempt the snow-blocked pass again was futile. Days passed. Shelter of a sort, clothing, firewood they had. But food was scant. Their few remaining cattle were slaughtered and eaten, and the dogs were next. Fishing proved useless. William Eddy, the marksman, tracked down an 800-pound grizzly bear, wounded it with his last bullet, then clubbed it to death. But the bear meat did not feed hungry mouths long.

Urged by starvation, 10 of the men and five women left on December 16 for a desperate attack on the pass, using snowshoes made by Uncle Billy Graves from Vermont. Guided by Stanton and the *vaqueros*, they struggled on day after day. One morning Stanton told them to go on, that he would follow. Snow-blind and exhausted, he knew he never could. Once he had been safe in the Sacramento Valley but had returned to save his friends. Now, gallantly, he died alone in the snow.

Food gave out entirely. Finally, two days later, Pat Nolan uttered the dreadful thought that lay behind the wild, desperate eyes of them all. They still had something to eat — human flesh.

Who? They asked the terrible question. Let lots be drawn. But should they butcher the loser in cold blood? Let two men fight it out with six-shooters to determine the victim. They could not bring themselves to that.

Starvation, cold, and exhaustion soon chose for them. One by one, the men began to drop and die. Most of the wretched survivors could no longer resist the fierce craving. They cut flesh from the corpses, roasted it over the fire and ate it, "averting their faces from each other and weeping." One thing they avoided: none would eat the flesh of his kin.

One day deer signs in the snow, seeming a token from Heaven, drew the indomitable huntsman,

William Eddy, in pursuit, accompanied by Mary Graves, once the prettiest girl in the train but now a thin, wan hag. At last they sighted a big buck only 80 yards away. With all his remaining will and strength, Eddy raised the gun, inch by inch, to his shoulder, and fired. The animal leaped away.

"Oh, merciful God," cried Mary, "you missed it!"

But he had not. The deer fell, and they rushed on it, cut its throat and gulped its blood.

The deer meat was soon devoured, and the pangs of starvation returned. Desperate, covert glances fastened on the two Indian *vaqueros*. Eddy, remembering that these men had come to their rescue, warned them. Too weak to flee far — for they, like Eddy, had refused human flesh — the Indians were soon found lying in the snow, still clinging to a spark of life. William Foster shot them. Once more there was sustenance.

Almost a month from the time they left camp, Eddy and Foster alone of the 10 men, with all five of the women, tottered out of the mountains into an Indian camp and were helped on to a valley ranch.

California now rallied to bring out the rest of the Donner emigrants. A party starting February 1 got through to the Truckee Lake camp after valiant effort. Out from the huts flocked the starving remnants of the party, past dead bodies

which had been dragged out on the snow. All their food, even their dogs, had been eaten; only the gluey boilings of oxen and buffalo hides had sustained life.

Dividing their scant supplies with the survivors who were not strong enough to travel, the relief party started back to California with three men, four women, and 17 children. Seventeen of this group were still alive when met by a second band of rescuers. And this band was led by James Reed, the man they had exiled for murder. He had fought his solitary way over the mountains to safety, and had made several heroic attempts to return through the snows with succor.

Reed's supplies came in the nick of time. His daughter Virginia tottered into his arms and led him to his wife, who had collapsed in the snow. Then he learned that the two youngest Reed children had been left behind in the snowbound cabins. Reed sent the rescued on and led a few hardy men back through the perilous pass.

In the snow by the cabins, bodies from which flesh had been slashed declared the price at which life had been bought. Once more it had been cannibalism or death.

But Reed's two children still lived. Carrying them and other little ones, mustering all those with strength to walk, this second relief expedition plunged back into the pass. Although almost overwhelmed by dis-

aster when the food caches they had left on the trail were found to have been devoured by animals, Reed won through with his children and a few others.

Eddy and Foster reached California too weak to return with these rescuers. But now, spurred by word that their little sons were still alive, they dared the march back to the lake with two comrades. There dreadful news met the two fathers. Their boys were dead and eaten. Survivors accused Keseberg, who confessed. Somehow the fathers restrained themselves from killing him, feeble, defenseless cripple that he now was. He was merely left behind when this third relief party started back.

Left behind also, by her own choice, was Tamsen Donner. She bade her two young children farewell; two older daughters had escaped earlier. She was strong enough to go with them, but nothing, not even his own pleadings, could move her from the side of her dying husband. Tamsen Donner's two young children, and two other little last survivors, crossed the Sierras safely in the arms of their four rescuers. In mid-April, one year after the Donner Party left Illinois, a fourth and last relief expedition marched to the lake, bent on salvaging the property of the emigrants, none of whom was expected to be found alive. They found the booty there — and Keseberg. He told the story of the last

grim days. Tamsen Donner had stumbled into his cabin, half-crazed, weeping that her husband was dead. That night, Keseberg said, she, too, succumbed.

The men did not believe him. Their suspicion that he had murdered and devoured the little schoolmistress was strengthened when they found Donner jewelry in his possession. But Keseberg declared the valuables had been given him by Tamsen for safekeeping. All the rest of his life he maintained his innocence.

The salvagers took Keseberg back with them — the last man out. At a camping place of one of the earlier parties, Keseberg idly grasped a piece of calico showing above the snow. The softening snows loosened to reveal a dress and in it the frozen corpse of his daughter Ada.

So ended this most amazing saga of our westward march. A tale of death, sudden or torturingly slow, which claimed 40 pioneers of less than a century ago. A tale of epic endurance which brought 47 through to the Promised Land they sought. With varying vicissitudes, the survivors lived out their lives, some to a ripe old age. The last survivor of the Donner Party died in 1935. Their evil genius, Hastings, died in 1870 in Brazil where he was seeking to found a colony of ex-Confederates. Keseberg, after a brief period of Gold Rush prosperity, dragged out a long, miserable existence.

At their place of tribulation in

the Sierras, rechristened Donner Lake and now a resort, there long stood the stumps of trees, 20 feet high, marking the height of the snow surface above which the emigrants hacked down firewood. Where

one of their cabins stood is a rock with a bronze tablet. Today's summer tourist, or the winter sports enthusiast pausing on his skis, may read on that tablet the 87 names of the Donner Party.



Speaking of Animals

There's an exact word in answer to each question in this test. A score of 50 is good and over 60 is excellent. Answers on page 110.

Name the *Male* of the
Species (For example,
lioness: "lion")

1. Cow
2. Hen
3. Goose
4. Doe
5. Duck
6. Sow

Now the *Female*

7. Tiger
8. Ram
9. Stallion
10. Fox

Now the *Young*
(Dog: "puppy")

11. Bear
12. Sheep
13. Duck
14. Frog
15. Swan
16. Chicken
17. Hen
18. Horse
19. Mare
20. Deer
21. Elephant
22. Cat

23. Goose
24. Bull
25. Cow

What do you call the
Sounds they make?
(Dogs "bark")

26. Lions
27. Pigs
28. Sheep
29. Cows
30. Ducks
31. Wolves
32. Crows
33. Snakes
34. Donkeys
35. Geese
36. Wild Geese
37. Hens
38. Cocks
39. Frogs
40. Doves
41. Elephants
42. Owls

And now, *Groups*
(a "pack" of hounds)

43. A of sheep
44. A of cattle
45. A of lions

46. A of wolves
47. A of snipe
48. A of fish
49. A of quail
50. A of geese
51. A of bears
52. A of bees

To shelter them, we *Build*
(a "stable" for horses)

53. A for dogs
54. A for chickens
55. A for sheep
56. A for rabbits
57. A for cows
58. A for pigeons
59. A for pigs
60. A for fish

We call their *Natural*
Homes
(a bird's "nest")

61. A lion's
62. A beaver's
63. An eagle's
64. A rabbit's
65. A bee's

—Harold Hart in *The American Magazine*

☞ Surrealist Salvador Dali,
who some people think is crazy

A Dream Walking

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Margaret Case Harriman

ONE DAY last spring Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter, hurried into Julien Levy's art galleries in New York City and, grasping Levy by the arm, cried, "I have it! Instead of a man and woman in evening clothes sitting under the shower in the taxi at the bottom of the sea, we will have Christopher Columbus in the taxi, with snails crawling over him, and a big sign that says, I RETURN."

Levy nodded approvingly. He is the dealer who introduced Dali's celebrated painting of "soft" watches — the watches that droop limply over solid objects — to a startled American public in 1932, and his sympathies are with the surrealists. Nothing one surrealist says ever surprises another. An outsider listening to them is sometimes astonished by the cockeyed clarity which suddenly invades his mind; everything seems so simple in a world which is wholly fantastic that when a surrealist says casually, "What a man really wants is a soft wall that he can walk through," even the stranger finds himself agreeing.

Dali's discovery of Christopher

Columbus came about in connection with the *Taxi à Pleuvoir*, an exhibit in his surrealist show, "Dali's Dream of Venus," at the New York World's Fair. A bigger hit of the show than Columbus, however, is achieved by the 17 living mermaids who, wearing surrealist fins and tails and little else, disport themselves in an underwater parlor behind glass. The room contains a piano with a keyboard shaped like a woman's body, telephones, typewriters, a fireplace and a cow. Everything is made of rubber, and it all undulates wildly as the girls — "liquid ladies," Dali prefers to call them — swim around, playing the piano, telephoning, typewriting, lighting the fire, and occasionally, in an absent-minded way, milking the cow. One mermaid reads Julien Levy's book on surrealism during her rest periods. "I like to know just what I'm doing," she says.

Detractors of Dali's form of art can be roughly divided into those who think he is crazy, those who think he is wasting an undeniable gift for color and draftsmanship on a crackbrained school of painting and those who believe that he is

showman, making the most of a freakish vogue before the public passes on to something else. Of these accusations, the only one that enrages Dali is the statement that he is an able painter, technically; he wants to be praised for what he is thinking while painting, not for the way he paints.

Dali is a small, dark, darting young man of 35. A Spaniard, he professes not to understand English, but occasionally, when English is spoken concerning himself, his face lights with a gleam of utter comprehension. He is a self-confessed trembler, and proud of it, as all nervous people are proud of the fears they manage to direct into channels that are satisfying and profitable. All Dali's paintings depict the horrors that have beset him from infancy to the present. During the four weeks of his show at Julien Levy's last spring, 21 of them sold for a total of over \$25,000.

A surrealist is governed by the Freudian principle of licking the tar out of his subconscious terrors by writing about them, talking about them, painting them, until he can kick them around and make them say "uncle." As a child, Dali seems to have been terrified of most things, and he still is convinced that people and things are deliberately designed to frighten him. When he happened to arrive in Italy the day that Ethiopia was invaded, there was some rioting in the streets. Dali swore to everybody that Mussolini had held

off the war until he got there.

His resentment and fear include even inanimate things. Not long ago Levy asked him to come to his apartment for a drink. Levy's flat, a walkup, had the usual push-button arrangement. When the bell rang, Levy pushed the welcoming buzzer and waited. Nobody came and Levy finally went downstairs to investigate. He saw Dali legging it up the street. Levy caught up with him and said, "What the hell?" Dali came to a trembling standstill and stammered, "The door, the door! It *whispered* at me." These incidents are, to Dali, just episodes in the endless war between himself and the rest of the world.

As an art student in Madrid, Dali proved to be a brilliant but satirical copyist of such masters as Raphael and Vermeer. His instructors looked askance at this; whereupon Dali took to drawing idly whatever came into his head: crisscrossed lines, stars, elaborate circles — an output which strongly resembled the doodling done by a man waiting at the telephone. It was not until Dali arrived in Paris some 10 years ago that he learned that his doodling represented the full force of his subconscious mind and was a breath-taking contribution to the then blossoming surrealist art.

He attached himself joyfully to the surrealist group, realizing that instead of suppressing his fears all he had to do was to paint them and become famous. His first show in

Paris sold every picture — an unprecedented success for a surrealist.

Some of Dali's exploits have been rooted in reason. Several years ago, when obliged to travel from Paris to Madrid on business, he was awakened at the border by customs officials who frightened him by talking loudly and banging his luggage around. Dali determined that this should not happen to him again, and the next time he had to go to Spain he packed a suitcase and hailed a taxi in the Place Pigalle. "To Madrid," he told the driver. He made the journey at considerable cost, but says that it was worth it.

Lecturing in London three years ago, he addressed his audience wearing a diver's suit and helmet. (His reasons for doing this are complicated, and include some theories about a kind of claustrophobia which attacks the subconscious, and also the fact that Dali likes to do everything the hard way.) Air was pumped to him through a rubber tube, and his words reached the audience through amplifiers connected with a microphone inside the helmet. Part way through the lecture something went wrong with the air supply, and the horrified spectators saw Dali, behind the glass of his diving helmet, gasp and turn blue. The key to the helmet had been given to his wife for safekeeping, but she had gone out for a cup of coffee. Dali came close to suffocation before she was located. Released from the div-

ing suit, he uttered his first words in a tone of mild surprise. "*Tiens!*" he said. "That experiment turned out to be more interesting than I thought it would."

The fact that Dali became best known to the American public when he fell through Bonwit Teller's plate-glass window last March is oddly unjust, for this was one of the most logical things he has ever done. Bonwit Teller had engaged him to do two surrealist window displays, and Dali worked from seven o'clock one night until seven the next morning to complete them. One, called "Day," presented a dilapidated wax mannequin with red hair three feet long, wearing a negligee made of green feathers and peering into a bathtub lined with black Persian lamb. From the water in the tub three wax hands arose, holding mirrors, and on the surface a few narcissi idly floated. The other window, "Night," was a bedtime scene showing an equally ancient mannequin lying on a mattress of live coals.

As soon as the curtains were rolled up on the displays, indignant women streamed into the store, protesting that the displays were obscene and, more than that, hideous. Bonwit's display manager tried vainly to get Dali on the phone; then he hastily substituted a streamlined mannequin in a Molyneux suit for the lady with the flaming hair, and took Night out of bed and stood her at the opposite side of the window.

At five o'clock, Dali, rested and refreshed, strolled down Fifth Avenue to view his handiwork. One look and he whizzed into the store. The next thing that happened was a window display such as Bonwit Teller had never dreamed of. Dali leaped into the window representing Day, and began to wrestle with the bathtub, apparently trying to hurl it into the street. He succeeded instead in hurling himself through the window and landed on Fifth Avenue in a shower of broken glass. Two detectives hustled him off to the nearest station house, where he was booked on a charge — preferred by Bonwit Teller — of malicious mischief. But the magistrate reduced the charge to disorderly conduct and suspended sentence. "These are some of the things which an artist with temperament seems to enjoy," said the magistrate.

Although Dali generally hedges about interpreting his work to laymen ("That is why it is so amazing," he will say innocently. "Even I do not know what it means"), he sometimes likes to launch into a detailed explanation of one of his paintings and watch the questioner's confusion mount into panic as everything is made clear.

During his show at the Julien Levy Gallery, an elderly lady paused before the canvas entitled *Debris of an Automobile Giving*

Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone. What, she demanded, was meant by the telephone? "Madame," said Dali, "the telephone represents the blackened bones of my father passing between the male and female figures in Millet's *Angelus*."

He is careful to add, when he mentions this incident, that his explanation was not necessarily fantastic. In surrealism concrete objects are the expression of the subconscious and irrational mind and can mean anything. Actually Dali's preoccupation with telephones, which he paints as huge, black menaces generally dripping tears, reasonably suggests his hatred and fear of man-made devices. In one of his best-known paintings the "soft" watches drooping over the branch of a tree and over rocks are a fanciful exposition of the idea that man, subconsciously, would like to bend time, the great enemy, to his own will. Much of Dali's work can be as simply explained. For reasons which are perhaps just as clear, Dali prefers to think of it all as irrational.

When Dali's show opened at the World's Fair, one backer wanted to charge a 40-cent admission. "No," said Dali, "you will charge a quarter. I paint," he said warmly, "for the masses, for the great common man, for the people. If you charge people 40¢ they won't come."



☛ An unsponsored radio program that entertains millions by making them think

Town Meeting's on the Air Again

Condensed from *The Forum*

Earl Sparling

AMERICA'S premier radio program has no music, no actors, no gag-men, no rehearsals. Yet it is broadcast without pay by 83 stations, is heard by 5 to 10 million persons, is spread by short wave around the world. It is a show that advertisers would like to sponsor, but they can't buy it.

What America's Town Meeting of the Air does have is a showman, George V. Denny, Jr., who wanted to be an actor but never quite made the grade. Restricted by the academic job of directing the League for Political Education, Denny began his program in 1935 as a serious hour designed solely to make listeners think. Without changing that goal he has turned the experiment into a smash hit. The Women's National Radio Committee last year awarded Town Meeting its golden microphone. The Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion picked it as "the best radio program." The Women's Press Club of New York considered it "the best unbiased discussion of political, economic and international problems." The Radio Guide gave it a gold plaque as "best on the air."

The speakers, who appear before the microphone in the auditorium of New York's Town Hall, can say anything they want; not even Denny knows what it will be. At the end, the studio audience of some 1500 average New Yorkers may heckle or question at will. Woe to the speaker's national dignity if he hedges.

That heckling device is Denny's showman stroke. It has brought Town Meeting down from a jousting of master minds to something the masses can take part in. Denny did not learn his showmanship by accident. He studied acting and playwriting with the famous Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill, N. C. Later he managed a lecture bureau, then became head of extension courses at Columbia University, and in 1931 went to the League for Political Education as associate director. Now in full charge, he has changed that cumbersome name to Town Hall, Inc.

"Roughly 80 percent of the voters," Denny said recently, "are divided between the two major parties. The remaining 20 percent can be swayed from one party to another."

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(*The Forum* October, '39)

Here Town Hall must concentrate its efforts, hoping for an ever-widening area of independent voters. It is this group that has the balance of power."

Speakers must be well known, well informed, or both. For one evening last season, Denny selected Walter Wanger, Hollywood producer; William Lyon Phelps; Harlow Shapley, astronomer; and Reinhold Niebuhr, professor at Union Theological Seminary. These four discussed "Has Twentieth-Century Civilization Improved Mankind?" More than 10,000 letters poured in; no other program drew so many.

Among other speakers and subjects selected by Denny last season were:

Hamilton Fish, Jr., Norman Thomas and Arthur Robb: "What Does Free Speech Mean Today?"

Earl Browder, Channing Pollock, J. B. Matthews and Morris L. Ernst: "Is America Menaced by Foreign Propaganda?"

Pearl Buck, Carl Sandburg, Forrest Ray Moulton and Frank Kingdon: "What Is Humanity's Greatest Need?"

Eve Curie, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Erika Mann, Rupert Hughes and James Rowland Angell: "Peace with Democracy."

The first offering this season, on October 5, will be Secretary Harold Ickes versus General Hugh S. Johnson, columnist critic of the Administration — the country's foremost disciples of picturesque speech. Ickes

has announced that he will make it a free-for-all on the third-term issue.

America's Town Meeting of the Air, the only highly popular sustaining program on the networks that is definitely not for sale, costs N.B.C. the broadcasting time and about \$500 cash a week. Speakers usually are paid \$100 plus expenses. Besides N.B.C.'s contribution of network and money, Town Meeting is supported by Town Hall, Inc., which derives its income from members' dues and from the rental of its auditorium.

It is a national intelligence test that Denny is engaged in. His radio listeners prove to be quite different from the ten-year-olds to whom the master minds of advertising, radio, screen and politics think they must appeal. Denny's fans show in their letters that they are eager to think and to learn. They demand free speech, fair play and no hokum.

The program has more than 1400 organized listening groups. They meet in homes, halls, schools and churches throughout the country. They include gatherings of prisoners at Sing Sing and other penitentiaries. There are student assemblies in the Texas School of Mines and Syracuse University, where listening and discussion rates scholastic credit. In Memphis and Des Moines, newspapers have hired halls for local discussion groups. The entire town of Bradford, N. H., turns out, with the Board of Selectmen in charge.

Each group pays \$5 a year dues, receiving handbooks on discussion technique and, each week, an article describing the background and issues of the next topic, a suggested list of readings, and a complete transcription of the previous broadcast.

In Boston the New England Town Meeting, after hearing the main speeches from New York, carries on for half an hour over a local station with local speakers. The assembly at Syracuse University opens with short speeches by two university men. Next, radio speeches from Town Meeting are heard, and then, instead of listening to questions from the floor at the New York meeting, the students ask their own questions which are answered by the two local speakers.

The San Francisco Adult Education Council is urging establishment of public Town Hall forums throughout California as "one feasible way to preserve self-government."

Consider the cross-section of public opinion reached by the Town Meeting program. One listening group reports as follows: "Those who attend regularly are a high school professor, a doctor, two bankers, a Catholic Priest, a Methodist minister, the County Attorney, several merchants, the local newspaper editor, two ex-representatives in the state legislature, high school boys, farmers and laborers."

And here are two other letters:

"Ten of the fellows at a small tungsten mine 20 miles up in the mountains out of Yucca, Arizona, listen in and appreciate the most intelligent discussion of our times."

"A group ranging from three to 14 meets at my shack in the depths of the Mojave Desert to hear every program. We discuss the subjects before and after the broadcast and whenever we happen to meet on the dusty road."

Denny's chief problem is handling the New York studio audience. It includes rabid radicals and hide-bound conservatives. The subjects discussed are highly inflammatory, and after the formal speeches anyone may ask pointed questions. In short, every Thursday night he handles dynamite.

Before the program goes on the air he has an audience discussion. The nut who comes to make a stump speech, the malcontent who spoils for a scrap, the drunk who wanders in by mistake, they all blow off steam at first chance and are quickly spotted. It is unlikely that Denny will recognize them for a question once the real program is on the air.

"The most important thing I have learned," Denny says, "is that Americans want to play fair, no matter how much they disagree with one another. When we are likely to have a particularly lively discussion I appeal to the studio audience to preserve orderly and intelligent discussion. Rarely is the appeal disregarded."

Politicians, it seems, just can't accustom themselves to Denny's kind of unseen audience. They step up to the Town Meeting microphone spouting oratory meant for mass consumption; and letters expressing disappointment, disgust and resentment roll in by the thousands:

"Town Meeting has demonstrated that one of America's greatest dangers lies in the ignorance

and befuddlement of its elected representatives."

"Please keep our honorable Senators at home or in the Senate, where they can rant and fume to their heart's content."

A survey of countless such letters from Denny's voluminous fan mail convinces one that his "20 percent of the voters, with the balance of power," are a keenly intelligent, straight-thinking lot.



When Cancer Is Not Guilty

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Russell S. Ferguson, M.D.

Director of Survey Committee, N. Y. State Cancer Commission

CANCER has become America's Public Health Enemy No. 2, second only to heart disease as a cause of death. A hundred and fifty thousand people died of cancer last year.

Yet 35,000 of them need not have died at all. Cancer was not the villain, but ignorance, fear, carelessness, neglect. "Cancer" is written on many a death certificate where "suicide" would be far nearer the truth. Suicide is wholly avoidable; so, often, is cancer. Fifty percent of cancers, when discovered and treated promptly, have an excellent chance of cure. But people either don't know or cannot bring themselves to face the facts.

As an act of elementary justice, let us put cancer on trial. Let us see whether cancer is guilty of every charge of death brought against it.

FIRST INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: In 1928 Mrs. B noticed a small lump in her breast. Her physician advised her to go at once to a nearby hospital where many such cases were treated. Before she could leave for the hospital, however, a "good friend" suggested that Mrs. B see "Dr. Blank," who could cure her without an operation. This "doctor" treated her with injections "guaranteed to cure," and for four years

kept her from seeking other advice. Finally, as the disease spread, she again called her family physician, who attended her until her death a few months later.

Family Doctor: "When Mrs. B came to me, the lump in her breast was not over a half-inch in diameter. I am confident that an operation any time during the first year would have cured her."

"Good Friend" takes the stand: "When I learned that Mrs. B had cancer, I recalled the wonderful advertisements I had seen in the papers about Dr. Blank. It seemed a shame for Mrs. B to undergo an unnecessary operation, so we went to see him. He guaranteed a cure with his injections, and Mrs. B took her first treatment that day. For four years I thought she was getting along fine; then suddenly she collapsed and, unable to continue her trips to Dr. Blank, she again called in her family doctor."

Jury's Verdict: There is no evidence that cancer killed Mrs. B. She was slain by good intentions and the ignorant belief that quacks can cure. We acquit cancer, and indict superstition and quackery.

SECOND INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: Mr. K had a pigmented mole on his thigh, which he decided to remove by tying a string about its base. The mole came off, but the injured tissues were stimulated to malignant growth and the cancer cells spread

throughout his body. For seven months he paid no attention to his symptoms. When finally he entered the hospital, his cancer was inoperable, and he died within two months.

Jury's Verdict: This is a clear case of suicide. Most moles are harmless, never giving rise to cancerous growth. But the danger of self-treatment of pigmented moles ought to be well known. There was no excuse for disregarding it.

THIRD INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: Miss M began to pass blood in the urine at irregular intervals. She discussed this with no one, although, as the bleeding continued, she began to fear she had cancer. For three years even her family had no idea of her condition, until she collapsed and was taken to the hospital. There an inoperable cancer of the bladder was found, from which she died in a few weeks.

Family Doctor: "Other members of Miss M's family came to me regularly for examination, but Miss M, they explained, was painfully modest and the thought of an examination was agonizing to her. When I saw her for the first time, after her collapse, she told me she had noticed symptoms for three years. The disease could have been cured if detected during the first six months."

Jury's Verdict: Cancer is not guilty of this death. The responsi

bility rests with false modesty and fear.

FOURTH INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: Mr. D began to suffer from chronic indigestion and biliousness 15 years ago. Four years later he was told by his doctor that he had inflammation of the gallbladder, with gallstones, and that his gallbladder should be removed. Disregarding this advice, he suffered mildly from indigestion for 10 years and then suddenly began to lose weight and became jaundiced. An operation revealed a cancer of the gallbladder, which it was then too late to remove. He died six months afterward.

Family Doctor: "Eleven years ago Mr. D came to me with a typical history of inflammation of the gallbladder. I knew that an operation would relieve him and that otherwise he might develop cancer. I have never seen a cancer of the gallbladder which did not have a long history of inflammation or stones."

Family Friend: "Mr. D told me he feared an operation and felt that his condition was not as serious as the doctor had said it was. His indigestion did not bother him much if he watched his diet, and as years passed his conviction grew that the doctor had been unduly pessimistic. He persisted in this belief until he became very ill six months before his death."

Jury's Verdict: There is no evidence here on which to indict can-

cer. Mr. D's death was preventable had he followed his doctor's advice.

FIFTH INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: Mr. J noted a small pimple on his nose which persisted for some years without increasing in size, then ulcerated and began to grow slowly. His doctor suggested that radium be applied at once. Mr. J felt that radium treatments were dangerous, however, and did nothing. Within two years the ulcer spread over the whole side of his face, finally causing death.

Family Doctor: "When I saw Mr. J the ulcer on his nose was still harmless. These ulcers are easily eradicated, but if neglected, cancer is almost sure to follow. I therefore advised its removal, assuring him that radium, properly used, would do no harm and would prevent cancer. He refused all treatment. When I was called two years later, his condition was beyond medical help."

Jury's Verdict: Cancer is not responsible for this death. Because of his own ignorance and neglect, the patient died of a disease which could have been prevented.

SIXTH INDICTMENT

Bill of Particulars: Mrs. B sustained a childbirth injury 30 years ago but neglected to have it repaired. For the past two years she suffered from intermittent bleeding, carefully concealing this fact until she was on her deathbed. The

record states that Mrs. B died of cancer of the womb.

Family Doctor: "Five years after the birth of her child, I attended Mrs. B and called attention to the injury. I advised her to undergo a comparatively simple operation, knowing that neglected childbirth injuries often predispose to cancer. Mrs. B ignored my advice, and when I insisted, she refused point-blank. I did not see her again until she was dying."

Jury's Verdict: There is no evidence that cancer is guilty. Neglect and fear were accessories before the fact and are the real culprits.

UNTIL now the fight against cancer has been carried on largely by the medical profession, research foundations, and the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Unless the layman, which means you, is willing to assist, not much more can be done. It's up to you to educate yourself.

Cancers arising from long-continued chronic irritation are preventable. Here are some of the points to watch for:

Chronic indigestion is often due to gastric ulcer or gallbladder disease. Diagnosis entails a thorough X-ray examination, and a remedy should be sought immediately. Many cancers of the gallbladder and stomach arise from these diseases.

Abnormal lumps in the breast or elsewhere may not be cancerous, but they deserve prompt investiga-

tion, and the benefit of biopsy — microscopic examination of a small piece of tissue. The regular use of biopsy in determining the nature of suspicious growths has increased the cure rate by a full seven percent.

Abnormal bleeding from body cavities is a real danger sign, although it does not necessarily mean cancer. It should be investigated at once.

Cancer of the tongue and cheek is often due to chronic irritation caused by defective or irregular teeth. This is avoidable by proper dental and oral hygiene. Any persistent sores in the mouth or white patches on the tongue should have prompt medical attention.

Observance of these suggestions will prevent many cancers and permit early discovery of others while they can still be cured. Whether or not you have any of these symptoms, it is always advisable to submit to regular physical examinations. Doctors are anxious to coöperate in any plan which will make early discovery of cancer possible.

In the last analysis, the reduction of our appalling cancer death rate rests squarely upon the individual. Those who align themselves with the forces of fear, ignorance and quackery will continue to hamper the efforts of doctors and specialists. But the growing army of people equipped with knowledge and courage is our best insurance that we can and will wage a successful battle.

Poison from the Sky

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

J. D. Ratcliff

WHILE THE SKY is still black the pilots pull canvas covers off their engines and load their planes, ready to take off into the first gray bit of dawn. The short runway — a bumpy stretch of alfalfa stubble, unlighted and unmarked — is enough to terrify any transport pilot. A hidden rut or stone can wreck a plane and cripple a pilot. But only when the planes get safely off the ground do they face the real hazards of the day — the hazards in the air.

These are the crop dusters — men who pour poisons on crops to stop the devastating march of the insects. With heavy loads, they must fly three to six feet above the ground, facing perils every inch of the way. To get an idea of the dangers involved, let's ride with one of the pilots as he takes off to dust a cotton field.

The field is hemmed in, as so many of them are, by cottonwood trees. We dive, the wheels of the plane rustling the leaves. For a split second it looks as if we will surely hit the ground, but at the last moment the pilot pulls the plane up sharply, giving his engine

full throttle. The surge of power blasts the insecticide back to the very edge of the trees — an important maneuver because boll weevils hibernate in underbrush and destroy the cotton at the edge of the field first.

After this initial dive we streak across the field, a foot or two above the cotton, at about 100 miles per hour. The cloud of dust covers a swath of cotton 40 feet wide. Directly in front of us is another wall of trees. The pilot pulls up sharply, missing it by a few feet. We've finished one row and must reverse our path to dust another.

We must hurry, for after the sun has burned the dew off the plants, there is nothing to hold the insecticide. To save precious time the pilot zooms almost straight up until the plane has lost speed; then he kicks it into a sharp turn and dives back on the new course.

During this turn an adverse puff of wind, or engine failure, may cause disaster. I talked to one pilot who fractured his skull and broke his collarbone, jaw, arm, ribs, hip and leg when he tried to make a turn too close to the ground.

Ahead, two trees jut from the middle of the field. You know there isn't room for the plane's wingspread between them, but the pilot heads for them hell-for-leather, and just when a crash seems inevitable, he deftly tilts the wings and squeezes through. "The cotton between them *bad* to be dusted, didn't it?" he inquires later.

When we finish our cargo of insecticide, we head back to the landing field for more. A crew loads 600 pounds into the bin in three minutes.

By this time the sun is just coming over the trees, blinding the pilot as he flies into it. Possibly it is blanking out a tree stump, or obscuring high tension wires that we must fly under. Or maybe a mule has wandered into the field. A classic story of the industry concerns an expense-account item of one pilot who charged his company with 14 gallons of gasoline — "used for cleaning a mule off the plane."

By ten o'clock, when the dew is gone, we have dusted 600 acres. At dusk we'll dust another 400, making 1000 acres for the day. A man working with a hand duster could have handled only eight acres, and one of the better power machines only a hundred.

There are innumerable jobs of this sort that may be done better and more quickly from the air. In a few hours vast swamps can be salted down with paris green to control malaria mosquitoes — a job which would take weeks if done from

boats. Grassless and treeless land can be seeded from the air. Foresters in autogiros can spot diseased trees.

Planting crops by plane is of rising importance. Floodgates which admit water to rice fields are usually opened after the seed has been placed on dry ground. Using a plane, seed may be planted directly in flooded fields — insuring quick germination. Vetch and other crops which return nitrogen to the soil can be planted from the air while soil-exhausting crops like cotton are still standing.

Although orchards, cranberry bogs, blueberry patches and vegetable crops can be poison-dusted from the air, cotton receives most attention because it is the worst pest-ridden of all crops. The plane is fast and can work immediately after a downpour, when ground equipment would bog down. It is after such rains that boll weevils, army worms and flea hoppers do their most destructive work.

Elementary physics explains the completeness of the job the plane accomplishes. The dust from the hopper is projected outward at about 300 miles per hour. Highly agitated, and lacking contact with the ground, each particle takes on a positive electric charge. Cotton, in contact with the earth, carries a negative charge, and actually attracts the particles. One duster offered to buy drinks for a group of planters if they could find a *single* leaf in a field without its quota of poison.

Despite the established economic value of aerial crop-dusting, much of it is still done by shoestring operators, using poor equipment flown by inexperienced youngsters. Some of these firms pick up crashed planes for three or four hundred dollars, and rebuild them flimsily. One concern even charged inexperienced youngsters small fees for the privilege of flying its rice-planting planes! Another proposed a plan whereby they would teach a prospect to fly without charge. In return, the student signed a contract to dust crops for five years — at \$25 per week.

As a result of these unscrupulous methods, crashes occur with monotonous regularity. Two boys are in Memphis hospitals now. One has been laid up nearly two years while doctors have attempted to piece together his shattered skeleton. Another has been under treatment for almost a year. After one accident, the pilot hobbled to a telephone to report. The first question the company asked was how much damage the plane had suffered. He said it was a complete washout. "Don't call here then," the voice replied, "expecting us to pay any hospital bills."

A few companies, however, employ only skilled pilots and provide them with good equipment. The largest and oldest company in the field is the Delta Air Corporation, at Munroe, La. To qualify for a job with this outfit, a pilot must have

had 1000 hours in the air. Barnstorming experience receives preference, for such training has taught a flier to think quickly and be able to land and take off from almost any reasonably flat land.

Delta provides its men with planes built especially for dusting — at a cost of \$14,000 each. They fly tail high — the pilot looking over the engine to see the ground before him — and have cantilever wings which will not fold when the branch of a tree crashes a strut. The company carries insurance for its pilots, and pays them \$300 a month base pay plus one cent per acre for dusting. In the busy seasons Delta pilots make about \$500 per month. The company supplies entomologists to study the particular conditions of each job.

Delta applies insecticides to about 300,000 acres annually. It has dusted cotton in Peru, grapefruit in Florida, broccoli in Texas, and is handling a malaria control project for TVA. Despite its widespread activities this pioneer company has lost but two pilots since it was founded in 1924.

There are 30-odd companies in the dusting business and each must handle tens of thousands of acres to survive. Eventually the harum-scarum operators will kill themselves off and leave the field to the more reputable companies. But at its best, crop dusting will remain a hair-raising occupation for the pilot.

To Love and to Cherish

SHORTLY after she had celebrated her 20th wedding anniversary, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, seated next to Paderewski at dinner, recalled to the great pianist the night long ago when she had first heard him play, in the Northampton Academy of Music.

"Do you often go back to your alma mater?" asked Paderewski.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morrow. "I like to sit in my old chapel seat and think how much happier I am now than I ever thought I should be."

Paderewski was deeply interested. "Do you mean to tell me you are happier now than you ever expected to be when you were 18?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied.

"Mrs. Morrow," he exclaimed with a low bow, "please permit me the honor of meeting your husband!"

— *Christian Science Monitor*

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, had been living with his wife Rachel for two years when they learned that her divorce from her first husband was not valid. A proper decree was obtained, and they remarried at once. Then he got out a pair of pistols, cleaned and oiled them, and put them in condition to use upon the first man who made a slighting remark about his wife.

Those pistols were kept ready for instant use for 37 years. At least twice they were used. The first time no one was hurt except a bystander, presumably innocent, and he not badly. But the second offender died. Thereafter, people eschewed reference to adultery when Andrew Jackson was within earshot.

— Gerald W. Johnson, *Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun* (Minton, Balch)

UNTIL McKinley came to the White House, it was the invariable custom for the President to take in to dinner the wife of the Secretary of State, and for the Secretary to escort the Lady of the White House. But guests assembled for McKinley's first diplomatic dinner noticed that the President gave his arm to his frail, sweet-faced little wife and escorted her to the dining room. Seating her carefully at his right, he took his usual place in the middle of one side of the table. From that hour, Mrs. McKinley was always at her husband's side at any public affair, regardless of custom or precedent. And that awful day in Buffalo, holding his hands to the gaping wound in his side, he found strength to murmur: "She's sleeping — break the news gently to her."

— Colonel W. H. Crook, *Memories of the White House*

☛ Cheerful Anton never had a job —
but was always busy

Anton, Friend of All the World

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

— II —

By Stefan Zweig

Author of "Marie Antoinette," "Mary, Queen of Scotland," etc.

+

I SHOULD be ungrateful indeed had I forgotten the person who showed me two of the most difficult things on earth: how, by means of an inner freedom, a man can free himself from the strongest power in this world, the power of money; and how a man can live among his fellow human beings without making a single enemy.

I came to know this unique individual in a very simple way. One afternoon, in the little town where I then lived, I was taking my spaniel for a walk, when the dog began to behave strangely. He rolled frenziedly on the ground, rubbed himself against every tree, whimpered and growled incessantly.

While I was wondering what was the matter with him, I became aware that someone was walking by my side — a man of about 30, poorly dressed, collarless and hatless. A beggar, I thought, and was about to put my hand in my pocket. But the stranger smiled tranquilly at me out of clear blue eyes as though we were old friends. "He's got a tick, poor chap," he said, pointing to my dog. "Come along, we'll have it out."

He addressed me with the "*Du*" which in German is employed only among people who are on intimate terms; but there was such warm friendliness in his gaze that I took no offense at his familiarity. I followed him to a park bench and sat down beside him. He called the dog with a shrill whistle.

And, strange to say, my Kaspar, who was usually wary of strangers, responded at once, and, at a sign, put his head on the man's knee. Searching the dog's coat with long, sensitive fingers, the stranger finally uttered a satisfied "Aha!" and began what must have been a painful operation, for Kaspar whimpered several times. Yet he made no effort to wriggle free. Suddenly the man released him. "Here it is," he laughed, triumphantly holding something in the air. "Now run along, doggie." As the dog scurried off, the stranger rose with a nod and a "*Grüss Gott*," and walked on. His departure was so sudden that it did not occur to me until later that I should have given him something for his trouble, or at least should have thanked him. But

there was the same finality and self-possession about his going as his coming.

At home, still pondering the man's odd behavior, I reported the adventure to our old cook. "Oh, that was Anton," she remarked. "He's got an eye for everything." I asked what was his trade, what he did for a living. "Nothing," she said, as if astonished by my question. "What does he want with a trade?"

"Well," I said, "everyone has to have something to live on."

"Not Anton," she said. "Everyone is glad to give him whatever he wants. He doesn't care about money, he doesn't need it."

Well, this was odd. I knew that in our little town, as in every other town in the world, every crust of bread and every glass of beer, every night's lodging and every coat had to be paid for. How came this spare little fellow with the threadbare trousers to get around this law, and yet remain utterly carefree and happy?

I resolved to investigate his technique, and soon discovered that our cook had been right: this fellow Anton had no kind of settled job. He just wandered about the town all day long — apparently aimlessly, but with watchful eyes that observed everything. He would stop the driver of a cart and show him that his horse was imperfectly harnessed. He would notice the rotting wood in a fence, and call on

the owner to suggest that it ought to be painted. Usually he'd be asked to do the job — for everybody knew that there was no cupidity in his suggestions, but only sincere friendliness.

How many jobs have I not since then seen him putting his hand to! Once I found him sitting in a shoemaker's shop mending shoes, once acting as an extra waiter at a party, once taking some children out for a walk. I discovered that everyone turned to Anton in an emergency; on one occasion I saw him selling apples among the market women, and I learned that the owner of the stall was in childbed and had let him take her place.

Of course, there are plenty of handy men in every town, ready to pick up any odd job. The unique thing about Anton was that, regardless of how hard he had worked, he firmly refused to accept more money than he needed for that day. When things went well, he accepted no payment whatever. "I'll come to you later if I need anything," he would say.

I soon became aware that this odd, ragged, friendly fellow had discovered for himself a new system. He had faith in the decency of human beings; instead of depositing money in a savings bank, he preferred to accumulate moral obligations with his fellow townspeople; he invested his little all in invisible credits — and even the most cynical could not escape feeling in-

debted to one who did things for them as a favor, without thought of fixed compensation.

One had only to watch Anton walking down the street to realize in what special esteem people held him. Everyone greeted him cordially, everyone shook him by the hand. And this simple carefree man in the shabby coat walked through the town like a landowner inspecting his estates, with a genial and friendly air. He could enter any door, sit down at any table; everything was his to command. Never have I understood so well the power wielded by one who has mastered the secret of taking no thought for the morrow, and of genuinely trusting in God.

I must frankly admit that it annoyed me at first, after the episode with Kaspar, to have Anton pass me with merely a casual greeting, as though I were more or less a stranger. Evidently he did not wish to presume on that little service. Yet I felt excluded by this polite indifference from a large and friendly community. And so the next time something was out of order in the house — water was dripping from a gutter — I suggested to my cook that she send for Anton.

"You can't send for him; he never stays long enough in one place," she replied. "But I'll get word to him." Thus I learned that this strange individual had no home. Yet no one was easier to get in touch with; a sort of wireless tele-

phone connected him with the whole town. It was sufficient to tell the first person you met in the street, "I want Anton," and the word would pass along, until someone ran across him. Indeed, that very afternoon he turned up. He looked at everything with shrewd eyes, pointing out, as he walked through the garden, that here a bush wanted trimming, there a young tree needed transplanting. Finally he inspected the gutter and set to work forthwith.

Two hours later he reported that the job was finished, and departed — again before I could thank him. But this time at least I had told the cook to pay him well. I asked her if he had been satisfied. "Of course, he's always satisfied," she said. "I wanted to give him six shillings, but he would take only two. That would see him through for today and tomorrow. But if the Herr Doktor, he said, ever had an old winter coat to spare . . ."

I find it hard to describe the pleasure it gave me to be able to offer to this man — the first person I had ever known who took less than was given him, something he was eager to have. I ran after him. "Anton, Anton," I called down the hill. "I have a coat for you." Once more I encountered that serene, tranquil light in his eyes. He was not in the least surprised that I should run after him. It was natural to him that someone who had a coat that was not needed should offer it

to another who badly wanted one.

I got the cook to fetch all my available old clothes. He scrutinized the pile, picked up a coat, tried it on and then said quietly, "Yes, this will do me." He said it with the air of a gentleman who has decided to take one of the articles brought out for his inspection in a shop. Then he glanced at the other things. "You can give those shoes to Fritz in the Salsergrasse, he needs a pair; and the shirts to Josef in the Square, he can patch them for himself. If you like I'll take them along for you." This in the magnanimous tone of one volunteering to do a favor; I felt I ought to thank him for distributing my belongings among people who were complete strangers to me. As he tied the things in a bundle, he added, "Yes, you're a good fellow. Nice of you to give all these things away." And he vanished.

Strange, no enthusiastic review of any of my books had ever delighted me so much as this naïve

praise. In later years I have often thought of this Anton, and always with gratitude, for few people have given me so much spiritual help. Frequently when I have been worrying about stupid little money matters I have called to mind this man who lived calmly and confidently for the day, because he wanted no more than was enough for that one day. And always I have thought: "If everyone were to learn this secret of mutual trust and confidence, there would be no police, no courts of law, no prisons and no money. Would not our whole complicated economic system be remedied if everyone lived like this one man, who gave as much of himself as he could, yet took only what he needed?"

For some years I have heard nothing of Anton. But there are few people about whom I feel less anxiety: I know that God will never leave this man in the lurch and — what's more — men will not, either.



It's All in Your Point of View

SAM, my camp-boy, preparing dinner surrounded by the women of a primitive Indian tribe in South America, tossed aside some onion peel. The women scrambled for bits of it and smeared it over their faces and naked bodies. I was short of trade goods; and this gave me an idea. I began exchanging bits of onion for weapons, musical instruments, feather-work and jaguar-teeth necklaces. We found garlic even more popular. Those Indians would have given anything they owned for a mere fragment. Had I possessed a few pounds I could have purchased the entire village — including the feminine population.

— A. Hyatt Verrill, *Wonder Plants and Plants Wonders* (Appleton-Century)

The Technique of Lying Awake

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Mrs. Winfield Scott Moody

A WISE physician once defined insomnia as nothing but sleeplessness plus worry. For this nightly tragedy is usually caused by a sharp mental distress rooted in the belief that much loss of sleep is extremely injurious. Yet there is no warrant whatever for this fear. Few sleepless persons get less than four hours of sleep a night, which, supplemented by four hours of real rest, is sufficient for health.

The secret of the technique of lying awake calmly and restfully consists in realizing that disturbing emotions — not lack of sleep — deplete our stores of energy. To admonish a sleepless person to hold a serene temper at 4 a.m. seems to expect the impossible. And yet that must be done.

Let us turn square'y on our old conception of sleeplessness as a tragedy of deprivation and think of it simply as "lying awake," an inescapable adventure to be taken philosophically. Sleep, like happiness, comes quickest to those who do not catch anxiously at its skirts. Contrary to the opinion of most doctors who tell us to go to bed expecting sleep, I cultivate a nonchalant acceptance of the fact that I shall probably not get enough sleep to satisfy me. Otherwise I lie awake to see if I am going to go to sleep!

Preparations for physical comfort in lying awake successfully include a reading lamp, a table within reach, some light food, tobacco perhaps, and an electric warming pad if possible, for sleepless people chill easily. And no timepiece of any kind. Nothing is easier for the subconscious mind than to set up habits of waking at a fixed time, or of postponing sleep until a definite hour. Any reference to the passing of time helps to establish this unpleasant habit. To count the hours as they slip by, carrying with them the sleep one thinks one needs against the tasks of the coming day, only contributes to mental distress.

Upon going to bed it is often effective to fill the mind with pictured suggestions of relaxation and repose: a tired child asleep on its mother's shoulder, its head hanging heavily; a house cat asleep beside the fire. To loosen tense muscles and nerves, I sometimes recall a striking bit of physical relaxation which I saw at a play: the actress, in an emotional crisis, dropped suddenly at the top of a long, wide stairway, and rolled slowly, thudding softly down each padded step to the bottom of the flight. This feat I rehearse over and over in my mind — the gentle release of the body, the sidewise sway and the

quiet drop from step to step — until I am as relaxed as the actress was. Vividly recalled, such scenes will bring deep quiet both to mind and body. Usually.

But there will be times when neither command nor suggestion will overcome the devils of unease. Then it is well to get up and move slowly, *slowly* about the room, as heavily as possible, following this with some light gymnastics, again slowly, with deep breathing, and once more lying down to the task of **keeping perfectly still**. Eventually muscular relaxation may come of itself, without effort or suggestion, if the mind be kept free from disturbing emotions. A final preparation which some find helpful is to cover the eyelids with pads to prevent the stark staring of open eyes, and to give them the slight pressure which often soothes the nerves.

To shut out unwelcome thoughts, I often pick up some mildly diverting mental game. I recount in alphabetical order the names of cities and towns in my native state: Akron, Bucyrus, Chillicothe. This list completed, I follow the alphabet downward with names of women; after that, with names of men. Or I select the longest possible given names, and add a long family name beginning with the same letter, achieving such delightful combinations as Wilhelmina Wigglesworth.

This game during the early stages of my self-discipline kept my mind constantly moving — a great help

when the disturbing force is a tenacious problem to which the mind returns over and over to gnaw at as a dog does a bone.

I found, too, that to put on the reading lamp and pick up a book, to adjust the pillows comfortably, perhaps to nibble at a biscuit and drink a glass of milk, often brought a sense of comfort which deepened into tranquillity.

But the book must be carefully chosen. Clearly this is not the time for the book of a thousand thrills, or even for the newest work of genius if one's interest is thereby too greatly captured. Rather, the well-loved leisurely novel, the thumbled book of poetry, the calm and uplifting counsel of the early philosophers I sincerely recommend — to anybody else. For myself, give me the huge mail-order catalogues with their beguiling pictures and inexhaustible lists of things for sale, from plumbing to playing cards. Nothing like this to pry loose the demon's grip of an obsessing thought!

Among other artless diversions, what miles of imagined crochet have I not accomplished, choosing the most intricate stitches and following closely each movement of the needle; how many half-forgotten songs of childhood have I recaptured, both words and music, with no sense of mental effort but only a happy recognition! And, sleepless at early dawn, what precious recollections of childhood scenes my mind holds and cherishes, what

riches of beautiful sunrises I have looked upon as the panorama of stars slid slowly away from the rising sun!

Then there is that most magical device to relieve the whirling of an overactive brain — the one I call "taking the mind apart." When one is slipping easily and naturally into the outer chambers of sleep, one becomes aware of disjointed fragments of thought, just brushing the understanding as they flit. This normal transition state between wakefulness and slumber may be

synthetically attained by constantly breaking up the train of thought into illogical snatches, the more whimsical and insignificant the better. Thus: "I saw a pink hat. Did you go to the circus? Peter Piper picked a peck." And so, carried on an irresistible stream of nonsense, an anxious and overtired brain will often drift out sleepward without knowing it.

But what if we do not? If we can lie quietly and content till sleep does come, the tranquil rest will be half as refreshing as sleep itself.



Americans Have a Club For It

The Great American Order of the Bath

IN 1936, Josh Sarasohn, of Detroit, sent out as Christmas cards pictures of himself reading in the bathtub, accompanied by certificates of membership in *The Ancient and Independent Order of Soakers, a Non-Profit, Non-Political, Non-Sectarian Organization of Folks Who Like to Read in the Bathtub*. "The member whose name appears hereon," the certificate stated, "is entitled to a minimum of one hour per diem in the privacy of the bathroom for the purpose of reading without hindrance, wisecracks or other annoyances by other members of the family. Our Platform: Color-fast Book Bindings and Waterproof Paper."

A facsimile of this patent of nobility

found its way into several papers and requests for the accolade poured in. Mr. Sarasohn, who has assumed the title of Grand Supreme Exalted Lord High Dunker, finally had to have the certificates produced in quantity (they are an addition to the decoration of any bathroom wall). Today there are 15,000 Soakers, including such celebrities as H. G. Wells, Lowell Thomas, Ben Ames Williams, Ed Sullivan, Max Lerner, and Bernard Shaw. The latter wrote when accepting membership: "Unfortunately, in this country a Soaker is a person who is never sober, and seldom dreams of having a bath. And I am a teetotaler! So keep it a secret on this side. Bernard Shaw, A.I.O.S."

☛ A man with an idea, a community with the vision to help him — and unemployment gave way to prosperity in this Ohio town

How Scio Licked Hard Times

Condensed from Forbes

Webb Waldron

IN 1932 Scio, Ohio, and L. P. Reese, now its leading citizen, both had their backs to the wall, both were due to go down as depression casualties. Scio's crisis had begun in 1927, when its one industry, a large pottery plant, folded. In five years, population dropped from 1200 to 400, more than half the houses became vacant; some homes sold for as little as \$100. Scio was licked.

So was L. P. Reese, and for about the same reasons. In 1932 Reese was a worker in a pottery plant in a nearby town. The depression hit his company and he was laid off. His savings dwindled, some of his family went on relief.

One day he accepted the invitation of friends in Scio, likewise unemployed pottery hands, to go rabbit hunting. They passed the idle plant, and Reese called off the hunting while he inspected the buildings. Roofs were in disrepair, windows were broken, weeds choked the doors. But Reese remarked, as he finished:

"I've an idea I could do some-

thing with that place. I wonder if Scio would be interested."

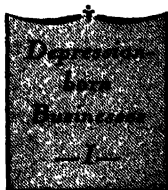
The rabbit hunt never got beyond that point. Reese told his story to Scio's bank cashier, dentist, real estate dealer, clothing store merchant, and others.

He had long believed that cheap imported pottery, much of it from Japan, could be duplicated successfully in this country. He had even designed kilns and mass production

machinery, but his employers had not been interested. But now Scio determined to back him.

Reese put up his total capital of \$2000, including a loan on his war-risk insurance. He found that tax assessments of \$3600 against the plant could be paid off by installments. The property was knocked down at a sheriff's sale for \$8000, the terms allowing Reese plenty of elbowroom.

Offering only the hope of jobs, Reese called for volunteers to repair the buildings. During Thanksgiving week, 1932, the entire town turned out—minister, doctor, bank cashier, dentist, merchant, school



principal and practically every able-bodied workman. They repaired roofs, put in new windows, cut away weeds, rebuilt the road.

Reese fixed up a corner of the unheated plant for living quarters, and with six volunteers moved in to work on the equipment. For six weeks they put in 14 to 18 hours a day. By January the machinery and the kilns had been rebuilt. The Scio-Ohio Pottery Company was ready to go.

It lacked only funds for a pay roll, credit for raw materials, and orders. A clay salesman who had known about Reese's plan — and believed in the man, the idea and the town — persuaded his firm to gamble two carloads of clay.

Reese then went to Chicago and persuaded the buyer for a large chain of stores to take the first carload of cups and saucers — and to pay for them on delivery.

Production started in mid-February, 1933. The first pay roll — \$990.53 — fell due on the 23rd. Reese had a cash balance of 11 cents. There was a huddle in the back room of the bank. Twenty men put up \$100 apiece and the pay roll was met. On February 23 of each succeeding year, Scio has had a community dinner in commemoration of that occasion.

In 1934, the first full year of operation, the company did a gross business of \$331,000; last year, \$1,284,000. There are more than 500 employees, the monthly pay

roll averaging \$50,000. There has never been a lay-off.

Among his employes, Reese has several former schoolteachers, two ministers, a one-time station master, several engineers, a contingent of college graduates. Farm families from the entire countryside are represented. Among the 2200 people in the township only 12 are on relief. Meanwhile, the population of Scio has doubled, there has been a small boom in new homes, savings accounts have multiplied.

Reese, who is "L. P." to Scio, is no desk-industrialist. For my visit he appeared in a white shirt and necktie — and was soundly razed. His attitude is a product of his own experience as an employe. "I've already got all the money I deserve," he told me. "From now on profits are going into increased pay and bonuses." The wages he pays are already tops for the industry, sometimes twice the average. The minimum — to the boys who sweep out — is 50 cents an hour. From there the scale goes up to \$2.50 an hour. Last year \$22,000 was added to paychecks as a Christmas bonus.

Two years ago, when union delegates arrived in Scio, Reese, once a union officer himself, let the visitors tell their story to his employes. Then he suggested an employes' meeting to settle the issue. Both he and the organizers stayed away. The vote was unanimously against unionizing.

Recently, Reese with his advisers — the bank cashier, the dentist and the real estate operator — decided that increased business merited plant expansion. It would eventually mean more employment and better pay, but meanwhile would probably prevent any wage increases for two years. Reese put the question to the employees. The vote was unanimous to expand.

Reese and Scio have put the depression in reverse. Their methods are neither spectacular nor new. They are deeply rooted in tradition: the same imagination, courage and industry by which Americans, from the first pioneers, always got the upper hand on hard times. Reese and Scio are proof that the old spirit has not run out, that its effectiveness has not diminished.



Cleveland's Resourceful Police

¶ **THROUGH** its new home-to-police radiophone system, the citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, who hears burglars in the garage or in the house will be able to talk directly to the police patrol car as it speeds to his aid. The city has a completely new patrol system, based on its division into 32 zones, each patrolled by cars which are complete broadcasting stations in themselves; from 67 to 92 cars will be on the streets at all hours. A telephoned complaint to police headquarters will, after a quick reference to a huge light-studded map showing the position of each cruiser, be switched to the men in the nearest patrol car. This precinct-station-on-wheels foreshadows the doom of the old-time beat-pounding "flatfoot."

— Willis Thornton (NFA)

¶ **DURING** strikes, a motion-picture camera manned by police has proved an effective means of quieting disturbances on picket lines in Cleveland. The camera is set up opposite the line, to await developments, whereupon the pickets become models of decorum. Films are clinching evidence in court in case of damage suits.

— Philip W. Porter in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

¶ **HAVING** tried in vain to prevent youngsters smearing their shop windows on Halloween, the merchants of Itasca, Illinois, some years ago offered prizes for the best pictures drawn on the windows with soap. The plan not only curbed mischief, but uncovered talent. Crowds view the windows as if it were an art exhibition. Last year the townspeople were so impressed with the beauty of two of the soap paintings that they are sending the artists to art school.

¶ The Reader's Digest breaks cheerfully with tradition in publishing a Lincoln classic in other than a February issue

The Counsel Assigned

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of "The Perfect Tribute"

+

A VERY OLD MAN told the story years ago. He was a splendid old fellow, straight and tall, with brilliant eyes; a distinguished person to the least observing. He had met his companion, an American, casually in a Bermuda hotel, and the two fell to talking.

The older man told of events, travels, adventures. But his main enthusiasm was for his profession, the law. The dark eyes flashed as he spoke of great lawyers.

"It's nonsense" — the big, thin, scholarly fist banged the chair arm — "this theory that the law tends to make men sordid, that lawyers are created merely to keep an eye on their clients' purses. I am a very old man; I have seen many fine deeds done by physicians and parsons, but one of the finest I've known was the performance of a lawyer acting in his professional capacity."

With that he told this story:

THE CHAIRMAN of the county committee stopped at the open door of the office. The nominee for Congress was deep in a letter. The chairman, waiting, regarded at

leisure the face frowning over the paper. It was like a mountain cliff — rocky, impregnable, lonely and grim, yet lovely with gentle things that bloom.

The candidate folded the letter and swung about in his chair. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Tom. I was trying to figure out how a man can be in two places at once. It looks as if I can't make the speech here Friday."

"Can't make — your speech! You must be joking."

The man in the chair shook his head. "Not a bit of it." He got up and began to stride about the room with long, lounging steps. The chairman excitedly flung remonstrances after him.

"Cartright might beat us yet you know; it won't do to waste a chance — election's too near."

The large figure stopped short, and a queer smile twisted the big mouth and shone in the keen, visionary eyes.

"I can't tell you why, Tom," he said, "and I'd rather not be asked, but I can't make that speech here Friday." And the issue was concluded.

Friday morning at daybreak the candidate's tall figure stepped through the silent streets of the western city before the earliest risers were about. Traveling afoot, he swung along into the open country, moving rapidly and with tireless ease. Nine o'clock found him in a straggling town, 20 miles from his starting point.

The courthouse door stood wide to the summer morning. Court was already in session, and the place was crowded. The Congressional candidate, unnoticed, stepped inside and sat in the last row of seats.

It was a crude interior of white walls, of unpainted woodwork, and wooden benches. The newcomer glanced about as if familiar with such a setting. A larceny case was being tried. He listened closely and seemed to study lawyers and judge; he missed no word of the comments of the people near him. The case being ended, the District Attorney rose and moved the trial of John Wilson for murder.

There was a stir through the courtroom. In the doorway appeared the sheriff leading a childish figure, a boy of 15, dressed in poor, home-made clothes, with a conspicuous bright head of golden hair. He was pale, desperately frightened; his eyes gazed on the floor. The Judge, a young man, faced the criminal, paused pityingly, then steadied himself.

"Have you a lawyer?" he asked.

"The lad shook his unkempt yellow

head. "No. I dunno — anybody. I hain't got — money — to pay."

"Do you wish the court to assign you counsel?" In the stillness a boot scraped the floor. The man in the back seat rose, slouched forward, stood before the Judge.

"May it please Your Honor," he said, "I am a lawyer. I should be glad to act as counsel for the defense."

The Judge looked for a moment at the loose-hung, towering figure.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The man answered quietly: "Abraham Lincoln."

A few men here and there glanced at the big lawyer again; this was the candidate for Congress. That was all they thought. None of the frontier farmers and backwoodsmen in homespun jeans, or the women in calico and sunbonnets, who heard the name spoken dreamed that it was to fill one of the great places in history.

"I know your name, Mr. Lincoln; I shall be glad to assign you to defend the prisoner," the Judge answered.

The jury was drawn. Man after man came under the scrutiny of Lincoln's deep eyes; but he challenged no one. The hard-faced audience began to glance at him impatiently. The feeling was against the prisoner, yet they wished to see some fight made for him.

The District Attorney opened the case for the People. He told with few words the story of the

murder. The prisoner had worked on the farm of one Amos Berry the autumn before, in 1845. On this farm was an Irishman, Shaughnessy by name. He amused himself by worrying the boy, and the boy came to hate him. On the 28th of October the boy was driving a wagonload of hay to the next farm. At the barnyard gate he met Shaughnessy with Berry and two other men. The boy asked Berry to open the gate, and Berry was about to do so when Shaughnessy spoke. The boy was lazy he said — let him get down and open the gate himself. The Irishman caught the pitchfork which the lad held, pricked him with it and ordered him to get down. The lad sprang forward, and, snatching back the pitchfork, flew at the Irishman and ran one of the prongs into his skull. The man died in an hour. This was the story.

By now it was the dinner hour — twelve o'clock. The court adjourned and the Judge and the lawyers went across the street to the tavern.

One lawyer was missing. Nobody noticed the big man as he passed down the shady street with a little, faded woman in shabby clothes who had sat in a dark corner of the courtroom crying silently.

"That's the prisoner's mother," a woman whispered when court opened again and the defendant's lawyer seated her carefully before he went forward to his place.

The District Attorney called and examined eye-witnesses who testi-

fied to the details of the crime. There appeared to be no doubt of the criminal's guilt. The lad sat huddled, colorless from his months in jail, sunk in apathy — a murderer at 15.

The afternoon wore on. The District Attorney's nasal voice rose and fell examining witnesses. But the big lawyer sitting there did not make one objection even to statements very damaging to his client. He scrutinized the Judge and the jury; one might have said that he was studying the character of each man. At length the District Attorney said: "The People rest," and court adjourned for supper.

It was commonly said that the boy was doomed; no lawyer, even a "smart" man, could get him off after such testimony, and the current opinion was that the big hulking fellow could not be a good lawyer or he would have put a spoke in the wheel for his client before this. Sentiment favored condemnation; to have killed a man at 15 showed depravity which was best put out of the way.

Court reopened at 7:30. Not a seat was empty. The small woman in her worn calico dress sat close to the bar this time, near her son. The Judge entered. And then Abraham Lincoln stalked slowly up through the silent benches. He laid a big hand on the prisoner's thin shoulder, and the lad started nervously. Lincoln bent from his great height.

"Don't be Scared, sonny," he

said, quietly, yet everyone heard every word. "I'm going to pull you out of this hole. Try to be plucky for your mother's sake."

The boy glanced over at the shabby woman, and when she met his look with a difficult smile, he tried to smile back. The audience saw the effort of each for the other; the Judge saw it; and the jury — and Lincoln's keen eyes, watching ever under the heavy brows, caught a spasm of pity in more than one face. He took off his coat and folded it on the back of his chair and stood in his shirt sleeves.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," began Abraham Lincoln, "I am going to try this case in a manner not customary in courts. I shall not call witnesses; the little prisoner over there is all the witness I want. I shall not argue. All I'm going to do is tell you a story, and then leave the case in your hands."

There was a stir through the courtroom. The voice, rasping, unpleasant at first, went on:

"You, Jim Beck — you, Jack Armstrong —" The stranger's huge knotted forefinger singled out two in the jury.

"You two can remember — yes, and you as well, Luke Green — 15 years back, in 1831, when a long, lank fellow in God-forsaken clothes came into this country from Indiana. His appearance, I dare to say, was so striking that those who saw him haven't forgotten him. He was dressed in homespun jeans, with

the breeches stuffed into rawhide boots. Gentlemen of the Jury, I think some of you will remember that young man. His name was Abraham Lincoln."

The gaunt speaker paused and pushed up his sleeves a bit, and the jurymen saw the hairy wrists and the muscles of hand and forearm. Yes, some of them remembered the young giant who had been champion in everything that meant physical strength. They sat tense.

"The better part of a man's life consists of his friendships," the strong voice went on, and the eyes softened as if looking back over a long road traveled. "There are good friends to be found in these parts; that young fellow in blue jeans had a few. It is about a family who befriended him that I am going to tell you.

"The boy Abraham Lincoln left home at 22 to shift for himself; and in those pinching times, he could not always get work. Late one fall afternoon, when he had walked miles looking for a chance, he heard an ax ring and came upon a cabin. It was a poor cabin even as settlers' cabins go. There was cloth over the windows instead of glass; there was only one room, and a loft above. Abraham strode up to the cabin hopefully and asked for shelter." Again the voice paused and a smile flashed in pleasant memory.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, no king ever met with a finer welcome. Everything he had, the owner of

that cabin told Abraham, was his. The man brought the tired boy inside. Two small children played on the floor, and a little woman was singing the baby to sleep by the fire. The visitor climbed up a ladder to the loft after supper.

"Next morning, when he had done a few chores to help, he asked if there were jobs to be got. The man said yes; if he could chop and split rails, there was enough to do.

"Do you like to work?" the woodsman asked.

"Abraham had to tell him that he wasn't a hand to pitch into work like killing snakes, but yet — well, the outcome of it was that he stayed and proved that he could do a man's job.

"For five weeks Abraham lived in the cabin. He chopped with the father, did housework with the mother, and romped with Sonny, the golden-haired, laughing baby, many a time. No part of his life has ever been more light-hearted or happier."

The lawyer picked up his coat and, while every eye in the courtroom watched him, he fumbled in a pocket and brought out a letter.

"The young man who had come under so large a weight of obligation prospered in later life. By good fortune, by the blessing of God, he made for himself a certain place in the community. As much as might be, he has — I have — kept in touch with those old friends, yet in the stress of a very busy life I have

not of late years heard from them. Till last Monday morning this" — he held up the letter — "this came to me in Springfield.

"It is a letter from the mother who welcomed a tired youth to her humble cabin. Her husband died years ago, the two older children followed him. The mother who sang to her baby that afternoon" — he swept about and pointed to the meek, small woman shrinking on the front seat — "the mother is there."

The arm dropped; his luminous eyes shone on the boy criminal's drooping golden head; in the courtroom there was no one who did not hear each low syllable of the sentence which followed.

"The baby is the prisoner at the bar."

In the hot crowded place one caught a gasp; one heard a woman's dress rustle, and a man clear his throat. Then silence, and the counsel for the defense let it alone to do his work. It shaped the minds before him as words could not. All over the room men and women were shuffling, sighing, distressed with the ferment of that silence.

At the crucial moment the frayed ends of the nerves of the audience were gathered up as the driver of a four-in-hand gathers up the reins of his fractious horses. The voice of the defendant's lawyer sounded over the throng.

"Many times," he spoke as if reflecting aloud, "many times I

have remembered those weeks of unflinching kindness from those poor people, and have prayed God to give me a chance to show my gratefulness. When the letter came last Monday calling for help, I knew that God had answered.

"An answer to prayer comes sometimes with a demand for sacrifice. It was so. The culminating moment of years of ambition for me was to have been tonight. I was to have made tonight a speech which bore, it is likely, success or failure in a contest. I lay that ambition, that failure, if the event so prove it, gladly on the altar of this boy's safety. It is for you" — his strong glance swept the jury — "to give him that safety.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I said when I began that I should try this case in a manner not customary. I said I had no argument to set before you. I have told the story; you know that at an age when this boy's hands should have held schoolbooks or fishing rod, they held the man's tool which was his undoing; you know how the child was goaded by a grown man till in desperation he used that tool at hand. You know these things as well as I do. All I ask is that you deal with the little fellow as you would have other men deal in such a case with little fellows of your own at home. I trust his life to that test. Gentlemen of the Jury, I rest my case."

Abraham Lincoln sat down.

A little later the jury filed out

and crossed to a room in the hotel opposite. Half an hour passed; then there was a bustle, and people who had left the courtroom crowded back. The worn small woman in the front row clasped her thin hands tightly together. The jury filed in and sat down. "Gentlemen of the Jury," the clerk's voice spoke monotonously, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," the foreman answered.

"What is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?"

For a second, perhaps, no one breathed in all that packed mass. The small woman stared palely at the foreman; every eye watched him. Only the boy, sitting with his golden head down, seemed not to listen.

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

With that there was pandemonium. Men shouted, stamped, waved, tossed up their hats; women sobbed; one or two screamed with wild joy. Abraham Lincoln saw the slim body of the prisoner fall forward; with two strides he had caught him up in his great arms, and passed him across the bar into the arms of the woman, who rocked him, kissed him. The whole room surged toward her; but Lincoln stood guard and pushed off the crowd.

"The boy's fainted," he said loudly. "Give him air." And then, with a smile, "She's got her baby — it's all right, friends. But somebody bring a drink of water for Sonny."

THE OLD MAN's story was ended. After a moment's silence, he spoke again, as if answering objections from the other.

"Of course such a thing could not happen today. It could not have happened then in eastern courts. Only a Lincoln could have carried it off anywhere, it may be. But he knew his audience and jury, and he measured the character of the Judge. It happened. It is a fact."

The listener glanced curiously at the old man.

"May I ask how you came by the story? You told it with a touch of intimacy, almost as if you had been there. Is it possible that you were in that courtroom?"

The bright, dark eyes of the old man flashed; he smiled with an odd expression, as if smiling back half a century to faces long ago dust.

"I was the Judge," he said.



¶ Made more attractive and more practical, too, by the originality of industrial designers, everyday articles of commerce attain new sales appeal

Imagination, Inc.

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Gretta Palmer

THE INDUSTRIAL designers, a little band of artist-advisers to big business, have during the past 10 years remade a vast variety of the things we use daily—from buses to paring knives, from iceboxes to typewriters. Bringing an outside point of view to the manufacturer's problem, and using an immense fund of originality, they have made their clients' long-standardized products at once more attractive and more practical. And

sales have doubled or tripled as a result.

Today's designers engage in endless research before even making a sketch. Norman Bel Geddes hung nine thermometers at different spots inside an icebox, and found that the temperature varied as much as 12 degrees. He therefore arranged his shelf space so that perishable foods might be put in temperatures best suited to them. Henry Dreyfuss, retained by Royal Typewriter,

suspected that the stenographer has much to say about the typewriter she uses. He got medical opinion on the mid-afternoon headaches of such office workers, finding one cause to be the glare from reflecting surfaces. So Royals are now finished in dull surfaces. Similarly, Gustav Jensen, discovering that sinks are often sold by plumbers, designed one for International Nickel Company which was easier to install and repair. Sales rose appreciably, and the sink was widely imitated.

When Dreyfuss set to work on the Big Ben alarm clock, he ranged 15 different clocks by his bed, to find which type was easiest for a sleepy man to read. Asked to design kitchenware for the Woolworth stores, he rolled up his sleeves and cooked. The results include an ice pick so weighted that it will not roll off any surface. John Vassos wondered why a kitchen knife should follow the lines of a dagger. He designed his with the weight closer to the point, for efficiency in cutting; for the handle he took some putty, squeezed it, and found the shape most adaptable to the human hand. A quarter of a million of these knives have been sold.

Designers frequently make adaptations from unrelated fields. When Walter Teague remodeled a railroad coach, he availed himself of the exhaustive research on comfortable seating that had been done by the automobile industry. He found that

a sloping seat, concave back and properly placed foot rest gave maximum comfort.

Instead of a meshed wire refrigerator shelf, Raymond Loewy suggested to Sears Roebuck a cheaper, less wobbly substitute, patterned after an automobile radiator grille. For another refrigerator he adapted a door handle from a French automobile; it does not have to be turned — just pulled.

Studying the buying habits of the public, one designer found that more and more gasoline station customers are saying, "Fill it up." By sloping the roadway at the pumps the tanks can be filled, increasing average sales half a gallon. Similarly, Loewy discovered that the public looks in bakery windows most often when cakes with a lot of frosting are displayed. He designed Cushman Bake Shops with a mirror arrangement which reflects each frosted cake both from the top and from the sides.

Vassos applied his knowledge of psychology to the job of planning a Nedick Orange Drink street-stand. He knew that most people hate to be watched. So he lit the counter of his stand with brilliant lights, leaving the customers in a dim, twilight zone. The idea has proved successful. When Teague redesigned the flimsy-looking portable gas heater of the American Gas Machine Company, he remembered that the massive appearance of Mack Trucks creates confidence

in their strength. His new gas heaters were styled on solid lines, and sales jumped.

Sometimes unexpected results are achieved. Loewy redesigned a chain of food shops and, as a minor detail, provided a handsome coat for the soda clerks. Tips rose from an average of 60 cents to \$2 a day. Dreyfuss illuminated a railroad locomotive's wheels to simplify inspection. The lights are now kept on when the train is moving at night because of the dramatically decorative value.

The Lyons Tea Shops, of London, presented a diversity of problems to Loewy. To save space for more tables, he introduced traffic rules for waitresses, with one-way passages between tables. He worked out an economical combination of direct and indirect lighting. He got samples of London mud, studied their colors, and designed a polka-dot floor-covering that conceals mud tracked in on wet days. It was stipulated that the shops must be cleaned with a pressure hose, raising questions of wiring and materials.

"One more requirement," said the Lyons executives. "The girls complain that the tips dropped into the tip-box are too small. Fix this up for us, will you?"

Loewy put a sound track on the box, which says "Thank you" when a coin is received.

The fees which our top designers command are high, but they are justified by increased sales. Van Doren's streamlined Wayne gasoline pump has sold millions' worth to date. Dreyfuss's changes in the Socony-Vacuum exhibit in Rockefeller Center increased its attendance from 6000 a week to 6000 a day. Taking advantage of the public's love of making things run, he installed a moving news-ticker and a map of the world equipped with models of railroads and ships, which move when the watcher presses a button.

These designers must have an encyclopedic collection of odd facts. They know that women like products painted red, that men prefer things green or blue. They know the exact spot at which the average housewife will bang her elbows against a refrigerator door to close it. They know the acoustic, thermic, durable, and waterproof qualities of most materials, as well as their cost. With the application of this knowledge, everyday objects are reaching new standards of attractive usefulness, and consequently are stimulating sales.



A MAN had been discovered dead, and the jury were puzzled as to what caused his death. Finally, they stated: "It was an act of God under very suspicious circumstances."

—J. B. B. in *Irish Digest*

Call Him Bill

Condensed from Current History

Thomas E. Murphy

IN THE past nine months Rhode Island has uprooted the political bad habits of a century, cast overboard a crew of public pay-roll parasites, adopted an effective civil service law, and done away with the favoritism and petty corruption typical of so many state governments. It has cut the cost of supplies 25 percent by honest purchasing. It has balanced its budget without crippling any service or cutting welfare appropriations. For all this and more, one man has been responsible — Governor William H. Vanderbilt.

Scion of one of America's wealthiest families, a gentleman-farmer still in his thirties, Vanderbilt gave up a life of comparative-leisure for a career of hard work in public service, and in the fall of 1938 was swept into office on the Republican ticket despite the mistrust of politicians in his own party.

Vanderbilt's opponent was Bob Quinn, the incumbent governor, a rough-and-tumble fighter who was used to winning. Quinn had behind him the power of the federal relief roll, supplemented by a state pay roll highly overstuffed with politi-

cal hangers-on. His Democratic machine had its tentacles in the treasury of every town in the state. Each state employe had to kick back two percent of his salary for the campaign chest, and each was ordered to take 10 people to the polls on election day. But, dramatically, the voters rallied to Vanderbilt against Quinn. And now this young man with a world-famous name, himself unknown to fame a year ago, is winning national attention not as a Vanderbilt but as an aggressive champion of honest government, destined perhaps for still larger roles in Republican politics.

Bill Vanderbilt was in St. George's School, Newport, when on May 7, 1915, the headmaster broke the news to him that his father, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, had given up his seat in a lifeboat on the torpedoed *Lusitania* to a woman passenger and had last been seen standing on deck, smoking a cigarette. Remembering that German submarine, Bill Vanderbilt wanted only one thing as soon as America declared war. He wanted to serve on a destroyer. The Navy wasn't taking youngsters under 16; but

Admiral Sims intervened for him, and in a few days Bill became one of the youngest gobs in the Navy. On the destroyer *Evans* he had the satisfaction of seeing service in foreign waters.

After the war, he went through the traditional Vanderbilt training, which included a job with the New York Central — the Vanderbilt system — as a “boxcar detective,” searching freight yards for missing cars.

Then he met slim, blue-eyed Anne Colby. They married, and settled down at his boyhood home, the 400-acre Oakland Farm on the outskirts of Newport, R. I. Besides raising poultry there, young Vanderbilt proved himself a businessman in his own right by starting the Short Line Bus Company, which now operates in five states, covers 4,000,000 miles a year and gives work to nearly 300 employees ardently loyal to Bill Vanderbilt.

Oakland Farm gradually became the social center for the neighborhood. Not for Society with the big “S” but for the community. Various groups were repeatedly invited to dinner, garden parties and other festivities. And in time Rhode Islanders began to know young Vanderbilt not as one of the American aristocracy of wealth, but as one of themselves, whom they called Bill. That was probably Anne Vanderbilt’s doing. She likes people.

Gentleman-farmer Vanderbilt was surprised one night when a delega-

tion of neighbors asked him to run for the State Senate. But he accepted, and was elected. From 1931 to 1934 he was president pro tem. As a Republican, he was a headache to the Republican regulars. He is remembered with a shudder by old-line leaders as the whipper-snapper who announced regularly in party caucus, “I do not intend to be bound by action taken here.” Also he is remembered as the author of that dreadful bill to cut state salaries 10 percent during the depression.

In 1936, convinced that things weren’t right politically in Rhode Island and that somebody like himself might make them right, he announced himself as a candidate for governor. But politicians who felt he wasn’t “safe” blocked his nomination.

Increasingly, after that, Oakland Farm became the gathering place for people who stood for something in their own communities: Johnny Kelley, Chief of Police in Providence; Austin Levy, independent mill owner; Vincent Sorrentino, manufacturing jeweler; Alex Chmielowski, leader among the Polish people. Group meetings ranged from the Santa Maria Portuguese-American Society to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Vanderbilt didn’t talk politics. He merely got acquainted, and gave these representative Rhode Islanders an idea of how he felt about the problem of state government.

When the nominating convention met in 1938, there was nothing to it. The party hacks had said Vanderbilt was too young, that he wasn't "regular," that his name was a political liability. But they had to give him the nomination, because it was obvious he had a decisive following among the voters.

He still had Boss Quinn to beat. Of course, there were factors in Vanderbilt's favor. There was resentment at Quinn's dictatorial methods; there was public disgust with the patronage situation, and with the general effrontery of the Democratic machine.

There was another factor, too. Her name was Anne. Pretty, vivacious, and a born political campaigner, she sat at her husband's side during election rallies. She would sing a snatch of grand opera at an Italian voters' meeting; she would dance a polka at the Polish-American Citizens' Home; and she delivered a stirring speech in French to Woonsocket's transplanted French-Canadians.

Bill himself spoke a dozen times a day from one end of the state to the other — not with flowery campaign oratory, but with an obvious sincerity that impressed his listeners. He dodged joint debate with Quinn with an honesty that the voters liked. "You're a better speaker than I am," he said, "and I'd be at a disadvantage." He got angry just once. An opposition

newspaper took a crack at Anne — said she was "stooping" to the common people just for political reasons. Bill went on the air that night and the ether sparked.

The first time he called at Anne's house, he said, he was led down to the corner to meet Patrolman O'Brien. They went around to see Mrs. O'Brien and the youngsters. On the way home, they dropped in on Mr. Zweibel, the tailor. They all called her "Anne" . . . so did the taxi driver and the druggist's clerk. "Anne has won the hearts and respect of thousands of people in this state just as she did in her old home," he said, "and as she does wherever she goes."

Except for that outburst, his campaign was not spectacular. He simply reiterated a promise of "frugal, honest, efficient and industrious government with a civil service law to protect honest employes and eliminate the chiselers." No ballyhoo, no lavish campaign fund, no promises of pensions or subsidies for anyone. But when the returns came in, they showed that Bill Vanderbilt had carried 36 of the 39 cities and towns in Rhode Island by overwhelming majorities.

Taking office in January of this year, Vanderbilt found there wasn't enough money in the state treasury even to pay for current expenses. The pay roll was studded with innumerable bureau chiefs, advisers and other part-time employes who received fat salaries for little work.

Heads started to roll, and in a few brief weeks the state's pay roll was reduced 10 percent. He forced civil service and reorganization bills through the legislature, though his own party leaders were quietly against him. By press and radio he fought these recalcitrant members of his party. "They were elected on a platform of civil service," he said. "You, the voter, must remind them of their promise and let them know that it means political suicide to block it." The American Legion wanted a veterans' preference clause, but Bill Vanderbilt, Legionnaire, opposed it. "The people are entitled to the most efficient workers they can hire." There was not a vote against the civil service bill when it came up.

A purchasing agent, drafted from the Governor's own bus company, instituted honest competitive bidding, with striking results. The cost of bar soap, for example, skidded from \$3.40 to \$1.92 a case, of one kind of oil from 61 cents a gallon to 14. Thanks to other economies, the budget for the forthcoming year is more than a million dollars below last year's.

To his reorganized state departments, Governor Vanderbilt has appointed, in the main, businessmen who never held office before. However, he reappointed an entire Democratic Board of Parole because he felt it had done a good job. When pressure from party leaders

became strong to displace the Democratic Tax Commissioner and the Democratic Budget Director, Vanderbilt's response was, "All right, show me somebody with better training and experience."

Vanderbilt has an inordinate capacity for sustained work. In the heat of the legislative session he found time to go over every item in the state budget personally, and then to take on voluntarily the burden of settling a widespread trucking strike. Twenty-four-hour sessions followed one after the other—but the strike was settled.

How does Rhode Island like him? It is no secret that some within his own party would scuttle his whole program. His unswerving forthrightness and his bluntness make enemies. For instance, the New England Race Track Association asked him to submit the names of state officials who were to receive passes, as usual.

"I do not wish to be a party to the distribution of race-track passes to state officials," he replied. And he sent out an executive order that state office hours were to conform to the usual business day of 9 to 5. State employees' previous six-hour day had been largely theoretical during the racing season.

Some of those who worked hard for his election are loud in their protests now because the jobs are not being parceled out. "Wait until the next election—we'll show him," they say. But as one sage observer

declared, "the last bunch based their hopes on patronage."

The Governor is not worried. "The job hunter is a noisy minority," he says, "and not nearly as important as the great rank and file of taxpayers." And, "Good government is good politics," he adds.

In short, Vanderbilt presents a

picture of a sincere young man of simple tastes who is imbued with an idea of contributing something to good government. And the garageman and the mill hand and the little businessman think that he is trying honestly to do a hard job well — and that he is succeeding. They call him Bill. And he loves it.



Unconventional Documents

☛ WHEN the electric motor generator in a large North Adams, Mass., plant stalled and the company engineers could not start it, the owner sent for Billy Barber, local mechanical genius. Within ten minutes Billy had the motor running. Next day he sent his bill. It read:

One gadget	\$.60
Time	1.25
Brains	23.15
Total	\$25.00

— *The Berkshire Hills Federal Writers' Project*

☛ WILLIAM WEBB, a butcher of West Worthing, Canada, put up this notice in his window: "This business has been compelled to close owing to bad debts. A list of the names and amounts owing will shortly be shown."

Money rolled in; the shop is open again and business flourishing.

— *Regina Leader-Post*

☛ READERS of the *Wyanet* (Illinois) *Record* got a jolt recently when it appeared with one page blank save for an apologetic statement in small type: "Don't laugh. We had a helluva time filling the other three pages."

— *Newsweek*

☛ IN PLACE of the annual church bazaar, the Vicar of St. Johns, Waterloo, England, billed expected patrons as follows, inviting them to let their consciences guide them in filling in amounts: "Bus fare to hall Entrance fee Wear and tear on clothes Wear and tear on tempers Afternoon tea Side shows Useless articles bought Total Please remit." Receipts were beyond all previous amounts.

— *AP*

Japan Can't Rule China

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Hallett Abend

Chief New York Times Correspondent in China

JAPAN'S tremendous sacrifices and investments in more than two years of warfare in China are likely to prove useless. All her seeming conquests will probably be frittered away without bringing the hoped-for benefits to the nation — all because the Japanese seem curiously deficient in the political talent for painless administration which is necessary to become a great colonial power. Formosa, Korea, Manchukuo all demonstrate that Japanese overlordship tends to become a kind of permanent war instead of a stabilized colonial control. The intense will-to-power which has made the army victorious destroys the value of its conquests, for it is army domination which makes Japan unable to placate conquered peoples.

Today Japan is clearly ready to abandon the idea of conquest and domination of all of China, and would be grateful for a precarious settlement that would permit her puppets to control the coastal provinces while a potentially hostile "Chinese China" continued to exist in the vast interior. Such a peace would in reality be only a truce, for the free portion of China would strain persistently to rearm for a war of revenge, and political con-

spiracy would keep Japanese-dominated areas in continuous secret ferment.

Japan's only hope of a genuine colonial victory is in striving for the physical and economic rehabilitation of the regions devastated and conquered by her armies. If they can quickly be made prosperous once more, if Japan can support her army of occupation with profits from them, then she might be able to prepare for another jump ahead. If not, the economic effects upon Japan may become disastrous. And that genius for adjustment is precisely what the Japanese, in all their attempts at empire building, have lacked.

In a military sense Japan has already won the war, her army holding practically the entire Chinese seacoast and most of China's great cities. Yet Japan's authority, and the authority of her puppet governments, actually does not extend beyond the range of her army's machine guns. As the Japanese move deeper into the interior, the Chinese become bolder in cutting lines of communication, raiding occupied towns, destroying food and munitions depots.

Apparently it would require at least 500,000 more men to clean up

the occupied areas, to disperse the guerrillas and make possible the resumption of farming, trade and manufacturing. It is doubtful if Japan could endure such a further drain upon her manpower, for already there is a serious shortage of unskilled and farm labor in the Japanese islands. Women are doing the work of men in the fields and mines, and thousands of high school boys are being drafted for labor in munitions plants.

Conditions in Japanese colonies tell eloquently that Japan lacks the political instincts and wisdom possessed by great colonizing powers like England, France and Holland. Japan has held Formosa for more than 40 years, but the Formosans are not happy or contented. Japan has held Korea for over 30 years, has reforested the peninsula, exterminated plagues and pests, brought floods under control, ended the recurrent droughts with water conservation and irrigation. But the Koreans hate the Japanese with a deep and flaming hatred.

It is the same in Manchukuo. Weary of the exactions and misgovernment of the Chang Hsueh-liang regime, many Chinese in Manchuria were ready to welcome the Japanese as liberators from an intolerable yoke. Japan gave the country a stable currency, abolished a multiplicity of crushing taxes, built highways, expanded the railways, developed industry and gave benevolent but self-interested at-

tention to the needs of the peasants. Yet today Manchukuoans hate the Japanese, and this hatred increases each year.

In Manchukuo sporadic uprisings continue in spite of 500,000 Japanese troops there. Night attacks upon the railways are frequent — dynamiting of bridges, destruction of tracks, killing and wounding of sentries. An explosion and fire at the Mukden airport, which destroyed more than 60 military planes, was attributed to an anti-Japanese conspiracy, and several oil tank fires can also be blamed on enemies of the present regime.

In Korea, Japan is forced to maintain a permanent garrison force as large as that kept in all of India by Great Britain, though Korea has less than 24,000,000 people against India's 350,000,000. The Koreans in their homeland have been disarmed, but they maintain revolutionary workers and societies at many points in the Far East whose specialty is political assassinations of Japanese.

In view of this record, how can Japan hope to hold in subjection even that portion of China which her armies now occupy? Within her so-called front lines, which at some places run as far as 600 miles inland, there are 230,000,000 hostile or non-coöperative Chinese. And Japan is making no discernible effort to win them over. Instead, her army is apparently trying to hold them in subjection by harshness and fear.

In "free China," the portion still

under the Chungking government headed by General Chiang Kai-shek, are an additional 200,000,000 Chinese who continue to advocate resistance. From "free China" into the occupied areas flow continuous streams of guerrilla fighters, propagandists and organizers. And abroad, in the Malay Peninsula, Java, the Philippines, America and Europe, nearly 15,000,000 more patriotic Chinese send money to their homeland to help finance continued resistance. Under these circumstances domination by naked force seems doomed to ultimate failure.

The establishment of the "New Order in East Asia" desired by Japan is blocked, in the final analysis, by the ingrained arrogance with which the Japanese express their feeling of racial superiority over the peoples of the Asiatic mainland. In their homeland the Japanese rank among the most polite and hospitable people in the world. But put a Japanese on the Asiatic mainland, put him into any kind of uniform — soldier, sailor, police, customs examiner, passport official — and he is a changed person.

The Japanese do not treat the Chinese like self-respecting human beings. Knowing, as they do, the emphasis which the Chinese put upon "face," and that Japan derived much of her civilization, her literature and many of her arts from ancient China, this is a stupid mistake. The "coöperation" they demand is the kind they would expect

from a lowly servant who obeys orders with alacrity. Were the Japanese attitude that of a generous victor toward an admittedly courageous but vanquished foe, there might be a chance for durable peace. But the Chinese are convinced that Japan intends to make them virtual serfs, so they fight on and on.

According to the highest Japanese spokesmen, Japan is waging this undeclared war to found a "New Order in East Asia," to end anti-Japanism in China, to terminate China's "semi-colonial" status and to make impossible the further spread of Communism among the Chinese. So far she has failed conspicuously in this whole program. In the areas which Japan has conquered, literally nothing has been done to make the lot of the Chinese people any better than — or even as good as — before the shattering war was started. Far from ending anti-Japanism, the events of the last two years have spread and deepened Chinese hatred of Japan.

As to the "semi-colonial" status which Japan says she wants to end, China interprets Japan's policy as aiming to oust all foreign influence so that the Japanese may reduce the Chinese to vassalage. And instead of checking the spread of Communism, the war has brought to the Chinese people such poverty, destruction and despair that the people are ready to listen to almost any political doctrine offering even the hope of relief.

Meanwhile China insists that she has been wise in "sacrificing space for time," and counts on time to defeat the invaders. But even if Japan is not defeated, even if she retains a military strangle hold on a

huge segment of the country, she is unlikely to become a colonial power in the sense that the European colonizing nations are such.

It is apparently not in the Japanese character.



Street Scenes

IT WAS one of those exasperating sidewalk situations when a man and a woman, coming in opposite directions, jockeyed to the right, then the left, together, in an awkward effort to pass each other. When the snarl was finally unravelled, the man politely tipped his hat and said:

"Well, g'bye. It's been fun knowing you!"

— Walter Winchell

STANDING on a crowded bus one morning a New York secretary was abstractedly examining the car cards when she was suddenly struck with the dreadful thought that her slip might be showing. She peered over her shoulder a couple of times; finally asked a little boy next to her if he could see it. "No'm," he said politely. "Looks all right to me."

The bus arrived at her stop and she tripped smartly down Fifth Avenue,

till a shout stopped her in her tracks. There was the little boy of the bus running after her screaming at the top of his lungs: "Your slip shows now, lady, your slip shows now!"

— *Rockefeller Center Magazine*



As water rushed along the gutters curb-high and five feet wide after a downpour in Minneapolis, a trolley stopped for three young things in high heels marooned on the sidewalk. At last two of them took the leap, going into water over their ankles. The third edged this way and that and looked desperate.

Just then a closed car rolled up in front of her and the driver invitingly opened both his back doors. Daintily the young lady stepped into the car, out again onto the trolley, and Sir Walter Raleigh of the machine age closed his doors and rolled on.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

Profits from Idleness

Condensed from *Coronet*

Alan Devoe

WE LIVE in a work-conscious era. We are all of us under constant pressure to get more done, to increase efficiency. Now, work is an excellent thing in its way and by devotion to it our race has produced a host of achievements. But work can also become an obsession. It can come to absorb our attention so entirely that we lose our natural gift for enjoying idleness. We turn into work-ridden neurotics, and we forget that *How to Get More Done* can be a very vicious knowledge unless it be balanced by an equal knowledge of *How to Do Nothing*.

The practice of idleness is not as easy as it sounds. You are not going to relearn overnight the antique technique of relaxed contentment which once upon a time we shared with owls and moles and badgers. But you should try — because by no other means will you find those quiet reservoirs from which a human being can draw strength to stand up against the clatter of our industrial world; by no other means will you be able to tap certain ancient wellsprings of the spirit.

To see how grievously ignorant we have become, it is only neces-

sary to observe the pathetic behavior of men and women who have escaped from their jobs for a while and are earnestly trying to idle. Playing golf, tossing a medicine ball, driving an automobile, hiking, dancing — these furious pursuits are not proper ingredients for successful idleness. Nor is even the man who is raking autumn leaves or weeding his delphiniums or strolling with a friend practicing idleness. He is engaging, to be sure, in pleasant and agreeable occupations. But he is not idling.

The recipe for idleness is simple: it consists of the abeyance of physical strain and cessation of purposeful thinking. It requires that you allow yourself to become for a while as purposeless as a maple leaf or a stone, that you abandon those restless biddings and nagging energies with which civilization has infected you, and that you exchange the fatiguing habits of planned activity and planned thinking for a directionless and unguided drifting of the spirit. It requires, in a word, that you do nothing.

Look, sometime, at a relaxing tiger or fox; look at your cat. Those calm unseeing eyes are fixed on

nothing; those muscles lie as quiet as stone; the usual preoccupations have been utterly stilled. The animal is idling. It is an experience as natural to him as eating or sleeping—but it is something which you will have to learn. And when you have learned it, a whole new world of sensation will be opened to you, a world of such peace and subtle awareness as you have never previously known, a realm which has unmatched powers for refreshing the weary human spirit.

Make your first try at idleness now. When you have finished the brief paragraphs that follow, put the magazine aside and consciously call a halt to all the little movements which you have absent-mindedly been making . . . the foot-tapping, the nervous eye-winking, the drumming of fingers on your chair-arm. While you were reading, your breathing was quick and shallow, typical rhythm of our over-hurried days. Relax your lungs. Breathe deeply, slowly. A curiously pleasant feeling, isn't it?

If you wear glasses, remove them. That little pressure on the bridge of your nose is a distraction and vexation. And so is the binding tightness of your belt, and the constriction of your collar. Loosen them. Lie back now and be at rest. Do not attempt to follow any train of thought. Your thinking is going to be wholly purposeless now. Your spirit is going to drift and wander as it pleases.

Presently dim half-thoughts and recollections and awarenesses will stir in your newly freed consciousness. Because the tyranny of Thought and the tyranny of Action are alike in abeyance now, your spirit has a chance to be aware of, say, the fragrance of the flowers in that vase. The fragrance has been subtly in the room all day, but your spirit has not been free to savor it. Breathe that fragrance deep into your lungs, for to a drifting spirit it can be magically evocative. And now another awareness has come to you—the feel of that ray of sunlight on your hand. The world has somehow become not quite so bad, with the scent of flowers in your nostrils and the feel of sunlight on your flesh.

Drift on, and be at peace. How odd a music the buzzing of that fly. How breathtakingly blue that patch of sky. The feel of the chair against your relaxed muscles is a kind of benison, and the slow deep drawing of your breath has wrought a singular peace. Oblique and fragmentary recollections come to you . . . the smell of the sea that year in Maine, the look of the deer-tracks you once saw in a snowy woods, the remembered flash of pheasant-wings on a hazy October afternoon. You have wholly entered now, at last, into that lovely secret realm which is the habitation known only to masters of the art of idleness. To restore yourself to the quiet ways of life is an art worth learning.

This Age of Ingenuity

A NEW electric iron holds a pint of water which, when it turns to steam, emerges through small holes near the point of the iron, dampening the material before it presses. It thus eliminates sprinkling before ironing, and the use of a damp cloth in pressing suits; it can also be used to steam velvet.

A VACUUM sweeper for leaves on the lawn makes the place tidier in autumn and utilizes plant food wasted if leaves are burned. A revolving cutter inside the sweeper minces the leaves, which are sucked in through a nozzle, then returned to the soil. Guided by hand, a gasoline motor does the hard work.

— *Popular Science*

FLEAS, moth larvae, ants, lice, bed-bugs and other pests are exterminated by a specially designed lamp that generates infrared rays and can even be used on the dog. Plugged into a wall socket, the Leray lamp is moved slowly back and forth about eight inches above the dog; if kept in motion the rays do not harm him, but are death to fleas.

THE Westinghouse "sterilamp," developed to kill air-borne bacteria in hospital operating rooms, then used successfully in wholesale food-storage plants, is available now for the

household refrigerator. A six-inch mercury vapor lamp, plugged into the ordinary lamp socket, sheds sterilizing ultraviolet rays through the food compartment; and costs only a few cents a month to run.

A BOX SPRING that can be adjusted quickly to hard, soft or medium by turning levers at the head of the bed is now on the market. A double bed can be made hard on one side, soft on the other.

WALLPAPER which carries its own adhesive covers the walls of an exhibit room at the New York World's Fair. The blank side of the paper is coated with a new rubbery synthetic substance, which eliminates the need for paste bucket and brush or special skill in application. The paper sticks merely by pressing it against the wall.

TO ENABLE him to park his car in tight places without denting fenders or scraping tires, a Rochester, N. Y., watchmaker invented a device which lights a tiny red lamp on the dashboard when front or rear bumper comes too close to another car or the curb. A coil spring, almost as sensitive as an insect's antennae, attached to the bumpers, closes an electric contact and lights the warning light when the car nears an object.

CONCRETE made with sawdust instead of sand is only a third as heavy as the ordinary kind, and is also strong, water repellant and fire resistant. It takes nails and screws, can be sawed with an ordinary saw and is easily finished to a smooth surface. The sawdust—preferably white pine, spruce or hemlock—should be coarse, screened to remove large pieces, and not less than a year old.

—Public Works

FOR USE at service stations, Firestone has perfected an X-ray machine that will look through your tires—without removing them from the car—and show up nails, tacks, glass, even breaks and pinches, before they cause the dreaded blowout or flat. In an experimental test of 2000 tires the apparatus pointed an accusing finger at 2049 nails and tacks, 2099 pieces of glass.



Childhood Recollections — IV —

Mark Twain

ONCE when I was a boy I ran away from school, and late at night concluded to climb into the window of my father's office and sleep on a lounge, because I had a delicacy about going home and getting thrashed. As I lay there and my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could see a long, dusky, shapeless thing stretched upon the floor.

A cold shiver went through me; I was afraid the thing would creep over and seize me in the dark. It seemed to me that the lagging moonlight would never, never get to it. I turned to the wall and counted 20, to pass the feverish time away. I looked—the pale square of light was almost touching it.

With desperate will I turned again and counted 100 and faced about, all

in a tremble. A white hand lay in the moonlight! Such an awful sinking at the heart—such a gasp for breath. I counted again and looked—a naked arm was exposed. I put my hands over my eyes and counted until I could stand it no longer, and then—the pallid face of a man was there, with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes fixed and glassy in death! I stared at the corpse till the light crept down to the bare breast—inch by inch—and disclosed a ghastly stab!

When I reached home, they whipped me, but I enjoyed it. That man had been stabbed that afternoon near the office, and they carried him in to doctor him, but he only lived an hour. I have slept in the same room with him often, since then—in my dreams.

—*Moments with Mark Twain*, selected by
Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper)



Self-control, plus a new medical technique,
can banish the terrors of the menopause

Changing Life Sensibly

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

Lois Mattox Miller

Well-known writer on medical subjects; author of "Cosmetic Comedy,"
"Cinderella Surgery," "Dangerous Lullabies," etc.

THE CHAPTER which biology inexorably writes into every woman's life when she is about 45 need no longer seem fearful. Common sense and a medical technique recently developed are lifting the shadow cast over many homes. No longer need a husband fear that the happiest days of his wife's partnership are to end in a baffling ordeal; no longer need sons and daughters dread the transformation of a healthy, active mother into a neurotic, complaining semi-invalid. Thanks to the increasing use of female sex-hormone treatment, the worst phases of this trying period can now be controlled. As for the lesser ills, chiefly emotional, the woman herself will be able to minimize them if she takes the sensible modern view that these transitional experiences, while inevitable, have been overemphasized.

Medical statistics show that change of life, or menopause, brings little actual suffering to 60 percent of all women. Of the remaining 40 percent half undergo acute physiological and emotional crises. Such women are not "imagining" their difficulties;

they need the relief that the new hormone treatment provides. The other 20 percent -- those with milder but still very real troubles -- are greatly benefited by the treatment.

Too few women, doctors say, understand the physiological changes that occur at menopause. If they did, its symptoms would seem less terrifying. Most women know, of course, that the reproductive period is drawing to a close. Menstruation gradually ceases. The ovaries become less active; other female organs decrease in size. Conception and childbearing are no longer possible.

But the function of the ovaries is not limited to reproductive activity. They play an important part in the concert of ductless glands -- pituitary, thyroid, adrenals and others -- that control the production and expenditure of the body's energy. The ductless, or endocrine, glands do this by pouring through the blood chemical substances called hormones. When any gland ceases to produce its supply of hormones, the entire body is disturbed.

The ovaries secrete the female sex-hormone called "estrin." Dur-

ing menopause, the supply of estrin in the blood diminishes and the entire endocrine system is disarranged. Blood vessels contract and expand irregularly, causing "hot flashes." One may redden suddenly and perspire freely. Dizziness, palpitation, high blood pressure, insomnia and constricting headaches are common. There is a marked tendency toward nervousness, worry, and overfatigue. The ovaries are gradually ceasing to produce the female hormones and the woman's physical and nervous structure is protesting against this deficiency.

Today, however, the science of endocrinology can supply the missing hormones. The female sex hormone has recently been isolated and its chemical structure is known. Under the name of "estrogen," it is now manufactured commercially for use by physicians. In one New York hospital, patients are given a six-weeks course of injections. The relief obtained lasts from two to three months, when the symptoms gradually return. In such cases smaller "maintenance" shots are administered by the patient's own physician, once a week. Often this maintenance dose is administered in tablet form.

Sex-hormone therapy is expensive. But doctors point out that the majority of women do not require it. Physicians say that fears and misconceptions result in more suffering than menopause itself. Frequently these fears date from

the time a well-meaning mother or grandmother explained menstruation to a young girl as a "curse upon womanhood" which she will have to endure. This attitude toward a simple biological function causes many a woman to go through life dreading and dramatizing the inconveniences of her cycle, and finally believing that menopause is still another "cross" women have to bear.

The modern woman, happily, is accepting the menopause as a natural stage, unpleasant sometimes but nothing to become a martyr about. The whole business is quite bearable if one will cultivate a courageous mental attitude and make an extra effort to maintain a fair level of general health. "Hot flashes" will usually be neither as frequent nor as acute as the "front porch clinics" would have one believe. Nervous symptoms are likely to be controllable in the majority of instances. The wise employment of sedatives under medical supervision is helpful in calming overwrought nerves. A warm bath, massage, light exercise in the open air — or merely lying down in a quiet room — are all common-sense aids.

Fear of insanity has been greatly exaggerated. An occasional psychoneurosis may appear during menopause, but the new routine of hormone treatment can offset this hazard in the vast majority of cases.

A dread of losing physical attractiveness obsesses some women during this phase. The tendency to

obesity often is present, but this may be controlled by dietary measures, exercise and glandular therapy under a doctor's supervision. The capacity for sexual enjoyment is not necessarily affected.

A few years ago a detailed study of the menopause was made by a London medical society, noting the experiences of 1197 women, married and single. "Hot flashes" were the most common symptom, occurring in 62 percent of the cases. Only 10 percent found it necessary to interrupt business or social routines.

Doctors have observed that business and professional women, absorbed in a variety of interests, are least given to self-pity during the change of life. Housewives and unoccupied women have too much idle time in which to worry about themselves. For this reason doctors strongly favor careers for women in middle life. Any activity outside the home will help during the dangerous lull in life when children have grown, the family has ceased to depend so largely upon her, and she is left with little to think about except herself.

If — as rarely occurs — one of a woman's symptoms is excessive bleeding, she should be examined by a gynecologist at once. Uterine cancer sometimes manifests itself about this time of life, and both the intelligent patient and her physician are on the alert for the earliest signs.

Before the actual onset of the

menopause there are usually preliminary warnings which the intelligent woman will do well to recognize. Nervousness, depression and irritability may occur as early as the 40th year or even earlier. If these symptoms become acute, she should not hesitate to consult her physician. It is reassuring to learn that some of the most brilliant results in the whole field of medicine are obtained in the female sex-hormone therapy.

But if a woman finds that she is one of the 60 percent for whom the menopause comes and goes with little discomfort, she will be wise to heed the doctor's advice: Learn to laugh at the old wives' tales about cancer, insanity and the other ills supposed to come with the change of life. If you have a career, keep at it; if you haven't, multiply your activities and keep your mind off yourself. Don't dramatize your ailments, or act like an invalid. Most women who claim that their husbands "lost interest" because of the menopause have largely themselves to blame.

Above all, don't talk about your change of life, or listen to women who are eager to tell you about theirs. For generations this has ranked with operations as a prime topic of conversation for women among themselves. Discreet silence will do much to lay the ghost of an "affliction" which through education and medical progress has lost its aura of tragedy and suffering.

A Primer on Social Security

Condensed from Life

IF YOU WORK for wages or salary, a quick flip through vast files in a government warehouse in Baltimore will probably turn up sheets showing your name, age, sex, your employer's name and address, and the amount of money you have earned (up to \$3000 a year) since January 1, 1937. These are the old-age insurance records of the U. S. Social Security Administration, listing 45,000,000 Americans who are now piling up credits toward a federal old-age annuity.

The most criticized feature of the original Social Security Act was its scheme of financing which would create a fantastic 47-billion-dollar reserve by 1980. The joker in this is that the government has been spending social security tax money for ordinary expenses and putting its own bonds in the reserve fund. Thus, when the time should come to pay old-age annuities, the money could be raised only by taxing the people a second time.

Another objection was that, to build up this huge reserve, the government would for 30 years take away far more from wage earners and employers in social security taxes than it would give back in benefits—thus putting a huge crimp in the nation's purchasing power.

This year, on advice of experts and with political pressure of the Townsendites furnishing extra steam,

Congress remedied these defects by arranging to postpone scheduled tax increases and to pay out bigger benefits earlier than had been planned, on a pay-as-you-go basis with a reserve of only about \$3,000,000,000.

The sensational news in these social security amendments is this: In the original plan, annuities paid under the old-age insurance provisions applied solely to the 45,000,000-odd individuals insured. But under the amendments this old-age insurance is extended to whole families.

When a man reaches 65, if he has a wife also aged 65 or more he will get an extra 50 percent of his annuity for her. Even if he dies before reaching 65, his widow, if or when she is 65, will receive for the rest of her life three fourths of the annuity to which he would have been entitled (based on the time he has worked and paid social security taxes, and his average earnings during that time). Until they are 16, or 18 if attending school, each of his surviving children will receive 50 percent of his annuity. If a man leaves no other heirs, his parents each get 50 percent of his annuity provided they are dependent and over 65.

All this is to begin not in 1942 as originally planned but on January 1, 1940. The revolutionary effect of this change is to give 45,000,000

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(Life, August 7, '39)

Americans not merely old-age endowments but life-insurance policies of considerable value.

Take, for example, a man who by January 1 will have earned and paid taxes on \$3000 a year — the top limit on which taxes are laid and benefits paid. If he should die next year leaving a wife and two children, they would at once begin receiving an annuity of \$72.10 a month, which would continue until the children reached 18. For this he has paid only \$30 a year (1 percent of \$3000), with his employer paying an equal amount.

But the social security program is by no means limited to old-age insurance. Its full scope is shown in the following typical stories, all drawn from the government files:

Old Age Assistance: Jacob Kolb, now 71, a former track laborer, injured his back and quit work at 59 on doctor's orders. After that his wife, now 69, supported the family by working as a charwoman. Under Social Security, the Kolbs receive \$21 per month apiece in old-age assistance pensions. This is straight public charity, not to be confused with old-age insurance. State and federal governments share the cost, the federal government matching anything the state contributes up to \$15 a month. These pensions range from \$6.02 a month in Arkansas to \$32.45 in California. An estimated 1,850,000 Americans over 65 are receiving old-age assistance, at an annual cost of \$411,000,000. Congress passed amendments to raise the federal matching contribution to \$20 a month.

Aid to the Blind: Lela and Cecile Phillips, aged 50 and 45, are classed as "economically blind." Each receives a pension of \$13.39 a month, half from the federal government. Some 45,000 of America's 135,000 blind are receiving pensions, ranging from \$6.53 in Arkansas to \$48.03 in California. All but eight states pay them.

Maternal and Child Health Services: Mrs. R. J. Murphy has a 10-months-old son and a husband with no job. A nurse from the state department of health comes once or twice a month to look after her health and the baby's. Expectant mothers who cannot afford private medical care are visited once a week during pregnancy, three times a week during the baby's first months. Last year Congress appropriated \$3,724,000 as the federal contribution to reducing sickness and death among mothers and children.

Vocational Rehabilitation: Four years ago, at 17, Gene McDonald lost his right leg above the knee. He came under the care of his state's vocational rehabilitation division, whose mission is to teach crippled citizens new livelihoods. The division got him an artificial leg and sent him to study art, first in a local high school and later in New York. This summer he was back in Nebraska where his patrons, who think he is a second Frederic Remington, arranged an exhibit of his Western paintings in the State Capitol. The cost of Gene's training has been \$762.32, of which the federal government paid \$312.39. Some 48,000 crippled Americans are now getting a similar chance for useful lives.

Aid to Dependent Children: Mrs. Dorothea Dale, 27, is the mother of four children. When her husband, out

of work for some time, died of pneumonia, Mrs. Dale received a lump sum payment of \$22 as her husband's old-age insurance benefit. To help keep her children at home, instead of in an orphanage, she was also granted \$54 a month under the aid-to-dependent-children provisions of the Social Security Act. More than 700,000 children in 300,000 American families are receiving such aid. The federal government contributes one third of the money — last year \$100,000,000 — and all but eight states participate in the program. Payments average \$31.19 a month, ranging from \$8.14 in Arkansas to \$56.96 in Massachusetts. For children without parents or other relatives, the Social Security Act also provides a Child Welfare Service whose chief aim is to find foster homes.

Aid to Crippled Children: Duane Christensen, 17, was stricken two years ago with infantile paralysis. When taken to the State Orthopedic Hospital his muscles were so wasted that he could not move. But his doctors expect that after another year or so of treatment, and possibly an operation, he will be able to walk in braces. All states now participate in this social security program for crippled children whose parents cannot afford to give them treatment.

Unemployment Compensation: Omar Ford was employed on a construction job last January when work grew slack and he was laid off. Failing to find another job, he tried to get on WPA, but the rolls were full. Then in March he went to the state employment office,

registered for a job and filed his claim for unemployment compensation. After the regular two-week waiting period, he began getting a check for \$11.16 a week. It was not much for a family of three, but it kept Ford and his wife and child alive. After six weeks the employment office found him a job with a power company and he went happily back to work. Since his state allows a worker to draw unemployment compensation for 16 weeks a year, Omar can draw benefits for 10 more weeks if he loses his new job this year.

In all states, employers of eight or more persons are taxed 3 percent of their pay rolls for unemployment compensation. Nearly 28,000,000 workers are now eligible for benefits. Payments range from \$5.69 a week in North Carolina to \$14.26 in Wyoming. Payments are made for 12 weeks in Missouri, for 32.8 weeks in Massachusetts. Under the new amendments, taxes on employers will be reduced to 2.3 percent, provided their states have satisfactory reserves and employment records. Also, employers are taxed only on the first \$3000 of each employee's salary, instead of on total pay roll. Estimated saving to employers: \$250,000,000 a year.

The amendments also extend unemployment compensation coverage and old-age insurance benefits to maritime workers, bank employes and others formerly excluded. Still excluded are domestic servants, farm workers and government employes.



¶ One doctor's courage
brings new hope to thousands
of victims of spastic paralysis

Salvaging the Spastics

Condensed from *Your Life*

Wilson Chamberlain

DR. EARL CARLSON of the Neurological Institute in New York devotes his practice to the most neglected of all cripples. His patients are the unhappy multitude of incurables medically known as spastics. Because the motor centers of their brains have been injured at birth they can't coördinate their movements. They lurch along the street with staggering gait, toes scraping, arms and legs unmanageable. Their speech is a guttural murmur of slurred words. There are scores of thousands of them, probably as many as all the victims of infantile paralysis.

They can't be completely cured, for brain cells once destroyed can never be restored. But in many cases good areas of the brain remain, and these can be trained to substitute for the damaged sections.

When you meet Dr. Carlson you see a stocky man in his early forties, with a kindly face and responsive features. Clearly a competent, well-adjusted man.

And yet Dr. Carlson is himself a spastic. As a child he was a helpless cripple whose head lolled, whose speech was incoherent, who fell

down when he tried to walk. It was Carlson's mother who gave him his indomitable will to make a life for himself. Maggie Carlson was a hard-working seamstress. Nevertheless she managed to scrape together enough to pay doctors — 15 of them before she was through. Most of them believed in sedatives that temporarily quieted Earl's twitching and writhing. Some of them told her, without great encouragement, of the benefits that might come from a course in muscle training.

It was up to her, she decided — and to Earl himself. For hours each day she walked Earl up and down, holding him by the shoulders to keep him from toppling. For hours she made him sit lifting first one finger, then another, repeating: "Now I'm raising my little finger, now I'm lowering it." Laboriously she taught him equally simple acts.

Maggie Carlson realized that she must develop her son's powers of concentration not on the movement of his hands and feet but on the object to be achieved. Suppose he was trying to learn to cross the street and put a letter in the mailbox — a feat as formidable for him

as for the ordinary man to walk a tight rope across Niagara. If he allowed his brain to dwell on himself crossing the street, he stumbled and fell. But, if he could get inspired with the burning purpose to put that letter in the box and forget himself entirely — then sometimes he could do it.

One day when he was hobbling along the street on crutches a team of horses ran away and headed straight for him. He dropped his crutches and ran a full block. From this incident he found that there were within himself untapped reserves of which he had never dreamed.

This realization helped carry him through the endlessly humiliating ordeal of going to school. He was gaining command of himself and getting an education. But when he was 20, his mother died. Earl had to face the world alone. After a hundred or more tries he got a job, cataloguing manuscripts in a library. He was painfully slow, and each night he took manuscripts home, working until two or three in the morning. Continuously he went on with his self-training — laborious drilling in the thousands of everyday actions that come so easily to the rest of us: brushing the teeth, putting on an overcoat, going up steps.

He knew that he could never become fully normal. But he had a fixed purpose: he would be a specialist in spastic paralysis. He found friends who helped him work

his way through the University of Minnesota. Then he went to Princeton for graduate study, where he earned money working in the library.

Sometimes he would still lose control of his movements. Once he fell down on the campus. But that was a break for him. The man who helped him up was Bud Stillman, who became his close friend and helped him get to Yale Medical School.

Mrs. Stillman invited Earl to their Canadian camp. She took an interest in his problem. One day she said: "Earl, you've got to paddle your own canoe in life and you may as well start here. I want you to go out on the river alone this afternoon."

Carlson got in the canoe. He felt safe, for on shore he saw three Indian guides watching him. But once in the current his brain wouldn't telegraph the right orders to his arms. He was being drawn nearer the dangerous rapids. Nervously he looked to see if the guides weren't coming to his rescue. They had disappeared. "Do your stuff," he said grimly to himself. He forgot about his arms, thought only of the shore. He paddled as steadily as if he'd been doing it all his life. As his canoe touched the bank the guides stepped out from behind trees where, at Mrs. Stillman's orders, they had been hiding.

This experience emphasized what he had learned from the runaways

horses — a lesson he now teaches to thousands of others: that concentration on some definite purpose is an incredible source of power.

One day in a Yale classroom Earl stammered helplessly trying to answer a question, and the professor said sharply: "Carlson, don't expect me to pass you because you're crippled. The reason you can't answer isn't because of your affliction; it's because you don't know this subject." When Carlson came back for his next class, he was well prepared and when he stood up, every trace of spasticity had gone: tremor, head-wagging, stuttering — because, as he says, he was concentrating on one thing; and that one thing he knew.

Thus Carlson learned again that no act was beyond his power if he really wanted to do it. The average woman couldn't walk a plank from one roof to another 10 stories above ground. But if her baby were at the other end and about to fall, she would run across safely. So with the spastic.

From Yale Dr. Carlson went to the Neurological Institute of the New York Medical Center. It was here that the late Dr. Frederick Tilney helped him to establish the Department of Correction of Motor Disabilities. During the past seven years the board of education has maintained courses for spastics in this department. Dr. Carlson has shown motion pictures of the ac-

tivities of these classes in scores of cities.

He is continually making speeches and radio talks, and writing articles that urge schools to provide facilities for the education of spastics. He emphasizes the fact that the plight of the spastic becomes easier the earlier he is disciplined. In several parts of the country he has helped establish such schools.

The spastic's brain is like a jumble of crossed telephone wires; sense impressions hit him in a chaotic mass. Dr. Carlson has devised ingenious methods of making the invalid concentrate on the result he wishes to obtain, to the exclusion of all else. A small patient comes to him and tries to shake hands — the hand gropes ineffectually. "Look hard at my thumb," says Dr. Carlson. The patient does, and shakes hands normally.

He teaches patients to walk straight by focusing on a specific point. One boy could not take a step at night without falling over. But once Dr. Carlson, amazed to find him walking almost perfectly, noticed that the boy was wearing white shoes. These stood out in the dark and localized his attention, cutting out impressions which had been distracting him.

Self-confidence, self-discipline and concentration — these are the essentials. Young children learn to build blocks by wearing glasses opaque to all side-impressions, lim-

iting vision to the task in hand. To advance spelling Carlson uses electric typewriters: the faintest touch produces the letters which the spastic mind knows but which spastic fingers fail to execute in long-hand. For speech impediments he puts his patients in front of a microphone. Even a hesitant whisper is amplified to sound important. After a few trials, the patients gain self-confidence and speech comes more easily.

Dr. Carlson has demonstrated over and over again the obedience of self to intelligent determination.

"The more I work with spastics," he says, "the more it astounds

me to think what normal persons could do if they perseveringly made like efforts. By infinite patience spastics lead themselves to behave like human beings. Keeping a goal supremely in mind, working steadily after perfection in spite of failures, refusing to be disheartened because we cannot learn in one trial to do a thing as well as others do it — certainly these principles are at the command of everyone. In work with spastics they have accomplished marvels. Applied to the daily living of persons who are fortunate to begin with, there is no imagining how glorious their effect might be!"



Speaking of Animals

Answers to Test on Page 53

1. Bull 2. Rooster, cock 3. Gander
4. Buck 5. Drake 6. Boar 7. Tigress
8. Ewe 9. Mare 10. Vixen

11. Cub 12. Lamb 13. Duckling
14. Tadpole, polliwog 15. Cygnet
16. Chick 17. Pullet 18. Colt, foal
19. Filly 20. Fawn 21. Calf 22. Kitten
23. Gosling 24. Bullock 25. Heifer

26. Roar 27. Squeal 28. Bleat 29. Moo, low 30. Quack 31. Howl 32. Caw, croak 33. Hiss, blow 34. Bray 35. Gabble, gabble, cackle, hiss 36. Honk 37. Cackle, cluck, chuck 38. Crow 39.

Croak 40. Coo 41. Trumpet 42. Hoot, screech

43. Flock 44. Herd 45. Pride 46. Pack
47. Wisp 48. School, shoal 49. Bevy
50. Gaggle, flock 51. Sloth (sieuth)
52. Swarm, hive, colony

53. Kennel 54. Coop 55. Fold, pen
56. Hutch, warren 57. Cowshed, byre, barn, cowyard 58. Dovecote, columbary 59. Sty 60. Aquarium

61. Den, lair 62. Lodge 63. Aerie
64. Burrow 65. Hive.

S E C T I O N
:
WILDERNESS
WIFE

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

KATHRENE PINKERTON



THE AUTHOR, a city girl ignorant of woods lore, one day found herself faced with the job of establishing a home in the Canadian wilderness. There was no backing down; her husband's health was at stake. In a book filled with relish and good humor, a book *The New Yorker* called "a fine-spirited story with the outdoors blowing briskly through it," she evaluates the life next to nature, telling of its abundant rewards as well as its unceasing demands.

A serial version of the book will begin
in *Physical Culture* for December



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under the title "The World and His Wife"*

WILDERNESS WIFE

I HAD always thought of trains as being impersonal, but as that one disappeared down a slit in the Ontario wilderness and left us in a settlement newer, rawer, and smaller than my city mind could have imagined, the observation car jeered at me. "There you are," it said. "You've talked and saved and planned for months. Go build your cabin in the Canadian bush!"

Beside us on the platform that summer morning were our canoe and the meager camp outfit which Robert and I had wrung from a newspaper salary. We had attacked the North on a shoestring. The doctor had told us that Robert's newspaper days were over; that he must have daytime hours, fresh air and exercise, a different routine of living. Robert and I talked it over, and a crisis became a plan. We would build our own cabin in the north woods and carry on with our writing. Experience? I had never been off a sidewalk, but Robert had worked in logging camps and had cruised in a canoe.

While I looked at that raw hamlet I realized it was the one railroad stop in 200 miles that had both

store and post office. Early that morning, lakes, forest, muskeg and spruce swamp had flashed past the train windows, but never a house or sign of human occupancy. On the map I had found a thrill in the sweep from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay, a vast district lying empty. But now my explorer's spirit was reduced to a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

After freshening up at the tiny hotel, I joined Robert in the general store. Our wilderness supplies, purchased with part of our last \$80, were already piled on the counter: beans, rice, flour, sugar, dried fruits, salt pork. By afternoon we were paddling up the lake.

"We" is boasting. My awkward paddling accomplished little, and before sundown I ached all over.

"Good place to camp," Robert said, at last. It was he who took charge of the evening meal. He built a handsome cooking crane, breast high, so the cook would not have to stoop. Two kettles hung from it above the fire. Stewing apricots were in one; wild rice in the other. The reflecting baker, a tricky, wedge-shaped, collapsible oven, held a pan of biscuits. A fish

was fileted, ready for frying. Robert moved the open face of the baker closer to the fire to brown the biscuits. It was an orderly kitchen, a going concern without me. The female rating seemed very low.

That night, as sunset bathed the sky and water in orange splendor, we stretched our tired bodies on aromatic balsam boughs under our small tent. I could hear faint stirrings — mice and chipmunks rustling in the leaves, the distant thumping of a snowshoe rabbit on the trail. In the early twilight we heard a moose wade out into the lake.

"He's going to dive for lily pad roots," Robert whispered. "You'll hear him come up for air." A few moments later a sound as though someone had poured a pail of water into the lake announced that an antlered head had emerged close by. I listened, thoroughly excited, and then grew drowsy as darkness deepened around the tent. But a sound of silvery music brought me wide awake again. Clear and sweet, it cut the stillness. A haunting, poignant call of cadenced notes.

"A white-throated sparrow," Robert said. "What a piece of luck you should hear it your first night."

And that was the last thing I remembered before a dreamless sleep.

The Bush

THE NEXT DAY, we studied the map. It was a country of more water than land, an unbelievable

network of lakes and rivers, many uncharted. And I knew that weary days of swinging a paddle lay ahead of me while we searched for the site of our wilderness home.

I had already learned that in Canada the canoe is a workhorse, intended to carry loads. It does not have the cane seats I had known in college, but must be paddled seriously, from the kneeling position. This enables the paddler to throw the power of thighs and body into the sharp thrust of the Ojibwa stroke. Also it makes the knees very sore.

During my first two days of inefficient paddling I was hot, tired and thoroughly discouraged. And my thoughts on the North were made even more dismal by mosquitoes. We were in a small swamp river where the pests traveled with us. My light clothing gave as little protection as Robert, a wool addict, had prophesied. I pulled on my mackinaw, choosing to swelter rather than be eaten alive. Robert's immunity to mosquito poisoning, developed when he had been badly bitten, was still effective. His calm in the midst of a cloud of insects was annoying as I slapped and squirmed and perspired. Finally I adopted a light shirt, a short-sleeved one with an open collar. If a good dose of mosquito poison would bring immunity, I intended to acquire it.

After a few days our search for the perfect home site carried us into

a bay on a big lake connected with the town by a river. It was a logical choice, for it meant no portages. Green points enclosed the bay. On one side was a high granite cliff topped by a stand of white pine, magnificent sentinels challenging our arrival. Between a rocky ridge and the bay was a flat, brush-grown clearing, with a glorious view over the water. Back from the shore, we found an abandoned gold-mine camp. Beyond the ridge, forest gave way to muskeg and a spruce swamp through which a stream flowed. A cold spring bubbled in a ravine beside the clearing.

"All we wished for!" Robert exclaimed. "And we'll get seasoned logs from those old buildings. How about it?" I agreed that it was the perfect site.

After supper we were stretched out before the campfire, smoking, when an idea occurred to me. "Do you think we could afford a few weeks' travel before we start building?" I asked. "If I'm going to live in this wilderness, it's time I was learning how. At least, I should be able to paddle."

"Swell!" Robert leaped to his feet in excitement. "You'll know this country before we settle down."

And so for weeks the sun was our time clock in a country where it rose before five and did not sink until nearly eight. We wakened to the twitterings of birds; I took my

morning dip while the first shafts of sunlight gilded the ripples of the lake. We were in the canoe by seven and did not stop until later afternoon shadows stretched far from shore. We watched them as we lay before the tent, tired, comfortable and terribly content.

By now I had become a "map eater." Robert grumbled to hide his pride. "If I'd known you were going to be a paddling fool, we could have gone to Hudson Bay."

For I had fallen at last into the steady beat of the Ojibwa paddle stroke which eats up miles. There is a rhythmic appeal in it, much like that of dancing, a forward sway of the whole body and a quick snap backwards. Travel was not a succession of weary paddle strokes. It was fun.

Often during a day's run we would stop at the little Indian settlements along the shore in which natives gathered for summer visiting after lonely winters on the trap lines. The villages — groups of birchbark wigwams set behind big sand beaches — were happy, friendly places. The children shouted and played games. The men lounged on the beach or worked on their canoes. Near the wigwams and racks of drying fish, the women were gathered. Every village had a sewing circle with much gossiping and making of moccasins.

Robert's Ojibwa, acquired during his previous experience in the North, always won us a welcome.

He was not fluent. After each halting effort the whole village would hold a conference to make sure they had caught his meaning. His songs went over best, especially with the women. A lumberjack ballad began with a line in English, "I went into the wigwam to pass the time of day." From there on it was Ojibwa and did not sound like the sort of thing to be sung to strangers. But they loved it, for the Indian, like the Esquimo, likes his humor raw.

As our canoe trip grew from days into weeks, my attitude toward physical exertion changed astonishingly. Unused muscles had been toned and hardened, and I discovered pleasure in their use. A new sureness came to my walk. I could see farther; my hearing was more keen. I was sentient to the world around me.

I said all this to Robert one evening as we lay before the campfire. "It's a shame," he said. "Just when you've got to be a good woodswoman, we have to quit."

Yes — it was time we built the cabin. But the travel idea had shown me Ontario in summer. It was no longer the desolate country I had watched flash past the train windows. It was wilderness, but a wilderness of beauty and of adventure, of swift rivers rushing to the north, of camps where no one had ever camped before, of deep soft game trails leading into the forest, and of intimate friendly

contacts with the forest's people.

Reluctant to abandon travel for the hard work of building, we took the longest route back. And this route paid dividends two days later. We were paddling across a lake when a huge building suddenly loomed high above the trees. We had stumbled on the only ghost town in the Canadian wilderness, an enormous stamp mill, hotel, store, dwelling houses, dam for water power, turbines, two miles of electric light poles straggling through the bush, wires and bulbs in the log cabins. Even machinists' tools lay on benches as they had been dropped when the last whistle blew, for the place was too isolated to warrant the cost of salvage. Indians and stray white men had helped themselves.

We followed the general custom. I searched the dwelling houses, Robert did the storerooms. I had to content myself with odds and ends, grain sacks, glass jars for canning, a few pans and a leather bellows which I carried home in the hope of having a fireplace some day.

Robert gathered four half-windows, nails, latches, hinges, a spade, pickax and hammer. It was a full load for our canoe, leaving only two inches of freeboard amidships. For two long days we paddled timorously around each point, dodging the merest breath of wind. On the very last portage, Robert slipped. His head broke a pane in each of the four windows.

En-dah'-win

AFTER WEEKS of wilderness wandering, I was surprised to discover a homecoming feeling as the points of our bay closed behind us.

"En-dah'-win," I said, trying to make the word sing as did the Indians when they said the Ojibwa for "my home." In their soft speech, with the prolonged accent on the second syllable, the word seemed an expression of endearment. And En-dah'-win our bay became.

By noon the next day we had set up our first permanent camp, and were ready to build the cabin. Thanks to the abandoned mine, windows and logs were at hand. Robert made a list of what he needed: crosscut saw and double-bitted ax; tarpaper for roofing; lime for plastering chinks between the logs; two "side-saddle" chimneys for cooking stove and airtight heater; the stoves themselves. I added a requisition for 13 yards of ticking for mattress and couch pad and one small can of walnut stain. We would have to buy lumber in town for floor and roof. As Robert added up the items, I watched his face.

"Comes close to cleaning us out," he announced.

To conserve our purchased food and make our few dollars stretch as far as possible we went moose-hunting; and on one of these essential hunting expeditions we acquired an unexpected addition to our household. We were returning home down

a small river when we heard the unmistakable cry of a cat. We stopped at once, and a gray and white kitten four or five months old came out of the brush. She was miles from any human and evidently glad to see us. The only possible explanation was that she had been left by an Indian family. We named her Bock-i-tay Gosh-i-gones, Ojibwa for "hungry kitten."

At camp, while Robert started supper, I tempted Bockitay with meat, canned milk and even fish. She smelled the food in a bored fashion and ran off into the brush. In a few moments she returned and laid a mouse at Robert's feet. She disappeared again, and soon she was back with another mouse. By the time there were four mice in a neat row by the campfire we were fascinated. Bockitay sat down beside the blaze then, looked up at Robert and chirruped.

"You guess," I said, for what I was thinking sounded crazy.

But Robert had the same idea, and the courage to express it. "She's telling us that she supports herself."

And Bockitay meant exactly that. She polished off the mice, washed her paws and face. And she never called another mouse to our attention. That evening she arranged herself comfortably, close to the warm coals of the campfire, and went to sleep. Apparently Bockitay had adopted us.

Soon after her arrival, we went to town for our lumber. Robert built a

raft of it on the river bank, and then we set off for home, Robert working two crude sweeps and I tagging along in the canoe. Going down the river was not difficult, but next day on the lake pushing that unwieldy, blunt-nosed bundle of boards in dead water, we could average only half a mile in an hour's hard work. All day, until after dark, Robert strained at the sweeps. Then a gusty breeze came up. Waves began to slop over the raft and the boards were working loose. Every stroke counted. We could see the black shadow of an island ahead. But before we could reach it, the raft went to pieces beneath Robert's feet. He got into the canoe and we paddled to the beach. Robert rested while I started a fire for tea.

Later, we found that our boards were drifting ashore, and for three hours we picked up lumber. Each board had to be landed in the surf and lifted above reach of the waves. Finally, exhausted, I curled up in a blanket and was asleep at once. Robert searched for boards until dawn.

Next day, we floated all those boards to one place and rebuilt the raft. It was midnight before we beached it in the home bay. We were the maddest, tireddest couple I ever saw. But all that vanished in an instant. Something white and gray ran out from the brush and rubbed against our legs. We heard Bockitay chirrup a welcome.

The Cabin

WHEN BUILDING started, my job was to clear brush with an old ax and hoe back from the cabin site to the abandoned mine buildings. Robert's was to tear the buildings apart, cut the timbers to required length, and roll them down the swath I created. My hands were sore and my back ached at night, but I was happy.

By the end of the second day, the first tier of logs was in place. After two days more of back-breaking hewing and heaving, we had the walls up and were ready to cut doors and windows. The building now progressed swiftly. As the days shortened, we breakfasted in the dark and were at work by dawn.

We laid the floor sills, Robert using the primitive level, a plate of water. He was vastly impressed when I thought to darken the water with coffee to make a contrast against the white enamel.

After the roof was on and the floor laid, we set to work on the tiny lean-to, which was to serve as bedroom. It would permit us to sleep with an open window. Too much ventilation in the main room would freeze our potatoes, canned milk and water barrel. Our bed in the lean-to was built in. Green birch poles, slender and pliant, were used for springs. I made the tick for the mattress and stuffed it with wild marsh-hay cut with a pocket knife and dried in the sun.

On days when it rained, we built furniture. Everything was hewed of cedar and light-stained walnut. The ax marks were lovely through the brown.

By the first of September snow lay on the ground long enough to show us we had an astonishing number of neighbors. Moose, deer, ruffed grouse, rabbits, skunks and chipmunks came each night to see how the work progressed. Everything was finished at last. We put away the tools and swept out the last of the chips. Furniture was placed and a fire laid in the kitchen stove. For a moment we paused to look around in final appraisal.

"A deserted gold mine, a few dollars and some aches and blisters," Robert said as we stood in the front door. "But we ran them into something."

The finished cabin changed the routine of our lives. After breakfast the first morning Robert ostentatiously twirled a sheet of paper into the typewriter. He was about to depart for the office. I felt rather lost. I was a housewife, but had none of the housewife's usual interruptions — shopping, luncheons, telephone conversations or even the possibility of a salesman at the door.

There was no silver to clean, no ironing to do. Washday was a matter of two hours spent in our lake-side laundry, where a five-gallon oil can on a rock fireplace supplied hot water. Shirts, socks, underwear, a few towels and pillowcases were

rinsed from the canoe. It was later in the winter, when I washed in the cabin and wore snowshoes to hang out the laundry, that washday required fortitude.

I searched cookbooks for elaborations of our simple meals. We had potatoes, onions and canned milk, but culinary experts had never recognized the possibility of cooking without eggs, butter, cheese, canned fruits or vegetables. However, I made some inventions of my own. I discovered that hot mashed potatoes were an excellent understudy for eggs in doughnuts, and that dried apple sauce could be substituted for eggs and butter in cake.

All over the continent, women in isolated districts have solved the same problems. The mincemeat pies of the Puritans, the parched rice of the habitant, the corn pone of the South were evolved to overcome limitations. In our kitchen corner I was playing my own game against the North.

Fall preserving also provided excitement when the first frost turned the high bush cranberries from green to scarlet and sweetened them for jam. The river was aflame with color. On both sides the thick bushes hung close to the water, weighted with huge red clusters. We made a day's picnic and gathered the fruit from the canoe.

A few days later we paddled to town and back in the warm October sunshine. This is the North's finest month, frosty mornings, flyless days,

brilliant moons. Anyone who has swung a paddle on a northern lake devises reasons for going camping during this resplendent month.

But on one of these camping trips, an expedition for moose pictures, I had my first hint of what the northern winter would be like. A raw wind blew and our boots crunched through frozen mud as we stepped into the canoe. As we settled into a steady stroke I could feel the eager thrust of Robert's paddle, but I could not accelerate my stroke to meet his mood, for a vague heaviness of spirit weighed me down. Ahead, I reflected, lay weeks in a snowbound cabin in a land robbed by winter of its beauty. I did not share Robert's adoration for the North. I should always be an alien, I felt.

We found the moose just as they were packing up to leave for winter quarters. We did not catch the subtle weather signs that sent them from the swamps. It took a straight gale to tell us we were in danger of being frozen in. The storm struck just at noon. We threw everything we had against the paddles and raced across the portages until dark.

The snow was hard and stinging when we reached the campsite. Wind shook the tent. The fire smoldered, died. Suddenly a fierce gust tore at the tent. The stakes were pulled up. The tent went down. The ridgepole cracked me on the head and I was left swathed in snow-laden folds. But the North was not

through yet.* I opened a packsack and discovered that the sour-dough can had exploded. Furious, I fought my way out. Blankets, clothes, and cooking outfit were smeared with evil-smelling, sticky sponge.

I was the maddest woman in the world as I surveyed the desolation. This was what the North had done to me, and she expected me to take it. The thought was a spark to my anger. No country, tent or campfire could make me submit to such humiliation. Fighting mad, I jumped to my feet to prove it. But I said nothing to Robert. I was too mad to talk.

Fear of ice drove us on an hour before daybreak. Each hour it grew colder and we dared not stop until our canoe was in the big lake. Ice formed on the shafts of our paddles. Their size was doubled and our mittens were frozen to them. Robert knelt in the stern, paddling hard. His face was serious. This pleasant fall jaunt had been his suggestion. But cold, snow, and icy paddles were too much to ask of any woman. He had wanted me to like his country, and now he feared I was learning to hate it.

But I was too absorbed to be aware of Robert as I tried to determine the reason for the strange thing that had suddenly happened to me. I was having a good time. I was actually enjoying every obstacle the land placed in our path, the ice-coated paddle, the driving snow and the cold which was forming icy fingers in the quiet reaches.

The anger which had driven me to action was my response to the elemental outdoor game. And that response had carried me into a real understanding of the North. Suddenly it had become my land. And the stakes she held, food, health, adventure and a home, were only the more desirable because I must take them from her. Caught up by the challenge, I accepted with a glad rush of spirit.

I broke into unaccustomed song. My tuneless rendering must have carried a stirring note, for when I looked around I saw astonishment on Robert's face. "Nice day, feller," I said, and with the next thrust of the paddle I knew he understood.

Freeze-Up

BEFORE the next storm should come, Robert went hunting for moose. His canoe was loaded with quarters and saddles when he returned. We had meat for the winter, but our cash reserves had dwindled to \$4.30.

Robert's efforts to sell short stories had been discouraging defeats, and he was now writing articles on outdoor life. One day we went to town to mail two of them. At the store, Nee-bau-bee-nis, an Indian trapper north of us, was getting his fall supplies to be paid for with the winter's fur. Mr. Shields, the storekeeper, told me that mink caught in the spruce swamps of our district, where the

sun seldom reached, were almost black, and considered among the finest in the world.

When we got home, I said to Robert: "No reason why I can't run a trap line."

"You don't know how!" he exclaimed.

But I knew how to find out. Nee-bau-bee-nis could teach me. From our cabin I watched the portage until one day he emerged from the brush. I paddled out to intercept him, and invited him in for tea, bread and jam. The party was a great success. The talk turned to snares and Nee-bau-bee-nis came alive.

All that afternoon I watched while he demonstrated the tricks of his trade. But I soon found that setting traps was very different from my lesson. Ten days of exasperating toil passed, while I tried different sets, new ways of placing bait. In spite of everything I did, mink slithered in and dined on my bait in safety.

My sympathy was entirely with the trapper when I finally caught an ermine and carried it home in triumph. By now, freeze-up had closed En-dah'-win from the outside world, and in the heavy snow we laid our first snowshoe trails walking single file, the second person breaking joints to leave a flat surface. When we looked back from the ridge, the cabin was lovely in its fresh white setting. Clear-cut in the bright sunshine, paths led to

the lake, laundry line, woodpile and comfort station. Paths are not shoveled in the North but broken out with snowshoes and traveled with webs all winter. For five months our snowshoes were on our feet or stuck upright in a drift outside the door. We put them on as naturally as we would shoes for every outside errand.

Snow and cold touched life within the cabin, too. I began to wish we had two rooms. A line of socks and mittens, drying over the heater, was always with us, giving off a noxious smell. Ventilation entailed a fine choice between smoke from cooking and cold. A wall of vapor like a giant's breath rolled across the floor whenever the door was opened.

By the first week in December the winter began to "settle in." Days were short and with the last rays of the early sunset a cold blanket drew closely to the earth. Trapping had become an exciting gamble. In the late afternoons as I snowshoed home, I walked slowly to enjoy the hushed remoteness of the white wilderness. It was a friendly place of muffled sounds; no stridencies, no creaking branches, no snapping twigs. I traveled in an enchanted world, alone.

When Robert made his first trip to town over the frozen lake and river he returned radiant with good news. "We sold two articles!" he cried. "Checks for more than \$50." It was wealth! To celebrate, we

spent the evening with our mail-order catalogue, ordering things we had needed for weeks.

And the next morning we left our bay hours before daylight to mail the list in town. It was cold, minus 52. The lake glistened in full moonlight and we cast long blue shadows on the snow. Before we struck the narrows the moon had been abetted by the sun. Robert turned to speak, and we laughed together. Each wore the same ghastly white patches on noses, cheeks and foreheads. We washed the frosted areas in snow because we did not then know that gritty particles might tear the tender skin. Afterwards we learned to thaw frozen places with a warm hand.

I enjoyed the trip. But the return was different. I was tired before we reached the river mouth. A long day on snowshoes was quite unlike my five-mile tramps up the trapping stream. I didn't know that leg muscles could ache as mine did. I was exhausted as we crossed the first big stretch of lake. I kept going because I knew our toboggan was heavy with canned milk, kerosene and flour. Robert had all he could haul without my weight. But I wanted more than anything else in the world to stop shoving one snowshoe past the other.

When we reached the narrows I staggered to shore in a dazed determination to sit down. Robert led me to the toboggan, and I stretched out and closed my eyes. It was

wonderful. We had started across the last stretch when the toboggan stopped. Robert came back and shook me. "Get up," he ordered.

"Don't," I begged. "This is so comfortable."

"You get the hell off there and move around," he commanded.

That shocked me into getting up. I followed the toboggan until he let me ride again. I went up the slope to the cabin under my own power but I could not have gone much farther. The toboggan ride had shown me how easy it would be to slip into a lulling drowsiness. If injured or helpless, one would welcome it as eagerly as an anesthetic. I had no delusions now that my will power would prod me to keep on going.

In January and February we had three- to five-day periods of 50 below. They are known as "cold spells" in the North. Thick frost clung to the windows until noon and the nails in the door were frost-studded through the day. Sap in the trees froze and the expansion sounded like rifle fire. The ice in the lake would split with a loud whine ending in a vicious snarl.

In these periods of lowest temperature we devoted the major part of our energy to achieving comfort. We heaped great piles of wood beside the stoves and stoked the fires in an effort to push this menace from the cabin, and each day the temperature stayed down the cold penetrated more deeply. It seemed

to take on mass and weight. We were fighting something more than atmosphere and even in the cabin we were not free from the sense of an enemy waiting out there, ready to strike if we relaxed vigilance.

Retiring was a sporting event, a flying leap from door to bed. I was handicapped in the morning return to the main room by having to carry my pillow with me, and wore it clasped to my head until I could loosen my frozen hair in the warm cabin. When we planned the lean-to we did not know we were building ourselves a frigidaire to sleep in. We overlooked the fact that the human body gets rid of almost a pint of moisture by exhalation and insensible perspiration during sleeping hours. This moisture was released in a room which never was above freezing temperature.

Nothing was colder than hanging up the laundry. I could tell the temperature by the number of pieces I could pin before I had to dash back to the cabin to get warm. At 20 below I could hang the lot. At 30, I could make it in three or four slaughters. At 40—Robert hunted for them. The astonishing thing was that those boardlike garments dried. Sometimes it took all day and night, but they were soft and dry when we brought them in.

But the mental effect of cold was far more important than the physical. The threat of freezing cautioned every movement. Any acc-

ment was dangerous for we had to keep on our feet and moving. After discovery of that fact on my trip to town I became overanxious. If I did not hear the whine of the saw or the sound of chopping I slipped on my stag shirt and snowshoes and ran out to the wood lot to look for Robert. The poor man could never take a rest. It was not until the second winter that I learned to accept the danger of cold as a condition of our normal winter life and regarded it as casually as a winnow washer accepts heights, or the pedestrian meets traffic hazards.

Our winter days fell naturally into a schedule. Robert wrote every morning while I inspected the trap line. In the afternoon he was busy out of doors and I had the cabin. This arrangement was not the result of a treaty. It was an unconscious recognition of the fact that two people cannot always be together.

Our friends in the city had warned us that any marriage would be smashed on the rocks of boredom with nothing new to talk about in a north woods cabin. But everyday family chit-chat falls into much the same pattern no matter how one lives. People discuss essentials rarely. We slipped into them more frequently in the woods than we ever had in town.

When the winter cold deepened late in February, wolves began to hunt in large packs. One night I was awakened by their howls so

close behind the cabin. The uproar was terrifying. Gradually it circled farther from the cabin, then centered as the pack closed in on its quarry. A new savagery in the cries told us they were about to make the kill. Then followed a sudden quiet, and we knew they had pulled down the prey.

"Now they're slashing and tearing at a hamstringed moose or deer while it's still alive," I shuddered. I felt almost ill.

Thereafter Robert and I debated the wolf question. I counseled caution, while Robert affirmed that wolves would never attack a man. But once, when I had gone to the point to wait for Robert, I discovered the tracks of at least 20 wolves on the top of Robert's snowshoe prints. When he returned I showed him my evidence.

"That's where they went into a huddle," I remarked quite cheerfully. "They were holding a directors' meeting to decide whether to follow —"

"They were not," Robert interrupted. "They were frightened of the man smell." And then he saw my smile and added a bit sheepishly, "Only I'm not going to prove my theory. After this I wait till daylight."

Break-Up

BY THE TIME March arrived, the cold had lessened; the sun was higher, but the trails were still hard.

Under bright sunlight my trapping world sparkled. Dwarf spruces were round white mounds, trees along the edge of the forest were snow-draped and the interlacing tops formed a spangled roof.

By the middle of April, spring was on the way. Robert made his last trip to town on snowshoes. Ice in the river had begun to break free from shore. "No more mail or supplies for three weeks," he warned me. The huge mass of lake ice slowly rotted in the sun. Until it was finally broken by a wind, we were shut off from town.

The ground was bare in spots. Poplars and birches budded almost overnight. Green things thrust up in the clearings. Small lakes opened. Streams were swollen and our waterfall, silent all winter, became a turbulent Niagara.

Another sign of spring was Bock-itay's first rabbit. She came down the trail dragging it beside her, almost as large as she. We admired it while she walked around with her tail crooked in triumph and then I carried it outside. She dashed after me and dragged it back. Evidently it was an occasion, and she intended to dine indoors. She devoured the entire creature, meat, bones, fur and feet. Then she took a half-day sleep on her back with all four feet in the air.

"Is this going to be a regular performance?" I asked Robert.

"She's never repeated yet," he answered.

And she did not repeat again that summer. But the following spring she dragged another rabbit into the cabin, the first kill of the season. Young rabbits were again in the market and she wanted to share the glad tidings. The second year we knew our roles, and we exclaimed and admired and agreed with her that spring had come.

Break-up was all over in an hour. The lake ice had been riddled by the sun, waiting for a wind to break it up. When we heard the first stirring of wind in the pines Robert started to run.

"Come on!" he yelled. "We'll watch the ice go out."

We reached the point just as the first black crack showed in the wide gray stretch. Other cracks spread in every direction. In a few moments what had been a huge unbroken barrier was an expanse of grinding cakes. The rumble sounded like distant thunder. The wind was driving them before it. The cakes piled high on the points. Soon only a few scattered blocks floated in water that was startlingly blue and sparkling after months of white expanse.

Summer Adventures

BUILDING TALK began as naturally as birds carry straw for a nest. This time it was to be the much needed fireplace and porch. I became hod carrier to a mason who had never heard of union hours.

That rock-carrying took a whole set of muscles out of the leisure class. And through another long day I handed rock to Robert as he stood on a scaffold encircling the growing chimney. But the sight of the fireplace was fine muscle oil. It transformed the room. Solemnly Robert lighted a paper. We held our breaths while smoke filled the room. None went upward. That chimney might as well have been left off.

"Well," I said, trying to fill the dreadful silence, "lots of people have fireplaces they never use. And it does dress up the cabin."

Robert gave me a sick look.

"It's got to do more than that," he said. "We've got to keep a fire in it or take it out. When this clay freezes in winter it will heave the thing right through our roof."

That ended my effort at cheerful conversation.

Doggedly Robert tackled the fireplace again, reconstructing the interior, filling in the back with cement and chipping off the rock in front.

I spent the morning outside, clearing up debris. When I went to the house to start dinner, Robert was just lighting a piece of paper in the fireplace. I did not breathe as I watched match ignite paper. Smoke started up. It kept on going. It disappeared. Not a wisp came into the room. Robert had won! We did not have to face the awful prospect of tearing down that heap of rocks.

What the North gives, she gives generously. That summer we gath-

ered wild raspberries in our own patch of more than 100 acres where only we and the bears picked. Berrying meant a day's picnic. We filled a water bucket in less than an hour with big juicy fruit, and then cooked luncheon on the beach. Once, while I was picking and Robert was exploring, I rounded a bush — and looked into the startled face of a bear. He too was picking. We departed at the same time. I think I ran faster.

On a portage one evening after blueberry-picking, we met Ash-wan-a-mak, an aged Indian, and his wife. We were surprised to find this feeble couple so far from their lake. Obviously they were worried. As the story came out, we strove desperately to keep our faces straight. Ash-wan-a-mak and his wife had taken a bear cub for a pet. It slept in their wigwam. But the bear grew to full size, took up most of the space beside the fire and became so strong the frail old people could not control him. Often he ate all their food. As they expressed it, "The bear he got to be boss."

Ash-wan-a-mak could not bring himself to kill the bear and at last in desperation, they had run away from it. While they were still telling the story, the old Indian woman began a warning "tcckh" and both stiffened. Then we heard a rustle in the brush, and out came a huge black bear.

He rushed up to the old couple and began nosing about for food.

We went on at once, for the bear showed an interest in our packs. As we paddled around the next bend we looked back to see the reunited but disconsolate family.

A Winter's Grub

FREEZE-UP that second fall held no terrors. We looked forward to a winter for which we were prepared. Robert started the better life one afternoon by demanding a complete set of clothes which he intended to cache outside. He had worked all day erecting a shelter far enough from the cabin so that it would not catch fire if we were burned out.

"I was dumb not to think of that last winter," he said. "What if we'd had to jump out the window in our pajamas at 40 below?"

"We've been dumb about our meat, too," was my reply. "Why do we let those huge chunks freeze into solid stone before we butcher?"

Butchering in mid-winter had been heroic. Struck with an ax, the frozen moose meat flew into fine powder or thin chips, and sawing the enormous haunches with a cross-cut saw was hard work.

"You've got something there," Robert said.

The next morning we did a professional job, cutting steaks, prime roasts, chuck roasts and boiling pieces. We filled boxes and stored them on the porch, where they froze solidly for the winter.

I discovered that pies, cookies, doughnuts and bread were improved by freezing. Thereafter, one big afternoon of mass production baking would stock us for ten days in advance.

I was amazed at how much I was looking forward to winter months in a white clean world, to snowshoe trails through forests, to the fact of complete isolation.

But I was wrong about isolation. One December morning, a local guide arrived behind a dog team, and after one trip around the bay drawn by his five sledge animals, we became dog-minded. A few days later we acquired a bargain. His name was Foley, and he had only one flaw. He was a psychopathic case. He was capable of two great emotions, extreme devotion and unreasoning ferocity. He did not react instantly, but retired into deep contemplation for several minutes before he either bared his beautiful long white fangs and leaped at a man's throat or continued peaceably on his way. We never knew on what basis he made his decisions, but fortunately he was my devoted slave.

The day before Christmas, Robert went to town. He returned with a magnificent Christmas gift. I found him standing beside it — another dog and a cariole. The dog, a big creature with pointed ears and a plumed tail curled over a broad back, wore a sign, "Merry Christmas." The cariole, made of canvas,

was modeled on those in which fur-land potentates ride from post to post.

The new dog, Doc, was everything a sledge dog should be. His cream coat was heavy and stood out in a thick pile. His feet had few hairs between the pads to collect snow that would form in frozen balls and split the flesh. In a short drive around the bay he showed that he knew his business when he threw his 75 pounds against the collar.

"But how could you buy him?" I asked with feminine directness.

"You would ask questions about a present!" Robert snorted. "I sold an article and didn't tell you about it. You've been cooped up in this bay long enough. You are a dog driver now."

But that Christmas Eve, Doc began to howl. I dropped my sewing and started for the door.

"Your pet is all right," Robert called. "Sledge dogs always howl at nine and twelve and three."

We went out to watch him. He sat with his nose pointing skyward while he uttered a lugubrious lament. That duty over, he curled up and went to sleep. He howled on schedule at nine, twelve and three that night and every night thereafter. Just an ancient sledge-dog custom, apparently. We could set the clock by his nightly song.

Christmas afternoon we went driving. Doc and Foley made a perfect team. No fur-land yutcoons

ever set out with a greater sense of pomp than I when I pulled a blanket around my feet and called, "*Marcbons*." The toboggan moved off with real decision and Foley glanced around with pleased surprise.

We galloped down the hard lake trail and broke out a wide circuit for future drives. When early sunset reminded us it was suppertime, we turned back to En-dah'-win. With the departure of the sun, the cold settled upon the land. Detonations of the ice thundered all about us. As cracks crossed our path a vicious snarl sounded under our feet. From the bay we saw the smoke of our fire going straight up in a thin high column. The air was very still. Robert looked at the thermometer outside the cabin door.

"We've been playing around the lake at 38 below!" he exclaimed. "And tonight she's going down."

Even my own reading of the figure left me doubting, for I was warm and glowing, my blood tingling from a last swift run behind the dogs. We hung their harnesses in the canvas-screened porch, and Robert went to the woodpile for some pine we had laid aside for a yuletide fire. I had never had a happier Christmas Day.

After that, I proposed that I take over the mail trips to town, while Robert wrote. Robert looked a bit startled but agreed. "If you get home by dark," he added.

The dogs had worked in well together. Doc had two interests

only, food and a job. It was a joy to watch him break out a frozen toboggan by backing up a few inches and throwing his weight against the collar. When the day's toil was over he ate like a working man who had earned his victuals.

I was probably dramatizing myself a bit the first time I started alone for town. It was the greater tonic because I had been trapped indoors the first winter. The romantic background of dog driving adds to its glamour, for the working dog has played an important role in the history of the North. The joy of the dogs themselves is infectious. They love to be driven and are never closer to man than when they share his toil, for unlike horses, they work with man, not for him.

The picturesque history of dog teams and my new freedom brought something very close to ecstasy that first cold morning. The bells on the harness jingled. The frozen snow crunched under the swift passage of the toboggan. With dash and verve we swung around the bends which had always made paddling difficult.

After that, I spent every moment I could steal from the trap line and from housework behind a dog team. Often I left the cabin in the morning and did not return until dark. I explored every arm and bay of the lake. Nothing I had ever done out of doors compared to the thrill of dog driving, and I never tired of it.

The Lynx Robe

JANUARY sped by. Dogs, trapping and extra hours on the woodpile filled our days. We had cold spells as intense as those of the previous winter but they no longer kept me in. At 30 below we could work outside in comfort and at 20 I set traps without mittens. Only blizzards kept me off the trap line.

Mink and ermine were my main catch that winter, but late in March I caught two lynx. The pelts were very soft and lovely. Robert found them hanging in the storeroom one day.

"Did you think these were too important to sell?" he asked.

I told him I was saving them to make a lynx robe.

"For your old age?" he asked "It takes nine skins to make a robe for one man."

"Not for this man," I said. "I'm planning to use two."

He did not get it. That was disappointing. In fiction the merest whisper of the tiny-garment theme is sufficient for any male. So I sang with spirit if not with melody:

"Bye, baby bunting

Mama's gone a hunting . . ."

He got it then, almost instantly.

A baby would change things. I knew my fur-gathering days were over, and in the melting snows of April I gathered up the last of my traps. I stood for a long time by the stream while relinquishing my bit of forest. Already it had slipped

back into the stronghold of the North. I, like Indian trappers before me, had come and gone and left the land untouched.

Spring merged into summer and summer into fall. We gardened and improved the cabin. Robert was writing fiction — and selling it! We had a veranda, now, and after dinner we would sit there and watch the pines light in sunset tones. Under the spell of the evening hush, En-dah'-win was perfection. But we knew it could not last.

And one evening a suddenly falling thermometer warned that freeze-up was fast approaching. At three o'clock next morning I was wakened by Robert shaking my shoulder. The fires were booming and a smell of coffee was in the air. "Get up," he said. "We're going out today while we still can." There was no arguing with him. I was too stunned by the swiftness of his decision. Our baby was to be born in a city hospital; but we would return to En-dah'-win in the spring.

A Baby Does Change Things

ACTUALLY, it was no later than February when a transcontinental train again left us on the station platform and disappeared into the Canadian forest. This arrival differed from our first. The elaborate belongings of a six-weeks-old daughter were heaped beside our own; there could be no swift transition between a train breakfast and

the wilderness. The baby and I must wait in the hotel overnight while Robert went out to the cabin to build fires and thaw frost out of the log walls.

Early the next morning we started from town with the dog team and cariole. Smoke was coming from the chimney of our cabin and trails were broken in the clearing. The house was warm and in the living room was a cedar crib which Robert had made. En-dah'-win had come to life again.

But it was not the same. Every day Robert hauled wood, food for us and the dogs, new equipment. I neither drove dogs nor left the cabin. Bottles, baby baths and infant's laundry were sandwiched in with housework. As the weeks sped by, we had never been more comfortable and happy — and never more completely in the bondage of the inexorable tasks of the land. Robert's routine duties interfered with his writing.

I tried to take the mail trip off his hands. I thought it would be like the old days of dog driving, but now the team was not mine, but Robert's. The lake seemed lonely; it was merely a job, something to save Robert's time so that he could write. The absorbing zest of the sport was gone.

The baby was the only one to have an adventure. Robert was away and she was asleep in her crib when I saw the long white body of an ermine, the most bloodthirsty ani-

mal of the woods, running on the logs above the crib. His beady black eye stared at me with real ferocity when I rushed to grab the rifle. For a moment my hands shook. That little white fiend could slit an infant's throat. Ermine had been known to attack man. And this one, darting about like a white streak, was the most difficult shot I had ever attempted.

Perhaps I aimed. At any rate, the bullet struck him in the chest, and when I reached him he was dead at the foot of the crib.

"That was shooting," Robert exclaimed when he came home.

"It was panic," I said.

The High Cost of Comfort

BY JUNE, our spring tasks were completed. The garden was up and weeded. Three broods of baby chickens were hatched. The moose was corned, and venison made into jerky. The cabin was housecleaned. The outdoor kitchen was in working order. The fish net was producing whitefish. Robert remarked that we could go back to writing routine. "We're all set now, for a summer's work," he said.

Everything seemed peaceful. An hour later a commotion among the chickens sent us racing up the path. A hawk sat in a tree with our best mother hen in his claws. Robert chased him to the lake and finally killed him with his .22. Then we caught the baby chicks.

"I might as well spend the rest of the day on the woodpile," Robert said when the poultry yard was finally in order. "That will give me a longer work day tomorrow."

The next morning we looked out at a garden blackened by frost. Everything was dead — potatoes, radishes, carrots, peas and lettuce. We spent the day replanting.

The next morning, when I fed the chickens, I found five hens dead with their throats slit. The henhouse had been invaded by an ermine. All that day Robert split cedar slats and I pounded nails, making the hen house proof against raiders.

And then one morning when we went to lift the fish net my heel cracked through a bottom plank of the canoe. We turned the old craft over. The planks were soft from decay.

"It's been with us since our first day in the North," Robert said. "Been most every place we have."

We walked up to the cabin, but did not open the canoe catalogue. For the first time at En-dah-win, need of equipment was ignored. That evening as we sat on the porch Robert broke a long silence.

"There will always be something," he said. "If it isn't chickens or frost or a stray moose to lead the dogs on a wild chase, it will be a bear ripping off the roof. Either writing or pioneering is a full-time job."

It was true. The first years had

been right as a beginning. They had high value because they were a struggle toward achievement. But now the mails were bringing us bigger checks, and writing, we knew, would likely be a lifetime business. Our job in the North was finished.

"There's the cabin — and the dogs," Robert added after a pause. "I'll give the dogs to Nee-bau-beenis. But we can't give the cabin away."

"No, we can't," I said slowly. "But I don't want it to lie here, neglected and rotting."

"A lot of us went into this," he said.

We went inside. The living room always came alive in firelight. The fire did such pleasant things to the hewed tamarack and cedar.

"It is so lovely with just the fire," I said. "I'd like to think of it as —"

Something stopped me. We knew later the thought had come to us simultaneously.

"We'll burn it!"

Then the cabin would never grow old or shabby and could always remain in our thoughts as we saw it last.

So We Can Always Remember

BEFORE we went to bed that night, we decided not to speak of our plans. But the news that we

were going spread like wildfire in the town. And one day we had a caller. It was Gabriel Pombert, a jovial French-Canadian who worked in the railroad yards. We had come to know him well and like him and he had told of his desire to build himself a cabin in the bush "some day."

"By damn, I'm sorry you folks are going!" he exclaimed as he downed a drink. Then he added abruptly, "The cabin — if I lived in it long enough I could imagine I built it myself. I'm going to quit the railroad. Will you sell this place to me? I would treat it good."

"The way we would?" I asked.

"Yes, as much as I can," he agreed.

"Then it's a bargain," Robert said. "That's the purchase price, your promise. We were going to burn it, Gabriel. We want you to promise to burn it when you leave."

He considered that for a while, watching us with wonder. "By damn!" he exclaimed suddenly. "She's a good idea."

So we saw En-dah'-win one morning with the fall's first snow on the roof and the forest white and green behind it. Smoke came from the chimney. Gabriel did not come out to wave good-bye. He let us see En-dah'-win while it was still ours, so that we could always remember.



With the sensitiveness of a great artist, Thomas Wolfe here portrays the glory and despair of youth's first encounter with the metropolis

Enchanted City

Condensed from "The Web and the Rock"

Thomas Wolfe

Author of "Look Homeward, Angel," "Of Time and the River," etc.

IN A HURRICANE of sound and speed, the train approached New York.

Among its passengers was a youth in his early twenties. On his face, as he gazed at the rushing landscape, was hope, fear, expectancy — all the conflicting emotions that every youth feels on his first approach to the enchanted city.

He raised his eyes as men against the West once raised their eyes against the shining ramparts of the mountains. And there before him, at the edges of the marsh, rose the proud heights of Jersey City — the heights of Jersey City blazing forever to the traveler the smoldering welcome of their garbage dumps — the heights of Jersey City, raised proudly against the desolation of those lonely marshes as a token of man's indomitable spirit.

The train swept on, underneath battlemented hill, into the tunnel. And suddenly darkness was upon them. The train plunged beneath the mighty bed of the unceasing river.

And now the train was slowing.

Gray twilight filtered through the windows once again. The train had reached the tunnel's mouth. On both sides now were ancient walls of masonry, old storied buildings. The boy peered through the window, up as far as eyes could reach, at all those tiers of life, those countless cells of life, the windows, rooms, and faces of the everlasting city. The people of the city leaned upon the sills of evening and returned his look from their old walls. They looked at him through pendant sheets, through hanging underwear, and he knew that all was now as it had always been, as it would be tomorrow and forever.

But now the train was slowing to a halt. Long tongues of cement appeared, and faces, swarming figures, running forms beside the train. There was a grinding screech of brakes, a slight jolt, and, for a moment, utter silence.

At this moment there was a terrific explosion.

It was New York.

THERE IS no truer legend in the world than the one about the coun-

try boy, the provincial innocent, in his first contact with the city. Hackneyed by repetition, burlesqued in cheap fiction, it is nevertheless one of the most tremendous experiences in life.

Yet the city has a million faces, and it is impossible to say which of them the young man sees. There are so many swift and accidental things that happen in a moment, that are gone forever, and that shape the city in the heart of youth. It may be the first image of a city face, a woman's smile, an oath, a half-heard word; it may be sunset, morning, or the crowded traffics of the street, the furious pinnacle of dusty noon; or it may be April, April, and the songs they sang that year. No one can say, except it may be something chance and swift and fleeting.

WHAT IS IT that a young man seeks? Where is the central source of that wild fury that drives him from a peaceful home to the cruel uncertainties of a city, that explodes his energies and strews his purpose to the wind of a thousand chaotic impulses? The older people of the world, who have learned to work without waste and error, think they know the reason for the confusion of a young man's life. They have learned the thing at hand, how to follow their single way through all the shifting hues and cadences of living, and they say, therefore, that the reason for a

young man's lack of purpose and erratic living is that he has not "found himself."

In this judgment on the life of youth, the older and more certain people have really pronounced a sterner judgment on themselves. For when they say that some young man has not yet "found himself," they are really saying that he has not lost himself as they. For men will often say that they have "found themselves" when they have really been worn down into a groove by the brutal and compulsive force of circumstance. They speak of their life's salvation when all that they have done is blindly follow through an accidental way. They have forgotten their life's purpose, and all the faith, hope, and immortal confidence of a boy. They have forgotten that below all the apparent waste and disorder of a young man's life there is really a central purpose and a single faith which they themselves have lost.

PERHAPS it is in the iron-breasted city that one comes closest to this enigma. The city is the place where men are constantly seeking to find their door and where they are doomed to wandering forever. Of no place is this more true than of New York. Hideously ugly for the most part, one yet remembers it as a place of proud and passionate beauty; the place of everlasting hunger, it is also the place where

men feel their lives will gloriously be fulfilled and their hunger fed.

In no place in the world can the life of the lonely boy be more barren, more drab, more hungry and comfortless. His life is the life of subways, of rebreathed air, of weariness and the exhausted fetidity of a cheap rented room.

If the youth is of a serious bent, if he has thoughts of "improving" himself, there is the gigantic desolation of the Public Library, a seat in the balcony at an art-theater play that has been highly praised and that all intellectual people will be seeing, or the gray depression of a musical Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, filled with arrogant-looking little musicians with silky mustaches who hiss like vipers in the dark when the works of a hated composer are played; or there is always the Metropolitan Museum.

Again, there is something spurious and unreal in almost all attempts at established life in the city. When one enters the neat little apartment of a young married couple, one feels a sense of embarrassment. There is something fraudulent about it. The effort to achieve permanence in this impermanent and constantly changing life is no more real than the suggested permanence in a theatrical setting: one would not be surprised to return the next morning and find the scene dismantled, the stage bare, and the actors departed. Sometimes even the sim-

plest social acts — the act of visiting one's friends, of sitting around a hearth fire with them — oh, above all else, of sitting around a hearth fire in an apartment in the city! — seem naked and pitiful. There is an enormous sadness and wistfulness about these attempts to simulate an established life in a place where the one permanent thing is change itself.

In the city, it is appalling to think how much pain and hunger people — and particularly young men — have suffered, because there is no goal whatever for their feverish restlessness. They return after their day's work to a room which, despite all efforts to trick it out with bright colors, a few painted bookshelves, a few pictures, is obviously only a masked cell. It becomes impossible to use the room for any purpose at all save for sleeping; the act of reading a book in it, of sitting in a chair in it, of staying in it for any period of time whatever when one is in a state of wakefulness, becomes intolerable.

Yet, what are these wretched people to do? Every instant, every deep conviction a man has for a reasonable human comfort is outraged. He knows that every man on earth should have the decency of space — of space enough to extend his limbs and draw in the air without fear or labor; and he knows that his life here in this miserable closet is base, barren, mean, and naked. He knows that men should

not defile themselves in this way, so he keeps out of his room as much as possible. What can he do? Where can he go? In the terrible streets of the city there is neither pause nor repose, and no place where he can detach himself from the incessant tide of the crowd, and sink unto himself in tranquil meditation. He flees from one desolation to another, he escapes by buying a seat "at some show" or snatching at food in a cafeteria, he lashes about the huge streets of the night, and he returns to his cell having found no doors that he could open, no place that he could call his own.

It is therefore astonishing that nowhere in the world can a young man feel greater hope and expectancy than here. The promise of glorious fulfillment, of love, wealth, fame — or unimaginable joy — is always impending in the air. He is torn with a thousand desires and he is unable to articulate one of them, but he is sure that he will grasp joy to his heart, that he will hold love and glory in his arms, that the intangible will be touched, the inarticulate spoken, the inapprehensible apprehended; and that this may happen at any moment.

In New York there are certain wonderful seasons in which this feeling grows to a lyrical intensity. Among these are those first tender days of Spring when lovely girls and women seem suddenly to burst out of the pavements like flowers: all at once the street is peopled with

them. Another season is early Autumn, in October, when the city begins to take on a magnificent flash and sparkle: there are swift whippings of bright wind, a flare of bitter leaves, the smell of frost and harvest in the air; after the enervation of Summer, the place awakens to an electric vitality, the beautiful women have come back from Europe or from the summer resorts, and the air is charged with exultancy and joy.

Finally, there is a wonderful, secret thrill of some impending ecstasy on a frozen Winter's night. On one of these nights of frozen silence when the cold is so intense that it numbs one's flesh, and the sky above the city flashes with one deep jewelry of cold stars, the whole city; no matter how ugly its parts may be, becomes a proud, passionate, Northern place: everything about it seems to soar up with an aspirant, vertical, glittering magnificence to meet the stars. One hears the hoarse notes of the great ships in the river, and one remembers the princely girdle of proud, potent tides that binds the city, and suddenly New York blazes like a magnificent jewel in its fit setting of sea, and earth, and stars.

There is no place like it, no place with an atom of its glory, pride, and exultancy. It lays its hand upon a man's bowels; he grows drunk with ecstasy; he grows young and full of glory, he feels that he can never die.

Among Those Present

Mary R. S. Andrews (p. 79), daughter of an Episcopal bishop and wife of a New York judge, was the author of many short stories and novels, of which perhaps the best known is *The Perfect Tribute*, a Lincoln story published in 1906. Hundreds of thousands of copies in many editions have been sold.

Maxine Davis (p. 18) says of *They Thought Their Way to Jobs*: "This is one of the most heart-warming articles I've ever worked on." Coming from one whose book, *The Lost Generation*, in 1936, presented a dolorous picture of jobless youth, this statement is significant. Miss Davis, who lives in Washington, D. C., has long been a newspaper woman, writing of politics and women's activities. On youth and its problems, here and abroad, she is an outstanding authority.

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars (p. 25) first began collecting snakes when, at 14, he found a nest of baby rattlers, and took them home in his mother's pillowcase. Ever since, he has collected reptiles and animals and written books about them. He never went to college, but learned his profession from the circus, the jungle, scientific museums, and cages in his home. He is one of our leading scientists, Curator of Mammals and Reptiles at the New York Zoological Park.

Fairfax Downey (p. 47) came out of the West, Salt Lake City, to get his A.B. from Yale in 1926. He fought in the World War, was a member of the staff of the *Knox City Star*, and has worked on New York newspapers. Among his books are *Disarm: Fighters*; *Burton, Arabian Nights Adventure*; and *Richard Harding Davis: His Day*.

When **Thomas Wolfe** (p. 132) died in 1938, "before his time," he left millions of unpublished words, full of passion and power, rich in imagination and poetry. *The Web and the Rock*, more than 300,000 words, like his previous novels, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and *Of Time and the River*, is written with gargantuan gusto. Most of his works are largely autobiographical.

Stefan Zweig (p. 69), exile from his native land, is recognized in every civilized country as one of the most distinguished writers of modern times. He has written short stories and drama, poetry and biography. *Jeremias* his protest against the insanity of war, presented in Switzerland in 1917. Americans know him best for his biographies: *Mary, Queen of Scots*, *Marie Antoinette*, *Erasmus* and *Magellan*.

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